

Black Indeed

Sidnea Hearn

*Some say the blacker the berry,
the sweeter the juice
I say the darker the flesh,
then the deeper the roots.*

- Excerpt from Tupac Shakur, "Keep Ya Head Up" 1993

Braids, locks, passion twists, weaves
falling down the back of the black woman
unashamed her flesh is darker than most.
Afros defying gravity – untamed.
Gold chains glitter around the necks of
Black Kings and Queens.
Gold jewelry strangling the fingers, wrists, and ankles.
The mouth opens revealing a golden smile.

Braids, locks, waves, durags
worn on the head of the strong, Black man
bloodied by brutality,
the young black man awaiting an athletic
scholarship to escape his hood.

Black Kings and Queens.
Melanated Kings and Queens.

Bullets love to kiss our skin.
Hateful words love to caress our ears.
Words of retaliation claw at the flesh of our throats.

We are not violent,

We are passionate.

We are not ghetto,

We are ourselves.

We are not unprofessional,

We are educated.

We are *OUR* culture.