

Elle Kubby

I was born in Saint Petersburg, Florida and I am an up and coming Filmmaker and Spiritual Writer. I have a personal blog (Ellekubby.com), where I explore subjects in consciousness, feminism, social commentary, and healing. I am in the beginning stages of filming my first documentary based on my first ayahuasca experience. Set for presentation in Winter 2020. I wanted to contribute to this project as way to expand my reach as a writer. I want people to connect to me as a spiritual writer that weaves love, inspiration, and power into everything that I write.



An Open Letter To Black Daughters, HUEman, & Dark Thoughts

Elle Kubby
Ellekubby.com
DirectedxKubby@gmail.com

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"An Open Letter to Black Daughters" is a letter I wrote to both myself and my sisters. I needed to write a letter that created a safe space for Black Women to be validated. The second poem "HUEman" addresses the spiritual void that is missing due to the oppression we have been victim to. The last poem "Dark Thoughts" is a poem that reminds us of the universal Truth of our existence.

An Open Love Letter to Black Daughters

I think I have gone too long without saying this, but you are not in this alone and you are deeply loved. I love you dearly and pray for your peace, healing, and happiness often. Our Sisters, Mothers, Daughters and most importantly our community loves and cherishes us. Although, at times it seems to be false. For far too long we have placed fear in our Daughters hearts, we have placed bags of shame on our Sisters backs and we have left no room for empathy toward our Mothers. The love has always been here, but we have been distracted by worldly nuances.

Somewhere between then and now, I allowed myself to surrender to the pain and became just another bystander when you were swallowed whole in yours. I have tried to forget about the day we had our innocence taken while the world continued. We stay tethered to depleted vessels, negative environments, and vapid life paths. We have become masters at hiding the keloids on our spirit under the masks of showing up for everyone else. Some of us think that we are unworthy of a life of fulfillment, sustainable happiness, selfless love and abundance. If you have ever hoped that somehow someone will see you as worthy enough to be loved. I see you. Thoughts of you fill my eyes often. You wake up every day and you keep going. You have lost time giving your power away and you seem to have misplaced your crown for a mask. My love, you are the archetype for the divine feminine. That is how you have strength to move forward when others would be crushed on impact. We can no longer use weapons of jealousy, condemnation, and indifference to keep us separated. My head was buried in the sand because I allowed caricatures of you to run rampant in my mind unchecked. You have lost so much over our lifetimes, and I was not there to stop the thieves. I am here for you and vow to wrap you in love through our eternal timeless existence.

I hear your voice loudest when you sit in silence as they wrap their insecurities, projections, and false narratives in the attempt to smother your spark of life that has been so resistant to annihilation. You are not my competition. I root for you because I will always continue to pour all that I have in seeing you be free someday. I have heard them tell you that your pain is not valid so that you would voluntarily give your strength to them instead.

I understand you most when your words climb through the mountains of rage and retreat into the valleys of misunderstanding. I smile at your clever deceit and I know your truth when you disguise her in that politically correct dress. Your kind to those who deserve your wrath.

You love in such a selfless way that it has become detrimental to your very existence. There are those that seethe, snarl, and attack you when you dare to drink or replenish yourself in your own love. Keep on, loving on you. I have heard words spoken and written languages say we are too dark to be beautiful or you are too light to belong to us. Whether your hair knots, kinks or curls its way around your crown. Never bow your head to those who must use ignorance, manipulation, and force to subdue your magnanimity. Your body has been desecrated for the advancement of humanity. We have been told that our bodies are an abomination; only for us to carry the burden of shame but our silhouettes replicated onto false idols for popular consumption. For those who are struggling to gain weight and for those who have more to love. Your beauty has not gone unnoticed. My love runs deepest for our Sisters who find themselves on medical tables to gain or lose something to feel whole for once.

Our Sisters are here to fill us with strength when we are drained. We have settled for lovers that have intentionally broken us into submission and punished us for no longer having the will to leave. Just understand they can never keep a caged bird who knows it should be free from finding freedom.

This is for our Mothers who are no longer with us and for the Mothers whose wombs are unable to carry to term. I hope that our Mothers know that we can no longer be victims to their pain, and we must end the cycle here. Our Mothers deserve our empathy, but they are on their own path. We can no longer be weighed down by the guilt of wanting to ascend. Thank you to the Mothers who have found healing, loved our daughters, and protected our daughters with everything they had to give.

This letter is a manifesto to the Mothers who have no heat this winter and to the Mothers who will not have shelter Tomorrow. As people pretend, they do not hear your pleas; I will be here to help find the hope you pack in boxes to make room for survival. It is because of the womb of Mother Earth that gave precedence to your ability to be the first to carry life on this planet. We as Sisters are the remaining relics of the grace of creation. Eternal love is the ribbon of grace that tie us together. It is through division and isolation that keep us from ascending into our divine patterns. There is no resentment in being the healers, the unsupported and the castaways. Nobody wants to show up for us; but we will show up for ourselves now.

This is to our Daughters who decided they cannot return home tonight. You have found warmth in a cold world. No matter where you rest your body tonight. I pray hardest for you. May our ancestors, your Angels and God's mercy protect you from the wickedness that lies in the shadows.

This is for our Sisters who sit in chemotherapy sessions alone and afraid. There have been souls that walked ahead of you, there are souls who walk beside you and there will be souls following in your footprints. I am with you and what we share exists outside of time, the material world but through our unbreakable ancestral bonds. To my Sisters who are left to carry our Daughters alone. You are loved and know that whenever your back aches from carrying the world in both your womb and on your back. I send my love to give you relief through your aching body as it climbs over you like the light from a sunrise taking over a night sky. This is a love letter to my Sisters who work on their businesses when there is no support. To those who study for exams to save a World that needs them but a World that may never tell her she is valued. A love letter for my Sisters who are getting dressed for their 9 to 5 or to my Sisters who get undressed for their 9 to 5. My hope is that you are always where you want to be and not where you feel you must be.

Lets hold a daily moment of silence for our Sisters we lost at the hands of their lovers, this broken healthcare industry, hate crimes and suicides. Another moment for those whose path will be completed before the years end. We are our Sisters only keeper, and I carry regrets for going so long without reminding you that you are loved deeply. We do not have the ability to resurrect our sisters or prevent fate. Those moments have been imprinted in yesterday's memories but for those of us still here we can commit to the choice to love again. A celebration of life can be shared for those whose wombs have not revealed she will be a gatekeeper to new life. We can be better Sisters, Daughters and Mothers for ourselves.

You no longer have to hide behind the "I'm fine", "I'll fix it, myself" or "That's just how life is". Your Sister loves you. I want to see you, love you; the way I love you.

Love always, Kubby

Dark Thoughts

Dear HUEmen,
Melanin possesses the fabric of the void
Our home, a place that made light possible
The absence of love is not hate, its fear
They fear us, they fear you
You remind them of a home
That they have spent lifetimes
Trying to make real here and have failed
Your skin holds the relics of the sacred
The distance of time
The depth of being
The geometry of life
The timeless, the formless, The Creator

HUEmen

I have awoken from a deep sleep
A sleep that bared
No fruits of rest or peace
I was asleep but there were no gatherings
There was no plan
No HUEmen to awaken me
I pray for HUEmen who wander aimlessly
Those who are consumed by idolatry
They are enslaved to the collective worship of their smallness
HUEmen who answer to an overseer that demands them to
bend their knees to the elements
Their senses and their genitalia rule over them as if they were
made by a sadistic deity
They have forgotten who they are
They are HUEmen who sleep