

## **You're Not Black**

by Amy Saunders

I sit with them at lunch

Fried chicken on my plate

I eat with a knife and fork

“You're not black, if you don't use your hands to eat”

Yet I know that hands tied up the strange fruit on the trees in the south

The fruit for the crows to pluck

For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck

For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop\*

I don't recognise the Caribbean music, or the Afrobeats

I only know of Liszt, Chopin and Ludovico Einaudi

Whose names you've probably never heard

“You're not black, if you don't know this beat”

Yet, I am familiar with the beat of pounding

Pounding of sugar cane, the whipping of backs

The cries and screams of my ancestors

Ring loud in my head centuries later

So how dare you? How dare you put me down!

Question my ethnicity, I'm still a shade of brown

And I'm sorry if I don't live up to your 'black norms'

But I live in a world with segregated dorms

Society crushes me, tells me I'm ugly

But copies my features, they must think it's funny

I'm not trying to in any way be mean

But I live in a society covered in white sheen

Sorry to Bother You, but I should Get Out

'Cause The Hate U Give leaves me with no doubt  
That I am not The Help, the help that you need  
But the Hidden Figures are clear to see  
That I should stop trying to be 'Black' and just try to be  
Me

For more information on this poem see: [You're Not Black – The Poetry Society: Poems](#)