

protect Black women

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free-verse poem

*this piece contains graphic language

As I run my eyes alongside her I admire her curves
Her troubles slowly eroded into a part of her
The part that showcases how she holds the weight of the world
Her unexplored nature is her most endearing quality
The complexion of her skin resembles the darkness of coal
She's a diamond
Pressure doesn't corrupt her
Her face is a reflection of those who helped shape her
Her being is America
Rice will make her strong
She'll eat so that she can carry the burden of this country
Carrying her village in a basket as an attempt to lighten her load
She'll bring it down only to lift others up
Beaten and backed into a corner her courage disappears with her smile
The shine from the pearls on her neck that cover the bare spot left by the chain of a man
who thought he owned her
Are reflected in her tears as her smiles is broken giving her seven more years
Are they just pearls or are they a representation of her freedom
The symbolism of her saved salary hangs on the neck of a White woman as a trophy that has no meaning
She laughs as she's handed a broom and mop
She polishes the floor to see her reflection
Like Langston, she is America and will be accepted as the sign of liberty that was once denied

Her hide is desired
Her hide is ripped from her muscle and bone just as it was for Black men as their cheeks
opened for their former torturers as a punishment that reflects the evil of men
Saggin' n*ggas
White men
White women
They go hand in hand killing Black people as if we were grains of sand
Grains on the beaches of America?
Or the beaches of Colombia, the Caribbean, or African coasts maybe even a coast in Normandy
or one in Australia
Holding in our afros the origins of our people we preside in this forbidden country and in
our braids, a path of freedom
Am I America? Are you America? Is she America?
Ask again, Langston, as you can see not much has changed
Where is Malcolm? In his grave
We are neglected
We are disrespected
We are unprotected
All I want is for you to notice me
To observe the Dark matter of my skin
He is the First and the Last, he makes no mistake, the complexion of my skin he
will never forsake
All I ask is that you discover me too
I am not a trend, I'm a human
I want your hello, your eyes of wonder, your hugs of passion, your words of kindness
I want your attention because I am more than a phase
I too, deserved to be loved
Maybe then, when you see me as more than a trend, will I love you
Are you intrigued?