

The Cloud’s disguise

It’s like the world has paused, been calmed, is spinning just a little slower. The manic streets have become deserted, the bustling stores have been abandoned, the once vibrant classroom have been postponed. Instead people have found a new way to share, a new way to find interest, a new way to connect and communicate. We have sieved through what is important and disregarded the shallow elements of our lives. Taking joy in baking, creating, playing, learning, growing and debating. We have been forced into a time of reflection, a time to truly ponder on what makes this life so deeply special and fulfilling.

Collectively, worldwide, we have shared our fears as the monster cloud of Covid looms above our heads. An invisible destructor, always alert and ready to silently and covertly attack; ripping families apart and causing mayhem in its path. How have we fought back? We have come together, in a way we have never experienced before, in a way the world has ever known before. We have helped neighbours and strangers, we have grieved together, we have shared our time and our possessions, we have laughed together, tiktoked together, quizzed together, clapped and appreciated together, comforted and reassured each other, rainbow decorated together…we have been together in isolation. The cloud could not defeat us!

This cloud takes on many guises, many personas, various sneaky, cunning characteristics. For one day it could be covid, spreading virus and disease, for me it is changing its costume and now floats around trying to spread hate, anger and fear. For this cloud is breading racism, it is raining down on societies and causing unrest and tearing communities apart. The cloud likes nothing more that observing from its height the acts of prejudice that tear us apart, that breed gulfs between communities. The cloud swells at the sight of racist acts and divisions, of inequalities and unrest. This cloud scoffs at the idea of black lives matter; no lives matter to this toxic hater.

We didn’t let the cloud envelope us during the months of lockdown, we fought hard against its destructive nature and we still are. Our spirits were steadfast, our hearts were strong, we fought through the hard times and our armour was our kindness and love. We cannot let this new cloud darken our lives and cause division and hatred. As the world starts to wake from the slumber of our lockdown, we should all reflect on the goodness that was experienced.

We were guided and directed by experts through the darkest moments under the covid cloud, so who will guide us through the racism cloud? WE WILL, we will guide ourselves, educate ourselves about the real issues faced by black people in our communities, learn they stories, understand their viewpoints, gain better understanding and most importantly we will talk, talk, talk. This is our ammunition; this is what will disperse the racism cloud forever and lead us all to live under a clear sky.