

The Color of Love

When I was growing up, I had no idea what prejudice meant!

I still don't know how to spell the word!

When I grew up in my neighborhood,
there were no angry people feeling all upset over life,
defiantly waving their causes in the faces of a different color.

I was color blind when I was growing up.

Without knowing this, life was just fine and unlimited.

I am proudly still color blind!

I do not see the color of disadvantage.

I love the differences in our skin tones.

I love the variations of every single person.

Wow! What beautiful dark skin, all shiny and perfect.

What beautiful porcelain holding up that
incredible strawberry hair!

What a wonderful coffee and cream mixture
so sweet it dances.

What a wonderful mottled abstract canvas of all of us!

What a wonderful absence of color, as in color blind.

I do not see the color of separation.

I have missing cones in my eyes!

I cannot see colors equally, so I am told; how would I know?

I am gifted without seeing separations because of skin tone.

I am blessed knowing beauty on the outside is our individual gift.

I am wise enough to know inside these variations
we are equal given equal opportunity.

I do not see the color of in-equality.

My color blindness is normal to me.

I have never been without it!

In the second grade we all learned
the 3rd dot from the right is the color red,
the 4th dot was blue, and the 5th dot was yellow.

No matter how I see color, it has a name.

We all agreed to name the dots
red, blue, yellow, black and white.

There are websites to show you what I see,
but none can show me what you see.

I do not see the color of differences.

All the children who have helped me grow
have allowed me see their unique colors,
and all their children have different tones,
from very white to very black.

I love them all the same,

and I love them for their differences.

I do not see the color of judgment.

I do See the Color of Love