

The Invisibles: Reparative Forms of Scholarly Expression

Mon!que Wright

For the master's tools will never dismantle the master's house -Audre Lorde

In Higher Education and Student Affairs there is often an inclusion-ary call for the underrepresented, the marginal voices of academia. We spend countless hours in training and workshops aiming to educate ourselves on issues of inclusion and diversity. However, this idea seems to be underrepresented when it pertains to our modes of writing. How do we begin to include the invisible art in writing? In the following piece, in order to break up the traditional forms of writing, I am proposing an artistic piece that would begin to bring the invisible into the light, the highly analytical to the emotional, and connect the artistic to the scholar. In order to expand the bounds in the house, we need different tools.

And When You Leave Take Your Tools With You

We sat there in silence
Thoughts raced, raged
With a quick slip of the tongue and no pretense
He asks me to remove the soul the voice that fills the pages
Cross this out, this is awkward,
What do you mean here?
My dear,
Begin again
Please remove the bones, flesh and spirit from your possessions
Please subtract the incoherent nonsense that you've created
That essence,
Does not belong here
"Your tools are wrong"
"Your tools do not belong in this space"
"Seek out better ones, go the another place"
And when you leave take your tools with you
Locked with silent doors, covered with dark paint
Shackled brains and unfettered notions
Red bleeding ink covered with intentions of misguided hate

Mon!que is originally from New York City and is a proud graduate of Wheaton College (MA). Being apart of numerous team based organizations, her experience of community building across and among marginal populations is key to her identity in students. In her spare time, Mon!que enjoys painting, live music, and hosting dinner parties.

Conform Conform, digest the norm
If not, weather the storm
Not concerned with your tools, or what you have to create them
There are ones here for you
Despite your broken hands and spirit
Despite your eyes covered in sheaths of shit
Despite constructing a fallacy, that is reality

And when you leave take your tools with you
Rusted hands cemented over gray skies
Blockaded thoughts upheld by once was
Used to be, archaic notions of the obsolete
No longer will the malleable make sense
No longer will sweat be the defense
It is clear now; my heart no longer bleeds red
My skin no longer mimics the outside weather
My eyes have stopped search for answers to indelible questions

And when you leave take your tools with you
Your choice not to see renders my invisible
My physicality lays side by you in your bed of treachery
Grabs your sheets, muffles sounds in your pillow
And yet there is no me
And yet there is no you
And yet there is no we
I have left my emotions stained on the floor
Only belonging to the ones above
The clouds dance in our faces, and no smiles are to be had
No quench to satisfy
No sunshine to cover up, no sparkle to dull
Your job is done, my dear

And when you leave take your tools with you
What am I left with
but broken pieces of you and me
Sprayed amidst the canvas I've tried to create
And yes I know it's me in the mirror
Glossless, faceless, spiritless without you
Packed up and gone
With me
If you leave, and take yours, you take me
And when you leave
Just leave