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'They Make It So Difficult To Love Ourselves'

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They Make It So Difficult For Us To Love Ourselves"

we are brown. our skin is not pale or creamy

we don't giggle or flutter or float

we saunter solidly, side-eyeing death

we are sexiled to sidekick

sidelined for aesthetic

short, but never small, we slap five at your success!

cuz' ours is not that genre of story.

we are not blonde and beautiful

or darkened by dignity

we would be, if we could be,

but we can't, so we won't

or at least that's what we've been told.

they've said our love is not picturesque

our silhouettes are not sultry sunset scenes.

our shadows are full of shapeless visions of sadness

and themes of tragedy

cuz' ours is not that genre of story.

we might stay inside where it's safe

singing hymns as the sky falls

patiently waiting.

cuz' corners can contain catcalls and killers,

and who are we but nameless extras and faceless wanderers

but that's not our genre of story either.

Who are We?

we are the "little helpers" to your heroines

a moment of sweet release for your heroes

we are too wise to woo peaceably

and too silly for your sorrows

We interrupt your confession of adoration

to bring you fart jokes and a sky full of stars.

you cannot sell our sexuality

we've already traded it for a thousand and one tales

and a chance at love

Because ours will never be that genre of story.