

Unidentified Brown Face

I have a dream,
that one day the historical oppression of your
atmosphere will not devalue my presence.

I have a dream,
that one day my engagement will not be suffocated by
the intoxicating perfume of your biases.

I have a dream,
that one day your mantles of death and colonization
will not anchor the articulation of my voice.

I have a dream,
that one day the narrow-minded nature of your
curriculum will present me a seat in the classroom.

I have a dream,
that one day I will be freed from your shackles of
indignation and hostility.

C.R.

Unidentified Brown Face

I have a dream.

A dream to be seen for the richness of my complexities.

A dream to be given the stage to declare that I am who I am.

A dream to be granted equal access to the world before me.

A dream to be defined by my reality and not who they say I am.

A dream to be given the opportunity to exceed the limitations you have placed on me.

I have a dream.

To breathe.

To access.

To live.

To be.

I have a dream.

Contrary to Popular Belief

Contrary to popular belief,
the lilt in my voice gyrates to the rhythm of my ancestral
drums.

Contrary to popular belief,
the blood stained soil on my land speaks of a history of
royalty and strength.

Contrary to popular belief,
the richness of my melanin tells the story of my bloodline.

Contrary to popular belief,
I am able to defy the violent attacks of your cognition.

Contrary to popular belief,
I am validated by the truth reflected through my lens.

Contrary to popular belief,
my strength lies in the creed, colour, race and unity of my
people.

Contrary to popular belief,
your space has no power over my purpose.

Contrary to popular belief,
I am enough.

CR