

## Blinded by the White

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### Reflections from the author

If I am being honest, I have never written a poem in my life or even tried to do a creative piece like this. Taking Social Work 300, Diversity, evoked emotions I had never felt before. “Blinded by the White” is my attempt at showing how I have been raised as a European American. I want to explain how I was raised to see the world - color blind - and how I was taught to not acknowledge my privileges. This reflection serves the purpose to give insight on how “Blinded by the White” came to be.

The poem started with me describing how I was raised and what I grew up around. I was taught from a very young age I should not see color because that would help end racism - you can't talk about something that doesn't exist. This was the philosophy of my surrounding community. As I have grown and learned from this class, I no longer know this to be a true solution. By not accepting that races exist, we are not accepting and learning from the hurt and pain that racism has caused. The beginning of the poem reflects how I was expected to be color blind because my European American community taught me “it (racism) is not our fault.”

As I continued to develop the poem, I tried to show how through opening our eyes and accepting our blindness, we can grow. If we accept what we have done, we can work to move forward in society to become actual equals and to make reparations for the damage that has been done. I think being held accountable for our actions is such an important concept in our current society. When you consider our current political climate, you see many in our society deny racism is still very much alive. We need to open our eyes and realize color is real, and people are still facing discrimination because of it. My poem is an example of how people's mindsets can change given the right community. By changing my community and utilizing the power of education, I am no longer living blinded by white.

*Colors are kind of a funny thing.*

*They are used to define actual human beings.*

*See vivid and see bright,*

*But when it comes to race...see black and white.*

*Because I am young and white,*

*I was taught that to see no race would be right.*

*If I remained color blind,*

*Me and my ancestors could try and put our past of tormenting behind.*

*But see those things are not things that are able to be pushed to the side*

*They are moments of hurt and pain,*

*People the same color as I have pushed others down in vain.*

*I am more privileged, and I have more power,*

*But I have been taught to see everyone with eyes of a coward.*

*If I can break past the idea of being color blind,*

*I can help myself push towards being genuinely kind.*

*I will acknowledge the wrong that has been done,*

*And look forward to the bonds that could be to come.*

*It is time for me to push back against the idea of seeing everything in just black and white.*

*Color is real*

*People can feel.*

*And I have been living blinded by white.*