



this is a picture of the young June Jordan, who was not just a writer but also an architect. last semester, my students and i read Jordan's essay, "Nobody Mean More to Me than You," which is about a class that Jordan taught to a group of black students where they formulated rules for Black English. at the end of the essay, when one of the student's brother is killed by police, they decide to write a letter to the police condemning them and they decide to write it in Black English even though they know that doing that will discredit them in the eyes of the people they're speaking to. i think this is a moment when we reclaim our language, when we stop trying to be understood by others who refuse to hear us, when we give up translation and assimilation, when we love and speak as black people #junejordan

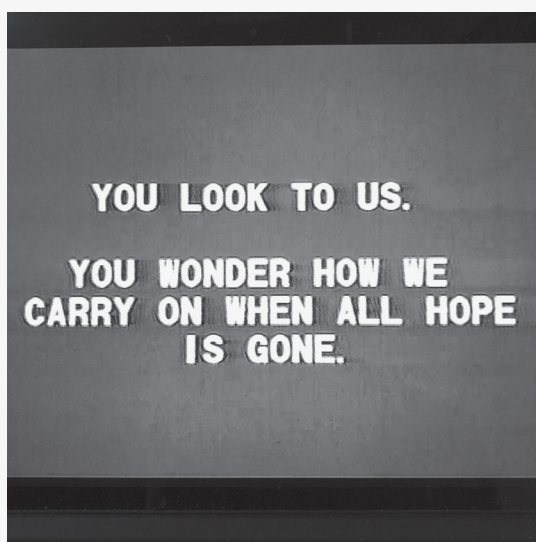
COURTESY OF THE JUNE M. JORDAN LITERARY ESTATE/SCHLESINGER LIBRARY RADCLIFFE INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED STUDY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.



~during this time, i have been returning to the archive. last night, i was looking at some images from my family's collection. the photograph is a little battered, but based on a conversation with my parents this morning, these images are from somewhere in the bay area in the early 1980s. my mom said it was either east palo alto, san francisco, or oakland. she said that they (groups of black muslims joined by others) would go from community to community with these signs to raise awareness. she also noted that the proximity of black communities in the bay area at that time made it easier to build these connections. the wear on these photographs is most interesting to me--a combination of use and transport across/into different conditions. the photo reminds me of the importance of revision, looking back, rereading, close reading.



Doing some laundry. #ftp #georgefloyd #breonnataylor #tonymcdade #ahmaudarbery and countless others.



**REPARATIONS
MUST BE
INTERPERSONAL
AND
ONGOING**

Every time I've spoken out about racism or classism in my schools/workplaces, it has been messy and at high interpersonal cost - much of which goes unseen. Shoutout to everyone who has been mobilized by the mass momentum. Keep that same energy in your personal relationships & behind closed doors! Your Black, trans, queer, disabled, and non degree holding peers (if you have any👀) are deserving of reparations EVERY DAY (!!) - most immediately in the form of material \$upport, and just as equally in terms of opportunities (!), accountability (!), and introspective emotional labor on your behalf! We all in it for the long haul babeZ, keep it real plz 🌱 venmo: findingneema 🍷



I protested this weekend. My first set of protests ever. I've always wanted to go, each time one of these senseless killings happens, but certain things have always kept me from being able to be at the front lines. I tried to speak through my work only. It always left me wanting more. This quarantine I've been on Long Island, watching small protests happen here, all while desperately wanting to be in the city. Fighting the fight with others in a passionate "we don't have time to play" way. Being so far away during this has been making me miss my people's energy more than ever.

Being at those two protests filled me with such inspiration, such energy. It was like recharging a battery. It stunned me. It even brought me to tears. The amount of passion you hear, more than 2 weeks into protesting, makes you so full and makes you realize what a movement this is. Makes you hungry to do more. I am so proud of the folks doing the work - most of them my age or younger. All of the folks marching day in and day out. Organizing. Telling empowering speeches as we sit in the middle of the road stopping traffic. The age of these protesters is so inspiring. All types of people were marching. People were handing out and enforcing masks. Water, candy being handed out. A feeling of togetherness. It makes me hopeful that a brighter tomorrow is really coming. We are forcing change, forcing society to rethink what it thought was once okay. I've been thinking a lot about how the history books will write about this time. And what my children might want to know or have expected from me in this time. I never wanted my children to ask me where I was and what I did and feel like I didn't do enough. Im hungry to do everything. I'm having difficult conversations, I'm educating, I'm writing, I'm creating, I'm donating, and I'm damn sure marching.

I will be back to keep fighting with the people on the streets, and feeding off the energy of the protestors as I continue fighting in other ways. Whenever I feel tired, I'll think of them. I'll go to the protests. I'll shout;use my voice.

Now is not the time to be scared. Now is the time for history. @br0wnn_sugar by me via FaceTime