

The Magic of DeOndra



You're thinking you're hurting you're stressed
She zeros in on you from across the room
Offers you her eyes, those intelligent eyes
How are you? How's your mom? Her cancer?
Your dad? How are you doing?
Her sincerity pierces the veil and you tell her
Honestly how things are going.
She comforts you. Tells you how smart you are.
How proud she is of you. How you look really, really good.
That is the magic of DeOndra.

You're worried about your children
How they will grow up will they be safe
She shares her stories – cousins, nieces, aunts and uncles
good friends like family
There are never too many people to love on a child
She's there for your children others are there for your children
For a moment you feel anchored
Her living example is real you can feel it is possible
That is the magic of DeOndra.

You're thinking of work.
She's thinking we should go shopping.
Why shouldn't we be in the here and now?
Head tilted sideways, eyes looking at you from the corner
Mouth tightened with doubt at what you are doing or saying
Then a burst of smile
True happiness that only a loving family mother father
sister brother can bring.
Of course we'll go shopping. It is always fun.
That is the magic of DeOndra.

She is tired of practicing
She's got this right? Done it many times?
She can see feel thousands of people excited in the room
Excited to be there to see her
It takes longer to get there but happy to
let others shine and be the conduit
The lightening rod that launched Q after Q celebrity
for a night a year a lifetime
Shining even more brightly when her brother is by her side
That is the magic of DeOndra.

She is tired feet hurt hard to walk
She has practiced her moves but not too much
She does come from creative genius musical talent it's in the blood
She gives a sly smile – is she channeling Chris Brown –
ensuring it stays secret
Harkens back to the little bag with the ponytail hanging out
On stage at the Grammy's touching her head my God to the ground
Wowing in front of millions
She wows again solo for us
It is her moment her night every night wherever there is love
Enveloping her and surrounding all of us
That is the magic of DeOndra.

DeOndra Dixon. Thirty-seven on September 6, 2021.
Always Loved Never Forgotten.

