Finding Love (White)

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Author's Statement

Theresa Todd

I decided to wrap up my time at Concordia with a thesis project in the form of a poetry manuscript. My thesis project will be a compilation of 25 poems dealing with the theme of race and identity. My poems will deal with my experiences being a woman, being an African-American, and with being an African-American woman.

I took on the challenge of composing this manuscript with the hopes of sharing a bit of myself. In the process of writing, I've discovered more about myself than I could ever hope to share with readers. I walked into this project thinking it would be easy to do something I really enjoyed, but in the process realized I am my toughest critic, which has turned this project into a real challenge. But with the most simple words, I hope to share issues that have proven to be a real challenge in my life.

It would be idealistic for me to say I hope readers love all my work. So I will say, I hope readers can appreciate the work I've done. This manuscript is just a beginning for the work I will continue to do after graduating from Concordia and whatever may come next.

Dancing Girl

Theresa Todd

Captured in the tunes and melodies
Oblivious to the damp fragrance of
100 swaying bodies lost in the same rhythm.
She struts about the dance floor
confident, beautiful and maybe even sexy.

Her black strapless dress tight where it matters
Most. But elegant, classic even.
She makes her way off the dance floor
Aware of the watchful eyes and dropped jaws.

She is gorgeous and she knows it.
Until she sees him.
The stranger she used to know.
She watches him not wanting to,
but unable to look away.

She watches him hold and kiss the girl
in the tight red dress
Bordering on trashy elegance.
He holds her close, and
Whispers in her ear.

She thinks back and can't recall,
Can't remember a time he held her like
That. She is angry because he matters,
Because she still cares, because she is not
the one with him in the tight red dress.

But mostly because now she feels like
nothing more than a little girl in a dress.
**FINDING LOVE (BLACK)**

*Theresa Todd*

The attraction comes naturally
As I am easily drawn to the many shades of the earth.
The many shades of brown.
The beautiful mahogany undeniable
The attraction comes naturally.

His beauty is undeniable
It is in his full lips and honey brown skin
I am taken, I am consumed.
And with one look he takes in all of me.
His beauty is undeniable.

The conversation comes easily
As if he knew me before he knew me
And with no effort he understands
No explanation is necessary.
The conversation comes easily.

My future lies with this man
His understanding runs deep
He knows me soul and mind.
Familiar with my fears and sorrows,
My future lies with this man.

**FINDING LOVE (WHITE)**

*Theresa Todd*

The attraction comes naturally
As I can be easily drawn to the beauty of
A white man on the street.
His fair skin and sandy hair alluring,
The attraction comes naturally.

Yet my mind is resistant
To the idea of this love.
This love with a white man.
The attraction strong as with any man
Yet my mind is resistant.

I think about my children
This white man as their father and
Only half black is their mother
And the faces of my children will hold no trace of me.
I think about my children.

I could easily find love in a white man.
When I abandon my fears and resistance
And if I could just let go
The joys of this man could find me, and
I could easily find love in a white man.