

Your fragile white mind is **c r u m b l i n g**. I am a girl who needed reminding of the blessings in her life. My beauty, wealth, and status are favored by the bigoted world that will crumble as I am. Oh, the shame I feel for calling an alarm where there is none, all for the sake of recognition, in a conversation that is not about me. White people love doing that. Selfish, the cover-up of a lifetime, ethnic cleansing, erasure.

You wasteful **s p e c t a c l e** of privilege. No one wants to listen to your desperate plea for ethnic recognition. The Anglo colonizers are trying to be something they are not in an attempt to be unique, yet they shun the very people they steal from. How I wish I could re-write my ancestral wrongs. How I wish I recognized my privilege when it counted most. In hurting the ethnically ostracized, I hurt myself.

You do not **SEE**, but they do. The wandering white eye favors that of a similar reflection. In groups, they move unaware of their microaggressions as they cast out anyone on the land. Yet they wear their culture because it is trendy, forged in fake factories. They eat their food without thanking the chef. You do not think they notice, but if luck is on your side, you will see their beauty.

We, your true *friends*, will tell you. Share your riches and your privileges with the people who need them. Suddenly, those who care most are willing to break that, which is to be unlearned. When that time comes, don't run away, don't project your insecurities, do not whitewash. Just listen, protect, and support. Appreciate and respect the people and your home that your ancestors stole, for this is the least you can do.