

THE WRITTEN WORD

For your consideration and enjoyment, the text of the poems that were included on the Poetry Performance page of Live Poets Society. All of these poets participate in Ezz-Thetic Cafe, a bi-monthly series of performances committed to offering an open microphone to Columbus-area poets and performers.

The artists included in this piece all currently reside in Columbus, Ohio, and include: [Zac Welch](#), one of the organizers and founders of Ezz-Thetic Press and a student at Ohio Dominican College; [Terrell Dunbar](#), a freestyle, abstract, spoken word poet who is the founding member of Hybrid Tongues, a Columbus-based performance ensemble; [Josh Jones](#), who spends his days as a theatre technician and designer, and is the founder of Open Mic performances at Luna Cafe; and Elliott 12Trees, a musician who found that she was a poet as well and began to incorporate her poetry into her music.

We'd like to give special thanks to Donna and the Short North Pole Ice Cream Shop. Donna kindly opened her door to Zac and gave Ezz-Thetic Cafe it's home. She also welcomed CompuServeCD and allowed us to take over her shop on a rainy afternoon to videotape the performances included in this piece.

Zac Welch

Letter From Within

This is not a poem
This is a letter
This is my descent
upon the world
as a human, an entity
capable of the highest
forms of love, fear
and desperation.
This is my call, My cry
My demand upon you
to listen to share
to live and love.
What pitiful hours
Are wasted to worthless
pursuits and then
arrogantly chalked up
as acts of bravado
Your soul is your responsibility!
You stand with the heel of
your boot pressing into the
throat of your brother,
so blinded by your own facade
you don't even see him there.
He is my brother too.
And my sister who once
trusted you...
through your exertion of strength
may never trust again.
I come to see you now
from deep within
pushing myself to the
forefront of your mind
because... I am Love!
I have always been here...
While you sought to
stifle my voice
so that you could
buy the lie...
The silence is over!
You will hear me
I will make you mad
before I am through.

If we must live together
in this body of life
Then this is just the beginning,
You will hear me again!
Because I my brother
am Love!

Studies in Black and White No.1

If anyone knew me better than she did, I have no idea who. She was always taking things away from me at night - when I slept, quietly carrying them away in my dreams. She kept photos of the two of us, many she carried around with her. She would sit and stare at the photos, I think she almost preferred the ones that put us in the worst light - she didn't care how we looked. She waited until I slept and then made paintings of them - the photos. She would create us late in the night - then she would take them away. I would wake up alone and wander around the flat, stepping on photos, paint brushes and paints - wondering what she had created out of us now and staring at myself in the mirror. I would ask myself - in the mirror - if she would ever let me see them - the paintings, if she would ever let me see what she saw. She was always taking things away from me. I caught her once watching me while I slept. I asked her why. She wouldn't give me an answer, but I knew. She was taking things away - things to fill her canvasses, things to carry away from me, from my dreams, things that no one else could see. She didn't care how we looked.

Terrell Dunbar

Titled No.1

I am the embodiment of the Hip-Hop culture.

The clothes, the language, the artwork, the music express the attitude which is the essence of the culture.

The attitude that walked through Montgomery, Alabama, flows through the trumpet of Miles, freed slaves with Harriet Tubman, constructed civilizations, and realises its relationship with creation.

This attitude endures physical, mental, and spiritual abuse.

Transforming what was into what will be.

I am that.

I am that which you are, but what you despise the most.

I am Yin and Yang, Light and Dark,

Near and Far, Humility and Pride:

I am Hip-Hop,

Can you feel me?

Misty Blue

Misty Blue

Sometimes I feel misty blue.

Happy tones underlay this poem, I laugh (ha ha) cause...

Sometimes I feel misty blue.

Like the smoke filled cafe standing on dimly lit street corners

Housing literary weapons.

Some discharged, and some on the verge of budding into a marvelous flower.

A Tiger Lilly or some funky shit like that.

Maybe a Venus Flytrap or a venus with a fly trap sending minds to Pluto.

While u sit on Ur-anus, I narrate like I do to inform you why I am Misty Blue.

Misty Blue. Mis-tee Blue.

Human eyes blind as they televise and tell lies visually to distort ones view of another.

Totalitarian, Trinity lovin, Troglodyte,

Black or White, it don't matter says Mike. Right! Now I wanna fight.

Misty Blue transfused into mental Vietnam.

Droppin' bombs on the masses.

Givin' the masses glasses.

So the farsighted are unafraid of the nearsighted,

wrongs righted,

AFROS UNITED

No longer am I Misty Blue.

Josh Jones

5 O'clock

children
rush hour traffic
two children
and I've got nothing on my mind

little girl
hip hop dancing for a dirty window
little girl
watching herself in a dirty window
the traffic's getting thicker

little boy
wants to be just like daddy
little boy
touches her until she cries
he's a big boy now

big boys make for small men

she dances for the window again
he runs up and grabs her shirt

a child's breasts
rush hour traffic
a child's fears
rush hour traffic

she cries just like mommy
she cries for years

little girl just wants to be a dancer
little girl wants to be a dancer on daddy's television

a woman's breasts
the traffic's getting thicker

a woman walks the street
passing cars honk
she dances for the window
little boy runs up and grabs her shirt

he's a big boy now

a woman's breasts
rush hour traffic
a child's fears

the cars scream past

DOGS

it never used to get this hot
beauty is a lie and liars don't got to heaven
hell, everybody knows that
freedom is a myth
no one walks these street past midnight
not alone anyway
last night some girl had a gun pulled on her
when the guy found out she didn't have any money he tried to
shoot her dog
what the hell did the dog do
freedom is a myth because i can't leave my windows open to
let out the heat because there's this geek across
the street and i know he wants to steal my television.
it never used to get this hot
trust me, i remember

sometimes i have this dreamwhere i'm sitting in this cavewith
jesus and buddha and jesus wants chinese but buddha's fasting
and says that we should stop teasing him and we're both
assholes anyway and me, i'm just hungry
i don't mean any harm
i don't really dig on this forty days and nights thing
i don't know why he's always getting mad at me

i wonder what it means

nothing means anything
people are dying left and right and none of them matter
because who in the hell were they anyway
they weren't anybody, that's the thing
nobody's anybody.

but i still don't understand
what the hell did the dog do!
it was just a fucking dog!
just like the rest of us

i wash my hands of the delirium
i close my windows
i stay in after dark
i just sit and wonder what the hell happened to my freedom
because it never used to get this hot
and
i just don't get it

what the hell did the dog do

