What They See

When they look at us
What do they see?
A person? No
A soul? No
A being trying to flourish? No
They only see our brown skin
They see the stereotypes that they created
They see the struggles that they caused
They see misinformation about us
They see only what their mind lets them see
Just because they see
They think they know
But they don’t know
That we’re more than what they imagine
We’re strong
We’re black
We’re smart
And we’re beautiful
When I see us
I see courage
I see bravery
I see wisdom
I see our ancestors
I see our history
And I see our blackness
And it’s the most beautiful