

THE STRONG BLACK WOMAN

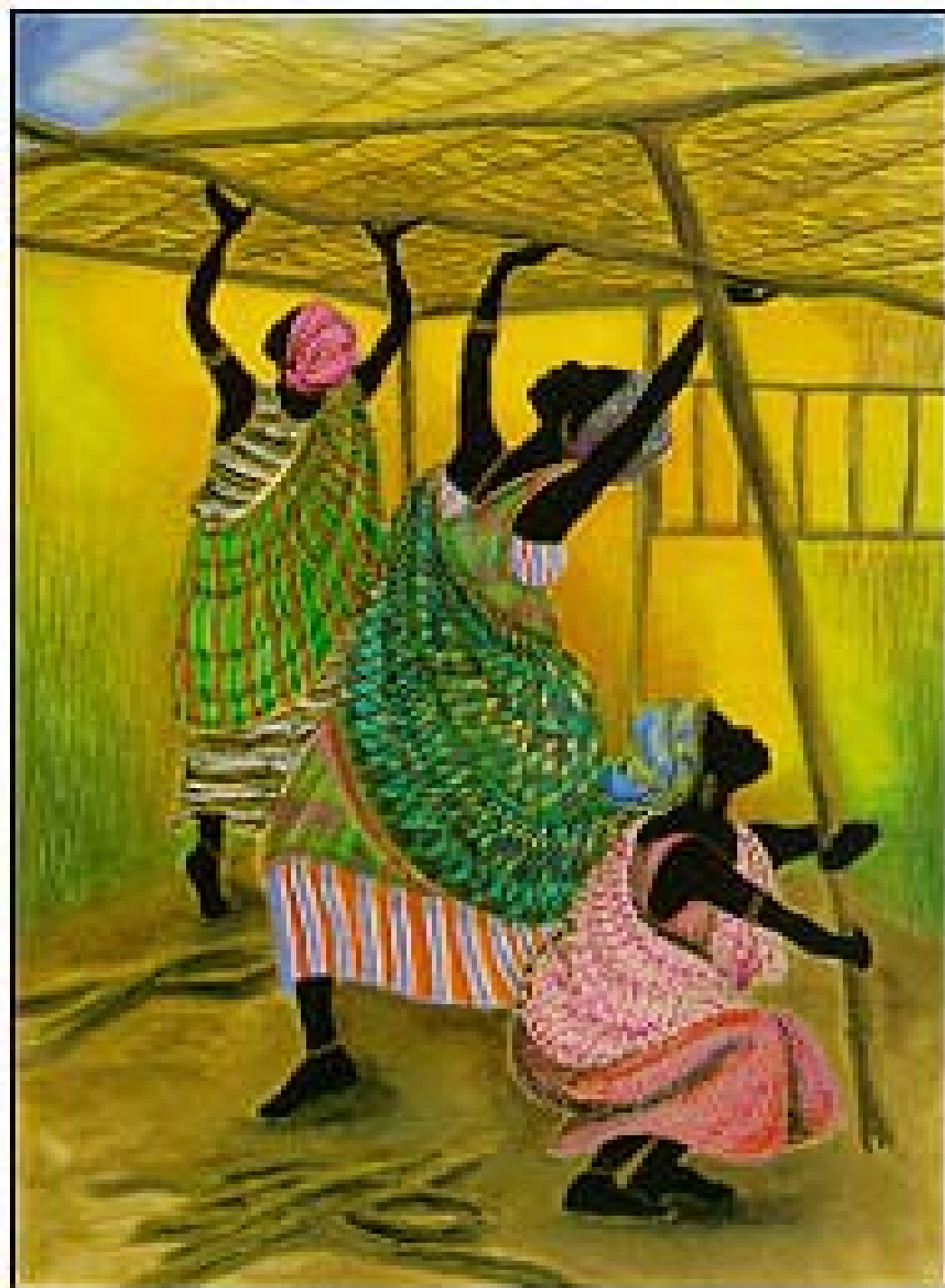


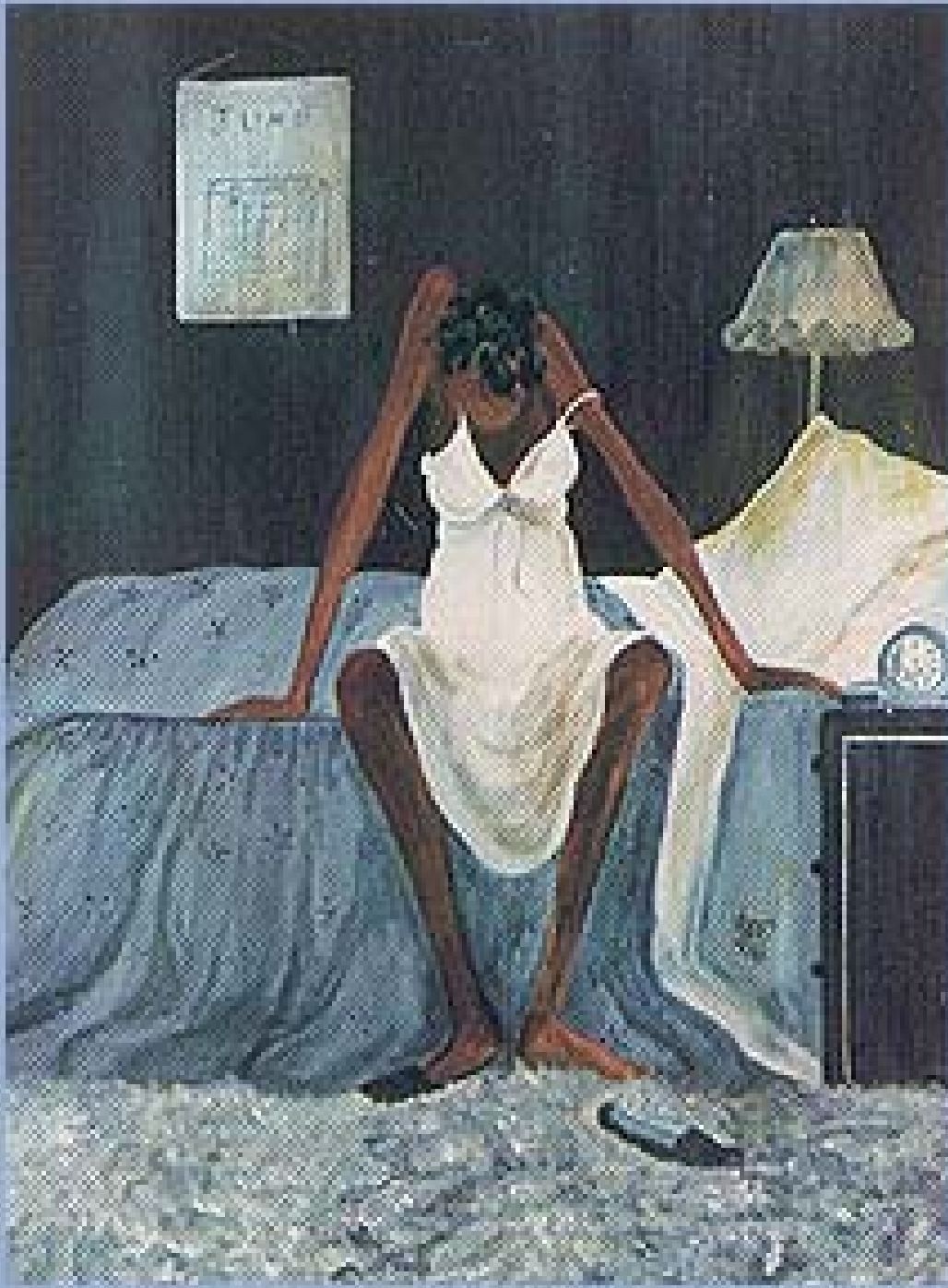
While struggling with the reality of being a human instead of a myth, the strong black woman passed away. Medical sources say she died of natural causes, but those who knew her know she died from being silent when she should have been screaming, smiling when she should have been raging, from being sick and not wanting anyone to know because her pain might inconvenience them. She died from an overdose of other people clinging to her when she didn't even have energy for herself.



She died from loving men who didn't love themselves and could only offer her a crippled reflection. She died from raising children alone. She died from the lies her grandmother told her mother and her mother told her about life, men & racism. She died from being sexually abused as a child and having to take that truth everywhere she went every day of her life, exchanging the humiliation for guilt and back again.

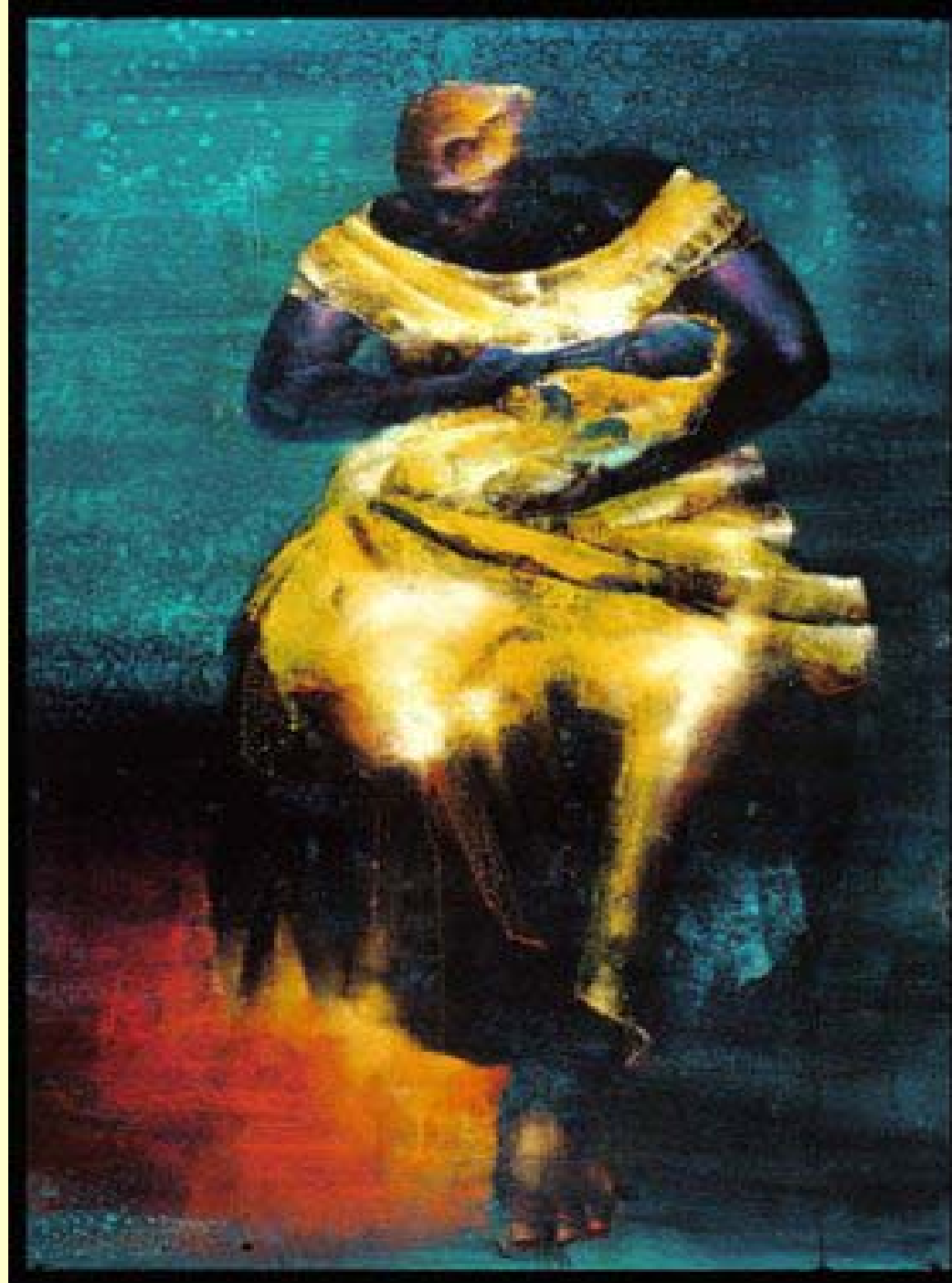
She died from asphyxiation, from secrets she kept trying to burn away instead of allowing herself the kind of nervous breakdown she was entitled to, but only white girls could afford. She died from being responsible, because she was the last rung on the ladder and there was no one under her she could dump on. The strong black woman is dead.





She died from being dragged down and sat upon by un-evolved women posing as sisters and friends. She died from tolerating Mr. Pitiful, just to have a man around the house. She died from sacrificing herself for everybody and everything when what she really wanted to do was be a singer, a dancer, or some magnificent other. She died from lies of omission because she didn't want to bring the black man down.

She died from myths that would not allow her to show weakness without being chastised by the lazy and hazy. She died from hiding her real feelings until they became hard and bitter enough to invade her womb and breasts like angry tumors. She died from never being enough of what men wanted, or being too much for the men she wanted. She died from being too black and died again for not being black enough.





She died from being misinformed about her mind, her body & the extent of her royal capabilities. She died from knees pressed too close together because respect was never part of the foreplay that was being shoved at her. And sometimes when she refused to die, when she just refused to give in she was killed by the lethal images of blonde hair, blue eyes and flat butts, being rejected by the OJ.'s, the Quincy's, the Cuba's & the Kobe's.



***Sometimes, she
was stomped to
death by racism &
sexism, executed
by hi-tech
ignorance while
she carried the
family in her belly,
the community on
her head, and
the race on her
back!***

***The strong black
woman is dead! Or
is she?***



I know I'm not! Pass this on to all the strong black women that you love, respect, and admire! I just did.