Skin

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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.
So, sometimes I avoid words
and confrontation
because I’m white and
you, you’re little boy black
and blue.

I am
not black, not red, not green; I’m
pasty pale
something homogeneous,
something stale.

I don’t get it because I
I do not live in your comprehension
because my world is the
history of . . .
is your oppression.

I don’t get it.

We are both moths,
trapped in the flame,
trapped in the blood,
trapped in the shame
of skin.