

John Bernard – Blurred Poem

My Heritage is heresy to the heretics
But hell will freeze before you see me pray for a fairer skin
To skim through life's unwanted trials
I tried to force a smile when my date said she didn't normally date black boys
I responded with an awkward wow
This wasn't the first time I had felt like an unwanted foster child
But the cost of being black is to factor in, that you will be accosted for being black
Without a doubt, I have always been prepared for it
Sometimes too prepared that I had to perm my hair for it
Concealing my spiral staircase curls with S-curl
And lying like yeah, it's all natural, this is just gel
Chill, don't touch, just try see how it feels...
To be told by your white colleagues that your usage of the English language is
fantastic
We need more like you,
Doesn't sound bad till you examine the statement then its like those who claimed
to have the 'we should care about all lives' view
My tongue couldn't roll out an excuse for such ignorance
Danger was always imminent in my infancy, only infantry
Was a strong black woman who raised the man of the house by setting a great
foundation
So when my reebok classics stepped into reception and racist remarks were
unmindfully made
I had the mind of Cassius Clay – You would catch these hands before I caught
what you conveyed

Respect goes both ways – I told the PCSO
I have got a hoodie on because its extremely cold
We can stand and talk about how I fit the description of this 20 something year
old
I have nothing to hide so what is it you looking to expose
Your silence implies, that you don't even know
Why don't you let me be? because my beat toes are catching frost bite and that
aint cool
You realize I am law abiding so you apologise, but I aint fooled
You just trumped my mood, but I am used to it now
The blue lights use to scare me because I wasn't used to them as a child
But after a few encounters I knew you man were just euphemism for coward

Well not all of you, at least am wise enough to separate the wheat from the chaff
Because not all my people made their Ps from the trap
But if you grew up where we did you would know that sometimes that's just a
means to adapt
To a world that's forgotten about you

Uncle said how you see people says a lot about you
The shop keeper saw a flock of bad yout
But aunty who stopped to share wisdom said we were talented – powerful beyond
measure
And if we connect to the source the connection will tether not tarry
You can't be lukewarm when chasing your dreams- be mindful of the weather
you carry
Either you are hot or cold – bible or bally
But aunty in a pile of Barry's, Ahmed's CV doesnt stand a chance
All he wants is their glance, but their eyes barely make it past his first name
It would be easy to put the blame on them but that isn't fair
Because they are just new landlords, and their views are tenants who were once
homed by someone else's impaired perspective
My favourite rapper said even in a Benz I am still a n word in a coupe and that
line was perplexing
What does success mean for a man of my complexion?
That thought there needs a mad amount of reflection
Do you see the content of my character or am I just a concert of all our characters?

I guess the saying is true we don't see things the way they are, we see them the
way we are