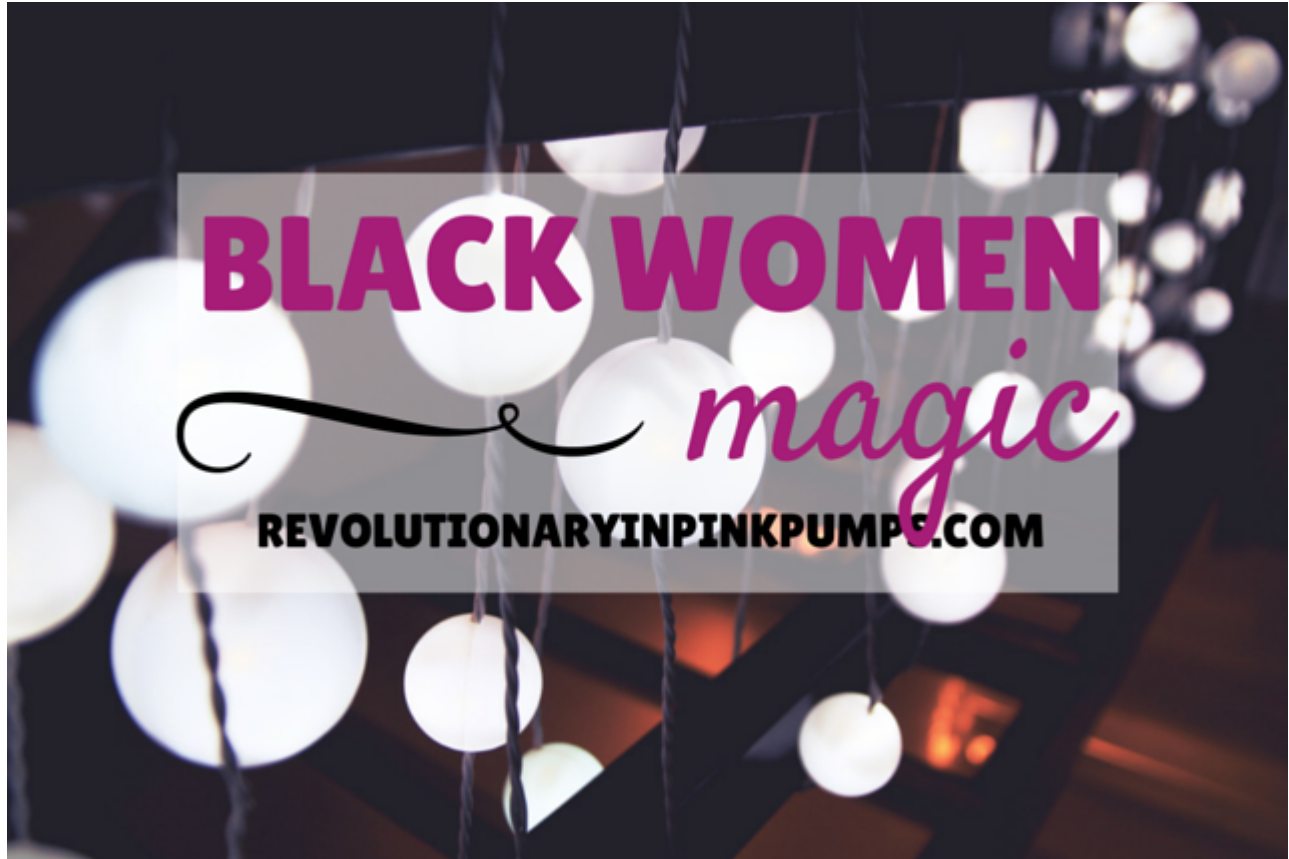


BLACK WOMEN MAGIC

FEBRUARY 19, 2015 BY [ARIEL LECONTE \(EDIT\)](#)

In honor of Black Women Appreciation Day...



As a Black woman, it is almost in my nature to not feel loved. It is almost coded in my DNA to accept that there is a rejection that comes with my existence. Understand that this is not a complaint, it's a statement of fact. The irony of it all is that I embody love; we embody love, Black women.

We love the men who were ripped from us, separated from us, stolen from us. We love the children given to us. We love...hard, despite a world that has rarely, if ever, truly loved us. A world that has only ever known to take from us. Ridicule that which makes us only to take our essence and package it for all but Black women to enjoy. We have never been given the right to control our own bodies. We live in a world that was built on the backs of our wombs, and hard as we may try, we never seem to be good enough for anyone. Burn our scalps for Europe, pick our fro's for Africa, squeeze our organs in the name of a waist. We are the most self depreciating because no one has taught us to love ourselves but each other. When you're considered ugly at every turn by the white women whose children you nursed, the white men whose children you carried, and the Black men you birthed, you don't know where to begin to believe you're beautiful.

Black women don't need a day of appreciation, they deserve it. Despite the black hole that life has always tried to throw Black women, we have survived being the most despised because we taught each other love. We lifted each other up, we celebrated our greatness, and pushed our potential. We are the definition of self sustenance from nothing.

Black women will always be the strongest, most beautiful, and wonderous creatures you will ever encounter. Our love is like nothing you have ever had, it's so precious yet we give it so freely. We are magic, and hard as you may try, our magic cannot be duplicated, replicated, or contained.