

I Am Black

Im Black.

I am Black.

I posses Black Magic, Black Power, and Black Love.

My skin glows with pure and proper melanin.

My eyes sparkle brown like the soil my ancestors once dug.

My hair is tightly curled to hold and keep my secrets.

What I am not is a toy.

I am not an animal.

I am not to be exoticized.

I am not to be pet or be a pet.

I am not blonde or blue-eyed.

I am not pale-faced,

But I am human.

I deserve equality.

I am and am not so many things.

My identity is like a seed that has sprouted to become a gorgeous,
giant oak tree.

Every leaf is a puzzle piece to my whole self.

If you cannot accept my blackness you cannot accept me.

If you cannot accept me you're missing out.

My life matters.

I have family and friends of all colors who care about me.

Your hate is like an acid on my beautiful oak tree.

It may sting and I may lose a leaf or two but it will never knock my
tree down.

I stand my ground, and I hold my weight.

I keep my head held high and mighty.

I may be sad sometimes and darkness may surround me,

But I am still alive and breathing.

I am still Black no matter what you say or do.

My skin still glows with melanin.

My eyes still sparkle brown.

My hair still tightly holds my secrets.

And I am still NOT A TOY.

- Sania