

My Fathers Were Slaves Too

My skin is brown, though lighter than yours.
Accordingly, I will never be accepted as one of you.
But understand my fathers were slaves too.
So, I am acquainted with inequality.

Mine is the blood of freedom fighters,
The ones who gave all they had and more,
That you and I could have the opportunity to soar,
Instead of being tied down by chains.

Yet progress is still to be made.
The words of Dr. King pierce my soul,
And my heart is in the underground railroad,
Following our Moses home.

I would hope you could look past my skin,
A privilege our ancestors fought to achieve,
Because in another time, I see you and me,
Side by side picking cotton.