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Uplifting Blackness Collection

Uplifting Blackness: A Showcase of Art by
Western's Black Student Community

2021

Confessions of a Dark-Skinned Black Woman

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CONFESSIONS OF A DARK-SKINNED BLACK WOMAN

Black Lives Matter.

Sorry, my apologies,

I meant *all* Black Lives Matter.

Because with the thousands of analogies,

Deciphering this movement,

Somehow the codes got lost in translation,

Putting Black men in focus,

Blurring Black women into silhouettes.

Because the currency of a Black woman's life,

Does not equate to the currency of a Black man's life.

Giving us a Black life exchange rate of,

"Black Lives Matter," equals Black men matter

And "*All* Black Lives Matter," equals Black men *and women* matter.

But I am deeply sorry.

Sorry that my blackness and my womanhood,

Not being mutually exclusive identities,

Coexisting since conception in my mother's womb,

Is a nuisance to my existence and my essence.

I am deeply sorry.

That I cannot remove the Black,

From the woman and just be woman,

Or remove the woman from the Black and just be Black.

I am deeply sorry.

That me being Black and a woman simultaneously,

Is an inconvenience for *you*, a Black man, to humanize me.

You scream, "Black Lives Matter," with the same breathe,

That you use to suffocate Black women to their deaths.

Because for you, "protect Black women," comes with a clause.

There needs to be familiarity or desirability.

And I have neither.

There is no familiarity,

For you have no knowledge of my existence,

And I lack desirability,

Because the depth of my blackness is not palatable to you.

Because your desirability hinges on the darkness of my melanin,

And the richness of my blackness,

Is one without proximity to whiteness.

And for these reasons,

I cannot rely on *you*, a Black man, for solidarity.

Which is why the one who fights for me,

And the one I fight for,

Is Black women.

