

Black is a Bruise

Is my skin bruised?

What?

Is my skin bruised? It's as black as coal and it pains

I thought it was dirt but dirt doesn't hurt so a bruise it must be is it true.

Olu, why do you think such things?

Call me Olly

What?

Call me Olly now, it has a better ring

My skin is cursed.

What makes you say that?

Blue beady eyes bore into my blackness

They watch...Commanding it be licked off to reveal the light underneath

I hear them say we are all one then I must be less than because I don't feel so

My skin is the colour of a chameleon's

But the world is colourblind

It shifts to adapt but my perception isn't in my hands

I may be blue to one but to another I am red

Now I know my skin is thick but at a price

I fought for integrity in my life

All I can do is look back and see the years of strife

Advise the younger ones to not stress on a game of dice

It's out of my hands yet on them too

But I've healed still and don't intend to wound

