

Another African American.

I am Black

So what?

So what my skin is brown,

My hair is black and knotted.

I'm not an African American,

I'm not Jamaican.

I am from St John barbados--

I come from black currant syrup

that spilled on the counter,so sticky so sweet.

I am Asher.

I am black.

I am Bajan.

I am me.

To you I'm just another African American,
another person who is ashamed of his heritage.

My nose is rounded,

hair is nappy.

You hate me don't you?

You hate my people?

American.

Another African

but wanna take my culture?

I'm Asher.

I'm black.

I'm Bajan.

I'm me...

It's evident,

that i'm irrelevant to society.

No matter how much we stand up

the death count keeps on piling

You hate me don't you?

You hate just as much as you hate yourself.

Curse me won't you?

I'm another young black male wearing a dark hoodie,

just trying to put my hands up.

I stand high like the moon.

higher than any star,

that could make lovers swoon

.

I am the baker's bread,

finely crafted from dough.

American.

Another African

I will be successful

I will not be another “Nigga”,

on the street,

Trigga happy with a gun,

shooting anything I could.

like all these, brothers,mothers

fathers,daughters and sons.

I’m Asher.

I’m black.

I’m Bajan.

I’m me.

Mother struggled for me.

She could barely read,

got pregnant at 15.

But still kept everyone,

in the house clean.

My father was never in prison,

He is an engineer working two jobs,

to provide for his three daughters,

one son, who he all loves.

American.

Another African

I'm Asher.

I'm black.

I'm Bajan.

I'm me.

People tell me.

You talk white!

You walk white!

You act white!

Might as well be white!

So what?

what exactly is it?

Last time I checked my parents

raised me as a gentleman.

“You should talk with upmost importance”

“Open up your vocabulary”

So if that's white I'll take it,

if that's white what's black?

why should your culture be decided on how you act.

I'm me.

You hate me don't you?

You hate my views and beliefs.

American.

Another African

Curse me till i'm dead,
To be honest i'm tired of hearing
the violence in the streets.

You hate me don't you?
You hate as much as you hate you yourself
in the mirror of your mind.

Let me rewind time and show you how much
fine tuning it took to become equal,
just for the colored people
to be categorized as one race.
sometimes it feels like we're
running in the same Place
You hate me don't you.

Because I fight like my family before me.
You hate me because I refuse to die.
I refuse to shut my mouth.
until my life unravels like ball of twine.
and when i'm don't you'll just have another mess to get behind.

American.

Another African

I'm Asher.

I'm black

I'm Bajan.

I'm me.

Don't you dare ever get it confused.

Don't ever speak for me.

Don't you dare tell me my views.

You hate me don't you?

Because I came from a small island,

where sugar cane and nikka peppers run wild.

Where we cook cocoo and cury.

Where we fought for our independence,

but only broke free 50 years ago.

You hate us because we love the trident on our flag.

Where we eat eclipse crackers

And play cricket from 6-6,

We raise chickens in our own backyards.

Where my family came and grew and made our claim,

American.

Another African

and played the game, just to see it erased again.

You hate me don't you.

I'm me.

I'm Bajan.

I'm Black.

I'm Asher.

But to you I'm just another African American.

American.

Another African