“Yes and...”

Sometimes I feel lost
Sometimes I feel found
But always in a chase
Always in a prison cell
On my Blackness
Oh yes I said the B-word
Black, Black, Black
Why be scared?
To me black goes with gold
And gold is rich
But see our richness has been stolen
Trade it off and capitalized in a system

Black=Labor
Only found and recovered
When all of the sudden blackness means diversity
And diversity means profits
I actually did not embrace my blackness for a while
I was told that I wasn’t
That I was Latina and a Dominican
So technically just a morena clara, una indiecita. Light skin better
Than dark skin right?
So I shouldn’t have anything to do with blackness, right?

Blackness is bad. Right?
Wait a minute. Question mark??
How did we get here?
Let me tell you something about how race was constructed
It was like a mastermind experiment.
Nothing biological about it.
Race is not a matter of DNA
This is just what needed to happen to establish
And maintain power
An Improvisational feat
That turned out to be catastrophic
For black and brown bodies everywhere

Blackness was improvisational; at least the Blackness you heard of
The one tie to criminality and sin
An Improv show of “Yes and”
Where white men (heterosexual cis-gender men, perhaps) in a circle literally created racial stories
And turned out to be natural experts of a little game of improvisation
Yes AND says Whiteness
“Oh they are rapist”
Yes AND
Oh they don’t have learning abilities
Yes AND
Oohhh their hands are built for agriculture and plantations, they are slaves and labor for us
Money, money, money
Yes AND
Yes AND
Yes AND
Yea AND
They are dirty
They can’t lead
They are violent
They kill
They are a threat
They are weaker
Oh God Bless you Darwin
Whiteness yelled out
Your natural laws of the strongest of the fittest
Give us all the truth we need
We are the white savior
And we must proceed

The Yes AND game inspires the best ideas
Yes AND All Lives Matter
Yes AND they are in prison because well they commit crime and do drugs, and don’t go to school
Yes AND they get deported
Yes AND, they are illegals and take handouts

The improvisational feat hasn’t ended
It continues
Building prison pipelines to profit
Regardless of the human cost
When have native lives matter anyways? #NoDapl
But this is not a whiteness vs. blackness poem
Or a poem about oppression
It is about improv.
And if you know very basic rules of improv. comedy, you know anything is possible.
1) Don’t deny
Yes AND, I am not racist says Whiteness. I just think Michelle has a bit of a monkey face.
2) Don’t ask open ended questions
Why can Jay-Z say the n-word and I can’t? Says Whiteness
3) You don’t have to be funny
Let’s get rid of all the illegals and build a huge wall. Mexico will pay for it.
4) You can be good if you can make your partners look good
Hey Asians, let me do you a favor. Stay away from these black folks and you can have some access to things that while folks only get. Says whiteness.

5) Tell a good story

The white working class is the silent majority, too many people coming into our country and taking our jobs

Yes AND...

Race is nothing but one of the straight cisgender white male greatest invention

You know the ones that jump into ships from Europe to explore the open land of America

The invention that keeps on giving and their legacy remains

Yes AND

Here we are; hoping that someone would come in and say

But NO

Not anymore