



Nakila's Monologue from "The Miseducation of Mil Chett: The Cypher"

Erase me, No color me beautiful.
Beauty got a nose ring and a Philly drawl.
Got skin black as midnight and gold as honey.
Beauty is big breasted and big hiped.
Got enough womb to raise preschools and city blocks.
Got enough chicken stock and rue to make gumbos and po'man soup.
Beauty has become my black girl's truth.
My truth is my ancestor's name continued to be carried in my big 10 university notebook.
In my 300 person lecture.
In my state street protests.
I carry Milwaukee's name like a prison tattoo on my back.
Glorious and gritty in its execution.
Permanence is a requirement for the streets.
Permanence is the second word after family.
My success is passed down like an heirloom.
Bringing the hood to college cuz they told us we couldn't be here.
Told us we couldn't get here.
But my momma graduated in May 2014.
My daddy getting his bachelor's degree.
We stand hood fabulous.
Beautiful, black and hungry.
Ready to eat.
Poverty taught me how to clear my entire plate.
You will not erase me