

Mixed People Poem

To the white boy in the back of
the room who saw me walk up
with my natural hair and my
'cite black women' shirt --

I know what you're thinking.

Not another inequality poem.

Not another oppression poem.

Not another black-boy-shot-by-a-police-officer-because-he-had-his-
Hood-up-poem.

Not another black people poem.

Well guess what.

This is a mixed people poem

[A white chocolate and dark chocolate taste better together poem]

This is a what-even-are-you poem.

This is a too-white-to-be-black
too-black-to-be-white-poem.

And just because My skin tone is closer
to the one on your face than the one
on my father's, does not mean you
can touch my hair.

Does not allow you to talk about
my people--half of them--
like they are nothing.
Like they are just another page in your
history books,

just another forgotten thought
In your head

And I know if we were in a room full of black people I'd be the first

you'd talk to

because I look the least threatening

the least angry.

Just because I'm not the
'angry black girl' the world
expects, doesn't mean I
can't be.

Doesn't mean I'm a docile animal
you can talk to like I'm
stupid.

I'm not
stupid.