Evolution Of Woman

Kaila Buggs

I was born a brown baby
Fragile and free
From the womb of a wanted woman
Newborn lungs and copper colored skin drew tons of attention to me
Screamed to seldom souls when I wanted something
To be comforted, fed, or cleaned I went to my mother
Couldn’t tell her I loved her ‘cause my mouth turned my words to wonders of what I was trying to say anyway
I love you mom
I’ll say it in my mumbles every day until those wonders turn to words and they mean something to you
And when they do I probably won’t be sippin’ on Similac and watching reruns of Girlfriends with you
When I say it I’ll be honest and true because in a few years I’ll know how it feels to be lied to
17 years later and I am a black girl
Hurt and hard to handle
Horribly shaking the shackles of stereotypes
Well excuse me if I’m not white
See my lungs are a little larger
My height a little taller
My skin a little darker
I like chicken and watermelon and I don’t know my father
Not as much as I should
A random pop up and name are all I get every year
To be real, James is a myth to me every year
Opaque situations have made it ten times harder to see things clear
I’ve been “in love” three times in my life and each time was different
First there was the guy that took me for a fool and turned me into one for loving him
Then came the boy with two kids who cheated and had a third behind my back
Last was the dude that made me fall for him the quickest and dropped me for someone who could never compare
See soon I will become an African American woman
Fist clenched and thought switched
Because my mental will be model-esc madness
And my body will be a ballad of beautifully tragic tendencies and treble clefs
A crowd pleaser for the masses
My enemies will be mad ‘cause my melanin is mystically magical
For there will be glory given to this golden glow because I will have the strength of a million soul sisters
I feel their blood through my body and taste the twisted tales of their tongues
I am them
I will have been baby, girl, and woman
Brown, black, and African American
And we are one
Forgive me for being blunt
I am the youngest of the middle child who had three children
I am my brother’s prodigy and caregiver to his son
I have rivaled Rhylees and chased Jaces for at least six years now
For at least six years now I have noticed that there have been more bullets in buildings than brick
More shell casings than cement
So to my sisters
Reveling in your resilience and royalty
Catering to crafty creatures
And still struggling to stay strong
Believe me when I say that I feel you
I got you
And this is our evolution…