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'They Make It So Difficult To Love Ourselves'

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They Make It So Difficult For Us To Love Ourselves

we are brown. our skin is not pale or creamy
we don't giggle or flutter or float
we saunter solidly, side-eyeing death
we are sexiled to sidekick
sidelined for aesthetic
short, but never small, we slap five at your success!
cuz' ours is not that genre of story.

we are not blonde and beautiful
or darkened by dignity
we would be, if we could be,
but we can't, so we won't
or at least that's what we've been told.
they've said our love is not picturesque
our silhouettes are not sultry sunset scenes.
our shadows are full of shapeless visions of sadness
and themes of tragedy

cuz' ours is not that genre of story.

we might stay inside where it's safe
singing hymns as the sky falls
patiently waiting.

cuz' corners can contain catcalls and killers,

and who are we but nameless extras and faceless wanderers

but that's not our genre of story either.

Who are We?

we are the "little helpers" to your heroines

a moment of sweet release for your heroes

we are too wise to woo peaceably

and too silly for your sorrows

We interrupt your confession of adoration

to bring you fart jokes and a sky full of stars.

you cannot sell our sexuality

we've already traded it for a thousand and one tales

and a chance at love

Because ours will never be that genre of story.