

Dear America, We Need to Talk

Jaleasa Wilson

Arizona State University

Hello America,

We need to talk. Allow me to introduce myself

my name is not Elizabeth

eyes are not blue, my mother is not a single mom.

My hair wool, eyes dark and strong, smooth skin filled with melanin.

My parents are the definition of black love, lasting, and true.

But America I don't think you knew.

I am just as good as straight hair Kelly, blue-eyed Christine.

My thoughts matter and I have much to give, except you won't let me.

Limited parts in Hollywood, we're just maids and

sassy nurses giving you the wisdom of life.

Don't take my strength and no-nonsense face for attitude.

I'm just fed up with the lack of gratitude.

My strength comes from the backs of the woman full of melanin in
the hot sun that helped pull this nation together.

This nation deems my braids ghetto but now appears on the cover
of Vogue.

But America, I have a name. It is proud, it is strong. It is black.

My name is black girls rock. America, I'm glad we had this chat.

Maybe... just maybe you'll write back.

Sincerely,

Black don't crack

Confluence