

Resilience

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I am not property.
I have autonomy.
I am not smart for a Black girl.
I am just smart.
I am not a slave.
Because I was born free
My ancestors ran away, so I could be set free.

While your life is filled with opportunities, emancipation, deregulation, and social integration.
Mine is filled with segregation, institutionalization, disengagement, and other forms of barriers that threaten my existence. Yet still I have more barriers, but you still fight to silence my voice when I have made the right choice. So, do not blame me when I steal the chips that I was going to pay for, but you treated me like a criminal for simply being so now screw you because now I have seen that no matter how hard I fight I will always be illegitimized.

They say that I am pushy, lazy, noisy, shitless, crazy, servile.
But why must you treat me differently? because I am dark, is it my skin or is it from within.
The door is a place, real imaginary and imagined, but no not a door of opportunities.
It is more a door of pain and sorrow that is filled with deep dark sadness that plagues the life of people like me.

Think it is fun to go through the door of no return.
Where you feel captive as you clutch to the false sense of security of that which might exist but not for me but exists for another.
We talk of surveillance, but what is being surveilled?
We talk about discipline but what does that entail?
We talk about power and mobility but where are we going?
Do all these plans include me?
Or will the decision as to my autonomy, be in your hands.
What is this social contract and who signed it?
Should my ancestors' decision be on my shoulders?
Black lives matter but in what context?
Is it the Black lives that have to make sure they wear the white mask of conformity according to Fanon or is it the power structure that places me in a box or is it the power that has the responsibility of change, but rather they put me in imaginary slavery boxes and asks me to conform, assimilate but not create or equate?

Am I a rebel because I think and want equality?
Or should I be seeking equity?
But does that dark matter prohibit me from ever transitioning?
Am I scared to cross that line to stop me from shaking a white person's hand, the same
I would a Black and is that trauma and how should I deal?
Criminalized rather than victimized.
Tolerated rather than accepted.
Situated and oh no! do not forget perpetuated.

Dehumanized and radicalized.
But why? Did they ever ask or was it just assumed?
That it might be because this system was never built for me.
It was built for the cleanliness but not for the darkness.
It was built for the pure not for those who endure.
So why box me in when I create a voice?

If not for all but just because I have found power, discipline and created sousveillance
as a form of protection, protection from what you might ask and my response.
From the system not built for me but acknowledged for the institution that we have
formed inside, the one that keeps us separate yet safe and until then that's where I
shall reside.

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