

### **What They See**

They see her mouth  
and call it a weapon  
not the way it sings sweet lullabies  
or shapes the names of her dead into golden memories.

They see her walk  
and call it a threat  
not the rhythm of survival carried in her hips,  
not the grace carved from centuries of scorn.

They see her eyes,  
dark as storms,  
and fear the thunder,  
never guessing they hold  
a thousand quiet dawns.

She raises her voice  
and the room stiffens,  
as if power only belongs  
to certain throats.  
as if truth  
wearing brown skin  
is too sharp to be heard.

Behind their eyes  
her shape twists  
beast, burden,  
never beloved.

But she knows.  
She knows how mirrors lie  
when they're cracked by history.  
She knows how light bends  
around what people refuse to see.

So she walks through their stares,  
unfolding like a stormcloud  
not to destroy,  
but to water the roots  
they tried to scorch.