

Colour

Blood

My red royalty flows
In my vein and every month
African blood is what I claim
We will reclaim and reign
Our thrones like
Nefertiti
Nana Yaa Asantewaa, Nzingha
And Queen of Sheba
Queenship is in my D.N.A.
Divine Negus Association

Jollof

African mothers make my
Heart glow an orange light
With these orange grains of
Rice. My culture and pride
From my heart is connected to
My stomach
West African herbs and spices
I can see my ancestors
Melanin glow from the orange
Sun enjoying
The power from our food

Honey

They don't know that our
Hearts are sweet like honey
And our skin is worth more
Than gold. When the
Sun hits our flesh
We shine 24 karats
24/7. Having these

People buzz like honey bees
Love us don't fetishize
Cherish our honey

Ivy

My melanin is brown
But society thinks I'm green
Green with jealousy and envy
They think ivy is poison
They don't know my meaning
Glowing internally for an eternity
True to me, no infidelity
The growth of a black woman
From my natural curls to my natural self
I am ivy

Ice

They say black women are
Cold as ice
But I think we're more
Icy. Precious like diamonds
Boss black businesses
We're going to start an empire
Hair, makeup, and nails are always
Done, but we're far from finished
Stares that can freeze your heart
We're icy together, you can't tear us apart

Indigo

They say my skin is
So dark, it's purple
It's indigo
But they don't know my
Ancestor's hands were
Dyed with the blue purple
Pigment. Now you rock

Ankara 'cause it's trending
Pretending that you don't
Mock my melanin

Salt

They judge my brown
When both of our insides
Are pink and red
They think my sharp eyes is
Saltiness, when it's actually
Poise, because salt is like gold
Melanin pops in Lac Rose knowing their
Past people traded the white and pink
Riches for the things that shimmer
Salt for gold

Bronze

Like Egypt, I'm starting
A new kingdom and
Unity is the foundation
Our browns shine like bronze
My blackness is like precious metal
So rare to find, my uniqueness shines like
Gold. All that glitters ain't gold, but
My stuff is genuine. My soul is
Golden, my brain is solid and
My heart is handled with care

Ivory

They take elephants tusk for
Ivory to make tools
They took my people and
Used them the same way. Eyes no longer
Brown, I see white eyes with no hope
But the elephant is wisdom, strength
And power. Even with so much

Taken and stolen, we still stand
With wisdom, with strength
With power