So you think I am a Mule?

"Where do you come from?"
'I'm from Glasgow.'
"Glasgow —?"
'Uh huh. Glasgow.'
The white face hesitates,
the eyebrows raise,
the mouth opens
then snaps shut
incredulous
yet too polite to say, outright,
liar
she tries another manoeuvre
"And your parents?"
Groan. Not again.
It's such a bore.
'Glasgow and Fife.'
"Oh?"
'Yes. Oh.'
Snoozed, she wonders where she should go
from here —
"Ah, but you're not pure."
'Pure? Pure what?
Pure white? Ugh. What a plight.
Pure? Sure I'm pure,
I'm rare …'
"Well, that's not exactly what I mean,
I mean… you're a mulatto, just look at…"
'Listen. My original father was Nigerian
to help you with your confusion.
But bold on, right there.
If you dare mutter mulatto,
hover around hybrid,
hobble on half-caste,
and intellectualize on the
'mixed race problem',
I have to tell you:

take your beady eyes offa my skin;
don’t concern yourself with
the dialectics of mixtures;
don’t pull that strange blood crap
on me, Great White Mother.
Say I’m no mating of a
she-ass and a stallion,
no half of this and half of that,
to put it plainly, purely,
I'm black.
My blood flows evenly, powerfully,
and when they shout Nigger
and you shout ‘Shame’
ain’t nobody debating my blackness.
You see that fine African nose of mine,
my lips, my hair. You see, lady,
I’m not mixed up about it.
So take your questions, your interest,
your patronage. Run along.
Just leave me.
I’m going to my black sisters,
to women who nourish each other
on belonging … There’s a lot of us
black women struggling to define
just who we are,
where we belong
and if we know no home
we know one thing:
we are black;
we’re at home with that.'
"Well, that’s all very well, but…"
'I know it’s very well.
No but. Good bye.'

Jackie Kay