

Being biracial in a society where race means everything is a struggle in itself.
Especially when it comes to people accepting you, for you.

It is true I am light skinned and have good hair, but
Do to the complexness of my genetics.

The only thing accepted is my m complexion, and
With my mingling roots.

I am neither black or white enough to be accepted by people, who
shame racism in the open but discriminate behind closed doors.

Even more, if you're anything less than full white,
You're not white at all.

And

If you're mixed with white you're put on the sidelines,
In the section of the light brights and pressured to prove your blackness in front of all.

Society loves to save face,
by exploiting mixed race,
to cover up its xenophobic ways.

Being biracial pays,
but it brings ones people shame.

Sayings like "Why'd he choose a white girl?" or "Why'd she sleep with a black man?".
Only bring pain,
Leaving me wondering if my existence is in vain.

Cut from both sides of slavery.

Wanting to fight for my freedom, but
include diversity.

Feeling awkward preaching against the white man's supremacy,
when trying to explain I am half white, but
Do not receive white leniency.

You see I am trying to fight against injustice, however
everyone has a different meaning of what justice is.

Societies fight for justice and power are all based on perspective.

Everyone has a different vision, but
want to be seen equally and respected,
which leaves us conflicted.
When truthfully nobody likes to admit we are all on the same team.

See being biracial is a struggle in itself, especially when it comes to people
Accepting you, for you.

If we want freedom to be true, and
Eliminate racial divides.

It is not which race, but
does humanity deserve our faith,
that we must decide.