

Women of the Blue Tree

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Women of the blue tree

You've convinced yourself you're doing a good deed

Better than those white folks in Virginia

Who would've called me a Nigga

But you don't call me out my name, right?

You just pick on me until I prove your different little stereotypes right.

Angry little black girl from the southside.

Too much mouth, too much expression

who talks so much and just doesn't listen

Caring for the poor and underprivileged

"Those black and brown babies need my assistance"

You isolate,

interrogate,

and then cry when you don't get your way

You run off of assumptions

and I'm done with running

If you want conflict Imma give it to you

Pen and paper because I know you're waiting for me to prove your theories true

Angry black girl with too much attitude

"I'm trying really hard but I need you to take it down a notch or two"

Threatening emails with passive aggressive tones

But when I'm direct about an issue I need to watch my own?

Women of the blue tree you disgust me

You think your proximity to black and brown bodies make you different

You're no better than an overt racist

Saying the same shit with a better vocabulary

Manipulation tactics because our body language is viewed as an adversary

Something to corrected and not accepted

If you don't want to accept the terms and conditions of this program you can leave

But I promise you won't find anyone better than me

Young black child say good bye to your future and your dreams

The same ultimatum I've been hearing for the past 3 years

Saddened that I let this song and dance keep me here

But to be crystal clear

Your fear tactics don't scare me

See this perseverance is ingrained inside of my personality

So with or without that funding I'll still make it to where I need to be

And I'm sorry that you can't appreciate my honesty

Or honestly, any truth that isn't music to your ears

You tune it out

But unfortunately for you "I'm too loud"

and I refuse to take this laying down

So when you hit me you better knock me out

Because if not I will be right back up again

Still that same little black girl with too much mouth and too much expression

Let me remind y'all that my presence is an example of black excellence

That the universe has blessed me with the experience of having brown skin

Regardless of your attempts to get under it

So no I'm not sorry that you think I'm regressin'

That you've lost on this failed investment

Because I'm not what you *expected*?

But I promise I'm better than the future you imagined for me

Based off of preconceived notions of my abilities

That I can't reach much farther than what you believe

And I'm supposed to be grateful for what you did for me?

To all of the other victims of the women of the blue tree

That have endured suffering at the hands of people who are supposed to be caring

I pray that words spoken to you don't stain your colorful array of personalities

Simply because you aren't the success story they want you to be

Please take it from me, never let anyone compromise your integrity

Just because they can't handle your complexities

Or rather the things that make up your very identity

Oh and to the Women of the Blue Tree I hope that one day you too find healing.