

The Black Male Experience

What a feeling it is to wake up each and every day as a black male!

Feelings of wonder and curiosity always come...

Feelings of warmth and love always come...

Feelings of abundant joy and optimism to see what the day will bring always come...

Feelings of fears always come, too, by the recurring question in my mind, "Is TODAY the LAST day?"

I often wake up and look into the mirror to brush my teeth each day and ask myself this question.

I make sure my outfit does not look threatening...

I make sure my walk doesn't seem intimidating...

I make sure my face looks as if I am okay...

I make sure to study the way I speak so it sounds as if I am *not* afraid.

"Is TODAY the LAST day?"

I pretend I am *not* afraid of what others may think or perceive of me without knowing who I *truly* am.

I pretend I am *not* afraid of what will happen if I get pulled over by police officers.

I pretend I am *not* afraid of what might happen if I just see a white individual.

I pretend I am *not* afraid of the systemic oppression I will face because of the *melanin* in my skin.

"Is TODAY the LAST day?"

I pretend I am *not* afraid of what might happen to *me*.

I pretend I am *not* afraid of what might happen to the black man I see *walking* down the street.

I pretend I am *not* afraid of the *injustice* that might occur.

I pretend I am *not* hurting or afraid.

But, I am afraid! Daily, I am afraid!

I always wonder...

"Will TODAY be the LAST day of my Earthly experience?"

"Will TODAY be the LAST day I will feel the warmth and love of all the communities I am a part of?"

"Will TODAY be the LAST day I say 'I love you mom' when I walk out the door?"

Do you have these thoughts daily like I do...?

Do you look like me, or no...?

How will I be remembered...?

I don't like having these thoughts daily because I should be young, wild, & free... haha... WRONG.

It is the exact opposite.