

## 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

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*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*