

Black Like Me

by *Deja Nycole*

So, you want to be Black like me?
Well, as far as my eyes can see, you're not "Black" like me.
Maybe you can rap like me
Or even dance like me
But never will you be "Black" like me

To be Black like me, you'd have to take it way back like me
Do your roots kink and curl deep down, like mine?
Did your ancestors die coming across the seas to a land they never wished to see?
Did they bleed the blood that dripped drops over white cotton on the soil of the ground
both you and I dare not acknowledge is well past spoiled?

The expiration of your comparison is well overdue.

"Black" like me? They say I'm white like you!

You know #MeToo...

ME TOO!

Us, three. We are each individuals with all the potential to be considered equal.

Because well, repeat after me,

"All men are created equal," but we weren't taught to read in between the lines

The lines of injustice and scrutiny that would continue to devour the Black identities.

The Emmitt Till's and Michael Brown's that would go unidentified as far as I could see
because they were not considered equal.

But, you want to be "Black" like me.

What if I were White like you? Would I then be right, like you? Could I then maybe tie
my shoes and walk the streets with nothing but an Arizona and a black hood-e?

Oh, maybe I need to strip down and maybe they'll forget I'm brown? Or maybe they'll
beat me down until I'm Black and blue because #BlueLivesMatter too.

Sometimes I go to sleep and wake up in a cold sweat after I yelled out "I CAN'T
BREATHE" but I remembered the only one that can hear me, is me.

But maybe if you rap like me

Maybe if you try and sag your pants like me

Did you try doing that slang thang, like me?

Then maybe...you can be "Black", like me