

1

REFLECT

COLOR- LAKE TEAL



ABSTRACT ART
EXPRESSIONS

BLESS THE BLOCK

*LORD BLESS THE BLOCK,
FROM HATE, FROM SELF-DESTRUCTION —
LET THE HEALING BEGIN RIGHT WHERE THE PAIN RESIDES.
FROM MY BLOCK TO YOURS — BLESS 'EM.*



ICE CREAM IN THE WINTER



ICE CREAM IN THE WINTER

*It's snowing outside
But I want what I want*

Who said ice cream could only be a summer thing?

Who decided joy had a season?

*Probably the same ones who said we couldn't have
vanilla.*

*So we launched butter pecan —
A flavor folded in rebellion.*

*If I want to treat myself,
I don't need the perfect weather, or permission.*

*It's mine.
It is for me.*

*Ice cream in the winter,
Sitting by the fireplace,
Keeping my distance at comfort
So it doesn't spill everywhere.*

*Ice cream in the winter —
That's me choosing me,
Freedom without an audience.*

*I am not out of season.
I am the season*

SHORT MAN BIG WOMAN



SHORT MAN BIG WOMAN

They say love has rules

*height requirements,
image expectations,
what's acceptable,
what's not,
who decides?*

*But me? I walk in,
barely seeing over the
counter,
but standing taller than
most men in spirit.*

*She greets me —
skin glowing like an
amber winter sweater,
scent of cocoa butter
graces my presence.*

*Her presence alone
surely brings weight —
not the type that pulls
you down,
but the type that keeps
you grounded.*

*I'm sure society will
have their jokes lined
up:
short man, big woman,
a walking punchline
to those who confuse
confidence with comedy.*

What they don't know is

*I could stand on my
wallet, on my worth,
we'd be eye level.*

*She says I can't handle
her, and I laugh —
I've carried more weight
in silence
than most men have in
truth.*

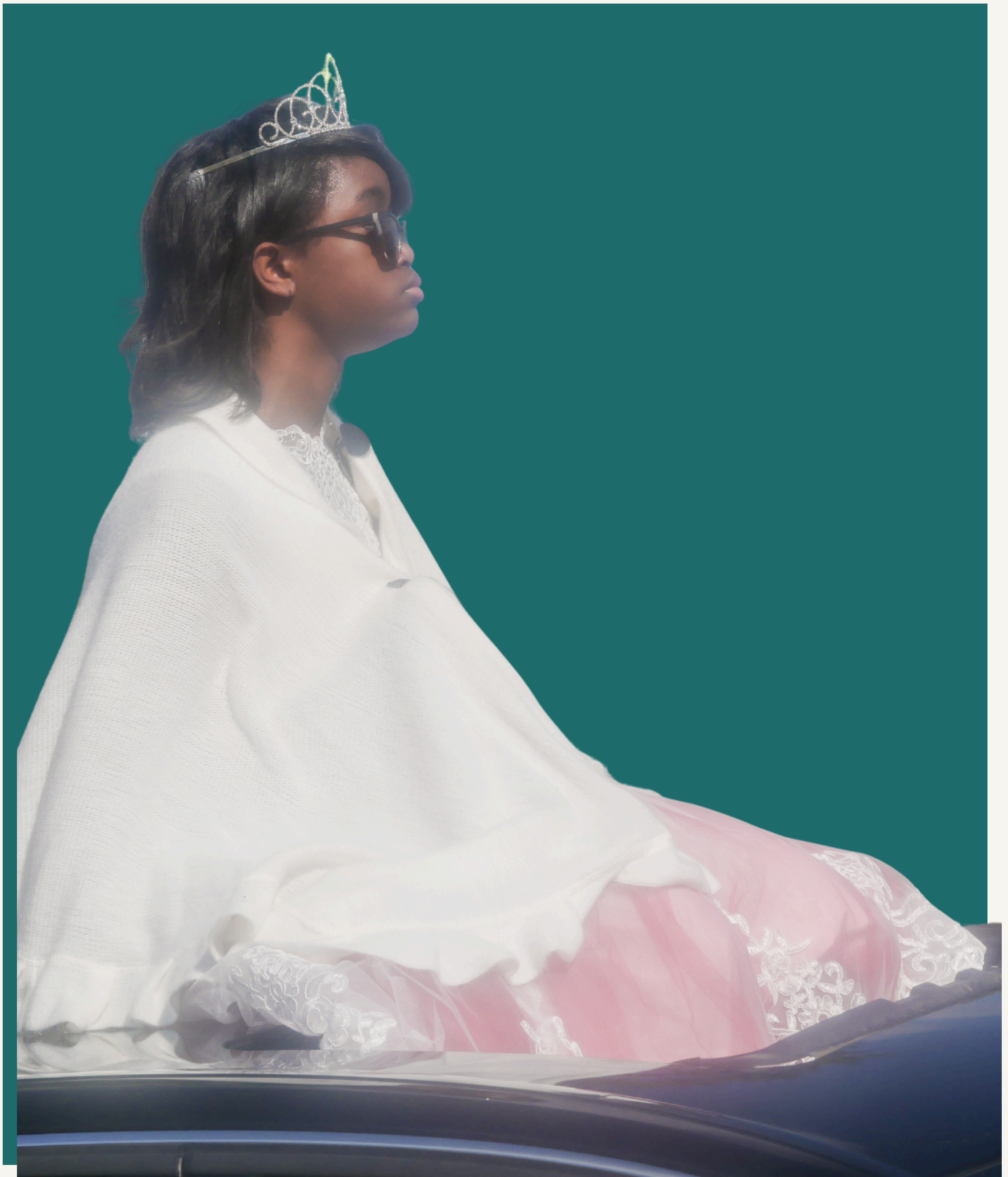
*We don't fit their frame,
but that's the point.
A love that doesn't
audition for approval,
not to perform for the
comfort of others' eyes.*

*Short man, big woman —
a perfect imbalance to
the outside world,
a perfect balance for
each other.*

*If I'm happy,
and you're happy,
why does society keep
trying to resize our joy?*

FAIRY GOD PRINCESS

*LEARN TO BE OUR OWN HEROES.
MAY OUR SNOW WHITES EXHIBIT OUR MELANIN — UNAPOLOGETICALLY.*



SILKY GREY HAIR



SILKY GREY HAIR

*My grandfather had long, silky grey hair —
like those of my ancestors.*

*Long, silky grey hair
with a brown skin tone,
like that of a native man —
a native Black man.*

*His hair shined when the sun beamed on it.
He taught me about the land,
he taught me about nature.*

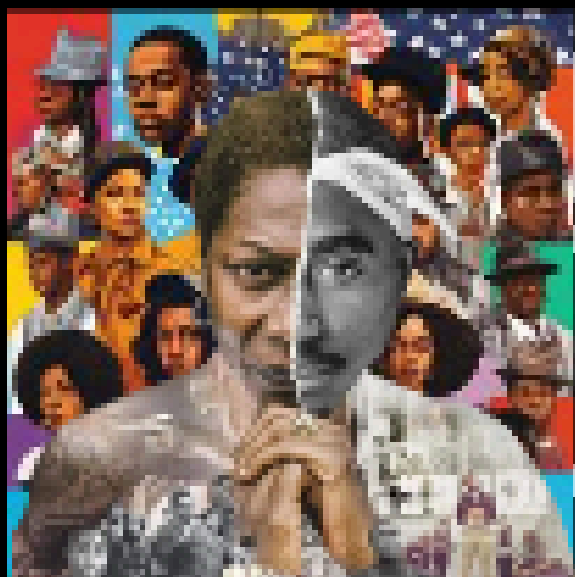
*“What you take, you give back.”
“This land isn’t mine,” he said,
“it’s ours to share.”
He spoke like a native man.
A native Black man.*

*He told stories of when the foreigners came
his voice steady,
his spirit still.
He spoke like a native man.*

A native Black man.

SUBMISSIONS





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