

THIS IS MY ART

BY YOUNGER SEEDS

Poet: Chaya

I spend a lot of time staring at the wall,
Just the blank wall in my bedroom,
I never bothered to put posters or pictures up,
I've lived here nearly two years,
Never bothered.

Before I couldn't stand a blank wall,
I needed too much detail,
Business,
I needed something to look at in every direction,
But now,
I just stare at the blank wall.

Because,
Something I realized,
No let me rephrase,
Something my spirit realized,
Before my brain did,
Was that there in that blank wall,
Is a space,
And my spirit was drawn to the space,
Because something lived there,
Lives there,
Something with more life than pictures, memories, and posters of what and
where I wanna be,
Or who I wanna be with,
This is my art.

That big empty space is full or what and where I wanna be,
And who I wanna be,
And actually in that space I live,
As me.

Not a painting or a sculpture,
Or a design of me,
Authentically me.
I don't look at the past or the future,
No hoping or reminiscing,
When I stare at that wall I am being me,
In that moment.

And that is my art,
When I can just,
Be.
That is my art.

I've written my best work on the blank wall in my bedroom,
I've given my best performances to the blank wall in my bedroom,
So now when the lockdown lifts,
I'll take with me,
The blank wall in my bedroom,
Holding
My art,
Holding
Me.

POET: Christina

Muscles under tension,
Arms stretching, legs bending,
This is my art.

Vibrations create pitches,
Voice singing, air flowing,
This is my art.

Words describe my feelings,
Pen scratching, paper shadowing,
This is my art.

Feelings become performance,
Heart pouring, head racing,
This is my art.

POET: Tawona

This is my art,
from an unknown source it comes to me,

to be born in mind,

to be done by heart,

my art is this being,

both artist and audience,

taken in and taking in,

this being,

both master and servant,

praised and erased,

this being,

both mundane and magical,

zvidaidai,

amweni akati huuya uzoona,

amweni akati chinorashwa ngechiri mumaoko,

asi chiri mungazi,

amuna woye,
chakandiwana,

this is my art.

POET: Shaaray

My art lies dormant,
Patiently waiting for those two days of pure adrenaline each year.

But my art is also in every conscious and subconscious movement,
thought and emotion,
In every hour of every day.

My art is like a lion,
It's always there,
But not until it wants you to know of its presence.

POET: Alan

Hi, HEEEEY!
I'm the need,
Life itself is how I feed,
I'm untamed forever feral,
Ignore me at your peril,
I'm the self-cooking meal,
I'm the presence you can feel,
I'm the big pretentious; but that doesn't make me any less real,
I'm that tip of your tongue,
I'm that unspoken rule,
I'm the quiet hero unsung,
I'm underneath your human suit,
I'm what u get when you peel and peel,
I'm made of the stuff that's in your soul,
I make you whole,
I'm her that comes and goes in a flash and on a whim,
I keep my own time, and I do my own thing.

I'm that post break up heal,
I'm here for you to steal,
I'm the source,
I'm the force,
I'm yours and I'm for sharing,
I'm the reason why you care,
I've been here all along my imaginary friend,
Don't you recognise me?

POET: Raisah

Writing and thinking and processing,
Writing and thinking and processing and remembering,
This is my art.

Remembering and thinking and grieving,
Remembering and thinking and grieving and writing,
This is my art.