



Shirt, Shoes, and Pants Required

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How Many More?



Murjani Rawls

May 28  3 





Black people wish that they had the luxury of protesting simply because they didn't want to wear a mask or they wanted to go back to work. Now, we have to protest another unjust killing in a time where being in groups is highly risky. Tear gas? COVID-19 runs rampant on the respiratory system. This is where "being one of the good ones" doesn't necessarily save us.





were lives. Real people. Real families that were impacted by their losses.

America loves black people when they can produce things to provide an escape for them. Our art. Our culture. Our intelligence. You sing along to our melodies. You quote the words of our heroes on holidays. You TikTok our dances. Will you stand beside that black friend you have when it counts? Will you call out racism within your circles, your homes, and your group chats? Where's our escape? What would you like us to do? Go to the park? Can't do that. Maybe a gym? Nope, can't do that, either. People like Amy Cooper and Tom Austin have chosen to weaponize law enforcement against us. The reality is - there are Amy Coopers and Tom Austins everywhere. Signing checks and making personnel decisions.

Our reality is a knee to the back of the head that gets replayed on our phone and T.V. screens like a Sportscenter highlight montage. Our reality is our old friend - survival mode.

In 2014, Eric Garner's last words were, "I Can't Breathe." Lord knows Hollywood loves their sequels - and black death, tears, and pain are on the studio lot. Six years later, George Floyd is handcuffed and arrested for forgery with four officers around and one with a knee to his throat. Floyd called for his mother and said that everything hurt. I'm sure that there will be news outlets scouring his past and letting you know that he was no angel. Perhaps, he stole a pack of gum when he was five. Nobody is disputing a crime occurred - it's that black people somehow don't end up surviving past them. No



I can end this with a call for change, but change already started with me. It started with people generations before me. My act of defiance is taking a breath every day. Something that I don't take for granted. I can't now. Every gasp of air I take is hope. When are you going to step up to the plate? How many more? I don't want to be a slogan or a hashtag for you to figure out my intangible worth. I shouldn't have to die to give people something to fight for.

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Thank You, Becky Lynch

The Man becomes The Mother.

Murjani Rawls

May 12

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