


5-2018

Dear Students of Color

Melissa Mota
Roger Williams University

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Recommended Citation

Mota, Melissa (2018) "Dear Students of Color," *New and Dangerous Ideas*: Vol. 1 , Article 4.
Available at: <https://docs.rwu.edu/nadi/vol1/iss1/4>

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Dear Students of Color,

As you sit in a classroom filled by the White men and woman of White America, who deny your existence, I am sorry.

To them, your hard work and genuine knowledge is not valued. Everything you do and say will be questioned, they will always have a "suggestion" or a different way of digestion. I am sorry that your life will always be a battle.

I am sorry, that because of your color, you are oppressed and your patience will always be put to the test. I am sorry, that White America has rejected you and has continued to enslave you, in an era known as "post" racial America.

How are we supposed to progress, if every time we jump a hurdle another one is placed in front of us? Why does it feel like we are still sitting at the back of the bus? I am sorry, that because your skin is brown or black you are left behind, because of what you "supposedly" lack, even though you are so skilled and so kind.

All White America ever does is attack you. I am sorry, that because of your color you are deemed as not enough. And then, the world wonders why our students of color are so tough. It is because we have all had it so rough. From the minute we are birthed, we are doubted, frowned upon and hated. Before we can even decide our own lives, they have created and generated our fate, a fate stimulated from pure hate.

The 13th amendment banned slavery and all involuntary servitude, except in the case of punishment for a crime. And now black and brown men are in prison full time.

When will it stop? When will we be able to break the chains, piercing through our wrists and our ankles, holding back our kinky twists? Five hundred years later, and it seems as though they have only gotten tighter. Why does it feel like we are still separate and not equal?

Why are we hated for the things that we cannot control, like the color of our skin, the constant death of our kin and the mistreatment of our brothers and our sisters? They say blue lives matter, but with a badge and a gun, they can shoot anyone, get paid, and run. We are targeted because of the skin that we cannot peel off. We are smothered by the world because of our color, while they sit blonde hair, blue eyes, unbothered.

Why is the killing of a black man just another sequel? I am sorry, but why don't black lives matter?

Sincerely,

An Angry Afro-Latina

Melissa Mota