

Special Anniversary Edition
Complete With New Chapters

#BLACK NOT BLIND

Bryant K. Smith
“The Human Potential Specialist”

#Black Not Blind

By

Bryant K. Smith

Black Not Blind, Still Black Edition

Bryant K. Smith

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Foreword

Why would I spend my time writing my perceptions about my day-to-day take on the world? Let me tell you. I want to help, as many white people as possible understand the world they have created. If I can get them to just think about what it is they have done for just one moment, I will have contributed something positive to society. My other reason for writing this book is a very selfish one. I need to do this for myself. I have to write my thoughts down, or I fear I will fall victim to a heart attack or stroke from the stress of keeping all of the anger I feel bottled up inside. If I act on the feelings that are invoked by my experiences, I would end up incarcerated, a fate that is shared by too many of our brightest young brothers and sisters.

Once early in my professional career, after a bad experience with my white supervisor, I had to make a choice, kill him or write my feelings down. The result was my poem "Black Not Blind". The poem had so much meaning that I had it printed on a tee shirt so the world could feel my pain. It subsequently has become the title of this book. I feel this poem, now book, accurately reflects' the fear and frustration of so many African-Americans, while commenting on the privilege and nerve of whites. By writing one poem I found peace. In writing this book I hope to share that peace with others.

I hope that my experiences will also assist other brothers out there who find themselves in similar situations. Misery loves company and that is what I

am providing them. Not misery, but security in knowing they are not alone in their perceptions of the world, and the anguish they feel. I write these notes with my two sons in mind. It is my attempt at preparing the world to meet and deal with them better than it was prepared to meet and deal with me.

Black Not Blind

In this country of opportunity,
"Home of the brave...land of the free."
A problem exists,
And it's scaring me.
Times once thought to have passed
Have now come again
Ignorance is the fool,
Judging people by color of skin.

Hate and prejudice
Still infest our races.
In our cities, the country,
And yes even suburban places.
Corruption directed towards minorities
Is the name of this game.
When the minority becomes the majority
Will the rules still be the same?

I see the petty games
That you would play with my mind,
But take this as a warning...
I am BLACK NOT BLIND!

Written by

**Bryant K. Smith,
A Black Man With Vision**