


Fawzia Ahmad

The “R” Word That Kills

I drag my feet out the door
It was a hard day
People ask me how I do it
How do you do rape crisis work?
I sigh
I must be really hard
I feel heavy
The work must really depress you
I cringe inside
If they only knew
If they all only knew
It is not the work
It is not the women that I see
It is not the women that have survived male violence
The strong beautiful women that I support
On the line
In the office
It is the RACISM
From the women I work with
From the women that are “politically correct”
From the progressive white Anti-racist women
The ones that I expect so much from
Because they are feminists
Because they are closer to making the difference
Or are they really?
I have to stop and consider
What difference
Difference for whom?
Not me
Not my mother, my sister, my aunts, my cousin
But difference for whiteness
What is so different about that?!
It is white supremacy that it is killing me
It is this oppression that drags me down
That makes me cry
That makes me weep
That spins my head around
That kills my spirit
Why I wonder do I expect more?
More from the women’s movement
Is it asking too much?
Is it unreasonable?
You have hurt me
Your are excluding me
You are silencing me
You are racist
Why do these words scare you so much?
When it is your words that stifle my inner soul
That makes me deny my people
My family
Me

An article by Fawzia Ahmad appears earlier in this issue.