

Who Am I?

Who am I?

I am the Latino teenager who works part-time in your mailroom.

You know

The one you think is in a gang, just because I use street slang.

Who am I?

I'm the Black woman who works in your group.

You know

*The one who wears her hair in braids, or a natural, or dreadlocks,
the one you call a radical with an attitude.*

Who am I?

I am your blind neighbor.

You know

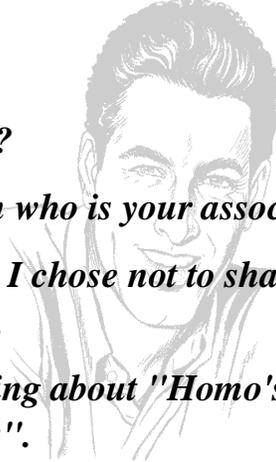
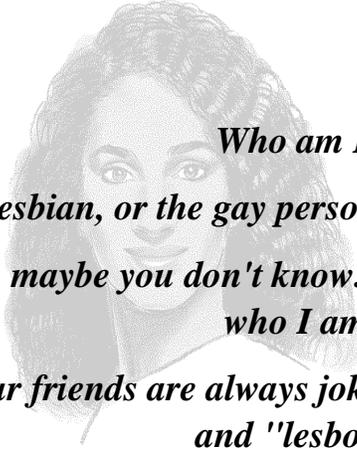
*The one you always speak loudly to as though I had a hearing disability instead
of one of sightlessness.*

Who am I?

I'm the Korean grocer in your neighborhood.

You know

The one you call unfriendly just because I don't smile enough for you.



Who am I?

I am a lesbian, or the gay person who is your associate.

You know . . . oops, maybe you don't know. I chose not to share that aspect of who I am,

Because you and your friends are always joking about "Homo's", and "queers", and "lesbos".

If you only knew how closely I work with you.

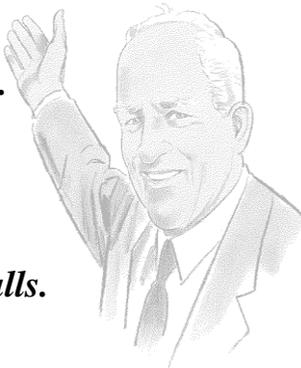
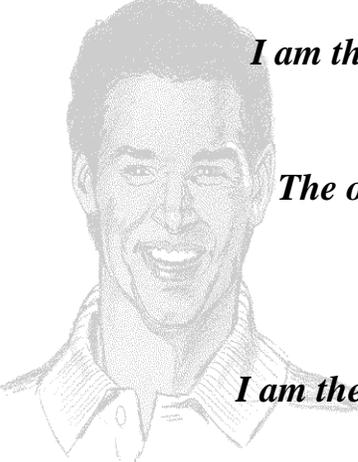


Who am I?

I am the Japanese American who works in your sales department.

You know

The one whose name you make fun of and expect me to laugh.



Who am I?

I am the Christian woman who travels with you to make client calls.

You know

The one you keep apologizing to, every time you tell an off-color joke, or use God's name in vain.

Why do you apologize?

You obviously are not sorry, or you would change your behavior.



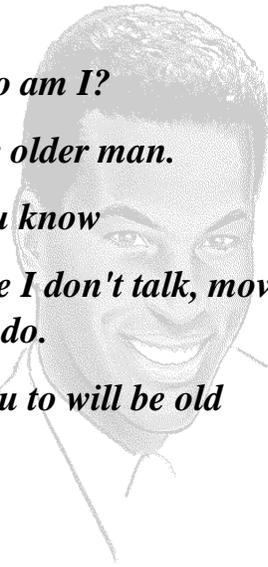
Who am I?

I am the older man.

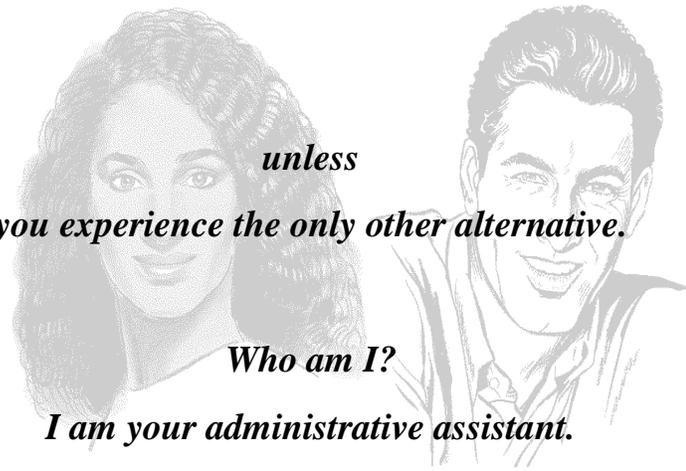
You know

The one you get impatient with because I don't talk, move, or drive as fast as you do.

One day you to will be old



*unless
you experience the only other alternative.*



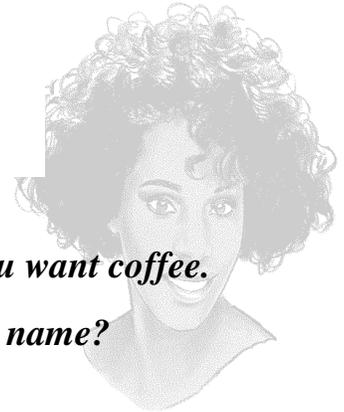
Who am I?

I am your administrative assistant.

You know

The one you always call "Hon" or "Sweetie" whenever you want coffee.

How many years will it take for you to learn my real name?

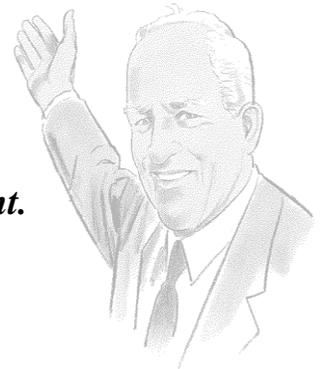
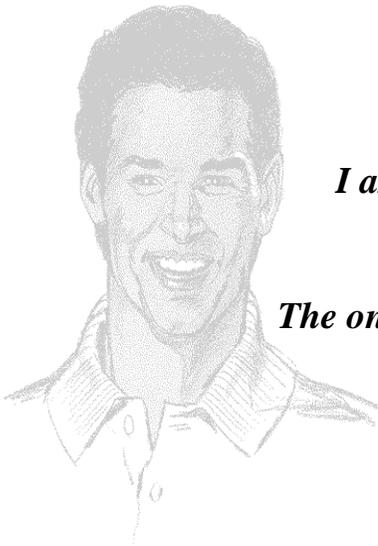


Who am I?

I am the new associate who just relocated to your office.

You know

The one you imitate all the time because of my southern accent.



Who am I?

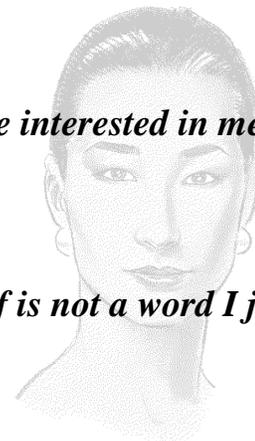
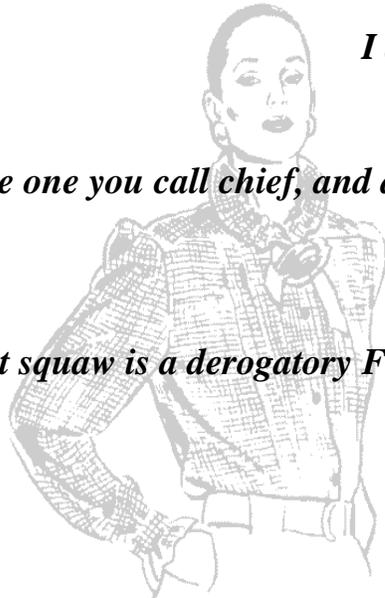
I am the American Indian.

You know

*The one you call chief, and ask how's my squaw. If you were interested in me as
an individual,*

you would know

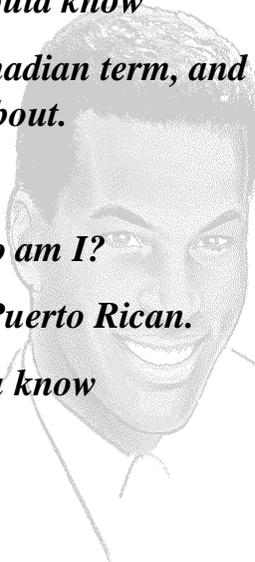
*that squaw is a derogatory French-Canadian term, and chief is not a word I joke
about.*

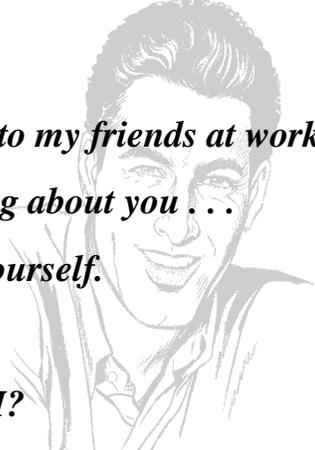
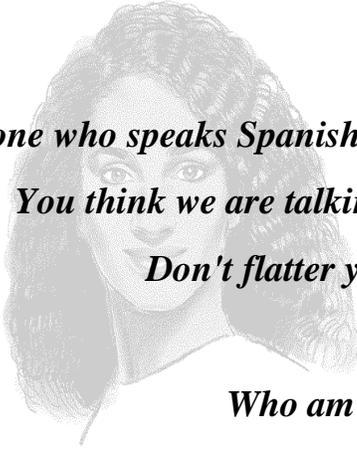


Who am I?

I am the Puerto Rican.

You know





The one who speaks Spanish to my friends at work.

You think we are talking about you . . .

Don't flatter yourself.

Who am I?



I'm the African American man who works down the hall.

You know

the one you and your friends say,



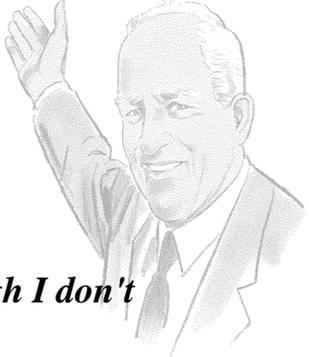
I only got my job because of my color, of course not because I was the best candidate.

Who am I?



I am the Chinese American human resource specialist.

You know

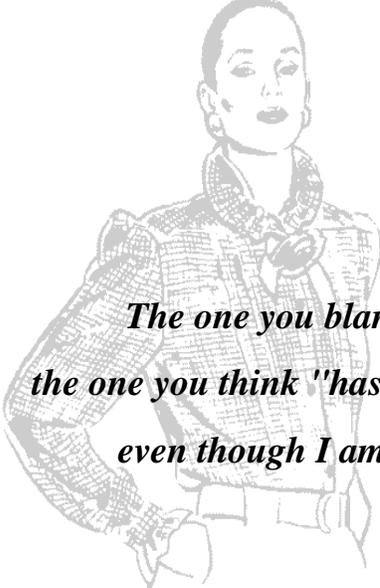


The one you keep asking to help you with your computer, even though I don't understand that technical stuff either.

Who am I?

I am a White American.

You know



*The one you blame for the errors made over 200 years ago
the one you think "has it made" the one you think "just doesn't get it"
even though I am your strongest advocate among my peers.*

Who am I?

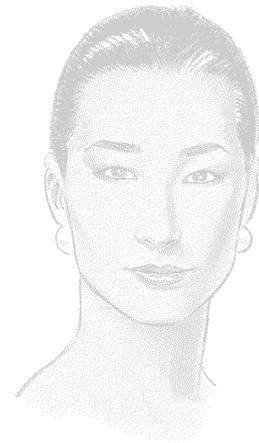
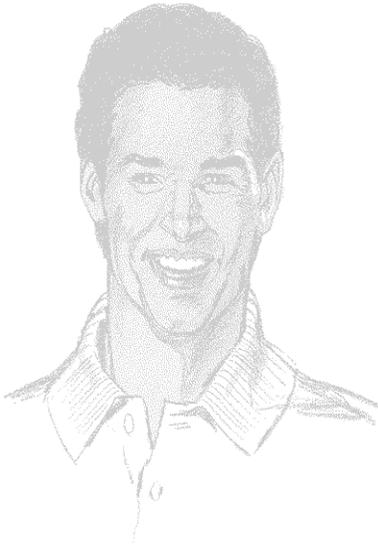
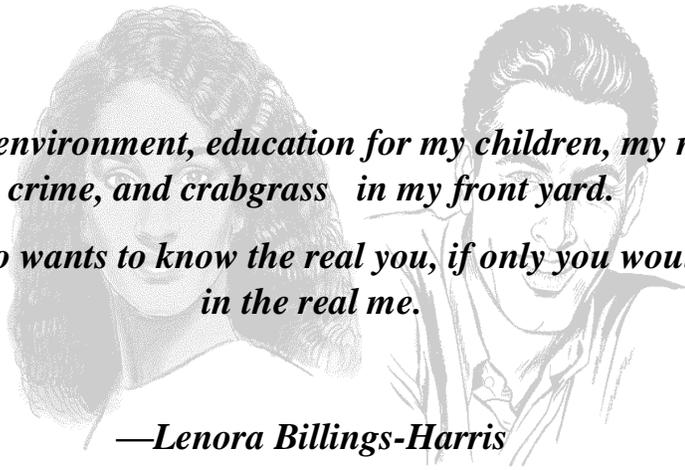


I am an American person

*I worry about the environment, education for my children, my next paycheck,
crime, and crabgrass in my front yard.*

*I am the person who wants to know the real you, if only you would act interested
in the real me.*

—Lenora Billings-Harris



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