

May 8, 2024 (via X)

New X Header: *A more in depth expression of my thoughts and feelings surrounding starting fresh which no one asked for but writing helps me sort. i'll post this on my newly private page for remaining/newly added followers. **Read if you'd like, but the point, in short, is stated above.***

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I want to provide the clarification that my decision to start fresh with followers that I can identify on a private account is in response to my current feelings around safety and surveillance. It is not a reflection of me feeling defeated or silenced despite what has felt like a concerted effort by some individuals/bots/journalists/etc. to make these things true.

As a Twitter user of over 10 years (with numerous now inactive accounts) the aforementioned feeling of disappointment is not about losing numbers or a following, it's about mourning the 2k individuals with whom I've built a community on this platform, specifically those that I would not have met were it not for this platform. Activists, Artists, Friends, Regular ass people like me getting through the day with Twitter humor, news, memes, and all other elements with which we communally engage on this app.

Unfortunately, 10 years on this app also means that during this span of time, some individuals/bots/journalists/etc. have only followed me or engaged with my account to have access to my personal info/space in an effort to bring harm to myself, my family, and my loved ones. Recently, the level of threat/harm is something that I am unwilling to tolerate. Despite the amount of emails, calls, texts, and cyber stalking from strangers calling me a bitch or a nigger, or any of the other creative words and phrases being used while threatening violence, demanding that I harm myself, and so forth, (all which is in opposition to my public/explicit calls for equity and liberation) this time has been a reminder of how grateful I truly am for my systems of support.

I think about 20 year old me
already suicidal
already lost

consumed with feelings of worthlessness

And while my heart breaks knowing that I've wanted to kill myself for less

or that this hatred, at that point, is exactly the type of thing I would have used as damning evidence that life here wasn't worth much.

My heart is also filled with immense gratitude during this time

Stepping into my thirties in a profoundly different place, these are the things that keep me closest to God, because I owe so many thanks every single day.

Much to the dismay of everyone praying on my literal downfall *LOL*I turned 30 this year and have never felt so truly whole and loved by those around me, and most importantly, myself. I am so grateful for the support of my family, friends, and loved ones during this time, without whom, I cannot fathom ways that this amount of isolation or censorship could have potentially violently disrupted my ability to show up, exist, work, chill, and all together, just be. I am so grateful most of all to God, who time and time again, has only given me battles that I can handle (EVEN THOUGH I KEEP TELLING MY GUY THAT I'M NOT HIS STRONGEST SOLDIER). I am so in awe even in the face of these difficult moments, 2024 is still turning out to be my best year (I can remember) to date.

This time, though tremendously difficult, has been critical and transformational in the ultimate cementing of my most radical beliefs: in the people, in community, in myself, my worth, and the blessings that fill my life today, reminding me how far I've come and how happy I am to still be here.

Bendiciones y Besitos,
Kayla Aliese Carter