



# The Eyes of a Black Man

By Arie Walker

Art Classes taught me about the values of color.  
How white signifies purity and light.  
How white is the main source and reflection of all colors.  
While black, absorbs all the color without an output; creating darkness  
Color is my reality.  
The color my skin dictates everything about my life, where I work, where  
I live, where i'm safe, where i'm vulnerable.  
The color of my skin automatically makes me a threat.  
Hood on i'm a black man, hood off.... I'm dangerous, i'm a killer.  
I am you and you are me but you choose to fear me.  
You choose to shield me from what could've been real  
You choose to set your boundaries  
You choose to limit your trust in me  
You choose to never change, instead you settle  
Settle for what is now and will stay  
My eyes see color as a culture, as swag, and authenticity.  
While your eyes change the perception and truth  
Making me feel small  
Less than



## “Funky Town”

Marlo Graham

Unwelcomed

You judge me and judge me regardless if i’m your neighbor, your  
co-worker, your chauffeur, or even your friend.

The cycle does not end.

Red goes to orange, orange goes to yellow, yellow goes to green, and so  
on until it restarts, replays, and continues once again.

The color of my skin does not mean I rep gangs or sell on a corner,

It doesn’t mean I’m illiterate or have no class,

It doesn’t mean I steal or cheat or lie or murder

It just means I’m black, you’re white.

I was born with it and I will die with it.