

Black Girls

I see the other black girls
With their crop tops, short shorts,
Timberlands, hair extensions,
(for not all of them are simply *weaves*)
I see their long, fake nails
Their short, skin tight dresses,
Tops, skirts and I sometimes wonder

Am I not black myself?

Am I not one of them?

But instead I find myself
Looking in from the outside
I am simply not
I am neither black (for I act white)
Nor am I white (for my skin tone differs)

Because of the shelter provided by
Church school, private school
Public school was different
And the only change wrought in regards
To my *race* was my speech

I now talk both *black* and *white*

And my words are audience segregated

But although I may come to terms

With my own *race*

I still sometimes look at the other black girls

And wish I could wear their crop tops, short shorts,

Timberlands, hair extensions, long, fake nails, and

Short, skin tight dresses, tops, and skirts

But I also know that I could

If I wanted

And I think

Do I really want to?

Or am I satisfied with how

My momma, my poppa, raised me?