

“The Color of My Skin”

By Bianca Cooney

The color of my skin is simply that,
The color of skin

When asked my race
I simply state “I’m African American”

The race and color of my skin doesn’t define the way I talk
Nor does it define the area that I live in and the way that I should walk

So when people hear the proper English flowing from my tongue
The guilt from their assumptions of me make them feel as though they were stung

MLK once had a dream our nation would rise up to its creed
So were my ancestors who slaved away in cotton fields and were beat on their backs not to read

So how dare I not take advantage of the education that is right in front of me
How dare I be black and not use my voice and be the change they wanted to see

Not doing so would mean being a slave to the stereotypes of blacks
The typical ghetto, lazy ones, that do nothing but slack

No I want to be the one whose voice causes impacts
The one who’ll make people want to speak up and follow in my tracks

I want to be able to speak with aggression without “the angry black woman” as my depiction
I want our men to be able to get a job without the assumption they’ve had some sort of conviction

I want our black men to be treated the same if they walk in stores with suit and ties as they would with hoodies and sweats
I want them to do so in peace without white women clutching their purses as if they are threats

I want to be able to talk the way I was raised without people saying I’m talking white
I want to be able to talk to a white person without them fearing one wrong move will make me want to fight

I want to get a well paid job so when I have kids we'll live in the nicest house anyone's ever seen
I want to wait til I'm married so my kids will have a father and I won't be labelled the welfare queen

I want our men to be stopped by police without having to worry if they'll ever see their families again
I want them to be stopped for a valid reason other than the color of their skin

I don't want the language people speak to define their country or race
Nor do I want people to assume they speak a language because of their skin color or the features on their face

America the beautiful, is how some refer to our nation
There is no beauty however in cruelly destroying God's creation

"Liberty and justice for all" that's what the pledge of allegiance and America is supposed to reflect
But there was no trace of liberty or justice when the officer knelt on George Floyd's neck

His death was anything but peaceful in fact it was inhumane
The injustice of his death is what's making people go crazy and insane

We need to use our voices to speak for those can no longer speak
Violence isn't the answer but choosing peace doesn't mean you are weak

If Martin Luther King could protest with peace and not violence then why can't we do the same
Let's all speak up and do our parts to help our country live up to its name