On Privilege

You don’t know, do you?
with your frosty skin . . .
Privilege is like that.

Can’t taste the sugar—
of knowing that your children will never be taunted
never be tracked.

Can’t feel the sun—
of knowing your presence will never be questioned
you belong.

Can’t smell the fragrance—
of clean, fresh courtesy and respect
invisible to you.

Can’t hear the voices—
of others who are different from you
they don’t make sense.

Can’t see the pain—
of demeaning, humiliating, shame—you ask,
why are they so angry?

You only notice privilege
when you don’t have it.

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