

Blonde

My skin grow darker
from days in the sun
but never as dark as my father's

Always wearing a mask
of fair complexion
Blonde hair and blue eyes
hiding from the world
a rich heritage
and shielding me
from the sneers of ignorance
and the bared teeth of those
ready to tear the flesh from anyone different

Would my ancestor's be proud?
Would they want me to
look like this?
Or would they be ashamed?
Would they wish me away for
walking the earth that covers their bones
in white skin?

A Summary

For college we are warned
Not to leave our drinks unattended
Don't dress slutty,
Don't be a victim

With every indiscretion
And act of aggression
Our words are swallowed
And souls left hallow.
Another day, another act
Another lesson we must learn

Our footprints are expected
To leave no tread
And any woman who does
Is easily marked as defective

Worth more than a cheap pick up line
Or a dinner bought on your dime
We are not what we've been painted
The whore, the damsel, the sainted
Gold runs through the veins
Of every woman
And lightning sparks our tongues
We have given the very breath

To your lungs

Women are not put beside you for display

We are here to fight

To love

To hate

To cry

And it is here we will stay

Inside

The scariest thought I have

Is not of loneliness or pain

But of letting myself slip

Into a life of routine

For the sake of

Safety and security

Of not being brave enough

To risk it all for a chance