

Bottle These Tears of Oppression

A poem on racism

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I'm cast into a world torn by divisions,
spread apart by silly differences,
and vocal over petty issues.
I embraced struggles right from the cradle.

Skin colour speaks louder than sound,
rich with unspoken interpretations,
bestowing a predefined identity,
but luckless if it be to your disadvantage.

My colour became my chains,
chains of bondage in lowly servitude.
I'm thought to be less than human,
deserving for a killing sport.

I'm to work cotton and tobacco fields,
under the scorching sun with little to eat.
I was asked for my heritage and name,
it left with my slave master's purchase.

I found stigma for my differences
and little did our similarities unite.
I'm despised in the eyes of the oppressor,
alienated for no choice of mine.

I knew the feeling of a scumbag,
belittled for the sad luck of my race,
rejection was the affliction of my soul,
reproach waited on the outside.

I fell short to be considered smart,
suppressed on the ladder of success.
I longed for acclaim and recognition
but only to see and crave it from a distance.

The future becomes a mirror of the past,
the lot of my ancestors is written for me,
the oppressor welcomes me with a smile,
but mocks me for a third-world fool.

The police thirst for the taste of my blood,
keen for grievous cuffs to my wrists.
The chambers for penalties are packed,
filled with innocence but guilty for colour.

I weep for this deal by fate,
my irreversible basket of misfortune.
I'm given a sword for a lasting war,
let justice bottle these tears of oppression.

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