

For a Black Girl

I wrote you a letter when I was in 5th grade.
I was scared and for the first time in a long time, i needed some help
I wrote to you through my tears and past my pain to ask for advice.

How do you respond when someone tells you that you are “pretty for a black girl?”

Do you cringe at the insensitivity of the comment?

Or do you allow the floor to swallow you whole?

Allowing you to make a graceful escape before your facade of confidence shatters in front of the very
demon that stole your security.

I guess you never really got that letter because, i never heard back.

So the second time someone told me i was pretty for a black girl i said “thank you” for i had decided
that my mocha skin would not be a curse against me but rather a source of comfort..

Until i realized that by this added conjunction, “for a black girl” I was no longer in the category of
beautiful reserved for white woman.,

I allowed myself to sink so deeply into the abyss of painful defeat that i forgot about the radiance of
my melanin.

So the third time, someone told me i was “pretty for a black girl”, i simply replied,
there is no

for

but

or

specificity needed,

for my melanin speaks volumes.

For its caramelized elegance does not need an audience to feel, beautiful.