

The Unlearning Path

-2021-

1-21-21

Decentering

Listening to stories I've never heard:
Narratives that guide another's whole world.

And reflecting on my own of which I cling to,
Of what is success, acceptable, and a breakthrough;
Instilled before I had time to process
These criteria of colonialist design and neoliberal progress
Made by my ancestors that split the world into two.
A dichotomy:
Another word I learned in school to make it seem like I understand.
I know some terms and implications, but I have never held in my hands
The lived experience of a marginal system designed to tear "others" apart.
Yes, I have my intersections, but growing up my white family and I inherently did take part
In perpetuating this violence,
So I am dedicated to a learning process that is continuous and never stops:
To see the unseen and change behavior by holding another's hands with love.

My mind and my heart have deeply taken note.
Guided by my ears and humility
I've listened with empathy to try to see through another's eyes,
Understanding the convenient narratives were propped-up lies to hold up the artificial thunder
clouds in the sky.
After hearing a new friend's stories over the Summer I was truly radicalized
In the sense she taught me to put my faith in the people.
And, yes, systems are made of people too.
However, what guides them is only what they see,
Leading to a narrative that only fits into what's right in front of them.
And me.

But what about what is on the periphery?

Regardless of how active I listen I will never fully comprehend
The magnitude of what I don't see:
Privilege selectively blinding me.
But with this violence in my blood and an implication of my skin
I am dedicated to pulling back the blinders and turning my head,
So the periphery is in front-view.

And I may ask:
"Can I listen to your story if you listen to mine too?
Maybe then we can see how to turn the page anew."

1-11-21

Intention

The 1, the 2, the 4:

Today I finally opened the door.

Hope to finally live a life where I do this every day without thought.

And to stop saying finally and to start saying when.

Start living with purpose and not in a cloud,

Literally and figuratively,

I need both my feet back on solid ground.

Even so, one step in front of the other I go.

Occasionally catch the desire to run,

Until I lose my breath,

A lot more often than I'd like to admit.

But regardless of the pace,

I still go on,

Something within me that's always held on.

May have not known how to say what I thought,

Or even write it down,

With the words and concepts buzzing around.

It ringing into white noise, I scream:

"Will I ever know what it all means?"

I doubt it,

Then the Sun loses its gleam.

I see the 'how', 'why', and 'what'

But, for the first time in my life,

I'm trying not to have those conquer my mind:

For all we have is 'when'.

When will we respect individual trajectories as we co-create a communal path of love and light?

Quick: This moment is already gone before my foot hits the ground.

1-6-21

Reflection

Today the cars drive home just the same,
As the sunset explodes on clouds peppered from horizon to horizon -
To the south it looks like they are dancing as the light pulls the sky down with each passing
moment.

Moments passed.

Too many to make it alright.

Today on the news,

CBS,

I heard neoliberal regurgitated epithets:

'Banana Republic' and 'protesters' when we should be saying fascists.

However, I did hear a longing for balance through cooperation.

But, this can only truly arise from collaboration

And that can only truly arise from

Listening and letting others speak.

However, doing so with love - to comprehend - is no small feat

In a world designed to let only power lead

The disjointed play with no foreseen purpose

Beyond packing the house and afterward making you feel worthless.

Then the curtain draws and there it is, the complexity,

The absolute inability to see the plot right in front of me.

All I can do is stomp my feet in the aisles,

Until the usher catches on and shines their light on my crime;

A crime of not asking permission, of acting outside the law written in stone and etching a
purpose.

Decided I should run out before intermission -

Back into reality -

With each step in this street I act with intentionality.

In critical and analytical thought as I cross,

Humbled by the fact there's always something new to be taught.

As my foot touches the curb on the other side,

The curtain somehow draws again -

Guess reality was all in my head -

And who knows what's on the other end.

I see only darkness, but I think that's what the powers intended.

All I know is the depths of American violence ought to be exposed

To teach authenticity of word instead of

Cognitive dissonance.

We must bridge the violence seen on stage and what is muttered within the crowd;

Just a physical manifestation of dehumanization that has always been around.
No more empty phrases aiming for an angry heart.
We must have the ability to empathize with another's view,
Realizing rights really means responsibilities between me and you.

People's hearts that pass us by in small moments need to be cared for like our own.
But, maybe, the problem is few know how to care for their heart like a home
With a care arising from a reciprocal conversation and guided by intrinsic respect.

I respect myself, my respect in humanity is given freely, but my trust will be earned.
And, today, domestic fascist terrorism really put the stormclouds into perspective -
The lack of trust into view -
Before clouds peppered, now I can barely see the Sun:
Only the light's hue that reflects off the white, gray, and blue.
But, I assure you, this story isn't done.
The rainbow always shines when the clouds part in the end
And, if not, the Sun will always rise another day.
I wonder how much more our world will oscillate
Before reaching a balance.

Maybe if we took a steadfast step down at the same time,
The ground could commit to a path for awhile.