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## The Blacker the Berry, the Sweeter the Juice

Dawn West  
*Denison University*

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I am blown up, face forward arms back, on a cold canvas  
that rotates to each of you who wonder if I'm black.

You bring my skin into question  
daily, and you wonder why I have a color complex.

At best, I laugh. A maple syrup ejaculation that slithers  
down the street between me and another someone

who's put me on display. Light skin is not a blessing  
and songs follow me, down black and white streets.

When I was six years old I stood in the mirror, asking why.  
And before you ask, imagine being called a high-yellow bitch.

Dawn West, 2009