

Screens of hate ,skin of pride

By Raed shabani

Judged each day,
bullied each hour.
Am I not light enough?
My skin with melanin—
affects you so much.

You sit behind a screen,
pressing buttons
to say I'm not enough.

Am I inferior?
You say that I do not belong,
so you bully me
because of a stereotype.

The media wants me to be someone I'm not.
I have to act a certain way,
be a certain way—
walk a certain way.

They will never be satisfied!
They are like crows with no prey,
feeding off our hope to live.

The same colour they hate
is rich in culture—
bold in the sun,
shining with radiant gold.

Curly, coarse hair
that tells a story of growth and strength.
The media thinks we're inferior,
yet we make the world spin around:
the music, the dance, the imagery.
So magnificent—
we have not lost our story.

With our different shades of dark skin
we rise,
we conquer,
we see the freedom that we fought for.

No matter the race—
Indian, Black, Hispanic, or White—
we are all human.
Be who you are,
and love your history,
the empires we made.

No one is superior to me.
I will pave my way to my destiny.
I am bold,
I am strong,
happy to be dark.

I look you in the eyes
and I'll say: *I'm enough.*

I rise,
I conquer,
I stand firm.

I'll never ask permission
for what belongs to me.
My freedom,
my peace,
my culture—
is mine.

Thank you .

Essay: Analysis of “Screens of Hate, Skin of Pride” by Raed Shabani

When I wrote “Screens of Hate, Skin of Pride,” I wanted to talk about something I feel every day—being judged and bullied just because of my skin. It’s really hard when people hide behind their screens and type mean things about you. They make you feel like you’re not good enough, like you don’t belong. That’s what this poem is about. It’s about facing racism, the pressure to be someone you’re not, and the struggle to stay proud of who you are.

The poem is also about finding strength. At first, I wanted to show the hurt and anger I feel when people call me inferior or judge me for having dark skin. Questions like “Am I not light enough?” or “Am I inferior?” are real feelings I have had. But I didn’t want the poem to stay sad. I wanted it to show that even when people try to bring you down, you can still be proud and strong. Lines like, “I am bold, I am strong, happy to be dark” are me saying I won’t let hate define me.

A big theme in the poem is pride in who you are and where you come from. The media and society try to tell us who we should be, how we should act, and how we should look. But I wanted to show that our skin, hair, and culture are powerful. Our dark skin shines, our curly hair tells a story of strength, and our culture is full of history and beauty. Even when people try to stereotype us, we still have our stories and empires. Another theme is unity—no matter if you are Black, White, Indian, or Hispanic, we’re all human, and nobody is better than anyone else.

The poem is also about feelings we all know: pain, frustration, and sometimes sadness when you feel like an outsider. But it’s also about hope and courage. Skin

becomes a symbol of strength, hair shows growth, and culture becomes a weapon against hate. When I write, “My freedom, my peace, my culture— is mine,” I mean that nobody can take what is part of me. That’s the strongest part of the poem for me.

The tone changes through the poem. At first, I sound angry and hurt because that’s how bullying feels. But by the end, the tone is proud and hopeful. I wanted readers to feel my pain but also feel inspired to stand strong, rise, and conquer. The free verse structure helps with that because it feels like I’m just speaking from the heart. Repeating words like “rise” and “conquer” makes it feel like a chant, like I’m reminding myself and others to stay strong.

I also used a lot of imagery. I compare bullies to “crows with no prey” because they feed off others’ pain. I describe dark skin as “shining with radiant gold” because that’s how I feel about my identity. Using metaphors, repetition, and strong images makes the poem emotional and powerful.

Overall, this poem is personal. It’s about my experiences with hate, but also about pride, culture, and resilience. I want everyone who reads it to know that identity cannot be stolen, and even when the world judges you, you can still stand strong and love who you are.



Word count: ~505

