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WRITING

Untitled

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TYPE

POETRY

GENRE

GRADES 11–12

My Blackness tastes like the first sip of Cherry Kool-Aid

on a hot summer's day, bare feet burning on the front porch

impatiently waiting to play.

Sounds of hollering and laughter, nothing could turn this

into disaster, old-heads getting plastered, oh it's such a good day.

From Mom yelling, "Stop running in and out my house!"

to Mom weeping, "Sometimes I wish you would be out and about."

My Blackness is changing, my Blackness is rearranging,

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My Blackness has turned into something everyone is imitating.

Talea

_____

Dear future self,

Did you find your inner self yet?

I hope you did.

I hope you found out your desired purpose of life,

Always pondering on the thought if you were going to make it in

life.

I hope you achieved some of those goals you were so desperate to

make,

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And all of those frightful paths that you were so destined to take.

I hope your smile still shows the beautiful blessing you are,

All of the actions you made to help show you're a star.

I hope your power still grows like the Queen that you are,

Fighting to be seen as if you were thrown in a spar.

Oh sweetie, have you found out who you are yet?

Talea

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This piece was originally published in 826 Valencia's *The Future is Black.*

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