

Simon Says

Transcript Export

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Sauliha Mitchell: “The American Family Tree” for American Muslim Futures

FULL TRANSCRIPT (without timecode)

About some time ago Humanity approached me.

Bear in mind her build seems to hold the whole world on her broad shoulders.

So naturally she overwhelms me, my steps backwards from her were not only physical but also existent metaphorically.

I took a step back and disappointed her again.

See humanity seems to continue to have hope for herself because she sees me and who she is. She is a part of who I am.

But neglect runs deep in our family tree, the branches that hold us up seem to be rotted at the roots.

Leaving is not a pun but a constant action in my family, causing a guilty conscience.

You left too, you couldn't bear to be axed about the state humanity was in.

His hesitation to help and run away with his eyes closed has always been viewed as a sin.

He buried himself deep within my mind that I don't remember his face.

When the memory attempts to emerge my brain automatically tells it to stay in its place it's not wanted.

This family, my brother his name is Division seems to be my best friend, pulls me apart whenever I try to make a connection, tells me I will always be better than them.

Division tells me he will always exist because people never learn. He says bridges were not made to be walked upon but to be burned, individual will always be the match.

My sister name is Hope, we have an odd relationship that reflects something like walking on a tightrope. I constantly seem to be balancing whether I like or don't.

This is because they see hope angers the soul so why am I always floating alone at sea on the same boat hoping to be held down by this thing called Hope.

They say be the change you wish to see in the world but half the time I'm broke.

Trying to keep my sanity straight clutch and see, dollars make the world go round they don't call it a green planet for nothing.

But on other days Hope lifts me up with gravity, becomes my enemy and tries to pull me down. Hope seems to connect me with other people when there are divisions all around.

My sister Hope had a child and then passed it to me. When I help the child with sparkling eyes she asked me what did I see.

And I looked at the palm of these peachy hands that held the child that knew nothing but of connection the bridging of gaps her essence in and of itself is a reflection.

In a world where American justice seems like a foreign concept. In a world where supposed leaders lead nothing correct but their egos.

In a world more concerned about taking a knee than the blood spilt when a bullet made a man bleed. In a world where cops don't get a clue, when you tell them you can't breathe.

In a world those sworn to protect wearing blue become the cause of red blood being spilled and covering their faults with white lies. Where does the right lie when everything so wrong.

This child made me understand that I must be the flame that changes what exists and what we know, that the silent voices must rise up and be the ones that overturn the status quo.

We must run towards one another. If you cannot run the walk in a way in which the drums of life beat in every footstep hardens your resolve.

And if you cannot walk, then you must crawl and if you can't do that then while lying on your belly let your voice be heard by all.

I dream a world in which humanity transcends our differences, where justice isn't just a side dish, but a main meal where I'm able to sit amongst everyone else and eat to my fill. It will happen.

Hate and oppression won't dampen our resolve. We are the future and it's time everyone made the decision to stay behind or to come along.