

SOURCE: "HOW IT FEELS TO BE COLORED ME", 1928 | ARTWORK BY JED DORE



Zora Neale Hurston

*I am not
tragically colored.*

There is no great sorrow dammed up in my soul, nor lurking behind my eyes... Even in the helter-skelter skirmish that is my life, I have seen that the world is to the strong regardless of a little pigmentation more or less. No, I do not weep at the world—

I am too busy sharpening my oyster knife.