

## Call Me Ke/In Between

**Oluchi Nwaokorie**

KELECHI

Why are you making this so hard to do?  
I have only given you one simple rule  
And that's to call me "Ke"

CAMERON: Call you who?

KELECHI: Ke.

CAMERON: Ke?

KELECHI

"Ke" like the thing you use to open doors  
"Ke" the other name for piano, it comes before board  
Oh it's easy, say it with me now, "Ke"

CAMERON: Okay, sure, but maybe we can try something—

KELECHI

It's more than just a nickname, it's my identity  
Ever since I was a little girl that's what I made everyone call me  
Neither side has offered me a warm embrace  
When I'm with family I get seen as a disgrace  
And here in school my name just puts me out of place  
And I know, I know I should be finding my own space

Sure, I'm Igbo and that's my identity  
But in this space just being Black serves me  
So being "Ke" is almost like a guarantee  
Plus cute guys like you won't see me differently

CAMERON: Oh, you think I'm cute? Right, I... no, I just don't get why you... It's a beautiful name, you feel me? Like...

KELECHI

"Ke" like the word that comes before lime pie  
Ughhh why is it so hard for you to try?  
Oh, just please

CAMERON: I can say "Ke." You don't get it. You have such a treasure and you don't even recognize it.

CAMERON

I was excited to be paired with you  
It's like the gods tried to connect me to my people  
it would have been nice if we both learned as equals

To seek all the culture I've needed to feel full

You had it easy, your identity was placed in your lap  
A direct line to who you are from where you're at  
All I know is the one girl that gave me hope  
Has chosen to ignore her treasure trove  
(spoken) I gotta go.

KELECHI

Why am I making this so hard to do  
What is it that's so tough about living in my truth  
I've been trying so hard to assimilate  
That I began to negate  
This gift I've been given so naturally  
Maybe there's more to me than what I have been trying to be  
I never knew, I never thought this thing I hated could make me lucky  
So here I am alone at a crossroads  
And both paths are covered with thorns, oh  
But right in the crack, life peeks forward in the form of a rose  
And maybe the main thing that makes me me  
Is that I am lying somewhere in between?