

My Reflection by Haven Hicks

The mirror shows my reflection,
But it's different this time

They aren't just freckles anymore,
They're dots that connect,
To make a trail my ancestors once took
To a new land

My hair is no longer just a color
It's the color of my people
It's the color of the sky
Where they walked miles to reach freedom

The mirror shows my reflection
But it isn't me

It's my people staring at me through the glass
It's not my smile, but theirs
It's not my brown eyes, its theirs
But the eyes belong to me
They gave me them, and I thank them

I look to the sky, the grass, the rivers, the trees, and myself
And I say thank you
Thank you for your eyes,
For your hair,
For your freckles,
And for your sacrifice.

Thank you for passing these down to me
These features that you once got made fun of for
The same features that define you, as much as they define me
The same features that make me, ME

The mirror shows my reflection
But this time, it's me

Thank you.