

## For My Skin

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They brought us to serve,  
to slave,  
to please.

They expected us to happily do as told with no question.

But when we rise they tell us our place, for my skin is just an appliance in their space.

I am my own person, don't need their last name.

Stop it with the questions, why can't I remain untested?

They prod and poke with uncertainties to my efforts, claiming my work as terrorism on America.

To be the land of the free and home of the brave, seems to use brutal force on those using their first amendment.

Bombs, burning crosses, what more America?

My movement was nothing but hope to my people, so why further their trust when you just gained it?

Never understand, never understood, but my people carry on through generations and generations of hope.

The place in which my skin is valid will not exist till I force it.

For my skin was not only an amenity to you, it was a sense of strength in those with skin exactly like mine.