

Tired

By Shaneisha Dodson

Being a black woman is one of God's most precious gifts. It's also one of the toughest because we are forced to carry everyone's weight on our shoulders. Black women are tired.

Tired of being ignored. Tired of being devalued. Tired of being abused. Tired of being disrespected. Tired of being the most unprotected species in the world. Tired of crying our eyes out every time one of us is murdered by the same people who have been sworn to protect us. Tired of being blamed for our own death. Tired of seeing our children, brothers, uncles and loved ones being reduced to nothing but a hashtag. #RestInPeace

Tired of fighting for our place in this world that only acknowledges us when it's trendy. Black lives matter. All black lives matter. All life matters. My life matters. My life has always mattered. Tired of chanting to deaf ears.

Tired of fearing for my own safety. The anxiety is unbearable. My fears are constantly living rent free in my head. Haunting every second of my day. I don't feel safe in my home. I don't feel safe in my bed. I don't feel safe jogging. I don't feel safe driving. I don't feel safe in my workplace.

The thought of me being suffocated for eight minutes and 46 seconds is exhausting. I saw it. You saw it. The world saw it. I'm sick and tired of being tired. But what more can I do?