

My Anger is My Strength

Growing up among peers of different ethnicities can leave us with the mentality that the abundant amount of multiculturalism equates to post racial world. Little do we know, having a naive outlook on our surroundings can work against our personal growth instead of aiding us to rectify the injustices set against minorities.

In recent years, the Black Lives Matter movement has grown into something beautifully motivating and empowering after George Zimmerman was found innocent for the death of Trayvon Martin. The question is: If a group of vigilant activists and supporters are simply asking for basic human rights, why are they being condemned? It's simple. The voiceless aren't meant to be heard. Not if the privileged majority can help it.

This was also around the time that the infamous All Lives Matter bigots came to be. You would assume that a group set out to preach to the highest of heavens of being "inclusive" would have an understanding of what it means to desperately need a safe space to vent and lend a helping hand. Instead, they have trolled the social media accounts of those who are linked to the movement, interrupted peaceful protests and have belittled the voices of those who are tired and frustrated.

All Lives Matter isn't here as support, but as a hostile barricade determined to provoke and undermine an important cause meant to acknowledge the struggles faced by the black community.

Back in the summer, a mural dedicated to the death of the activist Sandra Bland was defaced with the slogan "All Lives Matter" in Ottawa, Ontario. It caused an uproar on twitter with comments such as: "they

defaced a mural of sandra bland & sprayed "all lives matter" so if all lives matter why disrespect a dead woman?" and "It is now 3 a.m., #SandraBland. You are fixed. Ottawa will not let Black women be forgotten; erased. #SayHerName"

I wish that statement could be taken for what it is. It has been warped and twisted to fit the notions of the people who only live on the greener side of the fence. Do they even wonder if our grass is being mowed? If our flowers are in need of water so that they can grow?

We have the right to be angry. We have the right to make it known that we walk with our heads held high with the thought of our brothers and sisters' deaths in mind. We deserve the time of day to mourn, to hurt, to feel. We are human; they were human.

What will it take for us to be respected? When will we be able to not live our lives in fear? Can we one day be viewed as beautiful as our white counterpart? So many questions roam my mind eager for their replies.

It amazes me to see how much you've grown, Society. You really have your mother's hollow-translucent eyes and your father's pompously elevated nose.

Answer me this: If all lives really do matter, why does it feel as though we're the jigsaw piece that never seems to fit the puzzle?