

Amber

By Tylie Shider

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Character: Amber, female

Synopsis: A Black woman struggles to embrace her reflection.

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AMBER

And they named me amber
Hoping my skin would never
Be dark as my black father

And they stood by flinching
As the color of my ears colored me darkly

And they spoke about daddy's skin
In the context of strength and sexuality

And they bought me little black dolls to affirm my self-
esteem... ever descending because none of em looked liked me

Their button noses, curly short hair, and flat chins were not
in comparison...
It was merely their skin...

And they dressed me in amber; said it compliments your skin/

And they didn't deserve to do this
And they didn't deserve to lie
And they didn't deserve to make me hate uh color created by
God

And they should've known better than to name me amber...
That shit don't look like me!

I'm black as the man you thought enough of't make me with
then thought enough not't keep

I'm dark as the sun setting...
As the dust dancing beneath ya feet

I don't need no amber sequin, or black dolls't define me

I don't need dis silly name lying about what even uh mirror
can see

I don't need your lame apologies: "cuz dats how dark her
daddy is, see?"

What I need is fuh you to accept we black and you two shades
lighter than me

And they say our history is inadequate/ well I know that
mirrors are too

Duh first lesson I learned was't hate my skin,

And mama dat was taught by you

END OF POEM