

# HISTORY

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where I come from  
all the posters that were hung  
back in 1900 still hang today  
and you don't want to know  
the history I've been told  
about a man who cuts hair  
on Main Street

**there's blood everywhere  
though the smiles are pretty  
and there's blood on my hands too  
cause it's my history**

it's strange to be small  
and told that you are wrong  
cause you don't see the differences yet  
oh soon you'll hear the words  
that spell out how it works  
when God decides to get "fancy"

**there's fear everywhere  
cause good men get lazy  
and there's fear in my heart  
cause it's my history**

*I wonder about the speed of change  
I wonder if I'm to blame?  
cause, oh, aren't we all the same?*

*I wonder how recycled pain  
can be stopped, all the way?  
well, I guess it starts with me*

it's a deep tear to touch  
when I realize how much  
I look like those I've tried to escape  
it's a prayer I don't know  
but I'm grabbing for the words  
to learn to breathe unselfishly

**there's room all around  
cause we were made for stretching  
and there's room for my sound  
cause it's my history**