

These words remind me that everything I do in the arts is not just for myself, but for the people who came before me, and for the community that surrounds me.

This day is sacred.  
Not because the chains fell,  
but because we didn't.  
Because our people turned pain into rhythm,  
turned prayers into poetry,  
turned cotton fields into battlegrounds  
for freedom they never even got to taste.

So no,  
this is not just a day off.  
This is a day I carry my people in my chest.  
A day I say,  
I see you.  
To the ones who ran, who fought,  
who died nameless but not forgotten.  
To the ones who whispered freedom  
into the wind and made it law.

Emancipation Day is my inheritance.  
And I will not forget.  
I will not water it down.  
I will speak it loud,  
dance it proud,  
and walk with the weight of it like a crown.

Because I am here  
Black, bold, and unbreakable  
because they dreamed me into becoming.  
And I owe them everything.