

Sonnet: "On Prejudice"

Why should it, my color, determine where
I may lodge or feast or make me a place
In the white man's world who just doesn't care
About the ones who have the darker face?
An opinion formed before known facts,
Describes prejudice and the way whites act
Toward the Negro, who, to them, no good,
Though all we want is to be understood.
Why should whites judge me on the first glance,
Judges as nothing because I am black—
When I have not been given half a chance?
Stop the hindering, but give me a hand.
Forget my features, my past, my black skin,
Instead, look at me, and think of a man.

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