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## Raise Your Flag

Matthew Scott

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## Raise Your Flag

I ask unto you to raise your flag. Show the world who you truly are. In a nation where our right to speak our mind comes First before all others. There is never a time nor a place where you should hide how you feel. Because despite what the naysayer spout out your feelings are real. So, why even attempt to hide them. Especially when the enemy has had there's riding high since 16. We've seen it all from Tiki Torches to Capitol Rights. And against all opposition we have remained steadfast in our beliefs. We have marched our way to Washington and filled the streets with heroes that the world had yet to see. We followed Dr. King's wisdom with our ragged and filtered breaths. Even with all of that, what were we greeted to? Tear gas, bullets, and hate from the right side of the media. Called the worst names in the book of hatred and evil. We were used to being called thugs and crooks but to call our stars looters and terrorists is something I can't abide. So we raise our fists to the air like rockets firing off to the heavens. We aren't ashamed of who we are or where we come from. We stand with our melanated brothers and sisters' hand in hand against the system that tries its hardest to shut out our voices. Ready to fight and die for the next generation just like how our fathers and mothers have done for us just a generation ago. What does it matter if a Target goes up in flames or if a Wendy's is torn from the ground? If it gets the message across then leave the worrying for the insurance companies. We've been fighting a war with our hands held high hoping that pigs could see our humanity.

What kind of sick reality is that? And what makes it even more sickening is that whenever we attempt to fight back Martin's words are used to shut us down by the same people who would've loved to see him lynched. We live in a Mad World where we can get a man on the moon but can't see each other for who we are. What's up with that? We can soar past the heavens and go places no man has ever been before. Make fiction into reality but we're still here

fighting the exact same struggle as two hundred years ago. Doesn't that seem just a little wrong. I'm not saying we haven't made progress. Some people are starting to realize that we all bleed red and that's some real progress. But the moment I say that my life matters that it has merit. That's when they want to get pressed again. That's when fragility starts to set back in and the guilt eats them alive. That's when you start to hear one bad apple, not all pigs, and All Lives Matter. But Karen I'm sorry to say this but all lives can't matter until Black lives do. And I bet your uncle is really nice at the barbeque but if he's in the room after a kid is shot and says nothing. Then he's just as rotten as the rest of them. What we're isn't that complex and we've been shouting it for the longest time. If we cannot be seen for our actions of peace then we shall raise flags to start off the revolution.

For we wish not to go to war for that only leads to death and heartache. No, we demand the systems of oppression that have been built for centuries be torn down and revitalized with a fresh outlook. We can no longer waste time in reforming something that refuses to yield to nuance or the progression of time. The true enemy knows what we're attempting to do. They know that our forces are united and we can easily tear down the power structures that lie before us. So, they do all in their power to take ours. Whether that be our access to vote and participate in future elections or pitting the races against one another. Having their lying Foxes get on air every night reporting how the Black community despises the Asian community. How BLM protestors are the ones antagonizing elderly members of Asian community. All attempts to divide and make us collide.

All of it done and for what? To avoid the inevitable, to push back the clock just a little bit more. It doesn't matter because with each passing day another child sees the light. With every passing moment does the upcoming generation see the tyranny that has stripped us all of names

and our cultures. Every video and every recording we see that we were not born to hate one another that we were born with love in our hearts. That we should be standing under a Flag of Love rather than one of imperialism. With every video you see of a pig of the law killing an unarmed man, woman, or child. Your heart should be screaming out in righteous fury. Never become numb to the onslaught of pain and remorse. Never allow yourself to say “that’s just what it is.” No, that pain in your heart, that aching feeling that makes it hard to breath. That right there is what it means to be human. If you lose that then we’ve already lost. Once you become numb to the pain once you’ve accepted the world as it is and not what it could be. That’s when you lose the drive to see how things should be. You lose the ability to raise your flag or stand your ground. Stuck in the mud with Supremacy hanging above you. Your hopes and your dreams forever lost never to return.

Hold that pain in deep and always remember the names of those who were taken from us far too soon. From George Flyod to Breonna Taylor to young Treyvon Martin, etch their names forever in your skull if you have to. Do anything and everything to keep from letting the flame of righteous fury from going out. The enemy will drag their names through the mud and use any and all means to justify their murders. Use that as well as kindling to the bonfires within your souls. We should be going back into the streets filling them to brim once again to reinforce the message over and over and over again. Damn any new laws that try to get in our way. Send their cars, send their pigs, send their tanks if they truly feel like they need to. We will be there as we always have been shouting out what should be common knowledge. It is our matter that we deserve to be treated as people. That everyone under the sun deserves a fair and speedy trial. That we are not thugs and that our comrades are not plagues or rapists. That we are people and demand to be treated as such. We were never asked what skin color we wanted, we did not

choose to be treated this way, but we damn well choose to fight for our place in this world. And I beg unto you to when the day comes and the fight truly begins. Let the fire inside you burst out and raise your flag. Show the world who you are and what you stand for.

For those of you who are scared to show your true colors. I understand that fear of losing your place in a society that you've worked so hard to achieve. Potentially isolating those who you might consider your friends and companions. Or even the fear of losing your job. That if you stay quiet and keep your head down none of it will affect you. That you'll be safe from all violence and the scorn. You'll still be "one of the good ones." Brothers, sisters, my siblings in-between, that will not save you. Your cabin on the hill will only hold so long. At a certain point they're going to be sick or your skin. Their ideology won't allow you to exist. I'm sorry but you talk like them, walk like them, eat unseasoned chicken like them but at the end of the day you will never be them. The flag you raise may or may not be the same as our but always remember ours is fighting for rights as well. We will have your backs even if you turn yours on us.

I might be long winded and repetitive but I just want to do all that I can to get the point across. I'm asking you; I'm pleading with you to stand your ground and plant your flag. For those who've fallen, for those who will fall, and for the days to come when no one will need to fall again.