

The Outsiders

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We are the outsiders

Those who don't fit in

No matter how hard we may try

We may be American citizens

But we will always be outsiders

As long as our skin is black

Slaves living in the land of the free

Enslaved by both Society

And our own self doubt

Doubt about what our fate is

For we are American citizens

Yet we are treated like foreign beggars

Cast aside like an old newspaper

Disposable, irrelevant, unimportant

Our minds and bodies are weary

But the fire in our souls is still roaring

That flame sparks us to fight

For recognition in a country

In which we are treated like outsiders

Despite our tireless efforts to fit in