

## Picturous poems

### 1 The psychology of my identity written poetically

Identity.....

Who is she?

False layers of fake, forced by society.

Unidentified roots destroyed, what's left hidden or/and owned by supremacy.

It's all gone so far, everybody's starting to look like me,

smell like me,

shape like me.

Because you see, Mr Supremacy all the effort you made to rape me, take my true identity, then destroy me..

has through time become your own enemy!

Divisions getting harder as were moulding into one.

Your children feeling freer and have decided there going to marry my black son.

No eloping happening here, with heads held high,

demanding you bring that dated why guy,

he must come and show respect!

keeping his own pre judgement and issues with racialality safely tucked in the walls of his own ferocity.

Times have changed..

But i still want back my identity.

You can keep the apology.

### 2 It started with me.

It's start, is with me, can't you see?

global warming, deforestation, biodiversity crisis, mass consumption, the root of it, it started, your history, your true nostalgia, it started, you started, the anthropocene, When you started taking from me.

You changed nature's course, you damaged yourself, when you damaged me.

Mr supremacy wake up and admit to me, your status is not from natural order, it's from the basis of our planets worst disaster.

Your ego, your greed, your need to control, to take, it's YOUR deed!

Mr supremacy can't you see? It starts with the taking of my identity, your identity, your mother, the one you deny, your creator, your true natural class.

Your history, the SUPREMACOPOCENE, your crime, started, when you took from me, can't you see?