

Buffy Hamilton
Social Justice Poem
April 2003

“Orange”

Orange is the color of bigotry,
An object hurled
at a friend
who does not see
the world only
in terms of
black
or
white.

There are orange push-ups and orange sunsets.
Sunshine feels orange, cheerful and bright.
Tiger lilies are the orange of my childhood,
of innocence,
but an orange projectile flaming with hate
is the color of adulthood.

Oranges should be juicy and ripe,
not crusted over
with the sugar white crust
of salty hatred that stings
the wounds of a dream
still
deferred.

Orange feels like anger, shame, and sorrow
Orange is the neighbor across the street
or someone you don't even know.

Orange should feel like summer and hope,
but it smells like winter,
a dark, sulphurous shadow
Choking out all signs of
intelligent life.