

I see faces.

I walk boulevards and sidewalks with the symphony of the city

Filling my ears as I take in the air that isn't quite clean enough.

And I see faces.

They see colors.

They view a world through a lens that shows them

There are certain personality traits associated with color.

They don't see.

It's easy to assume that a person can fit into a mold.

That our predispositions can give us comfort.

Because what scares us more than color,

Is being wrong.

But I am more.

My intelligence is not attached to my landmass

And my confidence in my skin

Is equivalent to your respect for diversity.

I am not a "chink" in the armor of a nation

Built on the backs of our ancestors.

I am me.

And I am strong.

I am important.

And I matter.