

# My deepest fear

[People](#), [Nelson Mandela](#)



Among the biggest lies ever informed is that sleep is the best meditation. For as I rest to rest each night, I toss and turn for hours on end, bothered by the events of every day, overwhelmed by the mistakes I have actually undeniably made, and haunted by the errors I will unquestionably make tomorrow. The restlessness triggered by my insecurities continues to defeat me. And in an attempt to get away the existential terrors of presence, I compose. Until my journal is filled to the end ... till my eyes gradually come down.

I write ... I have been checking out considering that I was two years old. Because it is generally not in the nature of young children to understand modest literary works, I did not check out books. Rather, I read my surroundings, evaluating both periods of pleasure and whiles of variation, unconsciously retaining not the previous but the latter. And as books come to life in the mind, mirroring movement pictures, I remember my childhood as such.

Enjoying my mom, so young, being beaten by many “ boyfriends” proved harmful to my innocent psyche. Not just were these males beating her, they were beating this concept of normalcy into my head that I ‘ d total up to absolutely nothing higher.

I ‘ d accomplish absolutely nothing more than what my mother had, having had two kids at eighteen without any high school diploma to minimize unforgiving scenarios. And I being in school feeling as if my dreams, at the really root of them, have dried up like raisins in the sun ... I being in my classes fathoming my destiny so intently that I am simply pretending to

comprehend what is being taught. For that reason, despite the words of the revered Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela, my deepest worry is, in reality, that I am inadequate. I fear that I am not excellent enough and the job of disproving this dread has been arduous, knowing that every day, something has attempted to ruin me and has merely fallen brief. And I am uncertain if this detail deserves celebration. And I wonder ... has my skin color betrayed me?

Has my blackness, this complexion which I was taught to find so beautiful, stricken me with the malediction of having to grow up in a poverty consumed neighborhood, dependent upon the government to house and feed me; the same neighborhood that gunned my father down and took the lives of several of my peers. It can't be...that my complexion has become so obvious that I am constantly having to change my dress, and adjust my tone to fit the needs of a disapproving majority. Some view my sable race with scornful eye. My color is a diabolic dye...to those who don't see, that I am human first before I am black. Or is my sex the culprit? Has my being a woman determined my fate? Because as a member of an intersectional community it is known all too well that I am stricken by these processes of sexism, and oppression; not working independently of one another, but interrelated, forming a sort of junction, or intersection, of multiple forms of discrimination.

But this can't be...because according to mother Maya Angelou, I am a woman phenomenally... And I know all too well that the caged bird sings for freedom. I have been so long stricken by the harsh realities of my upbringing...and I have been so long weltering in self-pity that I have forgotten my heritage and it shames me. Kings and Queens of Africa inhabit

me. Affonso and Amina, Idris and Makeda, who are my ancestors, would surely be affronted to know that I have not realized what it has been in my nature to do: overcome, defy, and amaze. And it is here that my African roots assert themselves, forcing me to climb the foothills of my doubt, the mountains of my assumed inferiority, and peaks least traveled by.

And as I stand at the precipice of life's mysteries, this Pennsylvania State University precipice, I am suddenly intertwined with a family consummated not only of the people of my homeland, Africa, but of the forests of Asia, the waters of the Caribbean, the jungles of South America, and the mountains of Europe...these people of varying colors, sexes, and cultures who have defied predicaments much different than my own. And we stand, hushed, equal, en masse. And it is here that I hear Mr. Mandela speak to me. " As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others." ... whether it be those of our own lineages...or those of lineages completely dissimilar.