

Poem of the Week

PEOPLE OF COLOR

My best friend said that he
Was now a "person of color,"
Whereas I was simply "white."
He used to call himself "black,"
Which to me was perfectly all right.
But my art teacher pointed out to us
That black is the absence of color.
Which shouldn't really get him down,
Since he really isn't black, but rather
A beautiful shade of brown.
Which is a color.
As are those with yellow, red or golden skin.
Whereas white, (my color),
Has all the other colors within.
Which I suppose through and through
Makes me colored too!
So it appears my best friend was simply in error,
We all seem to be "persons of color."