

WHY...

*Why do I feel it's me against the world?
Is it because I'm an African American girl?
Color shouldn't matter to you
What really matters is what my mind can do
Why do I feel like being brown is bad?
Each time I look at myself I feel sad
I'm beautiful to my family and friends
But when would the world criticism on me end?
They say I have two strikes against me
One I'm a female
Two I'm Black
Just thinking about it makes me mad
I'm just as smart as the light skinned folk
But when they see my skin color they'll never know
I deserve a chance just as bad as anybody
Why can't they see that?
Now that I'm older I understand
No matter how smart you are the world would always
prefer a man.*

*By: Victoria
From: Staten Island*