

## UNTOUCHABLE

I peer into an ornate silver mirror that  
Hangs on a smooth brightly painted wall.  
The image of an “untouchable” stares back at me  
A woman of dark complexion shakes the ropes  
Of crinkled hair hanging from her fuzzy crown.  
Her full lips and wide nose bridge dared to move,  
Widening smile and flaring nostrils.

A woman moves about in this society  
On a treacherous path of the “untouchables”.  
She carries her fear upon her back daily,  
Believing her life matters, but knowing it is  
Threatened, detested, and best not noticed.  
Rape, domestic abuse, disregard, and death  
Lurk around every surprised glance.

Wide hips and ample butt insult and enrage.  
Rhythmic motion above thick thighs reminds  
This country of the lowly help, the workers  
In antebellum times. Those we did not touch  
In case the ignorance and darkness should rub off.  
Oh but they did touch- Ask my cousin Honey  
With the funny eyes and pale brown skin.

Society endorses white petite frames  
And long silky hair, button noses,

and thin smirking smiles.

Smiles that hold contempt. For the slut who seduces

Her husband after working all day in the field or house.

For the wounded womb that holds her child's love.

For the emotionally shackled cook that rules her kitchen.

Contempt for the "untouchable".

The mirror reflects my story. Sees my pain.

Where I have been. How much farther I must go.

Do you see me? Can you see color? Do you know

How to ask before you touch me?

My hair, my skin, my full features

Belong to me only. No chains or laws

Or slurs can hold me back from

My destiny. I stand proud because

I am untouchable.