

May 2022

## "How Dare You"

Adara J. Cox  
*Nova Southeastern University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions>



Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#), and the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Cox, Adara J. (2022) ""How Dare You"," *Digressions: Literary & Art Journal*: Vol. 19, Article 7.  
Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol19/iss1/7>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Digressions at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions: Literary & Art Journal by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact [nsuworks@nova.edu](mailto:nsuworks@nova.edu).

---

## "How Dare You"

### Author Bio

Adara, originally from Charleston, South Carolina, moved to Florida to pursue her graduate degree in Composition, Rhetoric, and Digital Media. What inspires Adara the most is knowing that her gift as a writer supports creating spaces for people of color who are often silenced by systemic power dynamics within society. For life after graduation, Adara intends to continue using her writing to guide others to advocate, whether that may be teaching, creating resources, and or designing training and development content, she knows that advocating for people of color will always be a priority in her career.

# HOW DARE YOU ADARA COX

How dare you judge me for my complexion?

How dare you call me dangerous when you are the one with the weapon?

How dare you say that “All Lives Matter,” but remain silent or neutral when a Black life is taken for granted?

How dare you justify cops murdering Black people, and say that we are to blame?

How dare you say that you see no color and that you love all people the same—yet, not see that innocent lives are being taken because they see color?

How dare you say that “I am not a racist; I have Black friends.”—yet, not use your privilege to spread awareness and fight against?

How dare you be so unaware of the struggles that Black people face each and every day?

How is it possible to be so oblivious to the struggles of others, even if they are not your own?

How dare you say that we are all made in the image of God—yet, not treat us as such?

How dare you say, “Why won’t Black people just go back to Africa?”, when y’all are the reason that we are here.

How dare you belittle our pain.

How dare you not acknowledge our presence.

How dare you ignore our pleas for justice and cries for help.

How dare you.

Black people are tired of being treated as disposable.  
Black people are exhausted.  
WE JUST WANT TO BE HEARD.

Educate yourself.  
We don't want your sympathy.  
Empathize with our pain.

Racism is real.  
Prejudice is real.  
White supremacy is real.  
Black hate, oh it's REAL.

I dare you to take action.  
I dare you to speak up.  
I dare you to fight against the very systems that  
continuously try to take us out.

Ignorance is bliss, but your silence is betrayal.

**Author Statement**

*"When writing my poem 'How Dare You,' I was creating to release the built frustration and anger I felt witnessing my people be murdered at the hands of those abusing their authority. I felt helpless and scared for my own life at the time, and the only way I knew how to channel those feelings, was through a pen. Writing has always been my outlet, but this poem I wrote is very special to me. I not only found my voice, but a fire ignited within me, to continue resisting power structures that work against me and other people of color. I hope the readers of Digressions are challenged by my poem, in such a way, that a fire is also ignited within them, to recognize that systems still exist that place value of one life over another; and that, people of color, just like me, experience this normalized reality."*