

Cultural Daily

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bridgette bianca: an exasperated black woman said, “fuck it, i’ll do it”

bridgette bianca · Wednesday, December 13th, 2017

bridgette bianca is a professor and poet from South Central Los Angeles. Her poetry serves as witness to moments most forget or ignore. Her poems do not look away, no matter how much it hurts. bridgettebianca.com

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an exasperated black woman said, “fuck it, i’ll do it”

it is fall
i have recently buried a loved one
it is the morning after the election
you are disheveled and teary
you assume the pain in my eyes is yours
you hug me
a stranger
you say it’s so good to talk to
someone who understands
i don’t remember speaking
i don’t remember your face
stranger
later
i only realize i am crying
by the look on my students’ faces

this is not a poem

it is still fall
someone drove passed my window
and shouted fucking niggers
only i seemed to hear
it is a few days after the election

you come to me for confession
you are mad at yourself for being so naïve
i tell you the word nigger is a threat to my safety
you are late and have to go
and i am alone again

this is my life

it is spring
i have buried another loved one
i feel faint after yawning
it is months after the election
you are growing angrier
you ask me if i feel the same
i'd been invisible
but now i was useful
so i say
i am a black woman
and i am invisible again

this is not a poem

it is almost summer
you blurt out
ever since the election
you wake up wanting to kill yourself
and you laugh

this is my life

it is fall again
194 black people
have been shot and killed by the police
what will that number be by winter

this is not a poem

i had a student
whose father
terry
was shot in the head
while laying face down
with his hands cuffed behind his back
the police pursued him because
he didn't have the proper reflective lights
on his bicycle

this is my life

you may have noticed that

i like to use my hands when i speak
this can be seen as aggressive
and i might frighten you
into killing me

this is not a poem

do you understand
how taboo it is for black women
like me
to go to therapy
because we are supposed to be strong
for everyone

this is my life

i am sorry
that you only realized
the world was fucked up
when your sisters voted
with their white skin
and not their pink pussies

this is not a poem

while you vomit angst
into my lap
forgive me for not
holding back your hair
in solidarity

this is my life
so i'm a little busy

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