

## VISIBILITY.

I'm scared

My brown skin

What can I do to hide the complexion?

How can I avoid my reflection?

I had hopes that my education would take center stage

I hoped that my observations would stand incorrect

I hoped that my accomplishments would move me farther

And yet here I stand,

Being told I am that smart brown girl; fear crept closer

The nearer the comment to the heart

The farther our nation drives apart

The nearer the comment to the brain

The tighter the chains

The commendation.

The narration of all I can accomplish despite this complexion

The interpretation always with darkened eyes

The standing ovation, a pity donation

This golden reflection, ashened, merely tolerated

A moment to highlight your acceptance

And hide your resistance as I make advancements

An hour in time in which you choose to forget how you echoed silence

Silence.

complacent behavior.

Silence.

Americas failure

My brown skin. The skin I want to hide, dye light,

My fear irrational but proven rational at times when I must fight to survive

I apologize for my sacrifice

Hiding is what I have been conditioned to do.

But its time to become new. Become true.

It is time to debut my skin.

Release my hair. The kinky curls shall live without care.

My golden derma, oiled in butter

It is time to breathe American air, toxic and pure.

My bronzed body shinning in the sunlight

I will lift ev'ry voice and sing

I will release from the chains tightened around me  
Its time to stop the policing of my brown reflection.

My generation will make sure Incarceration is no more  
Education my generations new norm  
The cycle will be broken  
We have spoken  
Equality no longer a choice  
Hostility no longer tolerated  
complacency, and silence too.  
My generation will no longer face oppression.  
We will no longer succumb to suppression.  
Change is now in motion.  
No more fear.  
We live in our brown skin  
and we are here.

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