

Black Skin

I celebrate my black skin.
I celebrate my black skin because others won't.
I celebrate my skin, oh how it drips of honey and gold.
Things may seem pretty but behind these eyes there is pain.
I often question, what is there to celebrate?
Oh how America celebrates my black skin yet they're not celebrating it at all.
My Melanin is only accepted through cultural appropriation
and we aren't given credit since it's "new" and "so efficient".
The natural hair, the earrings, the big lips, big thighs
It's too much, it's ghetto.
The media glorifies women who do not look like me.
Yet they copy and paste to become an exact image of me.
But America, how can you not see?
The big hair, the earrings, the big thighs, it's never too much on them.
America wants more of them and less of me.
So what does America do?
So America shoots and murders my brothers and sisters.
America wants our voices silenced.
America wants our ideas but not our people.
So what does America do?
Copy and paste, copy and paste.
We've dealt with this for too long.
Copy and paste
How long do you expect us to be strong?
Copy and paste
History repeats itself.
Copy and paste
Emmett Till
Copy and paste
George Floyd
Copy and paste
Breonna Taylor
Copy and paste
Why are we being killed? What is there to celebrate?
I wear my black skin as a badge of honor.
History can repeat itself, but I will not break.
America is the beast and I look right in its eyes and say,
Mama told me I am beautiful no matter what you say.
So, I'll celebrate my black skin.
I'll celebrate my black skin, oh so lovely.
I will love my skin even if they try to take it from me.

By: Aleah Grimshaw

YouTube Video: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NkR36AWh_CY

