

/ = line break

// = new verse

the day i realized: a collection of poetry by Suad Alad

the day i realized

my being was something / seen as a disturbance / i was 16 years of age. / i was // too loud, / too aggressive, / and too much. // what does it mean / to be too much? / how is my existence / too much? // i feel like i could / walk the earth / and not say a word, / yet still be seen / as the loudest person in the room. // i am bold / i am bright / i am here. // but for some, / to be here / is to be too much // and for that / i must make myself / small. / i must be dim and dull. // for my being is / something that disturbs. // i disturb.

but who do I exist for?

it should be easy to answer / the answer should be Me. / I exist for Me and no one else. // but I find myself questioning / my answer. // i listen, i teach, i comfort and i try. / i am the person for other people. / i am *their* person. // but no one is ever the other person for me. / no one is ever the person, / for the Black girl. // if i exist for myself, / if i exist for me, / who will i have / besides myself? // who will i be? / will i be alone? / will i find out i'm wrong? / will anyone even care? // so i guess the answer isn't so simple. / it isn't so obvious. / because, if i put myself first / all i'll be left with is being alone. // and if i'm alone, / they are winning. / they are winning / and i am alone.

A love letter to someone who is like me.

your touch feels rough against / the pulposus knots of my waist./ you hold me with care, gently / like my body is glass. // you brush my hair. soft / and delicate, lathering each dip / and curl of my coils / in oils and formulas to make it strong, / to make it last. // my edges are sore / against your fingertips. / sleep has struggled to reach me. / i feel worn out. // you wash my face, my neck, my skin, / and hum along to the tune of / whatever gentle noise / fills the space between us. / it roams my body with a lingering touch, / like warm arms against a cold winter's day. // we sing and dance. / we laugh and cry. / we write our feelings. / we are simple beings who feel / with all they have. // then i realize, that there is no two. / there is no we. / because i am you, / and you are me. // so i finish my routine, / my night time of care, / and sit down to scribble, / a love letter to someone / who is like me.

The Pursuit of Happyness

my laugh is as loud as a bull horn and my smile is as bright as the stars. / i've noticed that when i smile, my eyes crinkle like the crumpled pieces / of paper, the old love letters i've written, stuffed in my desk. / i am happy. // the sun on my skin, the grass between my fingers, and the wind between / my braids. i am one with nature, with the world. / we coexist. and it is beautiful. we are beautiful. / i am beautiful. // when i smile, and see the space between my teeth, i no longer feel / resentment towards my mom for not getting me braces. when i laugh / i don't hide behind my hands. i let my bull horn roar. / i am here. // *it's not easy to be so bold in a world that wants you to be so dull. / to be so small. and it won't ever get easier. but what's important / to know that you are here. you do exist. // people can see you. they hear you. // you are happy. you are here. you are beautiful.* / i am happy. i am here. i am beautiful. // i exist.