



JACLR

Journal of Artistic Creation & Literary Research

JACLR: Revista de Creación Artística e Investigación Literaria (Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research) es una publicación bianual de la Universidad Complutense Madrid que aparece en texto completo, acceso abierto, y revisada por pares. La revista, publicada y editada por estudiantes graduados, ofrece trabajos de investigación, tesinas de grado y de master, junto con contribuciones originales de creación artística. El objetivo es que los estudiantes aprendan el proceso de edición de una revista científica. Los autores cuyos trabajos se publican mantienen los derechos de autor sobre los mismos para su publicación posterior en otros lugares.

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"Do you see me"

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Do You See Me

Do you see me?
Do you see this skin?

I am Hitler
I am Jim Crow
I am the Ku Klux Klan
I am Neo-Nazi
I am fascism in its richest form.

I am a Gringo
A cracker
I'm albino born
I am white.

Privilege wrapped in a beautiful Caucasian package that should be adorned.

But, I am ashamed.

I can hear the ancient screams in my head.
The whip lashes
the dead crying out to be alive again.

I feel their striped backs, and the slats in the cage.

The unwritten pages of every black life that should be in our history books.
But they aren't.

I feel it.

The eyes glaring
Pleading to me their master
For a cup of water.
For a crust of bread.

I hear the pleas of a people that were silenced for so long and to what end.
To what end.

I smell the fumes from the chambers that held the men, women and children
because of the star they wore on their sleeves.

Because they were a breed of vulgarity in the eyes of a man
who felt his superiority should reign.
I can feel their agony.

The bubbling in their lungs, the numbing sensation of death entering their bodies.
Until they are a naked pile of flesh on the floor.

Right now I want no more to be white
then the people that carried a color, the white man spat upon.

From dusk till dawn for centuries I've been white.

I am the white group that burned crosses on the black lawns of America.
I am the white racist shouting Dixie behind the rebel flag at the battle of
Gettysburg.

I am the Neo-Nazi driving a car through a crowd in Charlottesville.
I am the white hand of a cop wannabe pointing a gun at Trayvon Martin and pulling
the trigger.

I am a dictator that spreads genocide over a whole race of people.
I am that bitter taste of history that will never be erased.

I am a waste of human color.

However, I am ashamed not of the color of my skin
But what it has represented for centuries.
I am not ashamed of the color of my skin
But of the heritage attached.

Because when I close my eyes I see millions of dead bodies.
Beautiful people, every single one of them.
Every one of them deserved more than this white man standing on their memory.
Saying I'm sorry.

It isn't much to offer
But these words are dedicated to every person that felt inferior
Because a white man told them their skin color wasn't good enough.

And right now, in my head,
No one could feel lower than I do.

Because I am a gringo,
a cracker,
I am albino born,
I am white.

I am Hitler
I am Jim crow
I'm the Ku Klux Klan
I am Neo Nazi

Do you see me?
Do you see this skin?

I am ashamed.