

Title: I am America's child
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I am America's child

Blackness
Attached to skin,
Sinew,
And bone
Born and raised on
The bitter blood
Of my ancestors
Intermingled with draughts of
The bitter wine
of patriotism
Pushed to get
Drunk on it
Told to become
Intoxicated on
The American Dream
Infatuated with
How high
I can
climb
Or how far
I can
fall

Told to keep
My shoulders
Raised
And head high
but not *too* high
Told by many
Not to act
Too light
but not *too* black

Hear me?
Hood down
Hands out

Pockets empty
You hear?
And they
Won't hear
None of that
Gang talk either

Pronunciation is key

Unthreatening
Don't go
taking up
Too much
Space
Either
Shrink
Yourself
Until you're
Small,
Smaller,
Tiny
Blend in with
The rest
Of
The
American race

Get them
Good grades
So they don't
Go around
Finding issue
With you
You see?

Avoid eye contact

With that
White man
All the flags
On his truck
Spewing messages
Of hate

Ain't directed
At girls
like you
Keep your
Mouth shut
Legs crossed
Attitude in check
Take up
Your
Flag
Wave it proudly

Pay no mind

To the
Blood
Of
Your
People
And
Many
Others
Woven
Into
The
Fabric

Pay no mind

To what
Those
Stars
And
Stripes
Represent
Or rather
Oppose
Ignore it

Avert your eyes

A child
Of America
Shouldn't worry
Herself

With
Such
Trivial Lies

I am America's child

Blackness
Attached to skin,
Sinew,
And bone
Refusing to
Become drunk
On
Patriotism
alone