

Minoritized Greatness

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Cloud my struggle; belittle my judgments and critiques. Tremble before greatness for my soul is infinite and your heart is meek. Born into a race that will never end and forced to play a game nobody can win. Minoritized, stigmatized, oppressed, and ignored, but you can't keep a good man down and greatness is knocking at your door. You could say it's a come back, because I've been here before. I'm the embodiment of a struggle, multiple battles, but only one war. This world is filled with hate, but I project love; imitating the moon that shines in the darkness up above.

I sought exposure, education, an understanding of identity, but I must admit I was not always content with what was presented to me. Cultural night after cultural night, a prevailing theme persists, but it seems we are preoccupied with our own struggles; we fail to recognize the rest. The implications of one larger struggle are vast, no doubt, but it seems we fail to create community and ours is going south. Time and again I hear performances that speak to not fitting in. Time and again I am reminded that aspects of my identity keep me grounded. I intend to fly, but the world doesn't want to see me soar. They have placed a glass ceiling over my head and called it a floor. That's what happens when perspectives don't align, and I'm seeing the need to bring perceivably polarized opposites together, in time.

We want so badly to share our culture, find ourselves, to sing, dance, and shout, but this riddle will never be solved because its already been figured out. There are two sides to every coin; maybe your truth resides in mine. Because the way I see it, being in competition dulls everybody's shine. There's no you, there's no me, there's just ever flowing energy. Put it into action and watch the chain reaction. Find peace in yourself

and then maybe you can share it. Know the truth about your people and then own it and declare it. Don't let cultural celebrations reinforce stigmas and stereotypes, without getting at their roots. Without naming a problem we can't build a bridge between groups. No effective ally ship can be forged, our people's wounds will not heal, unless we own up to the struggle we inherited and get real.

My skin is brown, but my pain is not that of my parents. Like many others I was brought up seeking wealth and power that I didn't inherit. While I might make money, it doesn't make much sense, for if we really wanted change believe me we'd see it. All us Americans were born into a machine, a nation fueled by endless waves of immigrants it seems. For as long as poverty is a negative externality, best believe someone will fill the place of "minority." We're not at odds, but that's the way it seems. Foreignly implanted dreams keep us chasing C.R.E.A.M. We're corrupt at the core, it's the reason why we struggle. It's hard to change the world when you're living in a bubble. A playpen of a world is what my eyes have glimpsed and I intend on changing it though it pushes me to the limits. One love, one people, all-striving for peace. It won't come around without a struggle; look alive, you're not diseased. Despite the struggle, it's worth it to see the human narrative revised and we really have no option, change is attached to time.