

Rachel Yamson
Sunday October 30, 2022
LewerMark 'Make Your Mark' Scholarship Contest Fall 2022
Memoir: Love Letters to Ghana

Love Letters to Ghana

The sun doesn't rise here at 5:30am. I came from a country where the sun starts sprinkling her light over the world at 5:30am, like a baker lightly dusting rolled out dough. Then by 6am you are doused in golden sun rays. The cold sticky dew infiltrates your nose and your hair and dances on your skin; beckoning you to stand and come see the day that the sun has made. Though there is a lot of darkness in my country, its beauty may enthrall you and have you exclaiming that, "oh is there so much light!"

But the land I call my home is economically barren. Not an opportunity in sight. Merely a tropical paradise for holiday seekers, but a wasteland for the wide eyed and bushy tailed sons and daughters of the soil. If I could change anything, I would change our leaders. The elders of yesterday have overstayed their welcome and have consumed all that the land holds in place for its youth. The spirit of my country dies a little each day and I fear that the light in her eyes may soon go out like a dying star.

Here, the sun doesn't begin by tickling the world then slapping it with its big, illuminating presence for the rest of the day. It slowly trudges during the spring

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months and lazily does her placid dance across the sky, if at all. Despite its hazy mornings, America has elucidated many truths to me- the most poignant of which being my Blackness. Until my first week at a PWJ, I had never been aware of my Blackness to the extent that I could feel it screaming at me from under my clothes, through my braids and from beneath the heaviness of my accent. My entire essence wanted to collapse on itself, to be less threatening... to be less triggering. Never have I so earnestly questioned my skin as to why it dared to give me away- but that is the price we pay for betterment...for salvation. If I could change anything, I would rid America of the contention she has with her self-identify. I would ring the bell on the wrestling match America has had with her heritage for decades, so that the dichotomy of colour and power becomes a thing of 19th century philosophers and period-pieces.

Although, America is riddled with her own plagues, she is the birthplace of many dreams and the facilitator of many dreamers. I have indulged in her freedom and shared in the aspirations of a nation to always do and be better.

But as my mind grows from a stream to a river, the current rushes down my throat and smoothens the rock clusters. It washes the duckweed and the lilies that once decorated its outskirts, my accent corrupts, its character retreats. The

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graininess seeps out of it like a classic being remade by a bad director and a talentless cast. I can no longer click my tongue and move my jaw to pronounce the words my mother and I spoke at home. With all the graduation requirement checkmarks I gain, a climbing pain crawls up my back, my posture sags in the winter because there is no sun to reach for. But the generosity of the American dream still brings me a dazzling warmth. Small town Wooster, Ohio has been my safe haven from it all- the moon that blesses the night when the sun retires and darkness threatens to consume us all.