

«You can't love him»

Touching your hands and feeling it on my skin,
Overflowing with warm and reassuring feelings,

Killing time listening to the sound of your voice,
Ignoring the whole world,
Leaving myself wholly to your breath on my neck,
Losing my identity.

Addiction, obsession, poison.

Malediction possesses me,
Obscure and stifling existence,
Censoring my identity,
Keeping my distance,
I feel my dreams are too big for humanity,
Nothing around me sounds diverse.

God, why do people treat me differently?

Blinack*, I learned to discover the human being without my eyes.

I can't love him, as they said..

Reality consumes me.

«Discrimination is a hellhound that gnaws at Negroes in every waking moment of their lives to remind them that the lie of their inferiority is accepted as truth in the society dominating them»- Martin Luther King, Jr-



- The Blinack girl-

Blinack*: mix of Black and Blind words

Equal but separate...

I want to denounce my actual world

Established in 1876, but worst today.

It is a disastrous world.

The American Dream has never existed.

And, what can we do now?

Racism must stop.

They want to erase us,

And I wish so hard to be me,

In one of these South American's states.

We must have the same rights than the white people,

Because everyone should be protected.

We dream of

No discrimination, to be allowed to marry at the love of my life who is white,

Not to be separated and placed in a «black» part for everything, everytime.

School, work, transports, bibliothecs, barbers, public facilities...

It's not normal...

It's even an atrocity to look at a white woman or offering her to light a cigarette,

For them,

Because I am a black man.

Above all, we hope no violence against us anymore:

Insults,

Beats,

Lynching,

Torture,

Crimes...

Punishments without real judgements should not exist either.

They don't listen

This loud pain,

And despite our tears,

They make the evil.

They say separation

Instead of segregation.

We are not slaves anymore,

But our time is far away from happiness.

They treat us like second-class citizens

They considered and make us feel like inferiors,

But we are not nothing.

Ultimately, we are like Jim Crow,

Black people of the South with tribulations...

Dear white people, before all black people are humans,

And the sadness, the anger fill me when I realize

That the colour of my skin defines the quality of my life,

The ebony is beautiful, even white people like it.

We exist.

We are not «niggers».

We are mockingbirds, like Tom,

And we are going to fly to escape their skimpy minds

Because us, black people, we all have this quest

Its name is freedom!



One day I was wandering down the street, when suddenly I heard a white woman's conversation, that caught my attention.

All progressive, she was talking about how she would vote for Obama again, If the chance to do that one more time, she was given.

But under that skin, under the layers of apparent tolerance,
I felt like there was something hidden,
So I crossed , and proclaimed :

'You say black culture is being more and more accepted ?

'Yes ! she replied all mighty.

'Have you heard of the term, whitewashing history ?

Sadly she didn't know, But it gave me this opportunity,
To help someone learn about our culture, our fight for equality.

" It's when you writte people of color out of history "

So I shared with her, a poem that I had just made a bit earlier

There is nothing to take, only to share
Who are you to judge me by your stare ?
You say we're equals, I ask for a proof
You tell me about justice, I tell you about abuse
You tell me about equality, When in fact there's disparity
You tell me about culture, I tell you about censure.
Why the hate, why the isolation ?
Are we a society, or a prison ?
You tell me about my color, I tell you about hard labour
So you ask me, what to do, what to think ?
I Say it's up to you , if your whiling to listen
We can sit, we can talk ,
We can go for a walk ,
And by the end of the day, You'll see
It was worth trying, we both learned we can agree.
Roses are red, Violets are blue
Let us finaly show, that we grew

(I must say, I am very uncomfortable about the start of the poem, I don't know if it's okay to impersonate a person of color just to " make a point " .)
so just in case, i'm sorry :T

She is suffering of discrimination.
She may be murdered by white people
Just because of a simple skin color,
That is the Jim Crow Laws.

He is a victim of anything that happens.
He is consistently accused of crime
Just because, like Robinson, he's a black man.
That is the Jim Crow Laws.

They are rejected from the society.
They can't laugh, eat, go where they want
Just because American people are racists,
That is the Jim Crow Laws.

We still can make change.
We can be the Atticus Finch of someone
And maybe one day we will be equal,
Because we are not Jim Crow.

Someday in Alabama

The other day I saw a man
A confident and head high one
Dressed in a suit, smoking his pipe
A scornful glance upon his face

An other day I saw a man
A quiet and modest one
Dressed in pants too loose for him
But what a smile upon his cheeks

One beats his girl and lies before the law
One helps the girl and swears the simple truth
One accuses an innocent and will be hailed like a hero
One claims his innocence and will be rejected, it's a nigro

The scornful glance is joined by a victory's deceitful grin
The shiny smile is erased because of stupidity
But everything's fine, I swear
White men will be fine and for the others... we'll see

I just want to apologize if using the term « nigro » was inappropriate but I was looking for a rhyme and I found it pretty good for the situation...

Just a human being

A rainy day,
Walking in the street,
Just me as a friend
And I asking myself :

A poor man
In a little town,
Is there anyone
Who cares about ?

I'm just a pawn
I'm just an object
An atom grouping
A dust in the air.

Maybe in other life
I will be happy
Maybe in other life
I will be me.

Basically,
Where is the difference
Between me
And white persons ?

If there's just
One kind of folks,
Why can't they get
Along with each other ?

If they're all alike,
Why do they go out
Of their way to
Despise each other ?

So please,
If you hear me,
Be the ear
That listens to me.

Black and white,
two opposite colors
wich make a lot of talk.

can we say that a color defines a person?
The difference between human
is the segregation.

When the sun is the highest point
The moon is hiding.
Not by will or desire,
But out of despair and submission.

For some it boils down to the law of the universe.
For others to injustice.

The sun, this star so powerful and large would be frightened
By the moon or else only fascinates.
By its way of shining at night,
Its light revealing glow.

The strength of this lunar star four hundred times smaller than its rival,
Still continues to make its place.

My good friend Jim is the same as me,
He is a worker and goes to work every day,
and he does this until he ruins his back,
like me,
he takes the bus to go there, but also the train to see his family,
similarly,
He has a child at school like many men at his age,
so do I,
But only one thing makes us different from each other,
He is black,
Our journey is the same, but we are bound not to borrow the same,
This methods are supposed to avoid contempt between our two skin,
but it only accentuates it,
people who do not get used to each other will judge each other for the
rest of their lives.
But we have the same rights, right?
Ah no it's true ...
So I realize that my friend Jim, is not my friend,
and the only thing that equates to him is my observation of his routine,
identical to mine but yet so different.

Just about Tolerance

His name was Tom
And he worked in the fields
And he lived in a poor family
And he was accused of the worst
And he was judged and no one trusted
And he has been killed
And it was normal,
Because Tom was Black.

Tom was a great son
Feed, heal, keep, cherish his family.
Tom was a good man
Obey the laws, stay away from sins.
Tom worked hard
Plow, pull, bleed, sweat and cry.
Tom was a faithful friend
Joke, go out, talk, laugh, love.

But Tom was different
His skin, his face, his lips, his hands.
He knew perfectly the "For White Only"
He knew perfectly the poor places,
The putrid bottom of the buses, the mocking
fingers,
The burnt houses, the hanged men, the "slave's
son",
The lynched men, the banned men,
The raped women, the stricken children

Tom was a wild beast
Born from slavery, under the whip
People saw him as a danger, a fierce beast
In people's mind, he was a rapist, a murderer,
A liar, a mentally ill, a mad person, a violent man.
However, his lawyer was the most tolerant man,
He loved, he understood, he observed.
He was White but defended the shame of America.

This is America, this is America
American Dream, America's history, America's
citizens.

Are these Black children your children, America?
Or are they the staircase of your White colonists?
Why this anger? Why this fear? Why this hatred?
Why because your appearance is different you're
segregated?
If they aren't American citizens, and they aren't
strangers,
Who are they? What are they?

If you still don't know that children are segregated
too,
Did you know that your relatives saw it?
My grandmother saw it, in her "For White Only"
Virginian school,
She was only 6, she didn't even know what
segregation was,
Children don't segregate, they are separated by
adults.
Black kids came everyday to the fence of the
courtyard,
They were excluded from education, forbidden to
play with White kids,
My grandmother wanted to play with them and so
she went to the fence.

Few weeks later, she moved out.
Her parents ran away from differences, diversity.
However, many people fought this segregation,
Rosa Parks, Martin Luther King, Malcolm X,
Against laws, Klu-Klux-Klan, Jim Crow.
Segregation is tattooed on Black skins
But segregation can still disappear, thanks to us
Everyone has his role and can change it.

Tolerance, acceptance of the others,
I believe in evolution, respect and diversity
People are equal, all the same, same God,
Same Earth, same role, same place.
I believe into civility, equality, hope,
There is no low race, no superiority,
Only acceptance, respect and diversity
This is my world, This my world.

I speak for my brothers,
camouflage in the shade,
who suffer in silence.

You are black and I am white
are we really different ?
No, we are just two humans want to live in peace,
just want to have go life,
where no one would be rejected
where our differences would be erased
where the skin color would no longer be observed.
Thinks of them,
rejected for the society
just for their color.

You are black and I am white
are we really different ?
For me it's the same
I'm red when I have a sunburn
I'm green when I'm sick
I'm blue when I'm hurting myself
So who is the person of color ?
Fortunately that everyone is not the same mindset,
that skin color defines a person,
want legality
want the justice

The Alabama's dark clouds

Alabama, the land where I grew up
When will leave us your dark clouds.
Those clouds which people-bound
Like me, whose we can't come undone.

They put me in a bubble
That make me different for people.

Everywhere I go
Yesterday, now and tomorrow
I'm your target as you know.
Only because I'm a negro.

Your sad clouds still follow me
And prevent me live normally.

In your bus, I don't have my place
In your toilet, I don't have my place
At your school, I didn't have my place
Where must I go ?

I have duties, but where are my rights ?
You've switch off them so they can't bright.

My brother told me that without a gun
In this country we can't won.
He died during a simple police check
After the blow received at his neck.

Today i want to avenge his blood
For him and all Black people in the world.

It's time to make our voices heard
To bring out pain and tears in our heart.
Make it clear that whatever your skin colour
We mustn't submit to your order.

I was a child whose the joy and serenity were stolen
A child with a colour and striking skin.

Now, like a lost passenger
I'm looking for her,
This hope that will make you better
And will lastly make us live together.

Once upon a time in another world
A transparent wall
which separate people in two group.
Red people and Blue people
they have the same duty but not the same right.
However, two young people fall in love
RED and BLUE
they didn't see the wall built
by fear and aversion
but his love was enough
for save their lives
one day, he die
because he doesn't have the skin's good color
the same day, his half die
because there won't be justice for his love
with this tragic story all people can be see
that would be RED or BLUE
our blood is the same
our emotions are the same
maybe one difference notable
our education

Underestimate art is writing,

You are painting colorful images,

In people mind,

But this people separates humans in black and white.

And the art of writing has the power to show this
segregation,

The power to show how different skin colors are discriminated

The black child

I wonder mom

What does life have in store for me?

I wonder mom

Would I, too later be accused of a crime that didn't commit?

I wonder mom

I too will need a Atticus Finch who won't be able to protect me from injustice?

I wonder mom

For me too will the slightest mistake be an excuse to take away my freedom?

I wonder mom

And if I happen to have avoided that, that obstacle will still stand in front of me?

I wonder mom

If I stay in the black community will white people always see me as a slave descendant?

I wonder mom

If I succeed in life, will the black community accuse me of being too individualistic?

I wonder mom

My skin color is the greatest gift of my life but also the greatest burden on society.

All these questions mom trains me to aim for excellence not for society but for everyone in my community...

When the Law prevents Equality

A young boy was black.
He just wanted a regular life
Just following the track,
Study, find a job, and maybe a wife.

The young boy was no longer one,
Through his childhood,
He was always separated from the other ones,
All of this because of his blood.

It was not only in school,
But also at bus stops, on public transports, and even in restaurants,
White people were acting cool,
When black people were threatened like nuisances.

The young boy became an adult, but everything was strange,
It was hard to be accepted,
But he is now a man that can stand proud, although the situation doesn't change,
Equality was dead.

Now, the young boy is old,
He wandered through an harsh life,
It was not always easy, but he was saved by his heart of gold,
Condemned to be part of this eternal strife.

My name is Alabama,
and I keep apart Negroes and white persons at school.

Yes you do great !
My name is Tennessee,
and I prohibit love, between a Negro and a White person.

It's ok !
My name is Louisiana,
and I outlaw a black to live in the same building as a white person.

Of course !
My name is Kentucky,
and I forbid interracial adoptions.

Oh...
My name is Humanity
and I think it's ok to study all together,
It's ok to love and married a black, even if you're white,
It's ok to live with all ethnicity in the same building,
And it's also ok to raise a child even if he has a different skin color.

I see that sometimes the Law is more dangerous in the hands of a man than a bottle of whiskey between those of an alcoholic.

We are different but the same
Only the color changes
So why are you looking at me
The same way you look at a monster .
Just like you I once was a baby,
I once was a child with hope and joy,
I am an adult trying to find happiness,
I will just like you be an old person
with stories to tell.
Tell me why should I be ashamed of who I am,
Why couldn't I sit next to you,
Why should I use another room than you,
Why would being seen with you should be wrong,
why couldn't I have the same rights as you,
Tell me why should I feel inferior to you
When the only difference between us is our colors.
In the end we are all just humans beings
Who are born, live and die.