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Black Skin

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09

black skin

jason smith

I wear my ancestors' burden skin,
Working cotton fields until day-on-end,
Sore bodies screaming, cramping limbs.
Tender is the bone slowly crumbling on its own,
Pressed against a scalding sun,
Smoldering burnt bodies on a field,
I wear weak skin.
Painted with bruises and open cuts,
The white man's tail whips at us,
Telling tales from there on then of how I'll never win.
My skin isn't good enough,
They swear I ain't smart enough.
They think I'm up to no good,
When I'm just chilling in the neighborhood.
They watch closely by,
at me the passerby, walking back to my crib.
Ha! They think I'm there to steal,
Because a nigga ain't no good.
He suspicious. He a thug.
And this is how it is living in my burden skin.