

# Getting Blacker

By: Katrina N. Robinson

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When I was young, my sunscreen  
didn't come from a tube;  
it came in the form of an amused voice  
warning me to stay out of the sun,  
before I got any "blacker."  
As if getting blacker  
was the undesirable thing,  
the wrong thing,  
or even the scary thing.  
Getting blacker was to be avoided at all costs.  
It meant recesses spent in the shade,  
and cowering in the dark corners of life.  
But over the years  
and in so many ways  
I've gotten blacker.  
It has little to do with my dark brown skin tone.  
And it has everything to do with realizing  
the beauty of blackness,  
the strength of blackness,  
the resilience of blackness.  
Black is not a bowed head  
avoiding the direct rays of the sun.  
Black is an untamed brilliance  
that puts the sun's brightness to shame.  
Black is not the childish teasing of the insecure  
meant to tear us down.  
Black is supporting our sisters and brothers  
so all of us can stand tall.  
Since learning these things  
I've tried my hardest  
to get blacker and blacker  
every day.

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About the Poet: Katrina Robinson grew up in Aylett, Virginia. She is a 2015 MFA graduate with a degree in Creative Writing and Publishing Arts. Her publishing credits include V Magazine for Women, the WW Norton Hint Fiction Anthology, and several poems in Enchanted Conversation: A Fairy Tale Magazine. She loves Twitter, but she does not post regularly (her infrequent updates can be found at [twitter.com/KWrites2](https://twitter.com/KWrites2)).