

## The Skin I'm In by Mikaya Lang

There was a huge stage sitting in front of me. All cameras pointed at the empty open space. The wooden floorboards peeled from the ground. The black curtains were no longer black but a shallow gray. People talked indistinctly as the whole world stared at what appeared to be nothing. It took every bone in my body. Every encouraging ache and every bit of brain power for me to take that step. That step onto the empty wooden stage. This was my time, my moment. The crowd grew quiet. I stood on that stage shaking and with nothing to say. Everyone peered up at me in confusion and desperation. I tapped the tip of the microphone and shakily I spoke. "The skin I'm in." I took a deep breath before speaking any further.

The skin i'm in

This is the skin that gets you guns pulled on you  
This is the skin known to be fugitives or thieves  
This is the skin known to be bad

The skin I'm in

There is many ways i can describe the skin I'm in  
I can tell you about my constant back pain  
Or about my eczema  
Or i an tell you about the feeling i get when i stand on my feet too long

The skin I'm in

I could tell you about my melanin  
About my dark nature that defines me  
We practically designed black beauty  
My skin color is like no other

The skin I'm in

I could tell you about what's behind my skin (my brain)  
And how it's always racing  
It never stops pacing  
Flashing thoughts whether i want it to or not

The skin I'm in

You could be nothing but skin and bones  
You could be as thick as a snicker  
You can be beautiful and chubby

You can be considered “fat” and yet, have the personality of a flower in bloom

Let me tell you about my skin

I have dark brown skin

My eczema drives me crazy

I have smooth skin with occasional bumps

And to be honest i might not be nothing but skin and bones but behind my skin holds a  
brain so powerful it could change the world

This is my skin.