

Show Me Your I.D.

By
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I am constantly being asked to
provide identification.
But the inquirers are looking for my
Racial measurements, not my
Height:
Weight:
Gender:
Class: 5

Which license qualifies me to
Drive along the hyphen between
Caribbean-Canadian?
What training did I receive to navigate
Along the road between the races?

And yet people still watch
My dress, my speech, my choices,
Looking for me to produce I.D.,
To identify myself.

The suburban moms at my son's school watch to
Check my racial ratio.
How much black?
How much white?

The girls in my hip hop dance class watch to
See my percentages.
Am I black enough?

Will I ever be enough?

I see the profilers make a
Check list of racial evidence that
Will be used in the case
Against me.
To prove who I am.

- ✓ African name
- ✓ Light skin

- ✓ Wild curly hair
- ✓ White husband
- ✓ Suburban style
- ✓ Soca rhythm

What is their verdict?

Alone,
I am comfortable in my own skin.
I don't feel the need to constantly question myself.

It is only when confronted by
The looks,
The questions,
The observations,
From those uncomfortable with the
In-between
That I feel the pressure to
Produce my I.D.

And without the luxury of hiding behind
A race
A stereotype,
I must constantly respond
To their demands-

What are you?

Prove yourself.