

Alexis Green
The Blue Book

Wrapped in bubblegum
and pornography,
black bodies

wring themselves soaked
from the lust and sweat
of perspiring white men.

Melted in hair grease,
the ghost of hot combs
a faint whiff away,

black girls
be tangled
in the desires
of men who
hate their skin
but love
their flesh.

Swimming in colorblind
fairytales and false identities,
young ladies of blackness

only find their names
written on rock bottom—
trading their truth

and training bras
for the approval of the men
who perverted their story
in the first place.