

“Stop The Signifiers!”

Welcome to The Black Box News –

I’m Cyrah Ward.

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TBB News is a platform rooted in challenging the traditional functions of the black box in American Society and its interdependence on stereotypes to survive. I seek to dismantle racially influenced restrictions of the assimilated mind or what I call “box-like thinking”. Through research triggered by my experiences as a black woman and performing artist I welcome you to a journey of busting the box.

Today’s segment will dig deep into the roots of the unarmed black narrative and its dependence on white paranoia to survive.

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(Theme music plays)

“Your piercing gaze.  
Makes my blood boil.  
I feel so out of place.”

...

Vulnerable.

Exposed.

Weak.

Defenseless.

Powerless.

Helpless.

Unprotected.

Undefended

Unguarded.

Unshielded

Unarmed

AND BLACK.

That which signifies an individual's state of being right before cause of death. But what is it to be unarmed when you're Black?

Well its signifies that skin color is directly correlated to crime. Seeing as how we Americans Stand by our Bill of Rights. The average American gun owner owns three guns. In fact 48% of white men are especially likely to exercise their right to bear arms.

Yet somehow to be African-American and armed is not easily unioned with the act of having a physical gun. In the reality of a Black person to be armed means to possess any tool that can be argued as having malicious capabilities in the eyes of the beholder.

So Skittles, of course. God forbid we wanna taste the rainbow. But I digress.

Day in and day out we are bombarded with the unarmed black narrative as if being unarmed is the precondition necessary to maintain innocence and preserve ones breath of life. Not to be confused with being armed as this precondition clearly justifies excessive force resulting in murder.

But what is really being said when the words unarmed encompass our throats?

It's ironic that the original image of the unarmed black, parallels the docile darkie eagerly seeking to abide by all Massa's rules simply to show they ain't mean no harm.

Despite said narrative, Whites were allowed to enforce corrective behavioral tactics, no matter how barbaric. Slaves codes made it very clear that if attacked, slaves could not retaliate and to partake in self-defense was to volunteer for the death penalty. OH, but not to worry, if death was an unfortunate byproduct of said tactics, murder was lawful when rooted in a plantation owners fear of a slave uprising.

White paranoia is the strange fruit that bore race based gun laws and its hangs on the divided states of America to insure its survival. Blacks defending their rights were seen as an act of destroying public peace. Therefore, gun laws were thought to be the official Black supremacy prevention program so not to give agitated Blacks the tools to exercise their well-deserved liberties, by any means necessary.

We see America's love for disarming Black bodies in their mutated slave codes turned black codes turned Jim Crow laws I-I mean Minimum Sentencing Laws.

You see, history makes it clear that to be unarmed is to armed when Black with or without a weapon in sight. So next time you specifically signify a Black person as being unarmed right before cause of death. STOP, and step back.

Take heed to the underlying messages you send. You might just realize that these headlines should simply say "today a Black woman or man was killed by the hands of white paranoia, again".

Now I want you to ask yourself...

Have You Checked Outside The Box?

....

(Theme music plays)

“Cause I’m not hiding anymore...”

...

Thank you so much for listening. Our Vibes is a song called The Table provided by April+Vista. You can catch playback of this episode, and all others to come by visiting [EnthronedOne.com/theblackbox](http://EnthronedOne.com/theblackbox).

I’m Cyrah Ward.

Artist.

Black Woman.

Griot.

Yall stay blessed now!

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(Theme music plays)

“And though you keep me  
From the table  
When company comes knockin  
One things for sure  
There is nothing you can do to starve my soul”

(Music fades Out)