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## I'm Upset

I'm angry  
no disrespect  
To my sisters of other descent  
I'm sure your struggles  
Are just as relevant

I want to tell you why black  
women are never allowed to vent  
Give me a moment to explain  
It will all make sense

I'm not here to comfort you  
Because where is my comfort  
When I walk in a room

It's not in my shoes  
Or in my hair  
Not in my fitting dress  
Not in the undergarments I wear

Because I'm judged as less compared to you  
From the dollar to 64 cents  
For the same job  
When nothing else is different between us two

Except that God gave me  
A lot more protection from the sun  
And my hair does bend to the will  
Of the white man's understanding of gravity

Still, those two blessings make *you* mad at *me*?

That ridiculous  
Anyone with common sense could sense it  
But what's common knowledge  
is our small differences make us drastically different

If this makes you uncomfortable  
remember for someone else these struggles  
everyday they breath they pay this toll

I'm just unveiling  
Someone else's type of hurt  
all women deserve  
a simple chance to be heard

## Venus Flytrap

Short sleeves and short skirts  
Summer breeze feels good until it hurts  
Skin exposed catches the eye  
Of an admirer

The attention is at first innocent  
She swats away  
Any unwanted advances  
Until there was a change  
In current circumstances

The tension cools down  
And her attention turns away  
He then takes flight on the opportunity  
To attach himself to her and pollinate

Intimate contact  
Organic fluids exchange  
In one quick moment  
She'll never be the same

Her skin swells  
He flees the scene without a trace  
She cries out for help  
Which arrives  
With a strange look on their face

What did you expect  
Look at what you wore  
It's hot and humid  
Mosquitoes, love the warmth  
She sprayed on repellent  
And off she went

But let's be clear  
There's nothing complicated  
About consent