

Being Black in the Work Place

They take my kindness for weakness.

They take my silence for speechless.

They consider my uniqueness strange.

They call my language slang.

They see my confidence as conceit.

They see my mistakes as defeat.

They consider my success accidental.

They minimize my intelligence to "potential".

My questions mean "I'm unaware".

My advancement is somehow unfair.

Any praise is preferential treatment.

To voice concern is discontentment.

If I stand up for myself, I'm too defensive.

If I don't trust them, I'm too apprehensive.

I'm defiant! If I separate.

I'm fake if I assimilate.

Yet, constantly I am faced with work place hate.

My character is constantly under attack.

Pride for my race makes me, "TOO BLACK".

Yet, I can only be me. And, who am I you ask?

I am that Strong Black Person...

Who stands on the back of my ancestor's achievements, with an erect spine pointing to the stars with pride, dignity and respect which lets the work place in America know, that I not only possess the ability to play by the rules, but I can make them as well!

Black History 365 – Author Unknown

