

**NIGERIAN SOCIETY OF AUTHORS**

**In Conjunction with**

**WEST AFRICAN YOUNG WRITERS  
AND PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION**

**BLACK  
IS  
BEAUTIFUL**

**A Collection of poems, essays and short story**

**In honour and memory of the  
Late Pa Samuel Adigun Abiola and Abimbola Abiola**

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**Wole Adedoyin**

## **EDITOR'S NOTE**

Black is beautiful is a compilation of poems from various upcoming poets of Nigeria origin. Their poetic thoughts centered on the beauty of black and black's philosophy.

It also gives account of major occurrences and historical events from the contributors.

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## **BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL**

Color is racial,  
you are special.  
Color is wrong,  
you are strong.

Color calls you black,  
yes! You are black  
with a dark spirit  
that does not lack.

Likened to coal,  
treated like dirt.  
Compared with the chimney,  
avoided like smoke!

He calls you black that made the white car,  
yet, made his wheel black, 'cause  
strength lies within you, and  
endurance dwells in you!

You are black,  
not just your skin but,  
the strong self-less spirit in you

absolutely compos mentis.

Black is you,

you are black.

Proudly black

Truly black

Unapologetically black

Anytime, anywhere

Beautifully black!

**Bliss Akinyemi**

## THE MAIDEN

From where I sat  
I saw her walking like a lad,  
Exhibiting her immaculate beauty,  
Treading in me love treaty.

Could it be,  
The once ugly damsel?  
Buzzing like a honey,  
Rotating the dancing ground.

I could see the black blood  
That run through her vein  
'she's not.

Truly you have found the riping cloud,  
Living in the citadel of gain.

Yes! The maiden,  
She got good brain,  
Salivating the dried buccal cavity,  
In search of wisdom.

**Oyebade Monsurat Adenike**

## **I AM BLACK AND PROUD**

I am black and proud to be  
Black is beautiful, black is my colour  
Deep down my bone marrows-  
I am proud to come from this continent  
This beautiful globe of our collective souls-  
Black is my shell, black is my soul  
Filled with graceful content  
I am the revelation of tomorrow.

Black is beautiful, beauty runs through my veins  
Through the labyrinth of hardship,  
The horrors of slavery and misplaced dreams  
Ferocious struggles with death's screams-  
I still bear the beauty that never fades  
Driving by the impulses of pride.

I am black and proud to be  
This is my identity I proclaim loud,  
My spirit you can't crush with inferiority  
I speak the dialect of integrity  
And wave to the wind of reality-  
I am not ugly, I am a symbol of beauty

I am black, I am not afraid to tell the world about my identity.

I am black and glad  
My reality I can't hide,  
You may laugh me to scorn  
And throw spears of racism,  
God gave me this beautiful skin  
I can't bleach away my skin  
To be like the white men-  
I am natural and original  
Take it or leave it to wane,  
I am envied by those who hate my skin.

The graves are not yet full  
My dreams still mount on wings so beautiful-  
Somewhere over the rainbow I plant my fate,  
To swim in seven rivers of faith-  
Ignoring what they say for hate  
I am black, I am not ashamed  
I am not stupid nor useless, yes, I am black, I can!  
Because I am an AFRICAN.

I am black,I can't deny it  
Hate me for who I am

That can't change what I am-  
I am filled with self-love for my race  
I am a symbol of greatness  
Made in God's love and grace  
In me is power, an affirmation of glory,  
I am an image of beauty, hope and victory.

I am black and proud to be  
I am blessed with vast potentials  
I am necessary and the essential,  
The beauty of my hair, tribes and culture  
Black is noble in nature,  
I represent the rainbow and rising sun  
Fresh like vegetables in the sun-  
Black is the root I can't weed  
Forever I will cherish and breed...

I am black and proud to be  
Black is my smile, black is my soul  
Black is my pride which I won't hide-  
And no one can take it away from me-  
Black is beautiful and peaceful  
I represent Africa the black continent.

**Moses Opara**



**ADUNNI**  
**(Ode to a Black Woman)**

I.

Adunni,

The way you smile  
appeases the god of my he(art)  
It makes me marvel in awe;

It makes my conscience to stare in passim.

The way your hips wriggle  
Tickles my heart; It spins my mind;  
It defiles the silence of my core

II.

Adunni,

Your beauty is an elixir  
that cure maladies of hidden muses,  
stale foresights-

It is the genesis of subtle and ingenious verses.

III.

Adunni,

Like stars in outer space  
which illuminates the dim of dusk  
let me gladden the innocence of your soul

Like Acqua confined in a bottle  
that evangelizes its beaut even in ungodly Niles  
let me just have you as thoughts in my head.

III.

Adunni,

Come make me.  
Come circumcise me with indelible love.

Come, make me feel the blackness in you .

## BLACKS

Are not the abased cackle  
Of your erased yesterday  
Check the diaries of your fathers

They are the genesis  
Of your soaring present  
With whom civilization now tangos

You may see them  
As jibed jugulars  
Embedded in deceptive mambas

You may even deride them  
Like walking fossils  
Created to serve as Jackals

Lo! Despite your demeanor

They would still raise  
Their arc shoulders  
In triumphant grandeur.

For soon, your mentality, parochial

Would be sledged

By Karma's vindictive mallet

**Ajise Vincent**

## BLACK BEAUTY

When black was beauty  
Men were machines in Birmingham  
Padlocks, the saliva that seal the lips  
Mirror, barter for four kids

When black was beauty  
Morality, memorized verses for us  
Humility, jewelries applied from home  
Society, cities where nights were mornings

When black is beauty  
Rivers of chastity flow in youths  
Ships of wisdom sail us to posterity's kingdom  
While we live our present in search of truth

When black becomes beauty  
White mortals shall adore the black skins  
Longing for their faces to behold us  
In their lands, to become kings and queens

Alas! Black has always been beauty  
For when we cry, our faces remain

As though we are laughing, unlike  
Races, where emotions color their skins

**James Ademuyiwa Jamesconco**

## THE RAINBOW

This black beautiful skin of mine  
It is but a glorious wonder  
If you don't like it  
It doesn't matter because I like me  
That's all that matter.

This skin that have been battered by the rains of  
colonialism  
Scourged by the ever red iron of neo-colonialism  
Because of colour whole nations were bounded and  
taken across turbulent seas of death  
Into miser sugarcane plantations  
Families became strangers on a foreign land  
Light years from the warmth of the Motherland  
But in the quite night, tales and songs of the great mother  
land was what they had for dinner  
I am the lone voice calling for the million times  
The strong breed from the land of Madiba  
Heir to those people of courage  
Who through the sweat of injustice built the high and  
low of America.



But young African woman  
Who taught you to hate the sound of your name?  
Or to shame the Mother tongue as second class?  
Who said your skin is bad?  
Bad enough to be mutilated by the toxic cream of change  
and plastic shame of Europe  
Who taught you to hate the colour of your eyes or the  
shape of your nose?  
Edumare bestowed upon you beauty beyond the Helens  
of the west  
You are the Amazon of the earth.

Young African man  
Have you not read of the black Bantu Biko?  
That you jump and shrink at the sight of a white man  
The magnificent Malcolm...  
The sermon of the King...  
Who taught you to hate the breaking of kola?  
Don't you know he who brings kola brings life?  
Who said that you are too black to be brilliant?  
Brilliance I tell you is colourless.

Listen you obstinate child  
No one determine your destiny

Or success

Neither does colour any of this

Isn't the creator's rainbow there for all to see?

**Umukoro Othuke Isaac**

## " BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL "

Forever pipings, Forever lore  
sings merrily of Your great  
legendary work;

-- Across the radiant continent of Mother Africa!  
Our black beautiful Gold glaring Among the globe...

From the silvery streams of Oyo,  
from Her red soil -- You rose a valiant warrior,  
From the black beautiful womb of Mother Africa!  
-- now sings in melodious echoes  
Of your great legendary works, Of all great legacies  
Forever told...

The day is gone, The time is fast approaching;  
now You gently resides  
beside her palms,  
-- weaving smiles lasting till the eternal

Forever pipings, Forever lore  
-- deep in Our hearts, we sing the joys of Our " black  
beautiful songs "

*{ For Miss Abimbola Abiola }*

Sweet voice, The calling heralds a glamorous dawn!

-- gentle as an angel's kiss

Upon cheeks of Little Infants

Your Golden Melodies,

are all forever told,

-- The radiant black queen of Our time,

" And the beautiful ones

shall never be Forever born "

-- For your beauty encompasses every Visage,

-- enrapt in golden glint as the sun

The royal empress of African savannah Horizons...

Sweet voice, the calling of glamorous dawn,

-- gentle as an angel's kiss

Upon the cheeks of little saints

-- the black beautiful queen of Our time,

And your beauty Forever remains in the Eternal

Shining as the shield of battle kings;

-- in the fields of Victory's harvest...

**Dennis Lato**

## **BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL**

I

It was a meeting before time, at the zenith of the highest  
height

Before anything was, but the creator of the universe  
My lineage was decided by Him, without the advice of  
any expert

Black He made me, with beauty as my core nature

II

Arriving at the junction of Purpose, I crossed the road of  
innocence

Turning to the house of possibility, I opened the door of  
opportunity

Entering into the room of identity, I was amazed by the  
candle of options

Facing the mirror of reality, I only saw black in its  
beauty

III

As a distinction in the science of creation, I'm black and  
that's my pride!

Nothing is wrong with me, because nothing can be  
wrong with God

I'm not a mistake because I'm black, but I'm a miracle  
in the intelligence of my designer

Simply simple as I'm, white is not better than black but  
only different in appearance

IV

I'm a bundle of stories, black and beautiful; the best  
brand of my real self

Kettle can call pot black, but I know who I am,

I'm beauty personified, because black is beautiful!

Little by little, I'm enjoying the beauty of my difference

Even when I fall, my value is never lost.

V

I'm black, I'm beautiful; win-win is my game

My challenges are my strengths, the essence of my value

My heritage is my pride, I celebrate the beautiful black

Oh beautiful black, my heritage; I long to see more of  
your shinning

Oh beautiful black, the external decoration of excellence;

I will live to see your dominion

Like the stars in the sky, you will traverse the most  
guarded borders

VI

Rescuing success from the battle of defeats, my journey  
will end well

Life is a journey with endless ends. . .

My love, my life; two ends of the same journey

Black beauty my security, the right way to the true heart

Life is beautiful and so is black

## VII

I'm black, the substance of things to come

I'm a creature of time, black in look but beautiful in  
mind

I'm a collection of hopes, my future is beautiful

I'm black and beautiful; I am the brilliant definition of  
true identity

## VIII

Gone are the days, when black is synonymous with lack

Here are the days, when black is beautiful!

The days are gone, when black is a monkey

These are the days, when black is the hero

Beautiful black, beautiful me,

I will smile through the miles

## IX

I'm black, I'm beautiful

Bold and brave, I fear no mortal

Black but not bad, I'm my father's child

Black but not blind, I can see afar

Black but not backward, I move forward

I am black and beautiful, it's in me

**Isawumi Abiola**



## **BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL**

Black is the night sky  
When the day's gone by  
With its baby stars  
Glaring so afar

Black is my thin skin  
With no bleach or preen  
Nurtured with sheer shea  
To the jeer of peers

Black is the mamba  
The terror of beauty  
Black is the blackbird  
With its dichroic beak

Black is all of us  
Black is nature born  
Black knows no fade  
It defies the sun's rays

Black is beautiful  
To them that have roots

**Obiwulu Judith**

## THE BEADS AROUND YOUR WAIST

I've seen your spirit once, so soft it is  
like shea butter in the sun,  
stretching on a slab.

You drip into the flush of twilight  
when the drums roll in your dialect.

I saw your spirit, when you danced  
and lurched your feet into your culture.  
Beads that hang on your fecund thighs,  
like clashing pebbles, sound your joy  
washed in the frothing waves of musical air.

I saw your spirit when you danced  
almost out of the skin you hid.  
How naked, your soul without its coloured skin?  
how naked without your beads-  
the beauty hidden?  
How empty, your hands without a flywhisk?

Sweat flow down your temple like caramel in the sun,  
did your mother tell you that darkness is not sadness  
that your soil was not bleached

yet trees rejoice on it, dark as it is  
that beyond the top-soil of your skin  
is beauty, pride, life, there they are  
until you let them leached beyond reach.

I saw your spirit take a joyful form  
as the hide of drums command,  
your feet thud your dark and green soil  
did your mother also tell you that life began here?  
With a man, with brown eyes, thick lips, ornate hair  
that he was happier in these than in morning palm wine?

I saw your spirit once, in its dark thick home  
and I see the envy around you.

**Festus Akanni**

# **ESSAY**

## **BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL**

Yes, black is beautiful, casting back my mind to the culture and heritage of the Africa, where people respect themselves accordingly, a place where they cherish and value their culture, a place where people cater for younger ones, a place where people live with peace and harmony. A place blessed and naturally endowed with resources.

This makes me remember the important value placed on a child in Africa. It has resulted to the re-awakening of our “black consciousness”. The practice of giving a child Africa name has become very popular among people of Africa descent. It is celebrated with fanfare and merriment.

This traditional ceremony is conducted in full view of all of the members of the family and the child may be given as many names as possible. In our Africa societies, the naming ceremony is held on the eighth day after child's birth. Yoruba believe that a child who is not named on the seventh to ninth day after its birth will not outline its parent of the same sex. The soul name of a child is

determined by the days of the week on which the child is born. It is also father's responsibility of naming the child

The parent of the party will dress in same attire and the baby in white and await the arrival of the Elders, who are the officials of the ceremony as well as the family and friends. The Elders invokes the Gods to grant the child and its parent good health, long life, prosperity and good fortune. The oldest family member is given the responsibility of performing the ceremony materials used are symbol of hopes, expectation and prayer of the parent. These include sugar, honey, kola, bitter kola, atare, salt, liquor, water and palm oil. Each of these has a special meaning in the world, view of the yoruba's for example none symbolic

A part of the ceremony involves the child being given water and some form of strong drink to taste. This will make the child know the difference between good and bad.

Towards the end of the ceremony, the baby's name is announced to the gathering after which he/she is passed around to everyone present and the guests then present gifts to the baby

After the naming ceremony, the festivities begin, the feast is provided for the guests and the remainder of the day is filled with music, singing and dancing

Looking closely to this culture and traditional of the African people makes me believe the fact that **Black is beautiful**

**Ojo Blessing Olusola**



## **BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL**

In time past being black is the greatest doom to mankind, being born a black man subjects you to all kinds of harshness and bitterness of life. Is it that other races can't really comprehend with the mystery behind our beautiful black colour that they choose to oppress ever resilient matriarchs and patriarchs.

Well thanks to Time, the healer of even the deepest wounds. I'm an amiable black young man working hard and intelligently everyday to surpass the heights of greatness of our heroes of time past, heroes like the Late PA SAMUEL ADIGUN OLADIMEJI and JOAN ABIMBOLA ABIOLA, they created something out of the very little they had.

Truly they set the trail for others to follow, they embrace education and knowledge when it wasn't that appealing to all. And I I'm part of the aftermath of their works while on earth, you might want to ask why, this is simply because the people I can look up in terms of achieving greatness. As young African writer of the 21th century

there thousand and one innovations, technologies, poverty, social and youthful exuberance that distract me from following the path I have chose to follow, a path that would distinguish me as young black man. I look up to these great Black African heroes mentioned above and I can confidently beat my chest to say "There is hope for the black African race".

Being black is not all about the skin colour, but it is mostly about people who can make it big with little or nothing they have got. Being black is all about greatness, black is nature and most of all black is beautiful. A beauty beyond comprehension, take to anywhere in the world I will still come back to Mama Africa. One of African adage says " If you really want to know if a Hen is truly yours let it go without hindering it, if it comes back then the Hen is truly yours"

LATE PA SAMUEL ADIGUN OLADIMEJI ABIOLA and JOAN ABIMBOLA ABIOLA might have traveled far and wide around the world at the course of their journey in life but they choose to come back to Africa, this shows that they are truly Africans. They not only remained in Africa they also impacted

Africa greatly with their own wealth of knowledge. With them the old sayings " you want to hid something from a black man put it in writing" has been made null a void through their pure dedication to their studies and their undivided heart to serve. Today the case is the reverse black Africans are making innumerable exploits in the education system all around the world. Thanks to our black African heroes who embraced education, with education and colour I can easily stand out anywhere in the world.

You can bleach out the blackness in your skin but you can't bleach out the blackness inside because Black African is not only about the colour truly Black is Beautiful.

**Henry Nwachukwu**

## **SHORT STORY**

## EVERY SHADE

By the time I pushed our daughter into the world, she'd been fourteen years long overdue. And we'd not expected, hoped to hold an infant again, to watch a baby sleep, to be the ones to ease the cries of a newborn. And I for one had not expected to suckle a child again, ever.

We were married on the last day of June, and by the end of July, I was pregnant. It was unplanned, it was unexpected, but it was very much welcome. When our son arrived in April 1995, he was perfect in every way. He had black curly hair and his nose was round and pudgy, his cheeks extremely chubby. And he looked exactly like Doyin did, had the same hue of well done chocolate.

He was our joy and pride, and quickly stole our hearts.

When he was two, we decided to add to our family and couldn't at first understand why I wouldn't get pregnant immediately. For heaven's sake, we'd already had one baby even without trying, so we were eminently qualified for a second one, weren't we?

But a baby would not come. And the several visits to specialists and gynecologists yielded the same news; I had a 20 per cent chance of getting pregnant because my fallopian tubes were misshapen. And Doyin had an extremely low sperm count. As individuals, it was hard enough for us to become parents. Combined together, it would take a miracle.

Crushed but exultant that we already had a child together, we figured we'd had enough miracles as a family. We returned to the comfort of our homes to pursue happiness.

Occasionally, I longed for another baby, perhaps a girl this time even though a boy would have done just fine. When the yearning got larger than life, we would try IVF or hormonal therapy, or whatever the fad at that time was.

By the tenth year of our marriage, we had given up on the hope of another miracle. We sent our son to school every morning with love, received him back every evening with the same love, and ate and played and worked together in a near-delirium state of happiness.

I was a computer nerd, had developed software that was being used in our country's burgeoning military, and we had the comforts of life to show for it. An engineer, Doyin himself was not doing badly. And Mayowa was as bright as a new coin, his future stretched out ahead of him.

We celebrated our fourteenth year anniversary in June 2008 by taking a trip to Mexico, a country we'd never been to before. We left Mayowa with his grandmother and made our way to the white beaches of Mexico. Only that I was too dizzy to get out of bed every day, too nauseous that even the smell of taco made me violently sick. Doyin was a nervous wreck, vacillating between taking care of me and falling into a worry stupor.

The third day, he dragged me to a clinic, and we were flabbergasted when we were told I was pregnant, two months gone.

I was forty-two, in a strange country, and I was two months pregnant.

We came home on the next available flight, ecstatic, riding on the moon. Mayowa, thirteen years old, his eyes

preternaturally large behind his prescription glasses, swallowed hard at the news, didn't know the emotion to give in to. He finally came to me and hugged me around the waist. When we came apart, his face was wet with tears, and he was ashamed of his juvenile tears.

Our friends, our church family, our families, our neighbours; everyone was happy for us, and all were in agreement that it had to be God at His best. It was nothing but a miracle.

By the third month, my morning sickness was gone, and I filled out in places that I had been hitherto skinny. My face took on a glow, and Doyin would look at me each time with renewed adoration.

By the early Monday morning that Doyin drove me to the hospital to deliver our baby girl, I had turned forty three and was petrified of what age and gravity had done to my body. I was despairing that I would be unable to push this child that I already loved so much into the world all by myself.

“God will perfect this miracle.” Doyin kept saying.



We arrived the hospital four am in the morning. As we stepped on the threshold, my water broke and the contractions became hard and fast hitting. By six am, the wails of a newborn rend the still antiseptic air. But for a minute, that was all that was in the room; the wail of the newborn. There was hushed silence as they cleaned the baby, a hushed silence as they put her in my arms.

Her skin was the colour of the insides of a raw yam; white tinged with a pale pink. Her hair was a bleached white and her irises were golden flecks.

God had obviously not perfected this miracle, because He had given me an albino for a child. Something that felt like stone descended into my throat and went all the way down to my heart. I swallowed back tears and anguish and a pain that was so deep it was almost physical.

When Doyin was let into the room, he looked from me to the child, then from the child back to me. I saw him swallow, saw him nod, and saw him break into a smile as he crossed to the bedside.

“She is beautiful.” His voice, when he spoke, was tremulous and for once did not have that familiar bass ring to it.

My face now streaked with tears, incredulous at what my husband was saying, I raised my face to his and was surprised to see love there.

“But she is not black?” I heard myself say. “She is nothing but an albino.”

My Doyin, always quick to speak, was for a moment silent, his eyes slit like he was lost in thoughts. When he finally spoke, it was with a quiet authority. “Who says black cannot come in another shade? What does nothing but an albino mean? And who says she cannot be beautiful because she didn’t come out the shade that we expected her to?”

How dare he preach at me? How dare he? We were Christians, weren’t we? And we believed in a miraculous God. We had not asked for this child and He had chosen to give her to us? Why couldn’t He have made her perfect? Why wasn’t her skin the colour of caramel, as Mayowa’s and Doyin’s were, or the colour of a ripe

mango, like mine was? Why had God given me an albino daughter?

But my mouth wouldn't, couldn't articulate all of my words. I didn't want to say something I would regret later, but my heart billowed over with disappointment. And the silent tears washed my face as I stared at Doyin.

The little baby let out a little mewl as Doyin made to collect her from me. Wordlessly, I handed her over, watching as Doyin's eyes lit up. With the baby in his arms, he bent at the waist and dropped a kiss on my forehead.

"It's hard, sweetheart, I expect, to have pushed an albino baby into the world. But I ...we've loved this baby for so long...and so hard, that this...that this...should not matter terribly much." In my husband's eyes were tears and a brokenness that made him look like a little boy.

"I suppose." I said, because I had to say something, and because the weight of the world was pressing down on my shoulders at that time.

“We’ll love her just like we love Mayowa, won’t we?”  
And there was a pleading quality in his voice that broke my heart yet again.

In the evening, Mayowa came to meet his little sister. By then, she was already bathed, diapered and fed, and was sleeping quietly in a side cot. My boy, in his glasses, did not seem to notice the colour of her skin as his face suffused with joy and jubilation.

“Oh Mom,” He cried, forgetting for a moment that he was supposed to be cultivating an attitude of teenage nonchalance. “She is so cute, and so tiny, and so...so...beautiful.” His voice was filled with awe and wonder.

Was I the only sane person in this family, I wondered.  
“What about her skin colour?” I asked in a snappy tone.

“Oh...that...” he sighed, “She does look a little different than everybody else, but she is all right. She is not sick, is she?” He asked me, suddenly afraid.

And it was in that moment that I saw the light. My daughter was an albino, but she had ten fingers and ten

toes. She wasn't the beautiful black colour I had envisaged but she was a beautiful pink and healthy. And she was indeed God's miracle, a perfect little specimen of His grace.

My thirteen year old boy, looking like a wisened old man came to me in my bed then. "Mom, do you remember that song we learnt when I was younger. That one that says Jesus loves the little children, whether yellow, black or white?"

I smiled. For as long as we could remember, Mayowa'd had a unique habit of jumping from the beginning of songs to the end, leaving the middle hanging. He'd done the same now. But I got the message, the spirit of what he was saying.

"I do."

"The songwriter should have added albino to it." He smiled and sighed at the same time, an affectation that was purely Mayowa. "God loves her just as she is, and I love her too."

And in that moment, my heart filled with love, and with gratitude. God loved me. God loved my little girl. And that was all that mattered. I knew that in the future, some strangers would look at my daughter's different skin without understanding. But we, her family would always know that every child is beautiful, that every shade of black is beautiful, and we would ensure that our daughter, our sister was loved.

When I breastfed my child that night, and I stroked the velvety texture of her bleached white hair, my heart continued to fill with love, and with gratitude, and with overwhelming joy.

And when we went home two days later, to a nursery filled with pink girly baby things and a home filled with warmth and love. Doyin had already told those who'd not made it to the hospital to see the baby that she was an albino, so that there would be no awkwardness when they finally met her.

And there was nothing but love and acceptance and gratitude.

Today, our Nifemi is five years old. For me, she is the epitome of grace and beauty, a perfect little lady whose heart is as large as Mother Teresa's. She is compassionate and sympathetic; a crier who would weep at any injustice meted out to any of her many friends. She'd sit in Doyin's lap and stroke his graying hair, and declare in a triumphant voice, "now your hair is growing white like mine."

Last year, we had a scare of melanoma, that skin cancer that is common in albinos, but the result came back negative. The sore that was on her shoulder, that had scared us so much, was nothing but a stubborn and nasty mosquito bite.

Yes, her skin would need special care for the rest of her life, and next year she would get glasses to correct her near sightedness. But my daughter is beautiful. Her own shade of black is beautiful, because a perfect God made her.

**Folakemi Emem-Akpan**

