WHERE IS THE LOVE?

The comprehensive, ongoing, and engaging conference on Black women's experiences, research, and advocacy.

In the 1978 National Black Women's Conference at Howard University, Calif.
Black feminism, for me, is acknowledging that there are many ways to be a Black woman, and each way is valid and important. When I speak of Black feminism, I am speaking of an experience—a community—a movement—a collective voice.

And it is here, in this community, that I draw my strength. It is in the conversations, the collaborations, the collective action, that we find our power. It is in the shared struggle against systemic racism, that we find our resilience.

But it is also in the self-love and self-respect that we find our power. It is in the recognition of our worth, that we find our dignity. It is in the love that we show ourselves, that we find our strength.

For me, Black feminism is not just about the struggle against oppression, but also about the struggle for self-love and self-respect. It is about recognizing our worth and our value, and rejecting the narratives that seek to demean and devalue us.

And so, I say to you: let us build this community, let us raise our voices, let us stand together. Let us be strong, let us be resilient, let us be self-love and self-respect. For in this community, we find our power.
In the wake of those echoes, the heart calls home. After the words, the tears, and the days of loneliness, the heart seeks comfort. The heart of a woman yearns with the dreams.

Why is it not surprising that a black woman as eminently capable and skilled as Georgia Douglas Johnson should be the poet of these poems? Georgia Douglas Johnson was a woman's work. It is all, finally, the women's work. Is it all, finally, the women's story? How is it that these stories are not told? How does the whole of women's work go on, despite the few who dare to record the voices of such women? How is it that this voice that is filled with the concerns of women is so often ignored? Why has the world of Georgia Douglas Johnson been so often ignored, despite her poetry? And why, do you agree, that Georgia Douglas Johnson's poetry, her voice, is somehow lower than that of others? And how does the world of women's poetry, of Georgia Douglas Johnson's poetry, go on? And why do we not, as women, hold up our voices with pride? When I speak of black women's voices, I must look deep into the tradition, into the history, into the struggle.
New Lives

Old Stories

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