



Beyond Color

Poem

By Jairus Ong'eta

I am too white to be black too black to be white
I defy the definitions of sight.
How hard it is to be different in a world full of mirrors
With a belief that the reflections should always be the same
That the sun should always shine the same..... but it never does.

Some skins embrace the warmth from the heat,
while others detest it's rays like pain – like a death portion.
Walking on these streets you'd feel piercings of arrows from eyes; angry.
Ironical how people hate money ...
You see source of money is what they say my skin is yet a curse.
A beauty so ugly.
That's why i have painted my thoughts colorless
And now I use my pain as pen to rewrite the story
To redefine the norm
to change perspective.
Because who said.. that sometimes color can determine what one can or cannot do?
I know I'll get opposition from the *I'm proud to be black* but...
I wonder if that's right because I'm left thinking.

Does color portray strength or weakness?
Does it portray inability in a certain way? or maybe... or maybe huanity class..??
But I'm also not a painter
So i don't know which color shouts loudest –
I would use it to paint my words so that they not only be loud but be allowed to sink deep.
Louder than the *kilumi* drum beats to send away curses...
louder than the *riddim* beats in Githurai 45 buses
Louder than the *tutti*play of a full orchestra.
Because I want to fit into those shoes.... mmh no actually I don't want to, i just want to try.
So together let's try and fit into this shoe of a zebra with black and black strips. That *grate wall
tv* with a black and black screen

Because when color becomes a crisis then a cry this is.

Today in this ring –

We have the greatest match of all time.

Black and white

Mayweather and Pacquiao.

But even as they threw their jabs... left... right hooks – upper cuts

I realized at the end that their rewards were the same despite who won or lost

Ask McGregor.

But their significance in that ring was still important.

So I'm speaking of *love*

Love beyond the copper sign

Love beyond red roses on Valentines

Beyond forwarded messages

Beyond hugs kisses and massages.

Social media *R.I.P* when tragedy occurs

Forgiven messes

People fighting to live but...

It pains me to know that there are still people living to fight.

To fight for acceptance in society... Just living between hope and anxiety.

That there is still stigma!!! I think we should style up.

Because it will always remain that black boards need white chalks

Whiten Bible pages. Black inscriptions.

So white in Kenya doesn't just stand for peace.

It means a people, a face.

Not just to be seen through peep holes... because this is a new phase.

When are we going to act our parts if we keep standing on these stages whose curtains are never open.

we want to close that Cross back Cause dark...to shine?

On these papers we shall write our new story.

So if you dare call this disability...

Then it is a diss to the abilities all those people like me have.

So I will not end my piece with I'm out because I will be in this until every ear is able to hear...

Each and every word that I have come to say here.