



Because of you and me—For you and me

This is what surrendering looks like

This is what Fire looks like

Air—what Earth looks like

This is Water

With these four things--

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water

Keep me in mind

FIRE

“...but it's all jungle here, a wild and savage wilderness that's overrun with ruins. But put on your crown, my Queen, and we will build a New City on these ruins.” -Eldridge Cleaver

Your shoulders' blade was spiked--sharp, but my head still found a comfortable home

You carried so many bricks--how would you know how to carry a feather?

I found a cave the size of your chest and I prayed there, preyed

prayed on everything in the stance of a hunter--everything that tried to break your sleep

Like a lioness--I leaped

I've been up days now--I don't get much sleep here

Your tossing and how you turned all night kept me up days now

When you're gone, I'm still up tryna master your turbulence, your ways

You're not here now and

I'm up watching the memory of your back muscles burst off the white of the blinds

trying to catch you in the open spaces of the shadows to keep you here with me

Watching you reminded me to--count the ways--trying to keep you reminds me of an explosion
balancing on seas

Gold was created here--the color and the rock in this spot

I never saw this coming

You are the pressure of a prayer when the pastor hears it

You're the meaning of life when God has to do with it

--you have taken me back

Me

a woman who lights up & throws the match on the ground before walking on it

I'm not surprised by anything

--you have taken me back

Your power has made my own reflections harder to digest

I like how your teeth space out when you demand shit and I combat.

I don't have a problem galloping in your certainties

There's nothing in me to control--I like that I don't have to work on you

--even if the love has me sick to my knees

--I still pray for you

Don't have to put up an SOS to make sure you follow a path

No tweet--just both of my arms stretched wiiiide

To the siiiidee

Don't have to put you up on game

--it's good to see you ace me

I like that I don't have to use Bermuda's triangle to get you from point A to B

my point and position isn't your first thought --

I like that you "been knew"

that I can ask you something I don't know the answers to--and we figure it out together

You're the accuracy of a history book not jammed into the soil and people not pages

I like your silence before answering a question

It takes you years sometimes to make things clear – your tenacity makes things clear

You're so good at what everyone else is bad at

Like complete sentences

Eye contact

Strategy and style

Charm

A countenance of poise

Speech and sex appeal

Your faith is appealing

I love you with no strings attached

just respect enough for me

to show up when I'm called on

This is Gods' work

I want to wrap myself around your finger

For breakfast I want us to make up our minds together

Draw up reasons as to why the Harlem Renaissance was just another prelude for black folk like

us

Subjecting our genius to thievery

post traumatically after the seas submerged our bodies into relocation

the thievery--and here we are--clear hearted and confused

We found a way and a cure for homesickness

--from jump-- we been reaching heights barefoot--pregnant with babies

--the answers and possibilities

Some of us are born mothers

Having been offspring of what they thought they killed in us

they thought they killed us

Some of us are village keepers and have villages to keep.

We never knew survival --we just knew we saw things with our eyes that no one else did

Felt things with our hands that no one else could feel

- unbeknown to what may be stolen next

And over & over--again & again

Our voices crept like veins up wintertime walls

The Big Apple ripened with our blues, our snapping, and our singing

We hustled our God given gifts through man-made jungles & basements

Got splinters but clapped--got splinters but danced

Got splintered but created with the plaster & paint and memories

And

Like a shotgun of cold air through a tight fist--there goes free game again

I like you enough to change the world with you

Rather tell our own versions of great stories

how words got their names

with you

I don't need to be excused

with you

My abdomen gets swollen with Cleaver like metaphors

Blowing up and bursting with brighter ideas

Both Queens and Kings

Redemption and Pride

Anticipation and Glory

Truth and Patience

Peace

I like you

For the revolution and for all the main organs

That

Make

Me.

Brown and woman

Drawn to the map of you

Progression and prose

You are travel

The backseat of a lonely car on its way to a fascinating city

The wonder the excitement, the anxiety of a world that's supposed to change

You are conversations that changed my life

Even if we're just talking about maple syrup or

The speed of the rain --or how time stops every time we remember what ourselves look like
together

How rain falls like molasses when we see it fall together

rather break bread & bad habits with you

and when you're not here anymore

say your name every time the wind blows

Hold my arms out wiiiiiddee to the siiiddee of my body

Wait on the birds to flock together

Compose & get you that song that sings to you about fire

Reminding you of what it feels like when we love each other

Reminding you that love is you

I would save your life and live through you if I had to

A warrior on your own time—

Sunni (Ali) How you've maintained your anciency is brilliant

AIR

Lake covered sidewalks and plain sun
The earth is still supporting us

There's a lifeboat for every sunken reason
You made yourself believe to be true

The earth is still supporting us

Seagull's report live from seas for reasons that been written
Settling alongside the waves—studying water to read well

The earth is still supporting us

Salt water is what happens when who you ought to be
Is tuned pitch perfectly with who you've been

When who you are shows up the size of the sea
The power you have can drown this entire place

The earth is still supporting us

It's true that silence is not your savior
But silence will weed out contingencies that stand in your direct view of accuracy

The earth is predictable and supports us as such
It's us who've changed

EARTH

-INT: Stone & Rain --table read (location: Theater, on the edge of the main stage)

Two young actors, Stone & Rain are sitting across one another in a rehearsal environment. They are reading lines provided by two anonymous lovers gearing to star in a 1 Act, 2 Actor performance.

Curiosity sits on their expression as they read each line. Stone & Rain are intrigued by the love & language in which they are experiencing.

The dialogue forces Stone & Rain to stop occasionally; really tapping into every word the lovers spoke. They repeat "too good to be true".

Curiosity grows between the two.

Stone: *Damn what kind of love is this?*

****they share laughter****

Rain: *Is this normal? *Slightly laughs**

Stone: *Man, he said...*

Rain: **snaps* get into this emotion, man!*

Stone: **looks up at her, peculiar. As to ask "women like emotional men, since when?"*

Rain: **flips the page over; runs across the stage to get a bottle of water**

Stone: **head down reading still, mouthing words**

Rain: **walks back across the stage* From the top pimp!*

Stone & Rain *take it from the top...each time Rain starts reading Stone peers into her. The beginning of "love"*

1 4 3 minutes (EARTH continued)

HE said:

The way I would stare if I saw you standing

in the natural light, the curtains let in

Nature is the nastiest of natural precursors...

Would you rather be kissed by the sun or rain?

SHE said:

The sky turns a different color whenever life is done over

Whether a newborn baby or the breaking of concrete in the ghetto

What's life without rain caressing your shoulder blade--water, to clean

HE said:

restoring rain,

or revitalizing light?

you swim underwater with your eyes open to see where they end up

but light leads you to the safest place

and you either, peace in the conclusion or fall in love with the journey?

They are being--the eyes, not the water

SHE said:

Water in waves --waves live long

Peace lives in darkness

More often than it does it light

We feel, for real

in darkness

More often than we do in the light

We breathe deeper in darkness

More often than we do in the light

But it's all, life

HE said:

so, you'd be willing to close your eyes,

and let the rain hit you?

neglecting position and leaning into the feeling.

because when it touches you,

you either flow with it, or let it roll off you

but to use it, to its potential...you got to let it touch you, without fear...

SHE said:

Fear is fake

I'd close my eyes and tie my own hands behind my back and walk into a rainforest

Alone

I know God and I trust my feet

I can breathe deep

Life touches me every day and I haven't flinched once

HE said:

What if I said, I love that?

that you'd close your eyes and move without hesitation.

what if I asked you to only move with your eyes closed?

and if they were ever open, let your words lead you

so, you can see what you say and follow the words?

where you think they'd leave you?

SHE said:

I'll grip the sound of your voice

Listen to every wave and move my hands across your mouth

As if your lips were brail

I'd keep my eyes closed

And learn life different with a faster beating heart

And get my adrenaline from you

HE said:

Soon, if you listen intently enough,

the rain will greet your shoulders like my lips would

and the light will show you things,

that darkness only prepares for day.

you'll notice that breathing is the only thing easy,

and anyone and anything that helps you to do so

will be hard to shake...

then maybe you'll stand still and let me stare.

SHE said:

Breathing must be another word for loving and life, for truth

But there are hiccups in everything

Being able to stare is a luxury

Eyes to look in, is a pleasure

Hands to hold, fingers to straddle are a gift

How'd you know it's yours?

HE said:

The knowing is for the soul to recognize

I don't wish to know you in the sense of the word

but in the reactionary movement of my mind

that in my thoughts, there's only so much I can do

that in comparison to what I can't...

those effects would be unmatched.

WATER

Dying be all up on our tongue like it must be done today, all in our vocabulary like it's a job for
the lifers

We not ready to die-- for real we don't want to --we just keep getting started it feel like over
and over again-- keep having to rise from ashes and dismantled neighborhoods, keep having to
build back up from scratch

Our audacity surfaces as the blueprint

And the blueprints are the maps

Domestic & internationally

The faces of everyone who was killed--are surfacing everywhere
--as the blueprint to rebuild with bricks and rebuke the opposition

Breath...easy

1. This is survival of the fittest
2. We are the offspring of the fittest
3. The Victors of the Fitters

Breathe

Easy

These answers are for the questions we can't afford to be scared to ask no more

I saw my greatest grandmother for the first time in a dream last night

We had the same pair of eyes--kinfolk

She fed me without fire

She armored me--adorned

ordinated me without a needle and thread--but water and air--and real tight hugs that smelled like aged molasses

After going to sleep off ginger water--

She reminded me of living-

divine protection and clear speech

That we are the new --we are the improved

that we should do something about staying here a little longer

"Y'all be so gung-ho-to go"

grandmother water speaks

"You have never belonged on the bandwagon--anyway--the ride been too full--of an emptiness too foreign to the map and design of you. Woman-Child, eagle, fire bird,, way maker flesh of my flesh and blood of my blood that disguises itself in the crevices of the wind--winter is blessed--

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