

I'm Still Beautiful

I hid my face.
It was better hidden.
People of my color weren't accepted here.
Even in America, Africans were always considered "different".
It was 1960's. Segregation at it's worst.
I just wanted to go to a normal school.
They didn't allow it. They spit at me, said mean words.
"They just look at us different, Julie" my mother always used to say to me.
But I wanted an education.
Why is it people like me are treated so badly?
We never did anything wrong.
How does skin color change in what we are?
It doesn't change anything.
Then why do I dream of being someone else?
It's amazing what people can do to you.
We learned a saying, when I was younger.
Sticks and stones, may break my bones, but words will never hurt me.
I've been sprayed with fire hoses, the type that can tear bark off.
I've gotten back up.
Dogs have been set on me.
I've gotten back up.
But when they got out their words, and started throwing them at me,
I didn't get up. I stayed down, and hid my face.
There is nothing more that can scar a person than words.
America is called a melting pot,
But we have not blended.
From the outside our country may look like a Melting Pot,
But we're the "special" ingredient that hasn't been added yet.
Are we that different?
I don't think so.
I would never hurt people like I've been hurt.
I will not beat them till they fall down.
I'm not like that.
I am better.
I am a human being.
Humans are meant to be different.
One day that will show.
One day I will be called beautiful.
And my grandchildren will become stars.
I'm waiting patiently for that day.
I know it will come.
Diversity is to be different.
I know I'm different, but I'm still beautiful.
Diversity is beautiful.