

My
voice
is my
weapon.

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Right. Now. I'm struggling with what to say.

And for a while, I've said nothing.

In this moment, in this time of history,
to remain silent IS saying something.
Remaining silent says a great deal.

It says, "I don't care."

It says, "I'm not engaging with difficult
conversations."

It says, "I'm not black."

I'm black
and
I'm proud.

I'm black and I'm proud.

Words I've had echoing around my head.

Words I've scrawled across my visual
journal.

My voice is my weapon.

My writing is my weapon.

My creativity is my weapon.

I've got to look after
myself. I've got to heal
myself so I can
continue to support
and heal others.

I'm an educator at heart. I became a teacher because I wanted to change the world, especially when I gravitated to inner city London. Black and Asian kids were here. I wanted to be a positive role model for our disadvantaged kids.

Just because I no longer teach in a crooked and twisted education system, doesn't mean I'm not teaching. This doesn't mean I'm not a tired teacher either.

I've had white woman I know and others who I don't, reach out to me and offer their support, offer their stories and/or demand my attention.

As if police brutality, racial injustices, protests and murders of black people in America has galvanised them to see me as a resource to tap into to make them feel better.

To help them do better.

That they're doing their bit by contacting me and saying they stand with me.

That saying they're shutting up and they're listening to me is making a difference.

While all the time, they're talking about themselves and filling up my feeds and boxes with their stories, their pains and sufferings. When my feeds and focus should be about black people's injustices, voices and stories.

I'm
checking
myself.

I'm saying now, I'm not giving out any teachings at this moment. I'm not directing you to this site or this person of colour or asking you to donate here or there.

I've had enough of these kind of emails from individuals and companies and organisations which I've become suspicious and distrustful of regarding their intentions.

Actions speak louder than words. Actions.

I can only tell you what
I'm doing. My actions;
how I can sit with
myself, heart and senses
open.

Growing up black in a predominately white society, I've been conditioned to look upon my blackness as a crime, as a curse, as something that has to be endured rather than loved.

Growing up black in a predominately white society, I've learned to look at other black people as a threat, as 'something' to be avoided and feared.

Growing up black in a predominately white society, no one has to tell me to shut up, to stay in my place, my box or hole, because I always, already do that for you.

I'm
checking
myself.

I'm taking the time and space to unlearn the social norms and behaviours that I've accepted and adopted and adapted to keep myself and my family safe but which have disempowered me.

Which have made me ignorant and complicit.

I'm not playing the strong black woman any longer.

I'm not playing the silent, passive broad-white-teeth-smiling black friend either.

I just ain't playing.

My voice is my weapon.
And I'm gonna use it.

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