Let me just say that i am a very beautiful person. Im sweet and intelligent and funny and awkward and i just had to say that only because im a little bit tired of this stereotype of the angry black women. Cause as you can see i am black and a woman and im not angry at all. Im pissed the fuck off im mad as hell im so mad im getting ready to break my foot off in everybody's ass but pretend this is class so i can tell you why im mad.

“Im just saying. If she aint got a booty i aint trying to hit it”

“You know a niggas biggest weakness is a white girl with a fat ass”

“These black girls need to watch out. Cause white girls is winnin”

“Nah like a foreign bitch. You know that spanish that latin type”

“Nah nah nah that asian type. Like a oriental mixed bitch”

“Yeah daddy from the philippines mama from atlanta,’

mama from africa. Mama from sugar cane and segregation from too much pride and not enough perm. Mama from the gutter from section 8.from hoodrat black belly.

“But she dont look like her mama though”

“I dont fuck with black girls”

All too often black is equated with men and women is equated with white leaving black women to find their place in the movement toward equality. Today the BLM discussion tends to focus on black men yet according to the NAACP black women make up 20% of all unarmed people of color killed by police between 1999-2014. In addition black women are almost entirely forgotten from the feminist movement. Consider the wage gap for example, compared to men white women make 82 cents on the dollar while black women make only 65. Through poems ***Angry black women; porche o, To be black a women and alive; crystal valentine and aaliyah jihad, How to survive being a black girl; raven taylor*** and ***To this black woman body; Alysha Wise*** we see that although black women have long supported the feminist and the black liberation movements there is still a lack of support for the liberation of black women. Am I black or am I a women? A poetry program.

The first day i realized i was black at recess all the white kids chased me into the woods chanting slave. My mother said that i refused to come out for three hours. Said she thinks i was lost in the trees but i just need to be closer to my roots. As a women having a boyfriend is a battle. If 70 percent of us are abused in a lifetime what is the number of men doing it. The answer is not one man running faster than light to complete a mission and that is what leaves me sick.

Advice on how to survive being a black girl:

1. Beware of men who enjoy girls who do not love themselves. Surely they will mistake your skin for an eclipse that you are ashamed to witness.
2. Do not trust the white girl who touches your body like a trophy. Fixes her lips to say that you are beautiful but only when you are naked and speechless. Resist the urge to play black swan in her pretty white lake.

Things i tell myself about my skin:

I like it this way.

Remember that day I questioned why god molded me out of ash and sky? Me neither. Remember that girl who thought that bleach would lighten all the burdens off her back? Me too. We too often educated by fools. A fool will say “your skin does not make you a god.” well my belief in it certainly does. My back is a boastful believer. My blackness is a silent scripture. It is all these workshops to all these children about all this self love even when i tumble out feeling all this helpless. Like the best way to teach the dark children how to love themselves is to be a walking example of a dark woman who loves herself. I am still walking. My feet have not yet tired.

1. When a white boy wants to worship you ask if he can take you out sometime. Remember your backbone. Put the base in your voice and tell him no. with prince charming like diction he will smile and say you are still pretty for a black girl or ugly for a white girl and it doesnt help you sleep at night

“I need a girl who knows her place”

“I dont like that black power shit. That nappy afro shit. That walk out your house like your mama aint teach you how to look presentable shit.”

To be woman and to be black is to be born knowing your beauty does not belong to you. Is to be the first and last person to love yourself. Is to know youre not desireable to your own kind. I grew up learning how to protect men who hate me. Learned how to be the silencer to their pistol. Learned how to be the revolution spit shining their spines. Behind every great man is the women who taught them how to load the ammunition. Behind every great man is the women who pulled the trigger. Behind every great man is a chorus beneath the gunfire.

Some boys call you chocolate. Some boys think you cake they can devour. Some boys don't think at all. See you as some dark exotic pond they can dip in only when it's warm enough. They always want you warm enough like a black women dont got enough cause to be cold sometimes. Think the darker you are the more you growl the more you suck. The more you know how to spread your hips.

Things i tell myself about my hips:

If i keep on dancing like this in the mirror everyday i swear on my mama my hips will shrink on their own. I grew up in a city where men whistled at girls who aint look like little girls no more. So i started walking like a women on purpose. He chased me down an alley with a glass bottle all because i said no. so i stopped walking like a woman. On purpose.

The second day i realized i was black was in a gas station. I only had 25 cents so i searched for what to spend it on. The cashier floated from isle to to isle eye fixed on my hands. That was the first day i realized skin color was a crime. My body has become cause to write legislation. Cause for ass smacks in the back of a class my body has demanded everything but respect. I have been asked what makes you feel unsafe and i struggle not to yell “everything”

Im mad at education. Mad cause education is the key yet they keep the poor locked out. They give us hand me down books and hand me down chairs hand me down teacher who hands me down stares. Im pissed off at gentrification pissed that the rich be robin hood and mad that robin hood was just a fucking myth. Im mad because barbie is the standard for beauty. I hate that fruits and vegetables are so damn expensive so how the poor gonna eat healthy off some damn potato chips. Im mad that the government and media are controlled by the same people and those same people are the people who control everything. Im mad that women get raped. I hate that i only got ten minutes to say this and i have an hours worth of angry.

“I want an educated women. Im not talking book smart. Im talking sheet smart. A women who understands the actual purpose of her mouth.”

In college a boy said he didnt date black girls. like his mama wasnt a black girl, like his sister wasnt a black girl like he aint drink milk getting fat off a black nipple. Like he wasnt burst from a black wombe. Like a black womens body aint bend for him aint spill herself to make room for him.like exiting a black womens body aint a blessing desguised as a shadow. Like black aint beautiful unless its mixed.

The third day i realized i was black was in an all white cafeteria. I gathered my legs under me and approached a boy. He told me he was not into to my type of girl and i felt the words shoot daggers into my melanin i have never wanted to disappear so badly. As a women ive learned to answer to everything except my name. Little lady is not said to me equal but to make me remember my place. I battle between wanting to own my body and accepting there is a 1 in 4 chance a man will lay claim to my skin a plot of land for the taking

And believe it or not im still pissed the fuck off about slavery. Thats right im still mad cause i still pick cotton off of clothes racks and never racked up reparations im mad cause niggers call eachother niggas. Cause any minute a sista girl is gonna turn around and call me a bitch. Im mad at black men for reasons i dont have time to list. Im pissed off at hip hop. Im pissed of at balck on black crime. Im mad because at any given time in any given space i as a black women can suffer from racism sexism classism. I can be raped be beaten be burned alive and no one not a single soul will look up to acknowledge my absence from this universe because i am insignificant because i am a black women and finally you see i have every right to be pissed the fuck off. But most of the time despite what you believe i'm really really sweet.

We have two different wounds and looking at yours does nothing to heal mine.

Never will i turn away an ally but what a man speaks on my behalf it only proves my point. Movements are driven by passion. Not by asserting yourself dominant by a world that already puts you there. You speak to know pain you only fathom because we told you it was there. You know nothing of silence until someone who can not know your pain tells you how to fix it. Everyday is a crucifixion where there is no regard to lines crossed. I fight so my voice can be heard. I fight for the voices you silence all in the name of what is right. I fight because i am black and beautiful and bold by nature.

4. When you have heard that you are not black enough enough times to make your ancestors cringe look up blackness in the dictionary look up blackness in the mirror look up blackness in the whites of your eyes and pour one out for everytime that you existed as a grey area

5. Always remember that when you are a black girl every day that you exist in your body without apologizing is activism

I bought you a gift. You are worthy of gifts. You are worthy of his working hands gripping on your curves. You're allowed to call them curves, allowed to call them whatever you want. To see your body the way you want. Tell them “if my body aint black and woman enough for you than this black and woman enough body just dont want you”. Bitter people hate the good fruit. Have you thinking youre half of the whole that you are. Like i have been ripe for a long time. Like i aint worth toughing with the lights on. Somebody seeing all this fat as sista and succulent at the same time. Without having to pretend im anything less than deep rooted. Without having to peel back this skin for you. I am not here for the non believers. I am not here for those who cringe seeing me see all of myself. This bodily prayer is strictly between my sight and the sun. and all the good folk who enter the presence of this church with no other words from their tongue but amen.

To be woman and black is to be magic. Is to be the which that wouldnt burn. Is to survive the white man with their needles and nooses. And the black men with their hearts in their nuckles. To be black and woman and alive is to be resilient. My very existence is defiance. But they want a good women. A silk skinned woman soft enough to break. A women whose vein is blue enough to get into a club. Who knows her way around the inside of a washing machine. Whose the color of happily ever after. A woman who knows how to burn off her skin without screaming. Without making a sound.

Does my sexiness upset you?

Does it come as a surprise

That I dance like I've got diamonds

At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame

I rise

Up from a past that's rooted in pain

I rise

I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,

Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear

I rise

Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear

I rise

Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,

I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

I rise

I rise

I rise.

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