

There's two world pandemics going around. One that's in the air, causing people to become sick and having to quarantine- locking their lives away: coronavirus. And the other, that strips away the identity and power of the color, leaving black and blue scars of affliction, tearing apart the meaning of one's being: racism. Over the last few months, there have been a plethora of racist encounters perpetrated by the hands of white supremacy. Cops have and are taking away our black lives; causing bloodshed, weeps for change, and piqued anger to be delivered across the world , creating punitive measures such as protests and riots. Quarantine has opened so many eyes, and has allowed the world to see how people of color are treated; how we are nothing but animals to them, not even a worthy specimen to them. We **CANNOT SLEEP**, we **CANNOT BREATHE**, we **CANNOT WALK**, we **CANNOT CARRY**, we **CANNOT DRIVE**, we **CANNOT HANGOUT**, we **CANNOT RUN**, we **CANNOT SHOP**, we **CANNOT PLAY**, we **CANNOT CELEBRATE**, we **CANNOT EAT ICE CREAM IN OUR OWN HOME**, we **CANNOT** have a **MENTAL CRISIS**, and **FOREVER MORE WILL OUR LIVES BE TAKEN AWAY BY OUR EXISTENCE**. Our black lives should no longer be treated as a trend, treated as unworthy, treated as animals; our lives should be as equal as the oppressor's. We will continue to finish what our ancestors and activists did before us, we will no longer be silenced by the hatred and macabre incidents of white supremacy. If our ancestors weren't silent, then why should we be in fear? If our activists fought until they could no longer breathe, then why should we be silent? Everything they did was for us; we shall no longer just brush off and bury what they have done. They have already given us the paint and brush; now we must take that pallet, mix that paint and finish the painting they couldn't.