

## **Skin**

*Rebecca Denton*

Like a moth

I am trapped in the flame,  
trapped in the blood,  
trapped in the shame

of the questions that I ask for

right reason,  
wrong reason,  
no reason.

Reason is the ability to

twist words into a  
whirlpool of reason of  
your own belief in  
blood, and race, and color,  
and skin,

or who is or is not  
gold, blood to you

I'm never gonna get it

I cannot see, why  
you and I can't be

My skin is white with  
only the faintest freckles of understanding.

Your skin is ethnic with  
only the faintest speckles of understanding.

