

Dear diary/ my only trustworthy companion,

WHY ME? God why? If I could go back in time and change one thing about myself, I'd change the unsafe and unwelcoming complexion I entered this unforgiving world with. But I can't. Unfortunately. This... skin suit is like millions of "kick me" signs stapled to me with breakable bones and lacerate ligaments. I HATE IT. Everywhere I go I fear the pain, suffering and possible death that may come my way. Thankfully though, in all my 14 glorious years of living the only thing my eyes have landed upon are the scrutinizing gazes of others and let me tell you I have never seen such disgusted and disapproved expressions on the faces of those blessed with privilege and priority.

I must be cautious, calm and collected whenever I breath the foreign to the non-judgmental air encaged within my home and I'm tired of it. I just... can't deal with the tremendous baggage that comes with being a female of coloured skin. Sometimes I like to think about how much

paranoia would be reduced if I was just a teeny bit... less... coloured. But god and melanin had completely different ideas to me. As a result, my dreams and desires are stampeded and burned, their ashes gently swept up into the whirlwind of a hurricane that is reality. Oh, how bittersweet life is. I've spent an unhealthy amount of nights sleepless as my quivering, lifeless body drowns in sweat making my clothes freeze and attach to me like a second skin, whilst a rainfall begins to downpour on my face- all happening at once as I fear that the next day may be my last. The next day I might have a gun pointed at the Centre of my forehead, mocking me, laughing at my discomfort and drinking in all my fear to selfishly gain power and immunity. The next day I could be beaten to death by the so called "lucky ones" because I'm unlucky. I'm prey. I'm black. And all I can do is cradle my sanity and hope I make it out alive; all the while witnessing the eyes of the merciless mockingbirds' flood with tears of

pleads and discomfort. And to be honest with u diary if this is the luxurious life I was destined to live then... I... don't want it anymore.