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Sophomore Comp and Lit A

20 February 2013

Seeing Hearts

I believe in seeing with the heart. Everywhere I attended people broke their necks staring at me. The blatant stares hurt deep down, but I tried to shake them off. I am a pale white girl five foot six inches in height and next to me is my boyfriend- six foot five of the most beautiful brown skin. His name is Dontae. Most of the time people are quick to judge and assume he is a stereotypical “black guy.” Unfortunately that’s how society is. I understood some wouldn’t approve of the relationship, but I never expected my mom to be one of those people.

My mom had always had standards nearly impossible to attain and having a black boyfriend in her mind would hold me back from reaching them. I remember wishing my mom could see what I saw in Dontae. He was so sweet and caring, just an overall genuine nice guy. We had always been friends. He and I spent every second possible with each other. I quickly realized I was growing fond of him. My mom saw that as well.

On Sundays my mom and I had always gone out to eat at Steak n Shake. While we were there waiting for our single steak burger with cheese, we shared some laughs about the little old lady across from us who ordered almost everything on the menu. Mid laugh her smile faded and the mood quickly became serious. Her warm brown eyes gazed into mine. I could tell this conversation would be one

where I would take the back seat and listen. She started in on how Dontae and I had been hanging out quite a bit. My face turned bright red and the butterflies took flight in my stomach. I was just expecting the conversation to last only a minute then I would change the subject. Before I could, she spoke four words that made me freeze in fear. "Do you love him?" I couldn't believe my ears. My throat tightened and little beads of sweat started to form in my hairline. I was thinking of different ways to respond but I mentally crossed out all of my choices. After a minute of silence I took a deep breath and replied "yes." To my surprise, she wasn't angry. I didn't understand why, but then she told me will always support me and who I love, I was overjoyed. The conversation concluded our lunch and we headed home.

Shortly after Dontae became a fixture in my family, my parents adored him. Just like society, my parents were quick to judge. They only saw the color of his skin and not who he was. In the end, I was fortunate enough to have parents who weren't as closed minded as I thought or like the majority of society. For humans to judge people by their skin color and appearances is heartbreaking because they will never get to know a person for who they really are . People are much more than their outer shell. When the lights are out, everyone looks the same. Darkness forces people to see character and personality, rather than appearance. I believe in seeing with the heart because what my heart can see, is beyond what my eyes can.