AND STILL WE RISE

KU C! HASKELL WOMEN OF COLORS RETREAT 2016 #KUVDOC
Women of color make the world go round

Our history

Our labor

Our beauty

Our strength

Our intelligence

Our adaptability

Our grace
I should not, I will not have to choose between my education, starting a family, marriage, a career. I will be all, do all, and be great.

I am happy for a marriage, for a child but am in love with my education, with my now!

Be you, be great in whatever that may be.
i want to apologize to all the women
i have called pretty
before i’ve called them intelligent or brave
i am sorry i made it sound as though
something as simple as what you’re born with
is the most you have to be proud of when your
spirit has crushed mountains
from now on i will say things like
you are resilient or you are extraordinary
not because i don’t think you’re pretty
but because you are so much more than that
I am a woman
I am a woman of color
I am a woman of color with a voice
I am a woman of color with a voice of power, pain, and a story
I am a woman of color with a voice
I am a woman
I AM A WOMAN

NOT "A WOMAN TOO"

SOY UNA MUJER

I'M REAL I'M HERE. HERE
Q: WHO IS SHE?
A: F*cker
Being Black In America

To the person who is reading this,
You are beautiful and smart.
Embrace every part of who you are.
Your dark skin is not a badge of shame. Your Black is beautiful.
and you are wonderfully and fearfully made
in the image of God.
I don't need to teach you about racism and gender equality. You have all the resources you need to find out for yourself (Google).

If you need direction, someone to point you the right way, I am here for you.

But don't expect me to teach you or help you if you are not open and willing to discover that of your own volition.
YOU ARE REAL

YOU ARE NOT AN ABERRATION.
YOU ARE NOT AN ABERRATION.
YOU ARE NOT AN ABERRATION.
Icicles

I see this beautiful old tree on a cold winter's night. The sky was glistening and sparkly with magic, but it was deceiving. Icicles started to fall on me as they about to pierce into my soul and my body. I feel that I can catch these icicles by catching them in my hand. I grip on these icicles, but as I look up the sky there are more icicles—falling.

You old tree, you are deceiving plant.
I can only say that this tree will outweigh me.
Sweet Africana

Your name does not drip with honey;
it is sharp with Vengeance.

The soul of your flesh, the souls of your body;
The soles of your feet;
Fitted against gravelly roads and dewy grass.

You share the transient light of fireflies and hum with Cicadas.

Sweet Africana

You pray that the fire of your blood does not burn your skin; that it only keeps you warm, like lights the Revolution.
I AM BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN OF COLOR

DO:
- deserve your respect
- take up space (unapologetically)
- have the right to be proud of themselves
- have power and a voice

DONT:
- owe you explanations
- exist for your pleasure
- have to teach you
- speak for all women of color (stop expecting them to)
EQSECHA

MOVEMENT

.COM

for the permanent protection, dignity, and respect of immigrants
Your acknowledgement doesn't create my EXISTENCE...
and it certainly does not give you the right to define how much easier my life is.
The government does not and has never provided an easy life or amazing opportunities for me. I am a NATIVE woman. I am here like I always have been... and always will with or without your ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.
Recipes for the tired REVOLUTIONARY

**Only 1 pot needed!**

**Bacon Macaroni**

In a pot, add:
- chopped bacon
- onion
Remove when cooked, then add:
- macaroni noodles
- water/milk/sour cream
- salt, pepper or whatever
- pepper jack, colby, and Cheddar cheese
Cook that, then add the bacon and onions back in!

**Lemon Pepper Salmon**

- Salmon (pre. frozen or thawed)
- Add:
  - salt, melted butter
  - lemon pepper seasoning
  - lemon slices
- place all of that on a pan and bake for 30 minutes
- or place in pan, cook 10 minutes on each side

**Green Smoothie(s)**

Blend:
- Greek Yogurt
- Spinach
- Pineapple
- Bananas
- Ice

**Fun Smoothie Blend**
- Banana(s)
- Strawberry
- Pineapple
- Mango
- Ice

Cook, recharge, drink water, get some sleep and fight the good fight tomorrow!
fuck ice

and all of the shingonas it has
stolen from us

Happy Hispanic Heritage Month
ما استحق الحياة
عند هذه الأرّح
هايمهイフ""
Recipes for the tired REVOLUTIONARY

* No measuring! / *

**Apple Cider**
- some apple juice
- some sugar
- tiny pinch of salt
- cinnamon
- nutmeg
- orange peels
- water
*Boil in a pot for 30 minutes

*No baking! No measuring*

**Energy Bites**
- some peanut butter
- some chocolate chips
- some sugar
- some oats
- some melted butter
- some Craisins
*Mix together
*roll into balls
*place in fridge

**Chili**
- 1 lb ground meat (lentils if vegetarian)
- onions
- peppers
- tomatoes (like 2)
- tomato paste (small can)
- 1 pack chili seasoning
- some salt and pepper
- black beans (or kidney beans)
*Cook in Crock pot for 2 hours
*OR* in a big pot for 1 hour

Disregard if under 21 +

**Spiced Hot Cocoa**
- 1 (or 2) pack of hot cocoa mix
- vanilla or milk chocolate milk, or water is fine, too!
- sprinkle of cinnamon
- splash of (RumChata or Tequila)
*Mix into mug and heat for 2 minutes*

"Cook, recharge, drink some water, get some sleep, and fight the good fight tomorrow!"
"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder."

"Women of color are unique."

"Women are powerful."

"The only thing that separates women of color from anyone else is opportunity."
I am me, in all that my being encompasses. I am God's child, created as royalty in his eyes. My heart spreads love. I was created to serve. The world tries to harden me. There is a constant inner-process of chiseling the worldly cement from accumulating and harming the world. I am in the world, but not of it. I strive to better everything I encounter. I am searching, yearning for the best version of me.
Resilient.

To the Iîna Indigena

Ty Ignacio
they have no idea what it is like to lose home at the risk of never finding home again have your entire life split between two lands and become the bridge between two countries first generation immigrant.

- Rupi Kaur
We are here. We are present. Our presence exists. Our actions matter and have influence. We are Women of Color. We are nothing less and nothing more. Our presence exists. We are present. We are still here.

Tatyana T.
Caution
Carefree
Woman of Color
Women of Color
Every link essential
Together, inseparable.
Strength Unity Bond Connected
2 Timothy 1:7

For God has not given us a spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind.
I AM A BEAUTIFUL NATIVE, A LAKOTA WOMAN OF COLOR

Not your token native

Not your mascot

Not my ancestors

My culture is beautiful

Respect my existence

Expect my resistance

#MNIW

#nodare

Not your pocahontas

I am a invisible

Jay Hawk
The Story of My Eyes

Ambition. Deep
Anger
I SURVIVE

My Life

TAMIR RICE
Philando Castile
SANDRA BARTON
TRAYVON MARTIN

BUT HERE WE STAND IN ALL OUR GLORY
#BLACKLIVESMATTER

ACTIVE RESISTANCE
I attend class.
I pretend
Whiteness.
I smile.
I Die.

BLACKLIVESMATTER. BLACK BODIES
BLACK TRANSLIVESMATTER. 119.119
BLACKLIVESMATTER. FREDDIE GRAY
ill: a journey through mental illness

No one in my classes looked like me, and as painfully obvious as that was. I spent each day living like an apology, each night swimming in the bottom of bottles big and small. Held my razor like a security blanket, held my tongue like my fucking life depended on it.

It was then I first learned just how violent silence could really be.
To the young girl that would get in trouble for not following societal gender roles, because she would rather play "rough" instead of with Barbie dolls.

To the teenager who was hypersexualized in high school, and who learned of the history of silence of Black women in her own family as a means of trying to protect their bodies.

To the now young Black adult, who allowed the history of silence she was taught to follow her. To the young Black woman who saw violence against Black women in her family, but was too afraid to speak up about it.

To the Black young professional who has decided that enough is ENOUGH! Who has learned that my silence will not protect people of color, nor myself. So take up the space you once demeaned as not being for you, IT'S MINE and Beautiful women of color ... IT'S YOURS!

Jordan Bratt
To White Nail Polish

By: Margarita Afely Núñez Arroyo

My mother once said to forget of your existence
she claimed you made me darker
and darkness was always something I needed to run from
As women of color, we live by rules
Even in choosing the next color of our nail polish
My mother felt tormented from her skin, she dreamed of being a European princess
but her hair was dark as night and instead of appearing as a slender ballerina
she appeared as powerful warrior
with thighs of security and womanhood
She danced as she entered into a struggle with the roots rocked back and forth
entering in an embrace with her friends
Her dancing was grounded; it didn't reach toward the skies like ballet
but while ballerinas stood on their tip toes intending to reach the hands of people to be pulled
my mother pulled up her people
She moved her feet with power, beauty, and courage
Her thighs creating the earth to rumble and snake
She was the dancer that created her own noise, her own voice
Beyond the power of her body, she feared you... white nail polish
You reminded her of her brown skin
You reminded her of her too different body for ballet.
You mocked her for years, telling her, her pigmentation was not accute for you
And one day el more you and told my mother she should too
Sara is not a white name
We Are
Shades of BROWN
"We've got to be brave for one another. You could be that olive branch for another womxn."
"Negro..."

"Beaner..."

"Kill the Indian,
Save the Man...."

Don't let their words stop you.
They're the one's scared of what you are capable of...

- Clara Cisco
When I think about being a woman of color, I associate that identity with chocolate. And when I think chocolate, I think...

emotions, tissues, tears, romance, solitude

smile, filling, feeling

women, female identified bodies, "second" sex

Brown, and yes there's many forms of chocolate.

But I feel true chocolate is brown chocolate. And true chocolate isn't for everybody. We, women of color, are not responsible to heal the world. So when I think chocolate, I think of...
I am tempered by the fire
I am no one's token, leverage, mascot
or am I what others label me to fit
into their preconceived Colonial box.
So if you were told I was Anything less
than human you were lied to. I was
lied to as I believed this person to be
an ally.
This is who I am
I am a mixed Shawnee woman. I have
lighter skin than some of my relatives and
darker than others, it does not define my being.
I define myself through actions and relationships
to and with all my relations, those seen and
unseen. I am educated and learning more
all the time. I am a friend, partner, Student,
Mother, grandmother, daughter, granddaughter,
and so on, of people that love me and I love.
I am free and I am loved. I am not born
again... I was only awakened...
I have always been Shawnee.
I was told that someone that I thought was an advocate and scholar of Indigenous rights, decolonization, indigenization, feminism and social justice called me many negative things, one of which was "*Born again Indian*". I thought about this for a long time, at first I was mad, then hurt, then angry, and now I have to laugh.

If being *Born again* ignites the fire in my soul and spirit of who I already am and who I am to grow into being then let me grab onto the paradigm. Indigenize and Decolonize!

How dare a *colonial, settler, white feminist, savior wannabe* label me after what my family fought to survive and protect so I might be here at all, as well as have anything left to learn I will never have to justify to anyone who I am because I know who I am and where I come from. I am proud of my heritage. It was never our fault we suffered physical and cultural genocide at the hands of the settler colonizers.

I am reminded that the genocide and colonization some think is history is very much alive, living in actions and remarks like the ones made by someone in a position of power I trusted. I make no apologies for the woman I am... I have been through hell to get to who I am today.
#BlackGirlMagic

'Kamour 2016'
I want to pinch your ears with my shrilly laughter because it's most likely your fault.
I want to stain your skin with my kisses.
I want to give you cavities with tiny favors.
I want to tug your hair gently, so you can feel the bliss I can almost physically pull from your body.
I want to PUNCH you in the chest for all the times you've made my heart choke with either happiness or desperation.
I want to arm wrestle you just to prove that I know that sometimes I am wrong.

I want to give you a shiner on a day that I put in a little more effort into myself.
I want to crack your nose, back into place because I am usually the one busting it because I am chummy both verbally and physically.
Yet somehow you can still sense my love and for this I am forever grateful because damn do you smell good.

Sometimes I'm in the ring.
Getting riled up ready to lose myself.
But, I'm in your corner.
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KU & HASKELL WOMEN OF COLORS RETREAT 2016

#KUWOC