

Black coffee or To all the girls with hard to swallow names

To all the girls with hard to swallow names
The names we never find on water bottles and coffee cups,
The names people shake their heads at
The names that so quickly turn into a joke like they have no worth
The names they don't even try to pronounce
And in exchange turn it to whatever they want
The names that go from Chimamanda to Mandy or Consuela to Ella
Like black coffee diluted with sugar and cream to Starbucks lattes,
so they can bare to swallow it whole
The ones that get called complicated and dismissed
when asking to be called by their names that are gifts
and in return say sorry
The ones that now have apologies for names

Your name might not be a Starbucks latte, that teenage girls down so easily
But it's black coffee, one so strong people shy away from it,
never getting rewarded with its richness
your name holds power in every drop
the very drops your ancestors prayed for
so don't apologize for your name, when its meaning has saved so many before
Don't dumb it down so it fits the shackles of society
It's the only gift you'll get without being expected to return the favour
Although you are much more than your name
It's your crown so wear it with pride
Wear it high and don't let anyone take away its shine
It's not being complicated, it's called having self respect
So if you didn't offer it with sugar and cream, don't accept it when they add their own
Or simply said 'say it right or don't say it at all' // Poem by Imè Esenam, G2A