

#imnotournigger

When you see me my skin is your reason to approach me with contempt when you see my skin it tells a story that is long since past..

I have never “been”...just my skin.

Nor the people that were oppressed by the people not of my skin tone.

You are confused if you feel you are better than me..

You tan to be like me..

Please jump off the slave ships that cloud your mind about me.

Take off the white sheet with the blood of the innocent.

Climb into a new world where we, our children and yours can start over freer, and safer.

We are....prisoners of war. Its

Time we were paid for our labor, saluted for our work and struggle admired for our strength and ability to overcome atrocities.

And deliver us a pass of freedom from racism in this world.

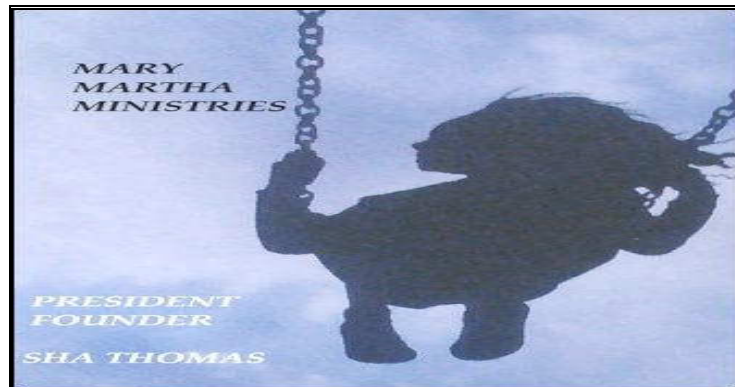
We never asked to come to a land we’ve never owned.

STOP THE HATE.

Pay us back for our stolen promise.

It seems, we are still seeking political asylum.

Police Brutality.
Our embassy is Heaven.
#imnotyournigger
I'm not your girl.
Your servant
Your driver
Your boy
Someone you can hit or beat upon or spit
upon.
You can't ask me what you looking at nigger.
You can't come in here, your *color* bathroom
is over there.
Our story didn't start here.
You started this story and believed your own
lie.
`I have inalienable rights to life, liberty and the
pursuit of happiness.-
Sha Thomas.



Postscript: The Diaspora

--The above text explained feelings, declarations and affirmations of truth. The truth of a people who spent generations in North America, descendants of enslaved ancestors from the east. Enslaved ancestors whom endured institutionalization at its cruelest; in the name of labor, politics, agriculture, and economy. The economy of a distant land, to build and run an entire nation. This institutionalization equaled, oppression. The frustration, truth and liberty of this commentary does not stem from sensationalism or propaganda; but the truth of history. The African Diaspora in every dispensation for centuries since shared the same struggle to live side by side to an ugly ideal of hate, to what is *Black*. To most in the Diaspora it birthed a subsequent nature; in social and systematic discrimination. To some, the same oppression of yesteryears. At the foot of every generation and every dispensation, the same equality, and significance still calls from *every* color under the sun. This is just the story of one people. On this earth, in spite of all divisions the standard of *one* still stands. Its not impossible, *its essential*.-

Lion

