

The Amplifier

Poetry

October 2018

Welcome to the very first all-poetry issue of the *Amplifier*. This has been a frustrating yet very fulfilling experience for me to edit. I am probably the least qualified person on the *Amplifier* staff to edit a poetry issue. I don't write poetry, read poetry, or honestly even like poetry. I tend to lean towards direct speaking without a great deal of flowery prose.

I have gained a great appreciation for those who pour out their souls in verse. Thank you to all of the writers who so bravely opened their notebooks to reveal the depths of their hearts, and the deep recesses of their souls. If you appreciate the poetry that is in this issue make sure to let the authors know. If you don't appreciate it, pick up your pen and commit to write your own.

—James Wood

The Ortolan

He—like that ruby-branded bird
Whose black tin cell admits no
Fluttering wing—gluts himself
In blindness, seeking vague escape.

Between greedy bites of the tasteless grain,
Which he salts with dampened cheeks,
A tincture of light, a pin-point promise,
Punctuates his darkness.

Free, but not—he's drowned
In fine liqueur, his golden garb
Is burned away, he meets necessity.
A drooling set of tusks,
A hungering executioner—
Sack-faced to hide from heaven's sight.

—David Hensley

Helsinki

There once was a POTUS named Trump,
Who claimed, "I am nobody's chump.
Except Mr. Putin—
There is no refutin',
My lips are attached to his rump."

—M. Sean Lawless

Flower, Mountain, Water, Space

Candy-toned Irises emerge
Triumphant upon the eternal
Bicuspid chomping at the vernal
Sky brought low as veins converge.

Waters churn sweet effervescence,
Escorting gravel and limbs across
Untenable fields of hair and moss,
Filter the caught arborescence.

Torrent reduced to gentle trickle
Along the soft belly of Earth;
Grazing touch, a condensate tickle
Supplies Her with laughter and mirth.
Vapor dissolves, fades with a prickle. . . .
Ascension to freedom, rebirth.

—Chad Lane

Kneading Dirt

His hands are weary things,
Like the foot soles of a naked traveler—
Hard and yellow—flaked and scarred—
Talons.
Contorted bones ache—in spite, he digs.
He tills. He churns
The Earth's most blackened meat.
Roots are wrenched in twain,
Worms left ruptured and torn
In the wake of his tireless grasp.
His tattered joints cry out,
Yet through the clay and rock he plunges forth,
Through fossil of tooth and claw,
Splitting knuckle and nail—
Exposing bone to acrid sting of dirt.
His tattered joints cry out.
And in their anguished melody,
He finds delight.

—David Hensley

"Kneading Dirt", written while Mr. Hensley was an active EJP student at DCC, won him third place in a poetry contest at St. Francis University.

Lines

Social, Tropic of Cancer, Cultural and Mason Dixon
This is just a quick list of lines.
That seems to define our conditions.
Lines drawn to hide our retentions.
For a fear of descent from where they sit on high.
Of cognitive dissonance, to where
At times I'm not even conscious of the distance
Between what this is and what it's supposed to be
And how to convey the truth of our roots
To those who are close to me
Who all they know and see is
Poverty, Dope and Transatlantic Coastlines
The New Jim Crow lines
With ankles and wrists lined with steel cuffs
While missing the fine lining in the 14th Amendment
That reminds us we're still cuffed
Or the lines drawn in 1884
In African soil
Describing who will come
Steal, kill, and destroy
(it seems like I heard that line before...)
The cobalt, copper, tin, uranium, gold, diamonds and oil
Running lines in our mines
Running lines in our minds
Which has us itching for dissention
Until we're outlined on our lawns...
But I was told there's a line I shouldn't cross at that it was fine
So I'm a try to find how I can walk that
But to be honest
Hearing that kind of lines is where I go off at
Because continuous attenuating statements have no place
In the emancipation of a nation
So I'm contemplating how I can negate them
Barrier, caste, deceptive, parole lines and phone lines
Which leads to us being pulled over on roadsides
In a cop's line of fire
And what's next?
Protests, civil unrest, and typical political lines like:
"Protestors should show some respect"
While our sons and daughters lie in caskets
Lined with the innocence of being black
And the only way I know how to fight back
Is through lines of poetry.

— Christopher Hill

2 Many thoughts

As I lay back all kind of thoughts are running
through my mind, But that one thought I am
trying to grasp is so hard to find, I am
thinking to hard because my head is starting
to ache, But I must keep thinking because
there is something I am trying to make,
When I reach out it moves back with a sway,
And when I got it in the palm of my hand it
pulls away, Something tells me I will have it
soon, But outside I last saw the sun now I see
the moon, Soon is turning into forever now I start
wondering just what am I trying to grab a hold to, Then it hits me I
am trying to create a poem for you, And I refuse to just stop,
Because of some darn writers block.....



— Dana L. Dixon

A Letter To Momma

I greet you and I look at you pleasant. As I lay back and mature through the years of my adolescence. It hurt me when I looked in your eyes and saw a weak reflection. Those times your form was in a storm and I could not protect it. Even when you would cry, a part of your soul would fall from your eye, Tears you gave for the broken years, they would roll down your face. All because you knew, I was living my life at a dangerous pace. You were mad at me because I would not use my mind to escape. I know now, I took from you a piece of your spirit I can never replace. I am sorry you hold memories of watching me grow up in this place. Now, I appreciate and hold you in the highest of faiths. Now, I know the truth, I did not know in my youth; that when I hurt myself I hurt you. I no longer want to kill or die for you; I just want to succeed for you. And in the process make you proud and heal you too. No matter where they put me I am going to grow from your root. All you wanted was to see me become a man, and make wise decisions and keep blood off my hands. I can assure you now that I am cleansed. I want you to forgive me I no longer hold the heart of revenge; I want you to know my heart is fragile without you within, it breaks into pieces and the pain won't end, I'd rather have that bond that only your love can mend, and you was my only friend. In me you would always believe, you were my lung when I needed to breathe. You were my shoulder when things were to heavy for me to receive. There were times you stopped being my mother and became my QUEEN, I want to tell you if you look in my eyes you can still see your dreams! Ma you are so much to me, you are my everything! A LETTER TO MOMMA!!!!



— Dana L Dixon

Author's note: This poem was created after I received a visit from my mother while I was in segregation and she had a very disappointed look on her face when she asked me, "Are you tired of hurting yourself?" I in my juvenile ignorance did not understand just what she was asking because I was not hurt. So she asked me yet another question, "Son do you think about anyone else when you decide to do the things you do?" I told her really I don't think, So we enjoyed the rest of our visit. When she left she told me she would not be back as long as I was in segregation because she could not see me chained to no chair like an animal. So when I got back to my cell after thinking about all the hurt I have caused my mom I came up with this piece!!

Judgment Day

I'm just a young demon locked in hell,
Enclosed in a cell with two angels on my shoulders
Constantly tellin' me that I should've went to Heaven,
Now I'm punching the walls,
No longer having fun,
Repenting to ease the torture, Judgment Day had begun,
Regretting the mistakes I made,
The Devil watches from above, as we become slaves for
The earthly sin we've done...

—Jeffery S. Hazel Jr.

Germination

You are the tree and I am the branch.
You plant the seed and I grow up.
The green of your leaves represents life,
And the red of your beautiful flowers
Represents love.

Because of your seed, I'm here growing and growing,
Until I grow as you are,
You are a beautiful and strong tree,
And I'm just the branch,

But beside you I feel safe
Because while you stand up,
I'll never fall down.

—Felipe Rodriguez Gonzalez
in appreciation for Language Partners

Here I Lay

Here I lay... waiting for consciousness to subside... because sleep has become my escape... confined in body... but I lack the intestinal fortitude to... once again be confined in mind, so... here I lay... trying to analyze the myriad of mistakes I've made... those unfulfilled promises...that recidivistic ambiance that surrounds me...that thought process that's tantamount to the knob on the stove... where low is high...and high is low...how to rekindle a flame where oxygen isn't exposed... I don't know, so... here I lay... motionless... but full of emotion... trying to analyze the notion of ... how my nose can be so wide open... for a woman I haven't even broached yet... but to some extent... I already know the answer to my own questions... it's not just her café-au-lait skin complexion... her eccentricity... the fact that she loves to read... and she's a luxury to my vision... see, we've been exposed to pain.... that's evident in our dispositions... and whoever said that opposites attract was tripping... because I'm loving our similarities... but I'm hating the fact that... I met the right woman at the wrong time in my life... not knowing if I'll ever get a chance to rectify the mistakes I made in hers, so... here I lay... waiting to compensate for my hearts void... as selfish as these words might seem... see, the only way that I'm guaranteed to be exposed to her love and affection is when I'm submerged in my dreams B, so... here I lay... waiting for consciousness to subside...because sleep has become my escape...

—Christopher Hill

I SEE TIME

I see time as a forward motion that depicts the intent of thought through the constant perpetuation of nature's natural course.
I also see time as the manifestation of love's ultimate medium while balance is the infraction of mathematical principles while seconds creates minutes and hours into days.
While we were all formed inside this phenomenal over standing sometimes we fail to look time in her eyes and bask gorgeously allowing her to breathe.
What is time? Time defined is time confined! Is it the patience of our celestial sphere divided into degrees for us all to witness and enjoy? Or is it our reason for existence while we envision what we will be tomorrow?
I asked time about her structured function engraved inside her circumference while the earth spun on her axis – and she smiled!
Peace

— Derrell Truitt

I Meet a Stranger Every Morning

I meet a stranger every morning.
We sit cross-legged with eyes closed
And stare at each other for an hour or so.
I can't exactly describe this presence
With whom I have a regular appointment
Before sunrise each day.
Although I discern our intimate assembly,
I've never really seen him.

I meet a stranger every morning.
He can be prompt or tardy, insistent or sluggish.
Our non-verbal exchanges are provocative
And profound beyond words.
Often repetitive and monotonous,
Other times so original and stimulating
That I fight the urge to jot down notes.
Yet, I've never heard his voice.

I meet a stranger every morning.
Sometimes he pisses me off.
The shit he slings and the
Dust he stirs up can make me squirm inside.
I have learned to patiently abide
His tirades, tantrums, and tantalizations.
When I allow these to quiet down,
There is a vacancy in the space of our meeting.

I meet a stranger every morning.
His silent and intuitive presence
Is capable of carrying me
To sensational highs of
Loving connection with all of creation.
I don't know if he is really a he.
After all, I suspect he is you
Just as much as he is me.

—Rob Becker

Tug of War

Voters aspire to accomplish great things.
Pushing and pulling, the pendulum swings.
Conservatives, Liberals, with plans so grand,
Each sure their future is firmly in hand,
Clear visions of rules we all should obey,
If the opposition would just give way.
All wrapped up in rhetorical squabble,
Steadfast bickering serves only to hobble
System of which participants cherish.
Their actions, however, oft prove garish.
Egos in charge, ignoring the riddle;
Always two sides, what lives in the middle?
"Truth", perhaps the response customary,
"Democracy" though, this fits our query.
So whether you lean Obama or Trump,
It must be remembered while on the stump,
Needed are every single opinion,
But no single voice rules this dominion.

—Jeffery S. Hazel Jr.

That Good Night

"Do you think if I pray hard enough, He will change his mind?"
"Not likely," I respond, a bitter smile on my face.
Go, I want to scream. Get up and be not this kind,
Gentle man wrapped in white all day. Race,
Into night, faster than the beeps keeping track of your pace.
That beckoning whisper from the trees, a call to end your fight.
"Good father, you were..." I start before your hand stops my case.
"Night," you whisper exhaling your last, "comes before the light."

— Mario Rubio

Author's note: A short poem dedicated to Dylan Thomas' poem, "Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night." Not sure if anyone knows this, but this is actually a poem style. (Forgive me, but I do not recall the name of the style). Essentially, you take the first line of a poem, or any line for that matter, and use each word from that line as the beginning of each line in your poem. You can follow the rhyming style the original poem followed or you can choose your own, as I did.

Mirrors

Who are you to tell me I am worthless?
Standing there as if your waste smells of rose
Quiet insinuations of grandeur
Eyes that speak loudly the cruelest slander
Oh, how highly you aim your perfect nose
That pride your ego carefully nurses

Come down from heavens boldly claimed
With impunity I'm defiled
Watching as you degrade others
God's son, fathers, sisters, mothers
And yet you have the nerve to smile
I ask thee now have you no shame?

There's no trust between us
Repeated betrayal
Walking, dagger in hand
Where you are, there I stand
Forever mates cursed stale
Such a mess to clean up

I feel your pain
Cloaked under smiles
Mute the chatter
Say I matter
Rebuke the vile
I have your name
Come near
Open
Your eyes
Here lies
Broken

—Keiahty Jones



Over and Over Again

Over and over again like the second hand on a watch
I see you in the depths of my mental reality
My heart paints a vivid picture of your smile lying nude on the
clouds of my soul
And though I walk through the valley of death
I fear nothing because you await me at the end
So I remain tranquil
Surrendered to this love induced coma
Entombed by the essence of your womanly aroma
As I nibble on the petals of your velvet rose
Savoring the nectar of your flower as if it were the last drops in the
fountain of youth
I suppose
This is the meaning of heaven on earth
A euphoric energy of when seven suns burst
This you are
I miss you close and I love you far
My morning, my night, my star
Continue to guide my path and I'll await your signal
From there with your hand enclosed in mine we'll take this journey
together
I do for now and a kiss for forever
The serene simplicity of silent silhouettes
Sailing on the winds edge are my fingers on the nape of your neck
So sing pleasures erotic song as I drum to the melodic melodies of
cashmere moans
Do your eyes not search for the road that leads to children's
laughter?
Capture the beauty of the uncharted ever after
And as this man named Yati puts the finishing touches on your body
Say my name in praise of what's to gain
Over and over and over again.

—Keiahty Jones

Statistics

The streets take care of me but the system made me,
Poverty fed me so money became my religion,
Some look to the sky for inspiration,
But not me...
I see abandos, vacant lots, and junkies,
I know where I don't want to go and I know who I don't want to be...
When it comes to the Police,
Who proclaim to "Protect and Serve", well...
They never lied, see...
The police protect their job security by making sure they set us
Up to serve enough time to carry them til' retirement...
Yeah,
They will protect the rich folks and their property,
But me and my community,
The majority of minorities...
Know that we got to protect ourselves,
Even at the cost of possibly getting killed or going to jail...
Which was my option from day one if I don't have the resources
To grow to be better ...
Until I realized that Education is the only thing that can help
Me prove otherwise,
My name from birth has already been documented as,
"Statistic" ...

—Jeffery S. Hazel Jr.

Outlive Me

Please, outlive me
PLEASE
Now, I plan on living to be 75...
Maybe 80 years old
So, my request in many ways
Works in your favor
You've never told me your age
But, I'm guessing that would make you...
100 and something
Continue to live life and love it
Please.

My request is kind of selfish
See, earlier today this guy confided in me
After getting off the line with his niece
He just found out about his favorite aunt
Now recently deceased...
He didn't seem too distraught
At least from what I could see
But, I've realized eyes can deceive
So I handled with care

First I cleaned my glasses with my shirt
Then sat down and asked him
"what happened?"
Then got mad at myself for asking
Does it matter what happened?
She died
And that's a fu**ed up feeling
I forgot that (R.I.P. Dad)
Taking the walk down memory lane
Is a form of dealing...
A form of healing...
He spoke in steps
I walked with him
Out of respect I won't give specifics
But during our trek
My thought process selfishly shifted, silently
I can't escape this
Thought of the uncle I once hated
When he passed away
It broke me down
Now
To think of you accompanied with death
I'm sure to lose my steps
Trying to walk down lanes of memory
I know I'm only thinking of self
But please fulfill my request
Please, outlive me.

— Christopher Hill

I NEVER WROTE A POEM IN MY LIFE

I never wrote a poem in my life.
I never had a knife fight.
You know the ones like in the Michael Jackson *Beat-it* video,
where I tie my hand and you tie your hand and we get it yo.
I never wanted to evaluate shit, until Rebecca Ginsberg came
speeding down the hallway like, "Gilford, come quick."
So I stepped inside the room with hopeful-dread, until I saw
Joseph Mapp's studious ass. Then I was like "Yeah, I might be on
board man."
Because anything positive and/or involving black people, best
believe Joe-Joe's at the table representing for our people.
Fist—to—Five.
Then I observed Saucedo, this little May-he-ca-no packs a
superman's punch, because he always wanna' critically engage
with everything and everyone, then add on a whole bunch of
other stuff.
Mr. Harold—aka—Big Mike—aka—I'm Hustling—aka—Th-Tha-
Tha-The Thesaurus Man.
He'll use 100 big words in 100 seconds, I'd be looking and
nodding, bending my lips like I understand, but what I really be
thinking is "Ray-fail distill this shit for me man."
Raphael—Rayfail this brother consciousness is on a whole
'nother plane, because he wants to open up Wellness Centers in
the hood, and you know what y'all, I believe he could.
I never wrote a poem in my life.
Abdullah Aziz a vouch for that, because he's my brother & my
friend, yeah he's Puerto Rican too, but nobody's perfect, we all
wear different sized shoes.
Which brings me to Mr. Inn, when I first saw this skinny white
dude with his weird mustache I was thinking, "What this guy be
in, outside of EJP?"
Then he looked up in my eyes and smiled, like he heard my
thoughts, and I got scared and looked away like, "Oh shit I got
caught."
Can't forget about little old me and the few skills that I bring,
They say I got a way with words, but honestly, I'm just good at
telling stories and reusing action-verbs.
I never wrote a poem in my life.
Saving the best for last, Ms. Robinson, Ms. Robinson, thank you
for all that. . . KNOWLEDGE.
The Evaluation Advisory Council of 2018 is fully stocked, which
guarantees, EJP's, academic excellence, from here own out, is
going to be on top of the top.
I never wrote a poem in my life.
So if I offended your virgin ears I apologize twice, all I was
attempting to do is bring a smile into your life, and this poem
here was my mic.
Thank You

—Raylan Gilford

"Don't Judge a Book By Its Cover"

October 24, 5 pm

There is still time to sign up for the EJP Community Library event, "Don't Judge a Book By Its Cover." This is your chance to investigate a human library. The books in this library are living persons—EJP students and outside guests—each with a unique story to tell or topic to explore. Readers will have the opportunity to peruse these books in a flash interview format, with questions determined by the book's title and theme. Look for a list of titles on the resource room bulletin boards.

If you would like to be a book or a reader, sign up on the sheet provided on the bulletin boards, inform a community library worker, or send a request to Mr. Pitman in the EJP offices. Thanks for your interest!

Why Not Happiness

Why am I still holding on when she has moved on?
Why do I call back to back even though she never answers?
Why do I write her without knowing her address?
Why do I feel for her even though she has feelings for another?
Why do I dream of her while she continues to fulfill her own dreams?
Why do I get high off my own thoughts of her while she and her significant other actually ascend to new heights?
Why do I love her even though she's found love with another?
Why do I feel so alone without her even though she has never truly been with me?
Why do I chase her even though she takes the necessary steps to remain elusive?
I have been sad and depressed because
Happiness..
Wants nothing to do with little ol' me,
And I'm still wondering why...

—Jeffery S. Hazel Jr.

The Quiet One

My eyes are weary as they stare off into the distance
They bleed of hardships survived, joy deceased, heartache revived
A uni-hemispheric sleeplike state
My wonderland wondering into the ghetto of my reality
The once laughter of a child is now the screams of a tortured adolescent
Ripped from his mother's womb, he assumes
That the tissue in which he wipes his ass is the blueprint of a woman's essence
Traveling troubled through transparent time...
Lost!
Identical are the signs that guide me
Cynical is the mask that hides me
As the tears fall outside in
I lay fetal position on a bed of knives
Dope sick from the soothing caress that death provides
On her bosom my head rest
While fools pray to a God with no shame
His manipulative antics are those of a pimp to a hoe who believes
that he would cause her no pain
I smile to myself at the false truth
All the while
Choosing NOT! to believe
That infants raised by wolves in this earthly purgatory will not crawl
and howl
I am the abomination that you created in your image
I am a blazing inferno in which the nephilim fall when slain on the
battlefield of my mind
I am the voice that doesn't speak
I am!
The last of my kind.

—Keiahty Jones

Simple Answers

How do you confine and emotion this great into iambs?
Two souls that contain enough chemistry to create the energy from
three bombs
Now that's a good picture and still it seems so inadequate
As it hangs inanimate, I'm forced to watch the colors drain
What remains is the pain from the fact that I'm about to lose my
catalyst
But simple answers rarely appear
Is this an unrequited sentiment?
Wanting to intimate and though I hope you'd be into it
I'm more interested in inventing an instrument
Where we can indulge in increments and still preserve your
innocence
But that's just a silly thought from a foolish man with nothing else to
do
But reflect on whether he encountered anything of more beauty
Daydreaming of a phantom kiss, in a context where truly
The coexistence of Goddess and mere mortal can't exist
But simple answers rarely appear
If I had a wish, your nihilistic views I'd transform
And stand sentry at your heart sacrificing life and limb as my hands
warm
The depths permeated by the cold of cries, so when you close you
eyes
And retreat to a place of peace, it's me that you hold inside
But simple answers rarely appear
Do you know that I love you?
Do you know that I would swim a million nautical miles to see you
smile again, if only for a moment?
It's amazing and so outside the norm
That this woman can be the epitome of poetry without ever reciting
one poem
But again....
Simple answers rarely appear

—Keiahty Jones

PBS Programming in October

Monday, October 1, 9pm: *POV: "Dark Money"*

What funds our political campaigns?

Tuesday, October 2, 7pm: *Great American Read "Villains and Monsters."*
Literature's most notorious fiends. More episodes Tuesdays this month.

Tuesday, October 2, 8pm: *Frontline: "Trump's Showdown"*

A presidential investigation.

Wednesday, October 3, 9pm: *Secrets of the Dead*

"The Woman in the Iron Coffin."

Friday, October 5, 8pm: *Great Performances*

"Grammy Salute to Music Legends, 2018." Tina Turner, Queen, and others.

Friday, October 12, 8pm: *Shakespeare Uncovered*

Exploring the Bard's plays. Tonight: *Much Ado About Nothing* and *The Merchant of Venice*. More episodes Fridays this month.

Monday, October 15, 9pm: *God Knows Where I Am*

A story of mental illness and homelessness.

Tuesday, October 16, 8pm: *American Experience: Eugenics Crusade*
Breeding "better" Americans.

Monday, October 22, 8pm: *IL 13th District Representative Debate*
What are they promising?

Tuesday, October 23, 9pm: *Frontline: "The Pension Gamble"*

How states and Wall Street led public pensions into a \$4-trillion hole.

Wednesday, October 31, 8pm: *NOVA: "Ghosts of Murdered Kings"*
Unearthed Ireland.

Attention Danville Residents

If you are not a member of EJP, but would like to receive *The Amplifier* each month, send a request to the EJP office with your name, number and housing location. Thanks for your interest.

Submissions are welcome!

Ensuring that every submitted poem was printed in this issue required adding poetry to fill out the issue. I have included additional works from some of the most famous English poets. I hope they will inspire people to write more poetry.

—James Wood

I, Too

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.

—Langston Hughes

Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

—Dylan Thomas

The Arrow and the Song

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The Snow Man

One must have a mind of winter
To regard the frost and the boughs
Of the pine-trees crusted with snow;

And have been cold a long time
To behold the junipers shagged with ice,
The spruces rough in the distant glitter

Of the January sun; and not to think
Of any misery in the sound of the wind,
In the sound of a few leaves,

Which is the sound of the land
Full of the same wind
That is blowing in the same bare place

For the listener, who listens in the snow,
And, nothing himself, beholds
Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is.

—Wallace Stevens

Dream Deferred (Harlem)



What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore—
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over—
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

—Langston Hughes

| Sunday | Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday |
|--|--|--|--|---|--|--|
|  | <p>12 pm CAVE</p> <p>7</p> | <p>8:30 Workshop: Genres of Writing</p> <p>5 pm Calculus, Discovery, Language Partners</p> <p>2</p> | <p>8:30 Workshop: IVP</p> <p>12 pm Python</p> <p>5 pm Library workers, Calculus office hours</p> <p>Workshop: Planets Everywhere</p> <p>8:30 Workshop: IVP</p> <p>Calculus Office Hours</p> <p>12 pm Python</p> <p>5 pm Workshop: Diffraction</p> <p>8:30 Workshop: IVP,</p> <p>Calculus office hours</p> <p>12 pm Python</p> <p>5 pm Library Program: Guest speaker — Volition</p> <p>8:30 Workshop: IVP,</p> <p>Calculus office hours</p> <p>12 pm Python</p> <p>5 pm Library Program: "Don't judge a book ..."</p> <p>Workshop: Special Relativity</p> <p>8:30 Workshop: IVP</p> <p>12 pm Python</p> <p>5 pm Workshop: Special Relativity</p> | <p>9:30 Workshop: Managing Your Money</p> <p>12 pm Workshop Managing your Money</p> <p>5 pm Language Partners MDG</p> <p>8:30 Workshop: Math Anxiety</p> <p>5 pm Language Partners MDG</p> <p>8:30 Writing Workshop</p> <p>9:30 Workshop: Managing Your Money</p> <p>12 pm Workshop Managing your Money</p> <p>5 pm Language Partners MDG</p> <p>9:30 Workshop: Managing Your Money</p> <p>12 pm Workshop Managing your Money</p> <p>5 pm Language Partners MDG</p> | <p>8:30 Amplifier, CAVE</p> <p>5 pm For-Credit courses</p> <p>5</p> <p>8:30 Amplifier, CAVE</p> <p>5 pm For-Credit courses</p> <p>12</p> <p>8:30 Amplifier, CAVE</p> <p>5 pm For-Credit courses</p> <p>19</p> <p>8:30 Amplifier, CAVE</p> <p>5 pm For-Credit courses</p> <p>26</p> | <p>4 am "The jalapenos are really good going down, but they sure do burn coming out."</p> <p>6</p> <p>20</p> <p>27</p> |
| <p>7:45 pm "I know the AMC Horrorfest is freaking you out, but no, you cannot get into bed with me."</p> <p>7</p> <p>7:45 pm "I know the AMC Horrorfest is freaking you out, but no, you cannot get into bed with me."</p> <p>21</p> <p>8 pm "Hey cellie, I get it's a ghost costume, but why the pointy top?"</p> <p>20</p> | <p>NO PROGRAMMING DCC</p> <p>8</p> <p>8:30 Workshop: Impact of victimization</p> <p>12 pm CAVE</p> <p>15</p> <p>12 pm CAVE</p> <p>22</p> <p>8:30 Workshop: Topics in Writing—Songwriting</p> <p>12 pm CAVE</p> <p>21</p> | <p>5 pm Calculus, Discovery, Language Partners</p> <p>16</p> <p>5 pm Calculus, Discovery, Language Partners</p> <p>25</p> <p>5 pm Calculus, Discovery, Language Partners</p> <p>30</p> | <p>October</p>  | | | |

Address label goes here.

ILLINOIS

EDUCATION JUSTICE PROJECT

