

Red Talk: Riot
June 23rd, 2019

Dear Future Lover,

I have known you all my life.

My soul knows your soul well.

I think in those moments of ecstatic bliss, that's my soul recognizing yours in something beautiful. "Hey! There's me! There's us!"

My soul calls your soul in in moments of stillness, moments of silence and deep intuition.

As I was walking home from the train today, I got caught in a rain storm.

I imagine this storm as I imagine falling for you.

Slowly, and then all at once.

I know that's from something, somewhere.

Today, I am hoping something profound comes out of my letter to you. So far, maybe. I am exhausted. My head kind of hurts, I'm eating a sad meal and I have a poetry show later (you're invited.). My hope is that you'll hold my head up for me when I need it because I cannot wait to do the same for you. I can't wait to take the dog out in the morning even when it's fucking cold. I can't wait to make you coffee and mail you books and letters even if we live in the same place. I wonder when I will know that you've been the one I've dreamt of all along. I wonder how we'll meet. I wonder what you feel like. Your skin. Your hair. Your feet. Feet of arched bone, your hard little feet.

Whenever I feel anxious, I look to the sky in search of an airplane.

They've become a reassuring sign for me; one of calm and affirmation.

You must be a pilot.

You must have wings.

I'm tired of the wings metaphor.

What if love, our love, turned everything on its head?

For a moment, you are all there is and nothing else matters.

"It could be words

do not exist

to make you fall deeper

in love with me.

Or else they do, but I don't know them."- Saul Williams, 47

It could be the energy
that connects you and me
got lost
but is on its way to being found

it could be that your teeth are silver
and mine are gold and our words are worth millions
it could be that I'm starved for attention,
no
like a fish out of water for attention
for you

it could be
it could be
it could be i need to stop judging myself when I write, goddamn it.

it could be that time is on our side
the fates intertwine
that the next time you see me across the room
you hear my voice
you see my eyes,
you'll fall in love with me

it could be that I am on this porch, alone, in the rain, aching for something new
it could be that I am alone on this porch in the rain aching for you
it could be that ages have passed since I last saw you
it could be ground breaking
mind boggling
tectonics
that lead you to me

here.

I am searching for the words, but they do not exist yet that will make me fall in love with
you.

It could be that words do not exist yet.

But motion and movement and energy and flailing and wailing

S C R E A M

Y E L L

H E R E

Without words
just sound
let it out.
let it all out.

it could be
i do not have the words to make you fall in love with me
it could be there are no words
that we don't need them
that all we need is energy and time and focus and motivation and I feel like I'm rambling
now
I feel like I'm walking through a desert
There's a ringing in my ears
This self consciousness of nothing profound to say

"It could be words
do not exist
to make you fall deeper
in love with me.
Or else they do, but I don't know them."- Saul Williams, 47

When I was in the 8th grade, we had to do this "About Me" project and Justin Samuel wrote "UGLY" across my forehead in all capital letters. (I don't know if I've ever told anyone that.) It was a project I was supremely proud of; the summer before I'd discovered Indie music and the world opened up to me. So in my "I'm with the band" t-shirt, I'd convinced my Mom (who was hardly a photographer) to take a picture of me with my headphones on, staring casually to the side, not noticing the camera. I held up a hand written sign that said "I love music" and Justin Samuel wrote U G L Y across my forehead. I mean, not that Justin was the Adonis of the 8th grade, but that shit hurt. I think that was one of the times when I told myself that I wasn't worthy of love.

Another time was more recently. Full disclosure, I have a hormone imbalance. I'm not too sure what that means, but what I know it means is that one Tuesday morning last week I was looking at my face super close to the mirror (You know. When you're looking at all your pores and black heads and white heads up close. Take it from my recent forehead acne, that angle is UNNECESSARY.) And I saw hairs growing out of my throat. And in a flash, I thought I'd had a full grown beard and I started freaking out and reached for the razor when suddenly. A voice in my head was like, "Why are you judging yourself based off of Euro-centric ideas of beauty?" And holy shit. You're right. Because euro-centric gets a lot of shit wrong and this is one of them. So I put my razor and my panic down. Took a

breath. And realized that everything's made up and the points don't matter. (Thank you, whose line is it anyway.) And then I remembered this bad ass femme from Instagram who SLAYS their beard and I was like, If they can, I can too.

Ugly.

Middle English: from Old Norse uggligr 'to be dreaded', from ugga 'to dread'.

Justin mother fucking samuel.

You are wrong.

You're wrong.

You're wrong.

You're mother fucking WRONG.

You must've not have had the words to say to me
the courage to say to me
the ability to speak to me
because you were in awe of the goddex standing before you

one with flat feet and
mashed potato cheeks
a belly care of ben and jerry
and long stringy hair they didn't know how to love yet

My voice, crafted from flowers and roses and velvet, and probably some tobacco I
inherited from my dad's bad habits.

You didn't recognize my divinity

in navy blue
slacks and a light blue polo shirt
because uniforms suck, y'all

But my feet are golden,
priceless and heavy with all this power

What am I going to do with all this power?
(What are WE going to do with all this power?)

You didn't have the words.
And neither did I.

You wrote ugly in PENCIL that I could have erased, but I decided to keep it there and be a dramatic as fuck middle schooler and crush up my project and squish my anger into tears out my eyes

I am many things.
But dreaded is not one of them.

I am capable
I am brilliant
I am gorgeous.
I am tired.
I am funny.

And I am wanted here.