

interracial

strong sable hands,
luminous white smile like
in my third grade textbook
(black face-rags-crosshatched back)
the green eyes he borrowed
from that white man with the whip
lifetimes ago,
the man that (beat) (raped) owned
the ghosts that still dwell
in those eyes-
so forgiving of my flesh (so pale)
and of my father's forbidding nudge
and silence,
the hard stares of strangers
(colors don't mix)
pointing fingers, good ole boys snicker,
flags flutter in the southern winds-
but the warm hugs from his mama
who lets me call her such,
the acceptance of his family,
the dinners to which i am invited
and the ones (at my parents') where he is not-
who is savage?

Times have changed

(we are free!)

but we are still slaves to
the oppression of ignorance,
the bigotry that claims
his filthy darkness taints my
innocent clean whiteness
where he clasps my hand
protectively,
with love.

(to be silent is to endorse it)

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