

Me Gritaron Negra *They yelled at me: “Black!”*

Victoria Santa Cruz

I was just seven years old,
Just seven years old...
What seven years old!
And not even make it five!
Suddenly, some voices on the street,
They yelled at me: “Black!”
Black! Black! Black!
Am I “Black”? - I told myself (Yes!)
What is to be a “Black”? (Black!)
And I didn’t know the sad truth
that might be behind (Black!)
And I felt black (Black!)
As they said (Black!)
I stepped back (Black!)
Just as they wanted (Black!)
And I hated my hair and my fleshy lips
And I saw with sadness my brunette skin
I stepped back (Black!)
I stepped back...
Black! Black! Black! Black!
And the time went by,
and I always so bitter

I continued to carry my heavy burden
 On my back,
 And how it weighed!
 I smoothed my hair
 And I make up my face,
 But among my soul I heard
 Always the same word:
 Black! Black! Black! Black!
 Until one day that I stepped back,
 I stepped back and I was going to fall out-
 Black! Black! Black! Black!
 So what? so what?! (Black!)
 Yes- (Black!)
 I'm- (Black!)
 Black!- (Black!)
 I'm black! (Black!),
 Yes- (Black!)
 I'm- (Black!)
 black!- (Black!)
 I'm black!!
 Henceforth, I don't want
 Smooth my hair (I don't want!)
 And I'll laugh at those
 To prevent - they said -
 To prevent some conflict
 They call to black people "people of color"
 And what a color! (Black!!)
 And how good it sounds! (Black!!)
 What a rhythm it has!

Black! Black! Black! Black!

Black! Black! Black! Black!

Black! Black! Black! Black!

Black! Black! Black!

Finally!

I finally realised! (Finally!)

I don't step back anymore (Finally!)

I walk safe (Finally!)

I walk and hope (Finally!)

And I bless the Heaven because God wanted that

My skin was jet black color,

And I understood (Finally!)

That I have total control:

Black! Black! Black! Black!

Black! Black! Black! Black!

Black! Black! Black! Black!

Black! Black!

I'M BLACK!!!!

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