

"Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

Poets at the Culture, Arts, and Parks Committee of the Seattle City Council.

Points by Anisia De Guzman

In that space
That time or place
Where my biology meets my sociology
And my spiritual shakes hands with my political
My body embraces emphatic arms of freedom
Freeing my prisoned -ologies and
Taking my lost -itics
Far, farther away
Far from what they believe is our reality.

That space reeks of perfumed freedoms
And kingdoms of perfected prescriptions of hope
and love
But I love to hope and I hope to love
So my reality could exist happily
And feudality becomes fictionality
And my illogicality is ruled as a permissible
technicality
2 shots off, but
I don't shave points in this game
'Cause they're gonna come right back at me
and spit in my face,
their eyes piercing through me
their insecurity invading me
and they shake their head in disgust
pointing their finger at me, my face
pointing their blindness at me to blame
Alone in the right, dying in the wrong
Losing freedom-hope-ove

'Cause too many times they have named
one as only and only as one
and their opinions as the only ones
so now I swim in numbers contradicting
their proof that truth, equals one
I'm confused, my mind's changing
From one to another making
possible solutions less than zero
But more than infinity
Their one judgement can not be truth
Do they hear me?
They are not the one/only/truth
Do you feel me?
But, I see how hope can room with love
and how their house built a land of free-dom
Where sisters are friends
And brothas nod their heads

To rhythms that transcend
The predictable played out composition.

And with freedom, I see light
I hear phat beats calling my heart
Awaiting a response from songlike
Heart rhythms that never end
Never end/Never end
Like stories that take fantasy to flight

With freedom I know hate
And I coexist with its followers
in the same roads and same paths
with 2 or 3 lanes leading in many directions
paths that never cross,
but co-habitate necessarily
'cause without that hate,
my definition and absolute value of freedom
would be hazed with fog and sweetened with sugar
not knowing of the power that makes
it so required to realize self-determining
freedom

with hope, I move on, move past
my home mapping out polygons
of where I've been, where I'm at
where I'll end and where I'll last

with love I feel passion
and I follow that call to move
and I follow that touch to embrace

This page was last updated: January 8, 2000