

## **Color me Black**

Color me Black,  
Since that's all you seem to see,  
Whether it be my skin or clothes,  
You're too naïve to learn the real ME,  
You've painted your own picture,  
Based on hearsay and lies,  
Blinded behind shades of deceit,  
Forgetting you can open your eyes,  
Your mind belongs to you,  
No matter how much you deny it,  
You possess every color imaginable,  
Brand new paint and palette,  
Colors that add a glow,  
A shimmer to view hope,  
Shining tints of neon,  
Tools beyond the average scope,  
So, I say color me Black,  
Let me radiate with pride,  
As they admire my pristine beauty,  
Because I will no longer hide!

## **Where Are You From?**

“Where are you from?” they ask,  
A question I too ponder myself,  
Looking through historic books,  
No pages illustrate me on the shelf,

“Where are you from?” they ask,  
I look towards others for answers,  
They intently describe wondrous places,  
Full of laughter, love and dancers,

“Where are you from?” they ask,  
I imagine crystal waters; the promise land,  
Where exotic fruits burst through rich soil,  
Free to grab in the palm of my hand,

“Where are you from?” they ask,  
A place where you’re free to roam,  
Buy land and trade livestock,  
A true place to call home,

“Where are you from?” they ask,  
I’m told from “Africa”, but it’s quite grand,  
There’s over 50 countries throughout,  
Thousands of tribes amongst desert sand,

“Where are you from?” they ask,  
A country with kings and queens,  
Guiding kingdoms to success,  
Overcoming obstacles unseen,

“Where are you from?” they ask,  
Yet when I reply, they don’t understand,  
How I can not know my true origin,  
There’s limited knowledge for me to expand,

“Where are you from?” they ask,  
I’m from mixtures of island, land, and sea,  
A culture vibrant and beating within us,  
A place where we thrive unapologetically.

## Same and Different

What happened to, “don’t judge a book by its cover”,

Does that apply to everyone, but you?

Are you a perfect specimen on a golden throne?

Looking at all those who come through,

Conjuring your own ideas and principles,

Of how we should look and behave,

Despite our religions, cultures, and abilities,

Creating your own submitting slaves,

If we were all meant to be the same,

We would be useless to this beautiful Earth,

Great minds, but thinking the same,

Never completely understanding our worth,

So, the question I ask you now,

Do you think you’re better than me?

Because your one-track mind,

Is only as far as the eye can see.

## **Forgiveness**

A lump in my throat  
as words flood my thoughts unwelcomed.

I know when and I know how  
but the question "why" won't leave me.

Living with a constant feeling of betrayal that can't be shaken.

Memories make it challenging to set myself completely free.

Forced to accept a new and challenging reality.

## **My Child**

I fear that I'll fail you  
My lessons short and overdue  
Having underestimated you too  
Not realizing how much you already knew.

Sharp and quick witted  
Surprising me every minute  
Teaching knowledge has no limit  
Bold temperament and extroverted spirit.

My child, be comfortable with vulnerability  
Acknowledge each and every possibility  
Relinquish yourself from constant negativity  
To achieve serene peace and tranquility.