

6

SERENE

COLOR- STILLWATER BLUE



ABSTRACT ART
EXPRESSIONS

SERENITY

*PEACE REMAINS IN THE MIND OF THOSE WHO
CHOOSE TO CARRY IT
NOT IN THE CONDITION*



I HAVE FOUND PEACE IN LOVE AND IN WAR

REVOLUTIONARY CHURCH BOY



I am the last generation of the tambourines
and washboard sounds
that filled the single-family homes
we called the church

The slave chains of my ancestors
are still here
just invisible,
but you can still hear them jangle

I am a product of years
of undoubtable faith
into an unexistence
an experience that only appeared
when my eyes were closed

But my eyes have been open for a while now.

God is within me

Not the pictures staring from wall frames
that look nothing like me,
but the mother's presence of a beautiful
church brim, dressed to impress
Delivered from her womb

God is within me

Not in “yes sir, no sir,”
buck-broken dialogue,
but in the chants of Gullah warriors
who snuck out to praise in the evening,
got married, had children
who later had me

God is within me

Not in a book where I read lines
from people who look nothing like me,
never bled like me,
never fought like me,
never sought freedom like me.

God is within me.

Nowhere else.

I am the dream my ancestors chased.
The sun—mother of melanin—
carves my figure with a wooden stick in the sand,
no plans, just ambition
that extends under any condition.

God is within me.

From the hand claps
to the tambourines.

God is within me

SENA'S STORY



Sena—
are you there.
Will you come.

Her beauty—timeless.
Unfading, even through pain.
Youth is only a disguise.
She is older than memory.
Her youth is not age.
Her silence is not ignorance.

Cutting the knots
as we fall back to the soil.

She remembers the rope,
the tree,
the silence after the scream.
She saw the batons kiss
the grandmother's eyes.
She stood with the elders in Selma.

She carries her own.
She traced the scars
on Papa's spine.

Because she has seen the ships—
iron chains, naked backs,
salt in open wounds

Why.

Still—
Call Sena.

The world has turned down her volume.
She wipes the blood of Black men
killing each other,
day by day.

Call Sena.

The mothers were denied the time.
The fathers failed to shield her.

But she is young.

Call Sena.

Jakwáni—
the Bloodline stands in despair.

WAR SCARS

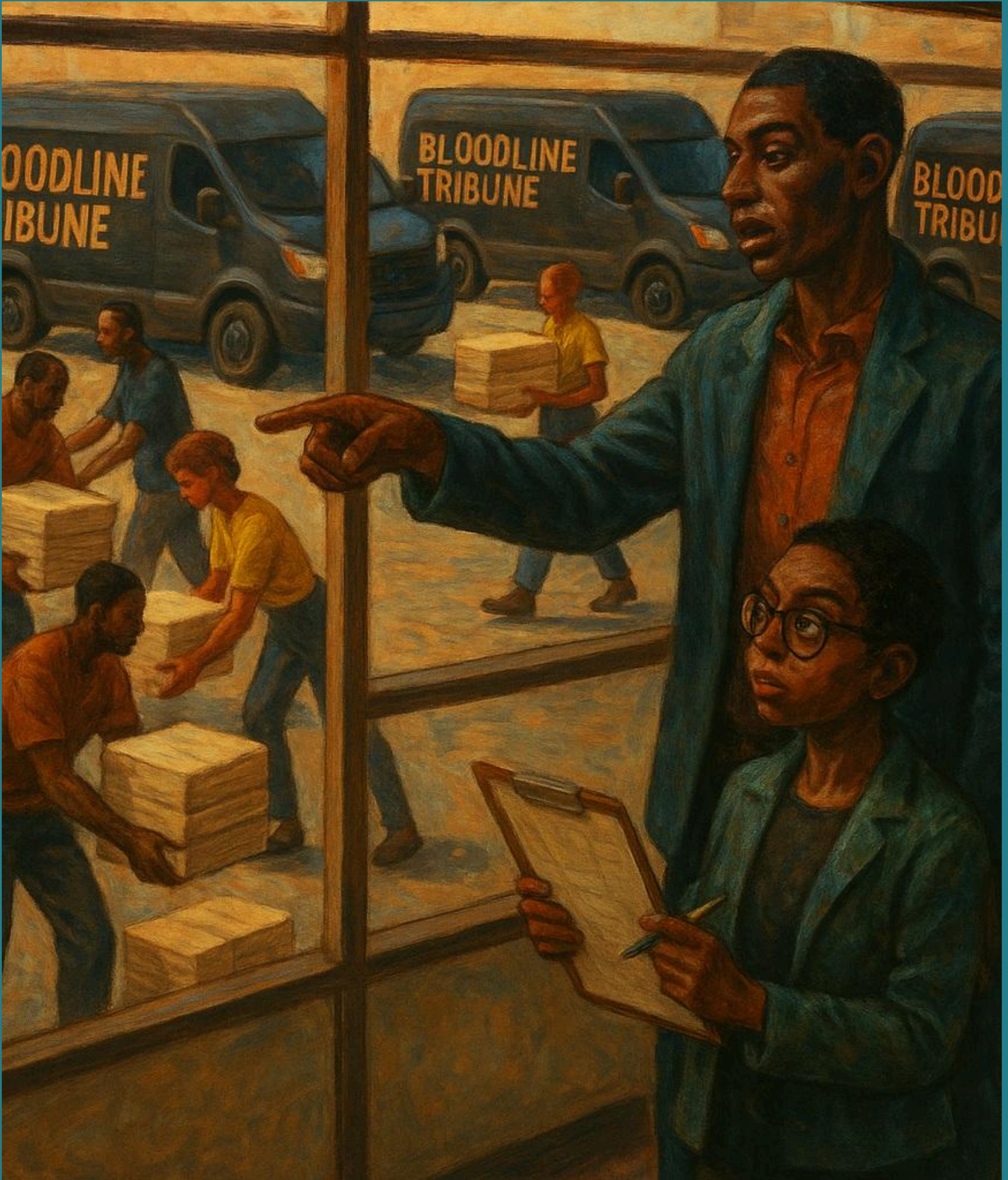
*MY WAR SCARS REMIND ME DAILY
NOT THAT THERE'S A FIGHT.*



*MY WAR SCARS REMIND ME
THAT THERE'S A CAUSE.*

THE BLUEPRINT

*THE BLUEPRINT NEVER CHANGES
THE STRATEGIES MIGHT, THE PROCESSES MIGHT*



*BUT THE BLUEPRINT
IS THE BLUEPRINT.*

GAMES IN THE FIELD



Games in the field

The controllers now do the controlling—
how can our future decide a fate for themselves

Young men can't plant in the garden
but plant themselves in a seat
resorting to virtual violence
when in reality they cant fire a gun
or be in shape to defend the tribe
if the case ever needs be

Just games in the field

Fingers stroll at the speed
the neighborhood superstar
would throw a fastball
down the phone, hunting for the latest deal
the latest sale
in a field where Black developers
make up less than two percent of the market

Just games in the field

If Grandpa came back
he would have to hunt alone
No one to help catch wild game
just a generation stuck in wild games
that bring pain, death, and misery
leaving bloodstains

Seeds don't grow anymore
they're manufactured
Just like our men
Just like our brothers

Games in the field

CENTER STAGE

YOU YOURSELF
ARE A PRIZED CONTRIBUTION



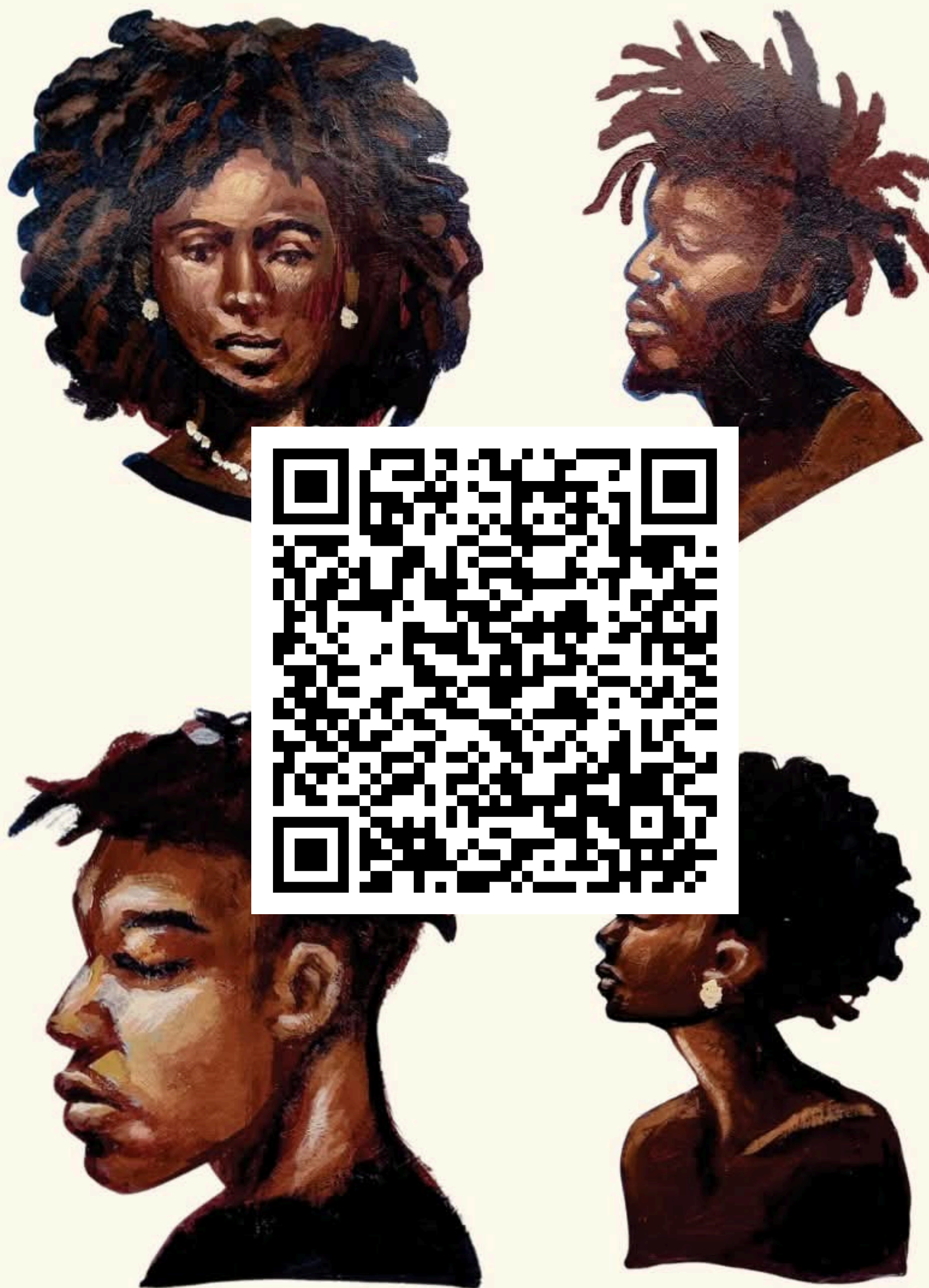
TO THE DIASPORA

SUBMISSIONS



GENERATIONAL CURSES

Trauma Letters from Our Time to Yours



AVAILABLE NOW