You have to really see me by Nagash Clarke, University of Michigan,
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I'm a black man

Jamaican, Irish by accident, Nigerian descent.

Husband, father, son, nephew, brother, friend, teacher, engineer, chemist, artist, writer, christian.

You don't see all these, obviously,

When you see me.

My complexion is brown.

Very much so, depending on how the light hits it.

I can't help that, nor do I wish to, anymore.

This brown skin carries weight

Centuries worth, even.

Pain, fear, distrust, hope, faith all mixed in, unequally

Some days the weight is so heavy it hurts, really.

And I just want to be the guy picking up milk on the way home.