

MY EDUCATION

My education began from the womb. A white woman carrying a black baby in a racist country; this experience passed to me as instinct, an impression upon the developing brain.

I remember little of my mother as she gave me to the system at age two.

Adopted to a black family in the early 70's, my education continued in the spirit of the African American struggle, where, eventually, the struggle got the better of me and I became a burden to my foster mother.

After eleven years with the foster, I was given over to Child Services and placed in an institutional setting. Twice abandoned and angry, the education continued.

I remember the impersonal oversight, the indifference shown by "staff" when I approached them with a concern or problem.

The institution was clinical at best, like a mental hospital, not a replacement for family.

This is the type of structured environment I grew up in, and the same type I live in now.

I am institutionalized; I am abandoned; I am angry; I am black; I am white; and, I am alone.

My education continues....