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Brandi N. Hinnant-Crawford, Ph.D.

I Am...

I am a black mother, trying to be optimistic, while filled with discontent.

I wonder how my skin, my hair, my speech, my style, my sass, my rhythm, my laughter, and my tears make so many question my contributions, my intellect, my authority and my power.

I hear my God and my ancestors urging me to keep my hand to the plow regardless of how things appear.

I see the potential of black youth like glowing auras all around them.

I want justice, pure and simple, to roll like rivers.

I am a black mother, trying to be optimistic, while filled with discontent.

I pretend that I'm not tired and everything is okay.

I feel impelled by unicorn horns and slapped by mermaid tails when I witness the manifestations of hegemony.

I touch the sweet caress of liberty and smell the fragrant perfume of equity.

I worry about the world I have brought my children into, and whether they will make it brighter or whether it will dull their light.

I cry when I watch the news, and the pervasive meanness is on display.

I am a black mother, trying to be optimistic, while filled with discontent.

I understand God has given us power and authority to do good on Earth.

I say don't grow weary in well doing, for in time you shall reap the harvest.

I dream about a world where I don't have to worry about police fearing my son or men assaulting my daughter.

I try to live out my convictions—to seek truth, justice, and equity for all children, especially those who have for too long been neglected.

I hope the world is not as bad as I perceive.

I am a black mother, trying to be optimistic, while filled with discontent.