

Resting [Bitch] Black Girl Face

I cannot wait any longer.

My silence is not the kind that makes me noble.

I am not one of the “good ones” who can take your insults with grace and a smile.

My demands are simple: I am asking you now to explain yourself.

Tell me, what truly angers you about my existence?

It cannot be my skin, when you lay beneath artificial lights
and willingly expose yourself to mother nature’s UV to
risk cancer to match my “dirty” tone—
but one you call “bathed in [a gilded] gold” when it lays upon your skin.

It cannot be my hips, the one you took

three weeks off work
to recover from a surgery that frankly makes a mockery of the gift
my ancestors passed down to me,
hips that contain a variety of marks and scars
of the journeys taken before my time and the present.

And it cannot be my brain,

the one you claim creates sentences that makes me move my lips too much.
the one you say contain unnecessary, verbose syllables,
the one you insist that no “normal” person of true intellect requires.

And yet I recall how much you enjoy being praised
for containing a library of vocabulary that mirrors mine

[though it pales in comparison to the true depths of my catalog].

So, I once again am asking you to explain yourself.

In absence of a citation or ekphrasis,

Explain to me why your anger blooms in sync with my sunrise.

Why have you attempted to force me to be in competition with your self-imagined envy?

In absence of citation or ekphrasis, I simply ask:

why are you so angry that I am capable of learning in the same lecture hall as you?