

BLACK AS

Written by Anyah Nancy Jackson *UNFINISHED

Black as ashy feet and slides
Black as the Cadillac parked on Church Drive
Black as the stained glass that represents a God that don't even
look like you
Black as recognizing he did look like you
Black as the turban I rock on a bad hair day
Black as everyone's hair looking like mine on "bad hair day"
Black as there being no such thing as bad hair
Black as the grocery bags underneath the sink
Black as the lean in my uncles creep
Black as Anita Baker on Saturday Morning
Black as that beautiful smile
Black as a child raising a child
Black as the community coming together
to dance in the park to DJ Kool Herc
Black as our ancestors teaching us how to twerk.
You know? Sankofa.

Black as me
Black as you
Black as hell.

The gold they can see but can't touch
And because of that your grandma dont like me too much
But that's the way it goes
That's the way it goes
it s love in here
it's love in here

A WORD FROM THE AUTHOR:

This song has evolved a thousand ways, but is definitely one of my favorites on this project! It is my love letter to Blackness. My thoughts on Africiology. My own insecurities. All the beauty and ugly that lives with us. I talk about hair discrimination. I talk

about the creepiness of that uncle everyone seems to have. I talk about old hip hop, DJ Kool Herc, and today's culture. Comparing the past with the present. I end it with "Its love in here" (sampled "[Top of the morning](#) ' ' D Smoke) because no matter the senseless levels of oppression, violence, and heart wrenching sorrow, Black people remain love centers of any room. I see myself in this song, I feeelllll my blackness in this song. I am very proud of this one.