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Stereotype

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I walk through the streets with my head held high.  
I walk through the streets being cautious of where I am.  
I walk through the streets being mindful of what I am wearing.

I am told I am the whitest black person they know.  
I am told I am black.  
I am told I should grow an afro.

I don’t let others tell me what to do.  
People love to judge a book by its cover.  
Appearance is everything because impressions are made within the first 15-20 seconds of meeting a person.

I am not the whitest black person, but I am just me.  
I am not black. I am African-American.  
I like short hair not long hair.

Why do we have to judge people?  
Why do we have to make assumptions of people?  
Why do we need to be afraid of what we don’t understand?

Why am I constantly being told how to live my life?  
Why do I get looks when I exceed in whatever I do?  
Why do we do what we do?

Our first instinct is to judge someone.  
We follow what we know.  
Fear is based from a lack of understanding.

Only I know what is truly best for me  
People are not used to an African American working hard.
As humans we tend to follow the norm—it is easier.

Girls want to be a size zero.
Girls need designer clothing.
Girls want to be a cheerleader.

Society is running off stereotyping.
Society is running off fear.
Society is running off money.

Why stereotype when we can just be unique—
Assuming makes an ass of you and me?