

Black

If the night sky wasn't inky
Could the stars shine so bright?
And if there wasn't darkness,
Tell me, how could light be light?
No dark depths of earth -
How would the flora grow?
Black is essential, don't you know.

You tell me black is no good -
The shade of evil, shade of sin;
How do I then make sense
Of the blackness of my skin?
The skin I didn't choose
No more than you could choose your own;
The skin that I was gifted -
Only skin I've ever known.

Black is what I am; it's who I am;
It is my pride.
It's the strength on which I stand -
Where I refuse to be denied.
Black speaks of where I'm going -
How the world relates to me;
Black speaks of where I've come from -
Heritage and history.

But it's hard not to internalise
The message all around -
Before a word is spoken
That in Black offence is found;
Explicit or implied.
Yet from your view you cannot see
The shackles to be broken
Until Black lives full and free.