



## Hard Dichotomy

Not for me; for the universe to see,  
That gift, my curse thrown up through wretched  
time.

Refraction of what could or could not be,  
A prize for forced labor, no reason nor rhyme.

I came from far across the sea, bound fast  
To another rule. My name was forfeit,  
And unmercifully changed for me, alas --  
My history crumble tumbled with it.

Hard dichotomy, agony on pain,  
Sanity or device? Defiantly  
Trying (on good advice) to keep my name  
In the story - specifically - for me.

Round a celestial orbit, part by part,  
Two worlds, one past, one indestructible heart.

- Simba Wiltz

## Colored Love

Because you're beautiful.  
Remember what you said  
when asked why you loved me and not another instead?  
But, beautiful, why is that?  
Is it because I resemble more of white  
Than that of black?  
Daily you notice my long, curly hair and small frame,  
But have you ever wondered about  
the significance of my African name?  
You know, the part of me  
that holds the key to who I really am.  
The part that is more than just brown eyes and light skin.  
Yet you, yourself, are that of brown  
and turn girls who look like you and your mother down.  
Now this to me is somewhat funny.  
how you love the white resemblance in me,  
but I love the black and brown in you honey!

- Gahmya Drummond-Bey