

## You Talk White

“You talk white.”  
But there ain’t no spite.  
Generations confused about  
what’s right.  
We come so far  
to be stuck in some tar.  
Taking meaning from the bars  
we spit.  
Who we gotta be in order  
to sit  
at the table  
and prosper like the fables  
our ancestors would prophesies.  
They was knowing how far  
we’d rise.

“You speak well for a black girl.”  
As if we are illiterate...  
What’s well?  
I can’t tell.  
You can be a poet  
with nothing to show for it.  
Writing with eloquence  
but never reaching eminence  
because there is no background.  
Just some sound.  
You accept me because I speak  
like you?  
But I don’t speak like you.  
The standard is yours  
so we should speak poor,  
Correct?  
“Goodness gracious”  
your beliefs are fictitious.

So,  
I talk white?  
Nah

I speak how I'd like.  
A black woman  
blowing her own trumpet.  
Came here with nothing  
until we started using something:  
Our words.  
The come-up was daunting  
and now I'm just flaunting.  
Let me shed some light  
Cuz we will never talk "white."