

Accent

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Confession: This place is my prerogative. The beautified emeralds shine in the mist of the congregated sea. I see myself adrift upon errors, the stray dog left to find its scraps. My existence relies on bong bongs from the riptide shore colliding with my experimental thought. The value skyrocketing as I place my measly piece of equitability in the acquaintance's hand. People streamline from left and right into the overwhelming circumvent of riches. Shaded into the crowd, I check for my people.

Dazed I am greeted by a husky voice that says, *Whatcha saying man*, as I barely catch on to the concerted figure. He asks why are you unknown?

I say because I've been away, forcefully taken into the perceived animosity of individuals who would laugh at my accented C.

I've been taken into the precipice of white animosity and away from centrality.

My stance is neutralized in order to comprehend the complexities of Black and Caribbean.

You claim my island as unordered and disordered.

You proclaim sentences of extremity while my people settle for nothing.

You contemplate my future with a small piece of paper.

No choice was made in preservation of Black bodies when you descended into my land.

Now I pay the price in normative forms of self-expression of language.

I pay the price in bold mannerisms of rights.

I pay the price every day as I unconsciously assimilated to stagnantness.