

Coming Back to Skeggs

I have no Capital.

To me it does not matter

My council house estate where I grew up gave me the inspiration to realise that I was enough.

I am what I do, would try to prove that I was capable, good enough, intelligent, strong enough. A powerhouse woman in the face of adversity.

Judged by my northern accent. Judged the way I dress.

Class recognition and judgement. Judged by the colour of my skin

Because I am not dark enough or white enough.

Nails not filed but chipped different colours. Yeah that's me.

Judged because I appear loud...too loud brash.

Although this is a pretence to drown out the contempt along with the lack of understanding from others on what it really means to be working class and black.

I have no capital. I am what I do, I am capable and good enough. But somehow those who deem to be above look at my shine and want it to dim. Only wanting me to choose my narrative that they think will fit in. To their calculated controlled creative perspective of me. That refuses to highlight the journey of everything that's filled with positivity.

Diminish it, put me in my place, get back to where you belong. The back of the cue.

When are you going to realise that being a professional artist is not for you.

How wrong are they, foolish mortals. They better get ready to hear the songs of the working class woman united in flight.

Taking the bull by the horn, between us together we do stand tall.