

## 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?*