

Reflection on “Patience”

Paola Christy

This morning I split open a dragon fruit, which sounds like it would come from China, but it’s origins are South and Central American.

The assumptions we make about one thing or another.

Staring at black seeds settling in a white pulp.

What does it mean to be seen as other?

Tiny specks in an infinite universe.

On election day, November 2, 2021, my daughter was riding her bicycle home from school, a stone’s throw from the Federal Courthouse, an older white male with his construction hat and vest, lunged towards her from the bus stop.

He shouted vitriol.

The words, “I am going to kill you!”

So many things wrong with what conspired to make and sustain this moment.

In the food I eat, under my blanket, staring at the fabric of our couch,

Racism is our every day.

“Patience” draws a meandering path of a child on a bicycle.

As layered as Josh Dorman’s piece, it is never that simple.

For my 12 year old daughter, a dire moment.

She and I just finished reading [This Is My America](#). The author, Kim Johnson, chose to address the lynching of an Asian man, linking the real life events between the 1970’s and 1980’s Klan and Vietnamese fishermen of Galveston Bay, TX.

It could be anywhere, anyone of color, but 70% of all lynchings were black bodies.

How do you demonstrate patience, facing a cesspool of hate, where bodies and details are submerged and only drug out in what feels like whispered confusion?

A bigot focuses on the cartridge shell of an image, while tolerance flavors so much of what it means to be truly fed at anyone’s table.

I mourn for the dying words of Vincent Jen Chin, “It’s not fair.”

And I wait, mostly impatiently, for my daughter, her black skin, radiant and vibrant, owed more than an apology.

She should be feasting on Justice!