

A



B



C

“Superficial”

The pictures reveal that I am blind. The slides flow steadily, an endless stream of skin and scar. The instructor tells me that there is disease here, written on this man’s skin, but it is hard to grasp. On the light skin, the changes are clear, the tissue red and ravaged. But here, in the dark, it is shadowed, swallowed, silent.

I could cut the irony with a knife.

We perpetuate the cycle. I am taught the problems and illnesses of those who look like me, and as a result, I am blind to the problems of those who don’t. I am well-demarcated, my borders and margins clear and separate.

My blindness extends far below the skin, into the blood, the injustices carved into bone. I was not grown from bigotry and hate, but I have been ignorant of the truth in the world. I once believed it was enough for me to treat everyone I met as an equal. Yet, a single person lacking prejudice means nothing if others make castles of it.

Below the skin, illness has festered in neglected corners. If I truly want to heal, I need to open my eyes to it. Systems built to sweep others under the rug. Rampant poverty. Cancerous hate.

And above all, silent ignorance. I am done sleepwalking through the world.