

Reflection on “Vessels”

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How strange it is to be anything at all?
The moment in my principal’s office,
I hear the words, then I freeze.
Told that I cannot support my own history and culture
By dressing up as a Black Panther during spirit week.
My heart, my soul, my body
Has been chipped away at,
By the people that don’t want me to succeed.
I repair what is lost,
What is broken
By being better, proving them wrong
Like I do every time.
Their words hit me like slashing knives
Ravenous for their kill.
Which victim is next?
Not even a question,
it is always the black girl.
My heart spills out
As tears fall onto the sidewalk.
A threat to kill me,
He chases after my
Wheels spinning faster than ever
I pedal harder.
I lost him.
No one stopped to help me
As he screamed after me.
Am I alone?
A plague of racism and microaggressions always follows me
Is that why people are afraid of us?
Or are they afraid of the strength I have
that I show every time
I Overcome.