

# I Have a Doubt

Hello...Good morning everyone...Hey there, my friend, how's your morning going so far? What about you? Hey, in the purple hair, good morning...How's everybody's day going so far? My name is, actually, my name doesn't matter. What I want to share is my hopelessness and doubts of today, of tomorrow, of decades down the road. If we don't wake up and see what *is* of today, of why we feel inferior or why *others* see us inferior, we'll *always* be blinded. Living in a world with *no moving forward better*. Does identifying that that black-owned restaurant on Yelp which existed since 2010 make us realize anything? Does *not* knowing that that hustling student somewhere over there is working three part-time jobs to become an independent successful mother make us better people? Does knowing that that odd, unfamiliar accent of that Uber driver pulling up who had been denied over 100 job applications even with their excellence in education and many experiences back home, make his interviewers accept him? Probably not.

Hey sir, excuse me, you look like you're rushing and running late. In the pink polo. Yes, you, wait, wait, wait. Does knowing that I have something really important to say right now - oh okay, maybe later then, bye... I guess knowing won't make much of a difference anyways. Thank you to the rest of you for *not* running away from me. And back to the point, we only know the surface of stuff, a family restaurant that serves African food, a busy student who's always late for class, an immigrant who can drive.

You know, we still carry the same dark cloud that followed our ancestors, to our *very present*. We continue to focus through *their* lenses. One perception. Why.

I have a doubt that not even one day that every boy and girl will see that they all had the same dream. I have a doubt that not ever one day every white person, coloured person and asian person, will see that they all had felt that twenty-seven-ounce of joy and pain. We all fought for survival to live another day, to endure the scars for family back home, to put food and water on the table. To earn freedom. I have a doubt.

When I hear all lives matter, I don't think that across the block that there is an asian woman who confronts her bruises and bleedings with an expensive palette of façade. I don't think that across the country there is a coloured man who battles the flooding storms and poverty to keep him and his family alive. I don't think that across the world there is a white boy who dies struggling with filthy hands ripping his legs a part. When all lives matter.

Words for justice and protests for awareness flew through centuries of our history. Our actions to only echo the sound of history to pass on hope. Our actions today, yesterdays and times before that just never seem to break through that one *same* barrier. I have a doubt. Our visions too narrow or our voices not heard, or our problems are never *their* problems. I have a doubt that not even one day every son nor every daughter will understand we stand the same grounds with different missions. We create our own hurdles and we refuse to believe that it was *us* who stacked the bricks between perception and equality. We refuse to see beyond our hurdles. Why.

I have a doubt that not one day ever we will understand that black is black, white is white, yellow is yellow. A colour is a colour. We won't call pink the colour green. We have our own identity, our own *personal* values. We don't mix white in black to still get white. We don't mix white in yellow to still get white. White is the blankness of all colours to *see* colours. Black is the absence of all colours to *hide* colours. Yellow is the primary colour of all colours to *mix* colours. Why do we try to mix all our races, our backgrounds, our values, our goals and *expect* everyone to share that very same dream. I don't share all of your dreams. I won't. Why do we not see beyond what different colours do and bring their strengths forward. Why didn't you see that *my* restaurant survived on the busy streets of Toronto while many closed down. Why didn't you see that I can still be better than before even if my husband kicked me out. Why didn't you see that I have pride and believe that I can be more and I am not settling. Why do we try so hard to deceive ourselves, to *let* other deceive us.

What about you? You've actually been here since I started my rant. Thank you. But let me ask you a question, what do you think about this so far? ...Funny, okay. I'll keep that in mind... But I'm saying all this today so it is loud and clear that we all already *know* racism exists, sexism exists, discrimination, prejudice. We were told for centuries to not judge a book by its cover or to treat others the way you want to be treated. This is *nothing* new. So we don't need to try *so hard* to start another movement where these *voices* already stand *strong* in our history. Just because she's white doesn't mean she's privileged. Just because he's black doesn't mean he suffered. Just because I'm Chinese, doesn't mean I don't matter. We need to see beyond that otherwise...

Thank you to those who listened. I can share my words, but I can't force any of you to understand. One day, maybe one day, I'll deceive myself to let these doubts ring away. Or maybe some of you will see that you, and those around you, are worth just as much as you in different ways. Thank you again and enjoy the rest of your morning.