

Amir Odom Review

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CwKv9u-nz_Y

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=70mvsgalJ4U>

I appreciate his balanced perspective. I will be honest. I feel harmed by the “Black, Brown & Yellow culture” community and endured abuses that I excused in the past. I mean, I really excused them to the point of enduring “revenge filming” and being forced out of a home. This was the price I would pay unless I accepted the abuse, fully and without question.

Push came to shove in recent years when the attacks became too hateful to ignore. I was being harmed in my day-to-day interactions by Black and Brown people in Florida, specifically in Tampa, who had “mobilized” there. My experience was not isolated to Florida and was also experienced in other places as well. With mass migration and rapid demographic changes, I couldn’t get away from it.

The store clerks at the checkout line threw my things down. It wasn’t just once; it was a “normalized” social cue to “micro”-attack me when I checked out. Just walking out of my place of work carrying trash to the dumpster agitated a foreign woman. It didn’t matter where I was or what I did. Another White woman and I were randomly yelled at during work by a foreign woman. I chose to gently stick up for us, and I endured retaliation and triangulation. I was again “stared” down while she actively attempted to recruit others into her gang against me.

I had a drink thrown at me while I was running. On another occasion, my drink had what seemed like spit in it. On my walks, I was being stared down. I was cut in line and then physically threatened, despite my remaining cordial and respectful. I experienced aggression by vehicle. I couldn’t just “be” anymore. I couldn’t hold the door open for someone. I couldn’t smile without my “smile being stolen.”

Within the party I always supported, I hardly had a voice. Something changed. It all became dark, abusive and evil. I noticed a trend, it didn’t matter what happened to me or how I was treated. I could be called anything and treated any way, and there would be no allies, sadly, not even who I considered my best friend of 20 years.

Well, needless to say, I left the party I spent a lifetime supporting. Never again will I lower myself, dehumanize myself, or put myself at the shoes of others who want to harm me just so they can “feel more comfortable.” I simply won’t tolerate abuse toward me because of who I am anymore, and I feel better because of it. It is healing to throw off the chains and oppression of our society. *Who knew?*