

The colour of racism

By Leah Berhe

I see the sad colour of racism not every other day,
But every minute of the day,
I see the serious mental and physical damages,
That this has done throughout the ages,

And is still doing to beloved human beings,
Others treat our people like they are leftovers on a pet's plate,
Our people deserve respect,
Fairness, justice, acknowledgement,
Compassion and better treatment

Our sisters and brother are tired of being left out on the deck
Our siblings are often harassed senselessly, persecuted
Falsely accused and relentlessly prosecuted
At one time, they were hunted by the system
At other time, haunted by an organised medium
Created to destroy, demolish and annihilate
To ridicule, punish and discriminate

I see the colour of racism,
When the police for no apparent reason
Stop, endanger and handcuff our homeless and elderly
Or our law-abiding citizens, like it's open seasons
The same ones that hunt for mule, deers or bears, who behave like enemies

Of the civilised society
I see the sick colour of racism
When our people are not hired for being unqualified
But because of their skin colour, they're quickly disqualified
Dismissed, fired or terminated
I see the monster of scepticism
Every minute of the day
The arrogance is unparalleled
Beyond belief

One human race, one human race
I see the ugly colour of racism not every other day
But every minute of the day.