

Color Me Equal

*How often have I wondered,
just how it feels to be
behind the face of someone else
who doesn't look like me.*

*So much I take for granted,
my hair, my eyes, my skin,
how could they keep some people out,
while letting others in?*

*I peer into life's mirror,
and there, by chance, I see,
a different image of myself,
indeed, another me.*

*And, yet, my new reflection,
although I find it strange,
has no impact on who I am,
there's nothing I would change.*

*Perhaps this new perspective
will help me look inside,
before I judge a person who
is not the same outside.*