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They Call Me Names

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They Call Me Names

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They Call Me Names

they call me Names
(on the color line...)

they call me nigger;
they call me black;
and/or colored.

they call me minority;
they call me alien;
and/or foreigner.

they call me immigrant;
they call me legal;
and/or illegal.

they call me uncivilized;
they call me uneducated;
they categorize me "other"

they call me names;
I hate them all,
with total hatred.

Hate. Why hate?
Hatred begets hatred. regardless,

I hate'em all.
because:
they're all derogatory.

the names they call me,
the terms they use
to describe me,
They Call Me Names

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(on the color line...)

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because they're all derogatory.

the names they call me,
the terms they use
to describe me.

do not define me
as person complete
with dignity and right.

they do not reflect
my humanity.
instead, they refer
to the color of my
skin, or to
how I look externally
to the size of my lips,
to the tone of my darkness,
and/or to my talent.
to how I speak
the white man's language,
and to my "accent"
to how I dress,
to how I walk,
and carry myself.
to what I deserve,
to what I don't,
the list's endless.

but, hey!
I'm not just color
or appearance
or talent
or language
or cloth.

I'm not just a person
with basic needs;
I am HUMAN too.
HUMAN: with dignity,
intelligence,
and reason.

I may be
immigrant
of African descent
So what?

I didn't choose
to be;
I was stolen.

Yes! my ancestors
have been reduced
to slaves.

however, should these
factors make me
less human:

with less respect
with less right
with less will

with less education
with less skill,
and low status.

Hmm! I wonder!
resentment and cheap talk
about white folks

won't do me
any good either;
I want to heal.

I need to recover
from all emotional hurts
inflicted on me.

I need to heal
my psychological wounds
to be able to "integrate"
in the so called "white culture"
without really losing mine.
I HOPE...

--Amanuel M. Wolde
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