



The daughter of the mother stands ready
Tightly gripping her spear.
She is the first girl—perhaps the first of many—
to take up arms, to caravan the Sahara.

When she returns, if she returns,
She will be both daughter and son of the mother
She will embody woman and man
And bring us back.

She stands—defiant, unafraid;
Nervous, shy, apprehensive—
The camel kneels, bows its head.

Go, child. The desert awaits you.
Your people await you.

Tuareg Warrior Girl

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The Henna Page® Calendar 2013

Foreword

The 2013 Henna Page Calendar

For the 2013 Henna Page calendar, we concentrated on working with African-American models. African peoples have a wide range of body adornment techniques and styles, both permanent and temporary. We chose materials and designs to emulate those traditions and to give each picture its own story from native African or African diaspora culture.

Over the years, our calendar has increasingly become a team effort. This year, we hosted seven artists and over a dozen models for the week-long project. The days were long and challenging for everyone but also full of fun and good spirits. We're very thankful to have had such a great team and we look forward to working with them all in the future.

The 2013 Henna Page calendar is available as a free download from our website at:
<http://www.hennapage.com/henna/calendar/index.html>

This calendar is our annual gift to everyone who's supported the site over the years.

Roy Jones



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Mother of Oceans

Yemaja wakes, and
A storm brews under the sea,
Yemaja blinks, and
An eddy off the Agulhas
current
Stirs the ocean depths,
churns the sea floor
Yemaja breathes, and
Warm, salty water swirls
into the bitter Atlantic.
Yemaja stretches, and
The cold and the warm
explode
Into new life.
Yemaja smiles.

January

T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31



Ethiopian Cross

We're just wayfaring
strangers
Travelling through
This world of woe.

By the waters of Babylon
Where we sit down
Lord, how we weep
When we remember Zion

Nobody knows the trouble I
see
Nobody knows my sorrow

Those who carried us
Away to captivity
Require of us a song
But tell me how can we sing
In a strange land?

Blow your trumpet, Gabriel.
Blow louder, louder.
That trump will blow me
home
To the new Jerusalem.

Daughter of Babylon,
May you be destroyed;
O happy day,
When you are served
As you have served us.

February

F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	1	2	3



Not Today

Impassive,
the grandmother sits.
Around her,
teeming voices swarm,
Insistent, arrogant, fearful,
angry, indignant:

“It’s beautiful.”
“It’s sacred.”
“It’s tradition.”

They fall silent
and look at her,
A study in fierce bronze,
Waiting for her to speak.

“No.”
“She will not be marked today.”

March

F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31



Nyansapo

My father always said,
 "Wisdom is a knot
 that must be,
 that cannot be
 untied."

To become wise,
 a man must disentangle
 the strands of knowing.
 He must embrace
 peace and generosity
 He must reject
 greed and violence.
 He must understand
 the whole.

"A wise man," my father said,
 "knows how to untie the knot
 without untying it."

April

M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1



All-holy Mother of wisdom,
Who enlightens all who come into this world,
Let thy light illuminate me and open my mind to knowledge,
That I may grow in wisdom.

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Who enlightens all
who come into this world,
Let thy light illuminate me and
open my mind to knowledge,
That I may grow in wisdom.

The Lord Jesus Christ,
Thy son and my God, said,
"Apart from me,
You can do nothing."
In faith I embrace His words.
I entreat Thy goodness,
Holy Mother,
To send Thy grace
to strengthen my mind,
That I may learn well.

Thank You, Wise Mother,
For Thy strength
and guidance in my work.
Thou and Thy Son are
the fulfillment
of all good things.
Fill also my soul
with joy and gladness,
That I may praise You always.

Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison.

Amen.

May

W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31



Josephine

Qui était-elle?
 Qui suis-je?

They only talk about
 the music
 the voice
 the body.
 They only remember
 the dancing
 the costumes
 the shows.
 But when I look
 at those old photos:
 ma grand-mère,
 La Rosette de la Résistance,
 une Chevalière
 de Légion d'Honneur,
 And when I put on
 her crumpled outfits
 her dancing shoes,
 her smile
 Je deviens vaillant,
 And I will change the world.

June

S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1



Three Erzulie

Papa Legba, open the door!
Odu Legba, ouvri pòt la!

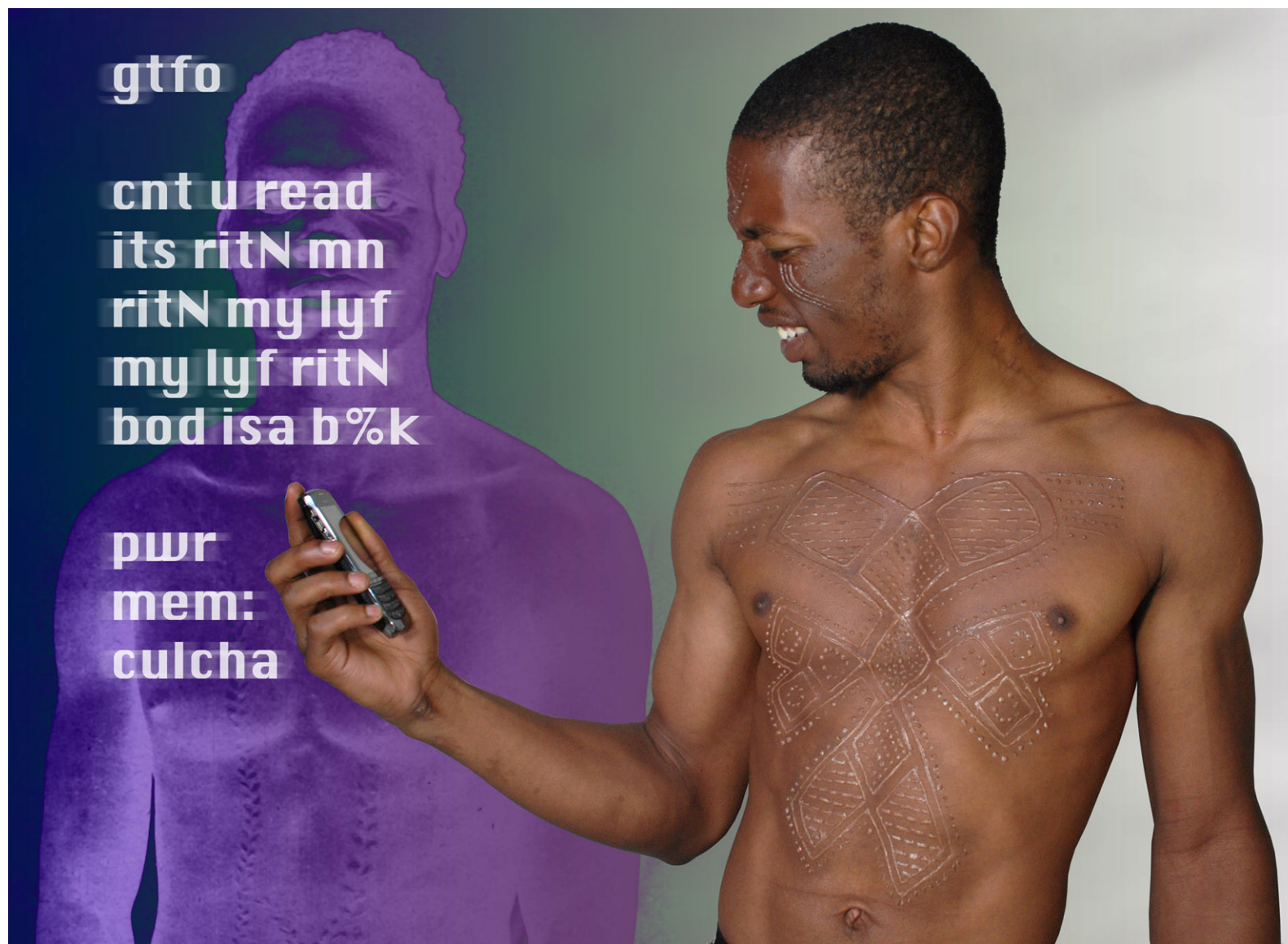
Dantor
Prete'm kouto,
defend the family
Prete'm pwenyad,
protect the children
Lend me a knife,
lend me a dagger,
Prete'm kouto,
prete'm pwenyad

Freda
She is cool, li fre, she is
Freda
Give her white roses
and pink carnations
Give her what she wants,
Freda O!
she doesn't eat people
anymore
Freda O!
Li pa manje moun anko

La Siren
I serve the Whale,
The Mermaid possesses me
My hat fell into the sea.
Chapo'm tonbe nan la me.

July

M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31



gtfo

cnt u read
its ritN mn
ritN my lyf
my lyf ritN
bod isa b%k

pwr
mem:
culcha

gtfo

cnt u read
its ritN mn
ritN my lyf
my lyf ritN
bod isa b%k

pwr
mem:
culcha

August

T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31



The Unseen Mother

She dances.
She flirts.
She weeps.
She calls us to Ecstasy.

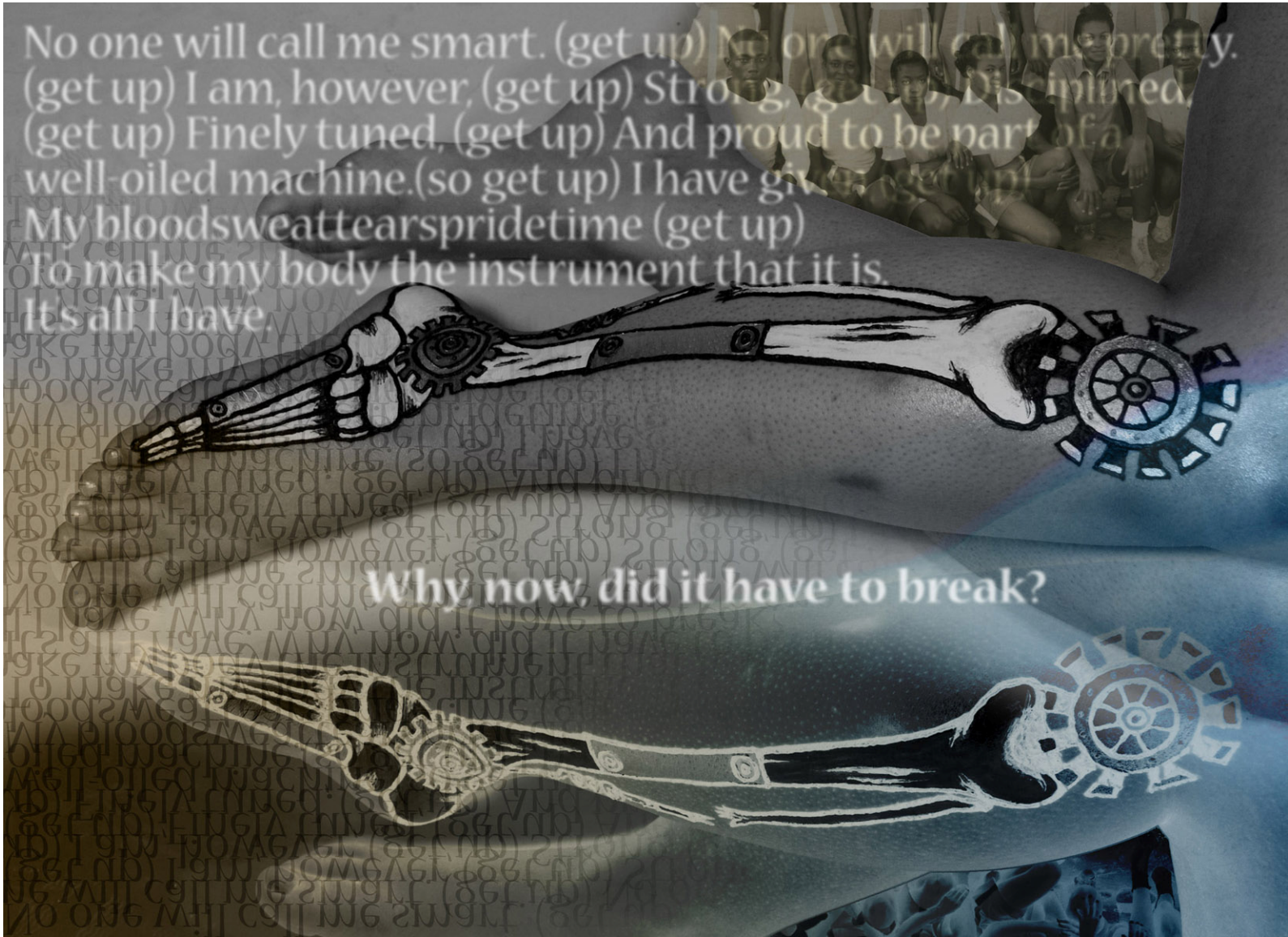
She resents.
She withholds.
She prevails.
She calls us to Strength.

She listens.
She heeds.
She answers.
She calls us to Devotion.

She creates.
She nurtures.
She heals.
She calls us to Beauty.

September

S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1



Broken

No one will call me smart.
 (get up)
 No one will call me pretty.
 (get up)
 I am, however,
 (get up)
 Strong,
 (get up)
 Disciplined,
 (get up)
 Finely tuned,
 (get up)
 And proud to be part
 of a well-oiled machine.
 (so get up)

I have given
 (get up)
 My bloodsweat tears pride time
 (get up)
 To make my body
 the instrument that it is.

It's all I have.

Why, now,
 did it have to break?

October

T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31



The Nomads

We are the wanderers
Guardians of the sacred cattle
as they graze the savannah.

We are fierce warriors.
We fight back the desert,
We protect
Enkai Nerok's cattle,
We keep the land
safe from harm.

If we pause,
Enkai Nanyokie will be angry
If we halt, the cattle will die,
The land will die.
If we stop, we will die.

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as they graze the savannah.

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November

F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1



Rhythms

Rhythm of the body
Heartbeats

walk speak dance

Rhythm of the land
Hoofbeats

hunt make grow

Rhythm of the spirit
Drumbeats

sing shine live

December

S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

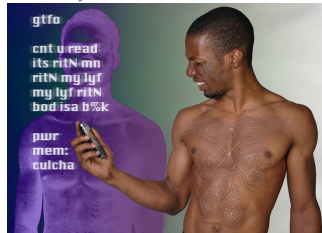
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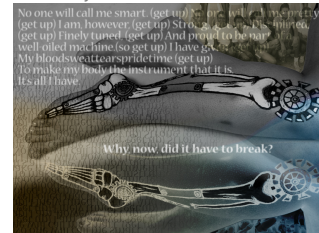
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June Bodyart by Wendy Rover
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