

A collar for a dollar! Poem

In the name of the mighty dollar,
You had vulnerable Africans in a collar,
“Black labour white wealth,”
All done in stealth,

An economic reality became a colour issue,
Resulting in intergenerational issues,
Black pain is continuously broadcasted,
While they weep into their tissues,

Race was created to soothe white guilt,
This was how our world was built,
To evade accountability and responsibility,
You must portray blacks suffering as an innate reality.

What colour are you? Poem

Colourism is a prism,
Used to create an internal prison,
In a stratified white world,
To position you in a place of eternal worry,

The closer to whiteness,
The easier one's plight,
So one can walk in godly light,
To feel proud and mighty,

If green aliens conquer the earth,
We would be so lenient,
Adapt and mimic their ways,
Whoever conquers we must follow their ways,

No colour is innately superior or inferior,
Empires come and go,
This is the nature of the game,
Understand this, and you will never be the same.