Dark side of life

By: Daziah Rowe

They say before you die your life flashes before your eyes.

The nightmares, the fears, the dreams, and the defeat faces you all at once, as your soul leaves your body.

As your heart throbs at a fast pace before slowly becoming faint, and you realize

It was All, For Nothing at All

How about this.

As you walk down a street where you are faced with people from TV with pale skin, and blue eyes, they glare, and stare because you are something in which they fear.

Fear the color of your skin

The Shape of your nose

The style you wear

The sway of your hips,

And the confidence they tell you to have, but told shush down when your around people like them.

You throw your hood over your head to avoid them.

They paint you as an animal, a beast of the night looking for your next prey.

As you hear O Riley’s voice boom in your local coffee shop in the unknown area telling those pale skin and blue eyes to arm up against these predators,

You scan the room trying to find who, but can only see those opposite colored eyes faced with yours, as the hair on the back of your neck stands up

When all you wanted to do is go home to the ones you love.

You are trapped now

They bash you, hurtful words, and screams and yells are thrown in your face from a people you barely know.

As those call for the cops scared of something in which they were told you was capable of when in fact you weren’t understanding of.

As the sirens ring and you are trapped in the corner just because you are “suspicious”

As those same men come into the coffee shop screaming at the only colored person in the room, they shoot first, and ask questions later.

We raise our hand and scream please don’t hoot as they yell and scream and suddenly we fall to the floor and are left with 7 holes in are chest.

As they walk over your body and tell the world that “it was a mistake”

As I watch from a distance, girls like me, but loud, sometimes scary, angry, violent, and men who share the same color as me with guns, anger, and eager to kill are plastered on my tv screen

You look for Love, Compassion, and maybe even a chance of Clarity to why they put you in a category of people in which you never met, seen, or even interacted with

I watch the News, I am faced with people who look like me as criminals, Monsters even.

Did I forget to inform you?

Age does not matter when you are in the skin that you're in.

As they shoot the 12-year-old black kid who only ever wanted to be was a cop.

Maybe when they shot a man who was big as a giant fearful of his color and size that they grasped so tight and forgot that he too was human.

As he screamed that he could not breathe, but those screams were mistaken.

As my Tv Screen plastered that because he had a history, he was a monster already.

As I watched a black man on the floor with a pale man’s knee on his neck

As they painted the unarmed man as a criminal killing him in front of his girlfriend and kids.

Maybe the black man who was jogging in a white man’s area, and was painted as the thief who later was shot and killed.

You are raised watching your race label you as a monster and you start to believe that maybe you are what they preach.

As I protest black lives do indeed matter but are only faced with a protest to my protest.

I am just an 18-year-old girl with dreams and goals, and raised with manners, and dignity

But on fox news they protest that I am a thug, and am lazy

I am left wondering maybe if I am what I See on TV Screens.

They label my mom as a welfare lady, My brother as a criminal, my sister as ghetto, and me as loud

As I watch these stereotypes of me and my family, I see that I am nowhere connected to the stereotypes around me

The media has convinced people to hate, and fear people like me, and in the end every day I start to believe that maybe they won because change has always seemed to be farther away then they preach.

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