

Our Pot Of Gold

Being me is like no Sunny day it's more of a thundering rain with bolts that strike u with pain

I can forever see the bright colors of the rainbow but there is no pot of gold at the end

The leprechauns tell me that I am not worthy, that my being is repulsive that my looks do not compare to there's

My skin is not white like pearls my hair is not blonde and beautiful like the beaches sand

I am to loud like a thundering rain not calm like a sunny day shower, But I don't need their gold I have my own begets

My hair can be wild and free or tight and confined I can do many things with my hair because my hair is divine

The melanin of my skin comes in many flavors dark chocolate, milk chocolate, caramel no flavor wavers, the warmth and glow of my chocolatey skin is so mesmerizing

That people from all around the world stop to take a breathe in my presents

I am loud, proud, and patient.

My people have been patient for too long forever getting our gold stolen by the short white pearls who think they rule world

When my people are the blueprint of their rainbow foundation

I'll continue to rain down hard until those like myself see continuous sunny days

Until the rainbow is ours.