

HONEY BEIGE

NATALIE FRANCE

My tan brown different,
heavy-to-wear skin.
I didn't look like them.

Worry
slipping my thought process
with a drug called anxiety
What do they think
What do they see

Who even cares?
They don't even know me.

But apparently they do.
It's written on my locker.
This humiliation,
felt all the way through...
my skin.

But from that event
I've learned not to be angry
with my God-given complexion
if asked what I am,
to show them without any objection.

My honey beige sun kissed
celebrated skin.
I don't look like them.