

UVA PERFORMANCE POEMS (TRANSCRIPT)

ADMISSION OF GUILT

I'd kill for some love right now.
I'd murder for a hug right now.
I'd stab a baby llama for someone to ask
me how I'm doing
and actually care about the answer right
now.

I'd torture a special needs butterfly
for someone to put down their phone
and look me in the eye right now.

We are starved for connection
and the buffet has an 8 mile wait in line
right now
Looking for a sign right now.
French kissing with too many goodbye's
right now...

I miss...I miss being with you,...
But when asked, I say I'm fine right now.

I fill my pockets with laughter,
distractions, and lies right now
No judgement
You choose your armor and I'll choose
mine right now.
None of this is easy.

What are we actually promised?
Which human is guaranteed miracles or
mana?

I know, multiple men serving multiple
life sentences...
This is no metaphor
They're friends.

I know them by name and their tattooed
smiles.

we sit in a circle each week and check in
on each other,
the highs and lows of the sunsets
between classes
Most say proudly...no lows
And I'm surprised every time...
(No lows...Really?)

They're still in prison
But claim to have, no lows
These dudes are wizards
cast enchantments into the room...
Conjure PEACE & color solely with
sentiments
and splash it upon the sterile concrete
around them.
Not just cause they want to,
but cause they HAVE to...

"I'm still alive today" one says.
So no lows (Next man)
"God gave me this breath so I'm keeping
active."
Another says, "I'm tryin to blow the dust
off this stagnant situation...off this
growing pile of regret and incarceration.
So I claim no lows..."

My turn to share in the circle right now.
Often Feel like I have no magic left
I'm technically free,
but my mind goes to the shadows right
now
Feel like I have no right to complain...
There are SO SO...SO many people
suffering...right now
If I'm honest, There are not many things
I'm starving for...

I got a surplus of chic fil-a nuggets
around my waist line to spare.

But love...

Man....let me tell you, love.
Don't matter who you are...or your
social status.

The need for love is classless,
genderless, raceless, A-political and
cannot be bought or sold...

Go ahead and try...we've all been online
We know fake love when we purchase
it.

Honestly, it's a God thing.
Unmeasured by any known scientific
instrument
We just know it when we feel it,
And when we don't feel it
Damn it, we really know it.
And just like what actually put some of
these same men in prison,
I am guilty, of yearning for something
that right now,
I'm not offered willingly.

So This poem is my admission of guilt,
There is this...whole *hole* inside me

And I just don't know,
what I'm capable of,
to try to fill it...

Cause I'd open hand pimp slap a
recently fired bodybuilder
for some authentic kindness *right now*.
I'd challenge usher to a dance-off to the
death
and publicly pluck the soft fur an orphan
koala
for a non superficial conversation
I wouldn't WANT to of course,
I'm not actually a KOALA PLUCKER
but don't push me right now!

My only Band-Aid is your attention
directed towards me,
We get by any way we can...*right now*
None of this is easy
take a deep breath with me,
look me in the eyes right now
All this may currently hurt,
But it won't, always, it won't always...
For now,
No judgement
You choose your armor,
and I'll choose mine *right now*...

Purpose

There's a PURPOSE in your story
There are WINGS,
there are HIDDEN THINGS in your story
There are TRIUMPHS ,
there is FAILURE in your story
Skinned knees and HIDDEN FEES in your
story
It COSTS to love. . .

There's PURPOSE MISSING from your day
Sunrise to sunset we obey
The unluck, the construct. . .
here's the rub
We are both the master and our own slave.
. .

The CHAINS DISPLAY when we FAIL TO
CARE
and SUCCEED TO CRAVE.
PURPOSE is literally the ARTFORM of
creatively giving your gifts away
PRAYERS & BLESSINGS if you do it for free,
KUDOS if you get well paid
(Still working on that)

Mission is still the same
Freedom through vision
Flight through higher purpose
Strength by pulling people to exalted
elevations
Who knew We were that strong?
Living in purpose is like wearing platform
shoes when they were still cool.
Higher frequencies
Like dog whistles
Are you hearing love speak? . . .
Are you hearing love speak? . . .
Are you hearing the frequency of when love
speaks
When your partner gives you ALL their
remaining energy
When the only thing they really want to do
is shut out the world

and get off their aching feet. . .
Purpose, is often sacrificing your temporary
wants
for your tribe's permanent needs,,,

There's PURPOSE in your search
Joy in pooling all of your experience
And swimming in the choppy waters of
good work
It is a clumsily constructed poem
That still needs to be heard.

Your purpose is the moon,
Can't see all the angles now
But if you are patient
Stay in the field
And keep your eyes to the soft horizon
Light will shine on its entire surface soon
It is at that exact moment you'll know
exactly what to do.

But if you can't wait to get ahead, then look
back.

There's purpose in your story
There are WINGS, there are TALENTS, there
are HIDDEN THINGS in your story
Share with people the hard work it took to
ascend your allegory
I'm so so proud of you.
Don't let the rest of this life, this year, this
day go by without a little work in something
you really believe in.
It's important
It's passion
It's purpose
It's pure
Feels like ego,
But they just happen to be wearing the
same outfit
Don't worry about it
About other people's uninformed
perception of who you are
Understand,

What you are meant to do
Is going to be REALLY BIG to a small number
of people
My only question is,
what EXACTLY are you waiting for. . .

Skin Deep

There is a road we are all traveling
Partially paved
Mostly dangerous
The trees block out a lot of the sun,
but it still dares to break through from time
to time
if you take a moment, to notice it
Yes. . .we are all headed in the same
direction
The earth does not go in reverse
We might act like strangers
However, when we allow others to fall,
we all take two steps back
So this journey has taken us a while
Much too long if you ask me
And we are still not there yet
The strong repeatedly gets pushed down by
the weak
And must quickly learn grace and survival
through extreme adversity
We are still breaking chains. . .

We know the constitution of a bully
Unloved and hurting. . .
With the ability to only see a person in 2D
Merely *skin deep*
Bullies are taught to reconcile the world by
its differences
Not realizing that our fates are tied together
by our souls. . .
And our bodies bounded together to this
canvas called earth

This forever journey,
This long walk to freedom
Tell me, whose map do we follow?
We were raised to believe in different
doctrines, religions, topographies. . .
We can see the final destination in the
distance
What I call a mountain, you call a hill, she
calls a cliff. . .

Argue so much about the name, the
darkness invades,
and now it has become too late to reach it
Another day wasted,
another chalk outline created,
If this planet is a canvas,
This is not the type of art we wanted. . .
We are still breaking chains. . .

WE GET IT, you got an opinion
Get off the internet for a second. . .
You don't have to try to save America one
post at a time,
Just help me through this forest,
you get the food,
I'll collect the water,
we'll both enjoy the sunset,
watch the children dance and spin into their
limitless possibilities
and we will all be just fine.
Quit trying to demand respect;
Instead, dedicate yourself to small acts of
kindness
Micro progression. . .
Pouring out one cup of water a day on
barren land,
means. . .Nothing
but have a city dedicated to doing it daily,
we'd have a lake,
perhaps an ocean
And just like water,
bodies of *kindness* affects the climate,
changes the conversation
So instead of digitally force-feeding people
your perceived virtues
you are asking, "How can I make you feel
valued?"

When you really think about it,
It is much too big.
This world and all of the pleasures inside of
it are much too many

Quit trying to EVERYTHING, all the time
baby
Quit tryin' to ALL THE TIME, all the time
baby
Do not forsake the butterfly in your
backyard
for want of the millions of stars in your sky
Sometimes stars are not to covet,
sometimes they are just to love from afar
baby,
To say how wonderful is it that a God that
took the time to make all them
was detailed enough to give me the mole I
complain about

It's much too big baby
To hold them all in your precious arms
Some hugs, some hearts,
some personalities will just be too out of
your reach
in the time you have to reach them baby
And that's ok.
Just know. . .
That's ok.
We are all chipped, flawed, broken,
fractured,
fugazi, a bit phony, or are fucked up a tiny
bit
and could *really* use some love right about
now. . .
But first. . .be kind to yourself
Forgive the bruises
Kiss the cuts
Forgive the bruises
Kiss the cuts

A hip-hop philosopher mused,
"The deepest part of being black is being
African,
the deepest part of being African is being
human,
the deepest part of being human is being a
part of God,

and the deepest part of being a part of God
is being love. . .
When you view your fellow travelers on this
road. . .
how deep is your vision?

There is a road we are all traveling
Partially paved, mostly dangerous
The trees block out a lot of the sun,
but it still dares to break through from time
to time
If you take a moment, to notice it

Some folks on this journey are holding
hands together,
others are lost and alone. . .

. . .*Keep loving*

I can hear my own footsteps echo
and my heart awkwardly beating. . .

. . .*Keep loving*

Sometimes I feel so alone amongst this
pilgrimage of people

. . .*Keep loving*

But I know we are connected
and must meet on a level deeper than skin

. . .*Keep loving*

This path is hard on all of us
We cannot let the pain swallow us.

. . .*Keep loving*

Hold my hand, watch your step. . .

Keep loving. . .

Keep loving. . .

We are almost, there.