Sweet Talk

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Bethel is a second year student at McMaster University in the Bachelor of Health Sciences program. In her free time she enjoys making music, reading, playing skribbl.io, and changing her Zoom background image. Her art was inspired by a second year course that she recently took on arts-based research.

Keywords

systematic racism,
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Acknowledgements

I'd like to thank my arts-based research professor for encouraging creativity, even when our ideas were absurd!

I read your words
No, I stand amongst them
And I listen to the trees
I smell the pollen, the sweet nectar of flowers
I listen to the bees
That you have silenced.

I hear your words
No, I see them
Seeping from your mouth
Like fresh, golden, honey pouring from a newly picked
comb
The sickly sweetness leaving a bad taste in my own.

You say you are writer, a poet, a knower.

You write of worlds that eliminate my own
You make books of fake histories
You engrave them into stone

Your history is now truth,
Your lies permeating the now
Because that is what you do.

You say you are a writer, a poet, a knower.

You tell me these things,
You wish to restrict my words with your power.

I reject your books, I write my own.

Perhaps it is a good thing that I am not naive.
Perhaps it is a good thing that my people's history has
taught me to see,
but not always to believe.