

50 Shades of Brown

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I'm 50 shades of brown

Shade 1 through 10 is the very light kind,
The almost white kind,
The shade you don't really mind-kind.

It's the one I wear when I really need the job,
Or walk by a drunken mob,
Or get stopped by a cop

Shade 10 through 20 has some color, just a little
It might smack it's lips, just a little
It might swing its hips, but just a little

It's the perfect shade for meeting someone new,
Or for hanging with the happy few,
Or even for that follow up interview

Shade 20 to 30 starts looking proper brown,
It lets it's guard down,
Forgets the plastic smile/might even frown

Try to save this look for work and day-to-day,
It's still safe, it's still okay,
But in a white world this shade might give you away

Shade 30 to 40, is a nice dark blend,
It's the sassiest and loudest one to attend,
It's your favorite black friend,

Wearing this shade means I'm at ease,

It also means 'I come in peace',
But I'll take up room, won't say 'please'

Shade 40 to 50 that's my real skin-tone
The real me, even when that means standing alone,
The African one, the one I am to the bone

This shade shows when injustice is around,
When I'm fed up being harassed when homeward bound,
When my anger is too loud not to make a sound.

The problem with all this shading is clear,
The problem is that we become chameleons out of fear,

Adjusting our pigmentation for your comfort,
Changing our ways just to be heard.

I'm fifty shades of brown, but someday this shading should
be done
I'm fifty shades of brown, but I hope one day I can just be
one.