

99 WRITING

My Black

by Keyshana

TYPE
POETRY

My Black were slaves to the white race,

Brutally killed, if we had a word,

Forced to assimilate,

And economically taken advantage of.

My Black is classified as the “n” word,

Let alone everyone believin’ what they have heard,

Saying they’re irrelevant or their skin is too dark.

My Black has been gunned down,

Kicked to the ground,

Having constant thoughts of being nonexistent,

Nobody even caring if we’re offended.

NOW YOU TELL ME WHETHER OR NOT THAT'S HARDSHIP?

My Black is not afraid anymore.

My Black is stronger than before.

My Black are leaders, believers, and dreamers.

My Black will take no more,

And for that, we will soar.

My Black is prideful.

My Black rocks.

With strong heads and big lips,

We have a word and we will be heard.

My Black is my brothers and my sisters.

My Black is proud.

With the ability to achieve,

We will believe, and we will proceed.

My Black is beautiful.

My Black is divine.

With curly hair and dark skin,

We will shine and we will rise.

AMEN