

## **“Untitled,” by Beautiful Destiny Ford**

I Am an African American girl.

With broad hips, thick lips and when my hair gets wet it curls.

In most cases I'm the head of the house, and NO, I don't "talk white." I speak proper.

I come from greatness; my ancestors were most likely sharecroppers.

I am educated, but not enough.

I was never taught in school how African Americans can use and manipulate tools the way we do.

We made:

-Irons,

-Dustpans,

-Combs,

-The first traffic light,

Let me know how Thomas Edison's lightbulb would of shined if a black man didn't create the carbon filament to go inside

-from the gas furnace, to the gas mask it was created by BLACK HANDS

Yet, we were called "porchmonkeys," "ignorant"... Let me know how "ignorant porchmonkeys" contributed so much to society we know today....

I'm labeled a menace for havin' melanin. I'm tired, so tired of being tired.

I'm tired of being an outcast.

I'm tired of racism putting me last.

Making me feel like I'm less of a person because my hips are spread wide

And calling me an angry Black girl because I refuse to lie

Well, I can't change my skin and I refuse to perm my hair just to fit in,

somewhere I'm not welcome America

Please tell me, what did I do so wrong?

Born and raised in the U.S., but it feels like I don't belong.

Where guns are valued more than students

Where books that can actually educate are banned from schools

Where schools are constantly failing our children, and we wonder why America is no longer winning.

Where our Black males are set up for criminal lives

Where mumbling rappers are overpaid and teachers are underpaid,

and we wonder why the graduation rates are so low

Segregation is sugar-coated

African Americans are still slaves, we just don't know it

Where PTSD, depression and anxiety are swept under the rug for people that look like me

Where babies raise babies and young boys are forced into men

Where police are allowed to do everything but serve and protect

Where having white skin is somehow a bullet-proof vest

Where we take one step forward and ten steps back

Back into the past

That we

Refuse

To talk about.