

Spoken Word Pieces

Leslie Dripps

The Garden Bench

Sowing seeds, settling plants,
I pictured you and me sitting
on the bench just so
tea in hand, breathing green.

Each branch arching across the path,
“How lovely,” you’d say,
and smile at me warmly
as the sun in May, and you would mean I was lovely, too, not lovely, but loveable.

We did sit on that bench,
someone else’s mother and I,
but I was a stranger to her, a wild thing suffering,
and her bucket already filled with daughters.

So I labor beside the garden bench,
feeding decay to make soil and say
“no”
to what might have been but was never near,
so my path can be carved curved away from here,
a path whose level is dearly purchased and I can say without bitterness

that

we never sat
upon the garden bench

and forgive you.

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Jerrard Smith

Life through the rainy days
Flow be the serenade,
Heartbreak and escapades
Words take your breath away
Sunshine, moonshine,
Dancing in the moonlight
I cry, you cry,
Celebrate the hard times

Lights in the city break,
Stars in the sky fade,
Waters in the sea wave
Flames in the sun blaze
Long nights, late nights
Waiting for the sunlight
Some live, some die,
House left, stage right

Birds in the morning sing
Symphonies and wedding rings
Sad songs tend to bring
Loneliness and everything
Days passed, time goes,
Brooks dry, rhythm flows
Old man in dirty clothes
Crying through a saxophone

Rain fills these city streets,
Pain fills where love leaks,
Pray for my enemies
Life's but a memory,
A throne seats one king
An angel as two wings
The fall time colors leaves
Except for the evergreens

Music is the medicine:
Lyrical exceterin,

Rhythmical coalescence
Spiritual, affectionate.
Kids laugh the day away,
Yesterday'll fade away,
Leather coat on lay-a-way,
Come again another day.

Life through the rainy days
Storms in the Outer Banks
Thought about you yesterday
Nearly took my breath away
Late nights, long nights,
Praying for the sunlight,
New day, sun rise
Celebrate the good times.

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Hope Martin

1/25/21

there is a maturation of friendship
that brings with it
the vulnerability to share things that you
hold so close to your chest
and you can find a lot of relatability with each other.

but there is a further maturation of friendship
when you are vulnerable about how you're doing with each other.

it is much riskier
but it is much more rewarding.

2/18/21

I want to be
the friend you
think I am.

and I want to not
worry about

living up to myself
or anyone else.

I want to
view friendships as
a walk through the woods
rather than as a
minefield of my own construction.

I want to walk
in freedom, knowing
I'll trip over roots
and get slapped by a few branches
and I want to not walk
in fear, gripped by terror
that I'll do or say the wrong thing
and blow us both to bits.

3/17/21

I wish,
sometimes,
that we could go back;
back to when
we didn't have to carry
the weight of the world
on our shoulders—
our parents did it for us.

back to when
our largest wounds were
scraped up knees from
playing a little too hard.

when our greatest difficulties were
fighting our math curriculums
or not finishing school
before breakfast.

when our biggest, baddest enemies were
those in our imaginations.

when the heaviest weight we carried was
unshed baby fat
and maybe a few too many
scoops of ice cream.

when our tallest mountain to climb was
the hill in our backyard.

I wish,
sometimes,
that we could go back
to the familiarity we
used to have with each other.

how like strangers
we have become,
who used to know
every update,
no matter how small,
and every secret,
no matter how big.

how did we end up
so far apart?

10/24/21

it's ok that
I am not your go to anymore
you are not mine.
there are people who are
more present for each of us,
but we will not disappear
out of each other's lives
simply because we are not
part of each other's daily lives,
because we are not
each other's regular community.

it doesn't mean that

we're growing apart
it means that
we are growing separately
and that makes all the difference
in the world.

4/20/20

two wells
their depths rarely plumbed.

but,
if you are willing
to pull the ropes
and wait,

your time and effort
will be richly rewarded—

for their waters will take you on a
journey
to new heights
and bring you soaring over the plains,
broadening your horizons
and e x p a n d i n g your perspective.

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