

## ***Chocolate***

Brown somebody said is everybody's least favorite color  
That observation put me to bed for a day  
And even though I have diabetes, the only thing  
That got me up was a piece of forbidden chocolate I had wrapped up for emergencies.

I think the best thing for anybody is to have a good bowel movement.

From the beginning nobody in the family wanted to admit that it was sugar.  
Except down south  
There were always the people who could look at you and see you.  
I never understood  
how my mother always knew how to act so people wouldn't talk about her.  
And sister could do that too.

I was the darkest one.  
I loved my color and used to look in the mirror admiring myself, my perfect skin wondering why  
the billboards back then weren't no women who looked like me.

I used to think people looked at me funny.  
It was much later that I learned the word, paranoid/schizophrenia  
And way later that I knew it was because I was stunning, not so much attractive,  
But I looked people back in the face,

I used to think that was why I got it, the diabetes. I was too chocolate.  
I remember some old person saying I had sugar,  
Said my wounds healed slowly.  
All I knew was no energy for what my impulses told me to do.

And the fear, the regular fear that came from being colored  
And my everyday fear that I'd melt away  
And the constant hunger  
And how everybody in my family encouraged it -- good way to  
make the children happy.  
Mother always said all poor folks do for pleasure is eat.  
We weren't poor  
But that's the way Black families in the South who went through slavery and the Depression  
talked.

I guess the sugar didn't really start till I was at Kelly Miller Jr. High  
and started liking Mr. Goodbars.

***RMc 5/23/2011***

