# My Soul Is Cracked

This is NOT a cancer post. This is about racism.

May 11, 2020 By Megan-Claire Chase

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What do you do once your soul has been cracked? As an empath, I physically, mentally, and emotionally hurt for ALL black, brown, disabled, and LGBTQ lives that have been senselessly lost due to racism and hate.

I'm tired of the excuses.

I'm tired of tRump blaming everyone but himself for the colossal cluster f*ck of the COVID-19 pandemic. The fact he STILL invokes former President Obama's name and blames him for this pandemic and a million other things is bizarre and plain insane.

The fact he STILL invokes Hillary Clinton's name and gets his cult to chant, "lock her up" three years later is disturbing.

The fact tRump STILL has kids and immigrant parents in cages and neither he, GOP, or his cult have no qualms about it is horrific.

I'm tired of white people wearing gas masks carrying huge guns as a contemporary KKK get up demanding their liberty during a pandemic. What those Michigan people did last week was domestic terrorism. Period. If that had been POC in that government building dressed and acting like that, it would've been complete bloodshed.

I'm tired of these white murderers getting to roam free with zero consequences. Had a white person been jogging down the street and then hunted like a damn animal, you can bet there would be an outrage and arrest made in a matter of hours. Here we are months later and STILL no arrests and waiting for the case of the murder of Ahmaud Arbery to be presented before a grand jury. I literally can't wrap my head around the absolute injustice that continues to be done to the Arbery family.

I'm tired of hearing many of my white friends tell me not to lose hope and there are still good people in the world. I see posts from many white friends questioning why they can't go to the beach during a pandemic and want to revolt against authority because they don't like the government telling them what to do.

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

How can one NOT lose faith in humanity?

The thing is none of them have ever had to fear for their lives for being different.

They can walk in a store and not be followed.

They can walk or jog down the street and not be killed.

They can be pulled over by the police and not be killed.

They can walk in a store and not have racial slurs hurled at them.

They can walk into a government building with guns and not be arrested or killed.

They can KILL a black or brown person and STILL get off scot-free or not be arrested at all.

I've spent years hating my skin color and wishing every single day up until last week that I was white. For the first time ever, I'm claiming my skin. I've been systematically brainwashed into thinking I MUST fit in with whites to get ahead. Ever since I was a little girl, I would look in beauty magazines and never see anyone who looked like me. My own mother is light skinned and had long beautiful hair when I was young.

I wanted the long blonde hair, waif body, and green eyes.

I wanted the small nose and delicate features.

I wanted to have a flat butt and slim thighs.

Though I've been horribly bullied by many blacks in my life for being a "sellout" or "acting too white," I now understand their frustration. I fit in too well is what they're basically saying.

The thing is, I was never intentionally "talking white" or "dressing white" or even "acting white." I was just trying to be ME.

Yet, I've been told by many whites over the years that they don't see color when talking with me. I used to think that was a compliment. I'm ashamed to admit that I'm just now fully understanding the racism behind those words. How do they not see my brown skin, full lips, and dark brown eyes?

Then I think to myself, why does everyone classify my voice as white? How come I can't just sound like an educated and intelligent person? Why does my voice have to have a color assigned to it?

Now, I'm not ashamed that I like Taylor Swift, wear fascinators in my hair, like certain movies and the arts.

I'm ashamed of hating the color of my skin.

I’m ashamed of hating my dark brown eyes.

I’m ashamed of hating my nose and full lips.

I’m ashamed of hating my chemo curly hair.

I’m ashamed of hating my once athletic body.

I’m ashamed of wanting to BE anyone but myself.

I’m ashamed of not wanting to learn more about black culture.

I’m ashamed I allowed white people to make me feel less than I am.

If anything, being laid off during a pandemic has extended time to truly see white privilege and white fragility in its truest form. I’ve pulled back my blinders and see how destructive I’ve been living my life.

The real journey is figuring out who I am now. I can’t repair this crack in my soul until I cut through the layers of self-hate, hurt, guilt, and insecurity.

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