

## The Pressure of Perfection

By

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The feeling of glass shards

Pieces falling from the ceiling after a breakthrough is made

I don't offend any of the shards, so they don't injure me and cause me to bleed

The role of mastering the art of perfection

Walking on a thin balance beam whilst everyone walks on the straight, smooth, non-slip wooden floor

Having to put on a facade

A boundary between my true identity and how society sees me

Having to be a role model for all the other Black and Brown girls to say "wow if she can do it, I can probably do it too"

Having to play their music out loud

and my music within the walls of my abode

The smells of colourful cultures seeping through the door of the kitchen into the dull monochrome office

The expression of fear crawls across my face as the colour violently escapes through the boundary

I risk uncovering the suppressed oppression the majority hold against people like me

That they continue to reach; restrict from entering their prestigious spaces that hold an imperial legacy of greatness to them

But a legacy filled with pain, suffering struggle and acid anticipation for us

However, through this pain tears start to form

They help me grow into a stronger wiser and audacious woman

Who blossoms into the most beautiful flower that you can imagine

Spreading my wings wide

Embarking on an adventure that might be the first of its kind

And will later shape into a door of opportunity for others who are also marginalised, stating the following affirmations

"This is where I belong"

"This is what I have chosen to do"

Whilst gaining power and agency on my own terms

To create safe spaces for people to share their stories

Their identities

And be heard

And seen