

# Canvas

*Jenna Sule*

I am a canvas,  
Two parts white and one part privileged  
I was always told,  
Life  
Liberty and  
The pursuit of happiness,  
Could never be torn away from me,  
After all,  
I was canvas, yet to be  
Painted

It wasn't years until, this promise I've come to know,  
Was only given to,  
The  
Bleach haired and crystal eyed

But what about the

Braided maps tight on scalps,  
The songs sung for all to hear.

Thick scars forever embedded on backs

And the clanking weighted ankles,  
wrists

Those unalienable rights,  
Were not given to her by those fathers

The fathers who actually bought and sold  
Her giver of birth,  
Perhaps they just made a typo?