

The Sweeter the Juice

Sydney Dahl

You hate me, don't you?
Especially the curls atop my head
They remind you of the way in which your ancestors
Would wring out my neck
They remind you that I am resilient,
That I always bounce back
They remind you of the curl of a whip,
Before you hear the crack
You hate me, don't you?
The way I smile in the face of adversity
You thought you stole my happiness
At least, that's what it appeared to be
You only stole my patience,
So please give back my time
After all these years of anguish,
Black skin is still a crime
You hate me, don't you?
That my voice is too loud
That I can fill a space with a single word,
You hate that that word is proud
You hate that I am unafraid,
That my determination is bursting at the seams
You hate that I can look you in the eyes and say,
"I too, have a dream"



You hate me, don't you?
You want America Great
But what you fail to recognize
Is your country is built by the fate
Of others, and their hard-working hands
Sewing it together by its genocidal strands
The seams become tighter, and then we begin to see
This land was specially made for you, not me
You hate me, don't you?
Well I'm telling you I don't care,
Hate is only as strong as its person
So, let's not try to compare.
As time has passed,
We've uncovered the truths
So, you can stop spreading your hate to me
I'm already immune



Fried Friday Fish
by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes