

# 3

# CADENCE

*COLOR- BARK BROWN*



ABSTRACT ART  
EXPRESSIONS



# LUNCHBOX

*I PACK MY LUNCHBOX AND TAKE MY SPOT UNDER THE SAME TREE  
EACH DAY, WATCHING THE NEIGHBORHOOD SHIFT IN REAL TIME.*

*EACH DAY LESS PEOPLE LOOK LIKE ME*



*THE ONES THAT DO ARE FIGHTING FOR SOMEWHERE TO SLEEP,  
SOMETHING TO EAT*

*BLACK BUSINESSES FADING ONE BY ONE.*

*THIS IS WHAT GENTRIFICATION LOOKS LIKE — QUIET, STEADY, AND  
SITTING RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU.*



TIME IS SACRED





# TIME IS SACRED

*I freeze the time of grandma's hugs like they'll never  
come back again.*

*Black grandmas are the soul of our core system.*

*Sometimes it flies, sometimes it drags.  
Other times it pauses or appears to be frozen.*

*Time is sacred*

*I embrace peace, take my time with anger, patient  
with love, and quick to remind you not to play with  
me.*

*I speed to the point where all is calm, the bills are  
paid, and a man has covered his duties.  
Reality seems so slow.*

*Time is sacred*

*Time keeps moving, feet keep moving, the clock keeps  
ticking.*

*Time slows down for no one.*

*But some things take forever*

*Change takes forever*

*But all we got is time*



# A PRAYING MOTHER





# A PRAYING MOTHER

*Her sweetness comes from bitter fruit of the  
burdens against our bloodline*

*Momma love can shift to war drums in a second*

*A praying woman with essential skills in  
combat training and a AR 15*

*Momma drums move to the cadence of the  
ancestors*

*Y*

*On foot or by tank this hero protects the  
Bloodline*

*Momma gets it handle issues the call of 1000  
Black sons*

*Protect this house protect this Bloodline*

*And they come.*

*Beat by beat, call by call they come.*

*Momma love can shift to war drums in a second*



# ONE WAY ALLY

*SOMETIMES THERE'S NO CHOICE BUT FORWARD.  
NOTHING LEFT BACK THERE WORTH RETURNING TO.*

*TAKE THE ANCESTORS WITH YOU*





# THE OLD FOLKS





# THE OLD FOLKS

*Live your life in your truth.*

*Pants too low,  
teeth too bright,  
car sitting high when we ride.*

*Old folks may judge —  
ridicule, criticize.*

*Beats too loud,  
lyrics too raw,  
my style not a three-piece suit.*

*Live your life in your truth.*

*Did you help someone?  
Did you inspire someone?  
Did you shift the world in your own way?*

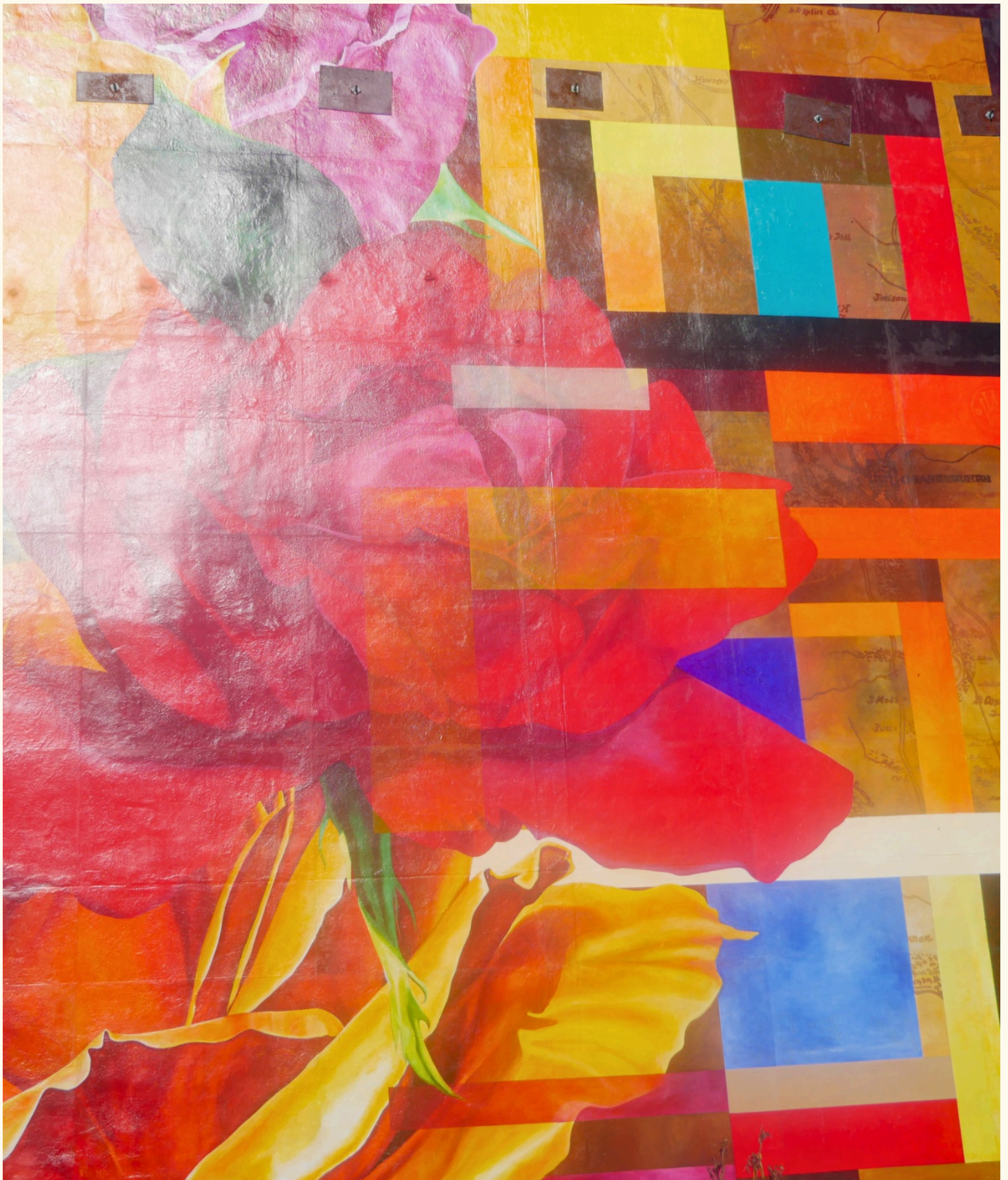
*What matters is how you will be remembered —*

*Live your life in your truth.  
Do that for the old folks.  
Do that in spite of the old folks.  
Do that for the world watching you grow.*



# COLORS IN THE HOOD

*SOMEWHERE IN THE HOOD  
THERE'S A YOUNG GIRL WITH A COLORING BOOK —  
OUR MODERN-DAY PICASSO.*





# BLACK BUSINESS

*THERE WAS A TIME WHEN WE WOULD PUT UP A SIGN  
HUNDREDS OF US WOULD WALK THROUGH THOSE DOORS  
THE SAME WAY WE CROWD THE HAIR STORES AND GAS STATIONS  
TODAY.*



*WE SHOWED UP FOR EACH OTHER.  
WE BUILT FOR EACH OTHER.  
SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY, THAT GOT QUIET.*

*BUT THE SIGN IS STILL HERE.  
AND WE'RE STILL WORTH SHOWING UP FOR*



# SUBMISSIONS





# GENERATIONAL CURSES

*Trauma Letters from Our Time to Yours*



**12/07/25**

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