

Performative Activism - Mel B

Screenshot.

Type.

Post.

Done.

You've just reposted a picture of a police brutality victim

You've typed "*RIP!*" in big pink letters

Wow, you're such an activist, *right?*

24 hours

1,140 minutes

Thirteen, fifteen, twenty-five, thirty years of life only showcased for 24 hours.

Is that all our lives are worth?

Is that all MY life is worth?

I check your bio.

#BLM #ENDPOLICEBRUTALITY

And yet...

And yet...

No words escape your lips when my character is judged before they even know my name

When I am told I don't belong here

When I am shown my life matters none

The smell of blood hangs in the air,

Reminding me the streets I walk are not safe

I cry for help

And you plug your ears

I *can't* breathe

And you will not give me air

I *can't* grow

And you will not give me water

The leaves upon my people's tree are dying

The leaves that are our lives are

Falling

Falling

Falling

Crushed under your shoe until it returns upon the earth

I am invisible until I am no more

But you're such an activist...*Right?*

Right?

Wrong.