Black Girls
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Black girls get upset too easily
so I was told.
My story already written.

Black like darkness, like nighttime
when everything is silent like a good
black girl ought to be.

Girls who refuse to shrink like wilting
flowers into the background where you
think we belong –

get shamed. Whispers
behind our backs even as we get praised
for having a strong backbone.

Upset is not enough, we get angry,
frustrated, sad, don’t reduce us
to one word when we can feel
too. My opinions are valid, are not
meant to shame you, are not
something I whip out like a weapon.

Easily, you say, as if I do not
hold my tongue several times
each day, I choose my battles.

Stop telling my story for me.
Consider why you don’t think that
black girls deserve to have feelings.