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Poem

My intuitive experience of intersectional identity(ies)

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In the tapestry of life I stand, a woman, with the richness of my Brown hue, first-generation echoes in my journey's land, an adult Migrant, my roots are an intertwining brew.

English, my second tongue, yet I wield its power, a contractual position, my anchor in the tide, a Brown Woman, blooming like a rare flower, in the sprawling garden of supremacy's embrace, where dreams collide and other stars shine brightly.

On the trail of research, I chart my course, first-gen whispers shaping my every stride. In the halls of academia's gate, my laurels fade, as shadows overtake.

I cast aside the chains of imposed defeat, seeking the hidden force in my veins, beneath the surface, where cracked strength and dismay meet.

I wandered through the labyrinth of maternal embrace, where roots of resistance whispered secrets of Grace. And realised, in academia's halls, maternity leave is seen as a fracture in the ivory tower's gleam,

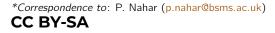




Figure 1: A portrait from Bjar @bjarart (TikTok)

or a river etching wisdom's course, through the rigid stone of entrenched discourse.

Amidst unfairness's looming night, the poet's pen ignites a dream of justice, casting shadows into the realm of light. I wear my intersectional badge with Grace, 'Realise', all are unintentional!!!... Just fight.

My light shines bright, an unwavering sight, for I am a first-gen, Brown Migrant Woman, unyielding in this earthly space. Yet, in quiet moments, fear whispers, warning of storms that might steal your sky.

