

Hooray for Skin

Rejoice, and celebrate the skin
That keeps the veins and muscles in
That keeps the cold and germies out.
That is what skin is all about.

Suppose, when God created skin,
He turned the skin-side outside in
So when you talk to Mrs. Jones
Your eyes meet over fat and bones

And tissues, blue and white and red,
That stretch from toe to hand to head.
It makes me glad to have a skin
To keep the outside bone-side in.

Now there are folks who would be mad
If our insides were all they had
To tell all kinds of folks apart.
Perhaps they'd learn to read the heart
Instead of judging from a hue
If that one's false or this one's true.

Let's all join hands and feast our eyes
On skins of every shape and size
Of every tone of gold or white
Of luscious black, of dark or light,
Of every shade that folks come in.
Rejoice, and celebrate the skin!

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