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DUAL FACE OF FEAR

In my city
walking along my streets
looking like the visitor you are
you give me that look that says
you are questioning my credentials
my authenticity
my right to be here
in my city.

Walking in my direction
you suddenly notice
my golden brown roundness
and show all those attitudes
entertain all those postures
grabbing your purse
and holding it close in
as I walk past you.

Let me tell you something
all the while you brush past me
wearing African jewelry and corn-row braids
a touch of blackness in fashion where you come from
while you clutch your designer knockoff
making me unwelcome in my own 'hood
when I walk by, on my sidewalk
let me tell you something.

You clearly cannot tell the difference
between what is real and what is fake --
so listen up real good, wench.
If I wanted to, I could remove
your fake face and paste it
on that designer knockoff,
but since no part of you is real
why should I bother?