

“Tired Blood”

by

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I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE, ACUTALLY TWO CONFESSIONS TO MAKE. I'M ABOUT TO SAY THEM ALOUD FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME. AND, PLEASE UNDERSTAND, THE ORDER IN WHICH I SPEAK THEM, DOES NOT DENOTE THEIR STATUS, NOR MY ABJECT HORROR (*deep sigh*). . .I AM SLOWLY TURNING INTO A WHITE WOMAN. YEP, A WHITE WOMAN. F.U.C.K.E.D UP! OH, OH AND HOLD UP! I ALSO WAS BORN WITH THE GIFT OF E.S.P. . .SO, THIS IS HOW I KNOW SOME OF YOU MOFOS ARE INWARDLY JEALOUS THAT, PERHAPS, THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE ME, I “MAY” BE A WHITE WOMAN. KINDA LIKE A REVERSE RACHEL DOLEZAL. AND, YOU'RE LIKE – BET! WORD! WHITE WOMAN GOOD! BECAUSE AS A WHITE WOMAN, FOR EXAMPLE, MY VOTE CAN AFFLICT AN ENTIRE NATION WITH A DISEASE CALLED AGENT ORANGE OR AS I AFFECTIONATELY CALL HIM 46 - 1. EXAMPLE No.2: IT IS HIGHLY UNLIKELY I'LL BE SHOT 6 TIMES WHILE SLEEPING IN MY BED (*silent pause*). ALSO, IF I DO SOME FUCKED UP SHIT AS A WHITE WOMAN, I CAN USE THE “A BLACK MAN KIDNAPPED AND RAPED ME,” SHIT LIKE THAT, AND THE WHOLE MOTHERFUCKIN' WORLD WILL STOP AND SEARCH FOR SAID PERPETRATOR. . .ADDITIONALLY, I CAN GLEEFULLY PURCHASE HOODIES FOR THE MEN IN MY LIFE. . . (*pregnant pause*) YOU KNOW HOW THIS STORY ENDS. MY SECOND ISSUE, WHICH ONCE AGAIN IS RELATED TO MY FIRST ISSUE, IS MY PERIOD. EACH MONTH

I'M TOLD I'M GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO DEATH DUE TO MY CHRONIC BLOOD LOSS. SEE, OL' FOLK CALL WHAT I HAVE "TIRED BLOOD." BUT, YOU KNOW, THAT PHRASE IS A METAPHOR FOR SO--MUCH-SHIT! MY TIRED BLOOD HAS GOTTEN EXPONENTIALLY WORSE EACH AND EVERY MONTH. MY BODY AND MY BRAIN, OVER TIME, HAS BEGUN TO MANIFEST FATIGUE, CONFUSION, BRITTLE NAILS, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, IRRITABILITY, DIZZINESS, HEADACHES, AND LAST, BUT NOT FUCKING LEAST, PALE SKIN! MY DAILY PRAYER IS "MOTHER/FATHER/GOD/JESUS CHRIST" MAY YOUR LOVING SPIRIT FALL AFRESH UPON ME. LAWD HELP ME. I DON'T WANNA BE NO WHITE WOMAN. BUT, AS I SAID, THIS "TIRED BLOOD" IS A METAPHOR FOR SOOOOOOO MUCH! I LOVE BEING A BLACK WOMAN. . .AND YET, ON VERY RARE OCCASIONS, AFTER LISTENING TO THE NEWS OR READING FACEBOOK POSTS, IN THE DARK QUIET CORNERS OF MY MIND – I THINK WOULDN'T IT BE EASIER. . .THEN.I.STOP.MYSELF. I REMEMBER I HAVE A PH.D. FROM GOOGLE AND SIMPLY RESOLVE TO START BACK EATING MEAT! VOILA! BECAUSE, ALWAYS AND FOREVER, REGARDLESS OF MY TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS, I LOVE BEING A BLACK WOMAN. . .AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, WHEN I'M TRIPPIN' LIKE THIS, THE CREATOR WHISPERS IN MY EAR "YOUR BLACK WOMAN SELF IS GON' KEEP "SINGING AND SWINGIN AND GETTING MERRY LIKE CHRISTMAS." AMEN. ASE.