

Invisible Ink

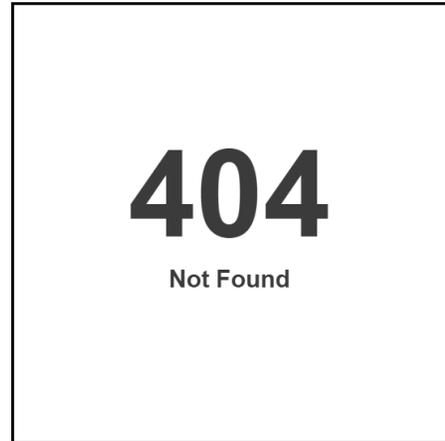
Abigail Ralph

University of Toronto Scarborough

Faculty of Biological Sciences; Neuroscience, Health Policy and Psychology

ABSTRACT

There is a gap in academic literature that highlights the perspectives of Canadian-Caribbean individuals that navigate both poverty and the stigma of limited access to resources necessary for livelihood in Canada. By employing the intersecting identities of Low-Income and (un)documentation, this poem aims to deconstruct the stereotypical expectations of Canadian-Caribbean immigrants. What does an impoverished Canadian-Caribbean immigrant look like once we've disregarded our representativeness heuristic? They now may be the straight-A student in your class or that lady that never seems to wear an uncoordinated outfit – or perhaps your lecturer or community organizer who has an undying passion for 19th-century opera. By mobilizing this idea, this poem seeks to encourage the reader to reconsider our pre-conceived notions of an (un)documented, impoverished Canadian-Caribbean individual. Similarly, this poem challenges the notion that to exist, is contingent on external perceptions. A tree in the Northwest Territories may exist unknowingly to us and still be able to blow gracefully in the wind.



Keywords: *Poverty, Immigration*

BIO

Abigail is a hardworking and compassionate student that aims to bring awareness of health inequities in marginalized populations through advocacy. She is currently an undergraduate student at the University of Toronto studying both Neuroscience and Health Policy.

© 2021 Abigail Ralph

Caribbean Studies Students' Union, Canada - <https://jps.library.utoronto.ca/index.php/cquilt/>



This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution- ShareAlike 4.0 International License. To view a copy of this license, visit <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/4.0/>

I don't exist on paper
I'm telling you, it's true
If you look up my records
you'll find another you

I don't have the ability to grow
To compound like wealth
But instead, I slither
between fear and no health

I don't exist on paper
What don't you understand?
It sounds a bit odd
but it's all a part of the plan.

The numbers don't make sense
or simply add up
But when you see me in person
You would never guess.

You'd say my smile is contagious
You'd say my skin is bliss
You'd say my ambition is inspiring
You'd say, I was born to be rich

I don't exist on paper
So how can I be free?
If you didn't get it by now,
This is my story of living in poverty