Unity Day Poem

The Color Of My Skin

Somali, African American, Caucasian, Mexican, Chinese, Dominican, Haitian, Indian, Cuban, Canadian, Sweden, African, and Jamaican. Those are all different types of ethnicities, but not even close to all. And with different ethnicities, bring in different people, with different cultural backgrounds. We all seem different, but people don’t realize that we are all so alike. We don’t all think the same, We don’t all look the same, We don’t all talk the same, We all don’t sound the same, We don’t all walk the same. But one thing we all have in common is that We all bleed the same color. But instead of noticing that, we focus on someone’s pigmentation Or the way one race acts differently from the other. We focus on the thing that should not be a big deal, And then we make the other race feel like they should conceal. Conceal the skin that they were given. The skin they were always told that was beautiful. The skin their mothers hugged every night and kissed. The only skin they felt comfortable in all their life. The very skin they were told to be proud of. And we put them down. Yes, for example, I am black, So. Does that label represent the only thing I am viewed as for the rest of my life? Does that label determine whether or not I’m kind? Does tell you that I want to be someone who changes the world?
NO, IT DOESN’T. So then why do I feel like I need to be hidden up all curled, against the wall hiding from the rest of the world? Why does the color of our skin have to determine the future that we have? Why are we put into different groups of skin color, when we should be organized by our personalities. I get it though. Yes, we all have different nationalities. But I don’t want to grow up in a world where the color of your skin was viewed as a category and not a prize. If I’m going to live in Bloomington, I’m going to live among millions of people, with different races. We need to come together and stop making people feel bad about who they are and want to be. We all need to agree that we can change to the world. We need to promise each other that we are going to grow up in a world where the color of our skins will not identify who I am or who you are. That the color of my skin is not going to be looked at as something bad, but something that makes me even more beautiful. And one thing you need to know is that I will never stop fighting for what is right. I will never let someone try to tell me that I’m not worthy enough to live in on this earth. If I’m going to live in the 21st century, I’m going to live it my way and anyone who tries to put me down will just be putting me back up. We need to Unify because we all contain beauty and we don’t need the rest of the world to see that. We need them to hear us and hear our voices. The color of my skin will never ever define who I am and neither should yours.