## Yalobusha Review

Volume 32 Article 8

Summer 2020

# 3 poems

Bijou David

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr

### **Recommended Citation**

David, Bijou (2020) "3 poems," *Yalobusha Review*. Vol. 32, Article 8. Available at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol32/iss1/8

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yalobusha Review by an authorized editor of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

# 3 POEMS

### Bijou David

#### **I** refuse

I refuse to cower in your presence

I refuse to let you look down at me

You tell me to speak out against injustice

Unless it conflicts with what you think

You tell me if you say it it's the truth

But you are not always right

You refuse to admit when you are wrong

You don't accept that I am not your little girl anymore

I have grown into my beliefs

I speak my truth

And you speak yours

But I do not have to agree with you

I deserve as much respect as you

We are not peers

You are not better than me

Or more worthy

You might be the past

But me

I am the future

My children are the future

Why are you deciding what world I live in

After you are long gone

After you are six feet under

Buried just as deep as our

Opinions where buried

In your minds

Buried along with the insensitive traditions

And stereotypes

Buried with the souls of the natives

Whose land we claimed

Buried in the ocean with my ancestors

Who knew that

Death

Was better than chains

We are no longer bound by chains

But by

Stereotypes

## **Un-ladylike**

I am not here to be unheard.

I am not ladylike.

I will laugh and scream and yell.

I will run and jump and fall.

I am my scars.

I am melanin dipped in sunshine and cocoa butter.

I am not an angry black girl.

I am that girl that is always too loud and laughs at the wrong times.

I am thousands of stories, words, and memories.

I am sour gummy bears and romantic movies.

You do not define me.

You can not control me.

I decide my future.

I decide my life.

You just decide if you're in it.

What I tell myself

I tell myself that the world is cruel and unforgiving .

Others tell me the same.

I don't tell myself of the smiles or the random acts of kindness.

They don't tell me of the innocence it holds in its core.

I tell myself that I will never be good enough.

And eventually I find that I'm not good enough.

I am great enough,

To be who

And whatever I want to be.

BIJOU DAVID is a budding, artist, writer, and actor. She enjoys baking, reading, and watching rom-coms. Bijou writes mostly declarative pieces on the expectations that the world has on African American women and girls.

Published by eGrove, 3