

I wonder if the black crayon knows it was never meant to color  
I wonder if the black crayon knows how it is pronounced in Spanish and treated in  
English  
I wonder if the black crayon knows it was never meant to be colored with, only used  
I wonder if the black crayon knows it is hated  
I wonder if it knows it must stay in the corner of the box  
Segregated from the better colors  
Since it's too dark  
Pigmentation challenged  
Treated like a leper  
Told to go back to the factory even though it was brought in the box  
Manipulated into believing its' problems are only caused by its color  
Looked at for problems but not solutions  
Roasted like charcoal and blamed for the fire  
I wonder if the black crayon knows if it broke  
It would be blamed for being broken  
I wonder if the black crayon knows if it could not color anymore  
It would still be called colored or lack with a b in front of it (black)  
If it was used  
It would be drawing something ugly  
If it was discarded, it would be blamed for being un-useful  
I wonder if the black crayon knows that the other crayons were assumed to be better  
I wonder if crayons cry  
When you draw black tears  
They are just called periods  
Because sentences are syllable-zed weapons that end with a black dot  
I wonder if black crayons ever compare war stories with black pens  
I wonder if a crayon can draw its own pain  
With no paper willing to accept the weight of its thoughts  
What are black crayons supposed to draw  
This box is so small  
Black crayons smell freedom each time the box is opened  
I wonder if they know they live in a coffin  
They draw whole or in pieces  
They draw life and defy death  
They find light in darkness  
They bleed inside that box  
Even when selected the black crayon knows it's only temporary air  
After all coffins are not made to be empty