

I have so much to say.  
im looking at the world with kaleidoscopes for eyes  
wondering why I feel so dizzy  
I learned to write a poem right here,  
on these city's streets  
you know my first real sculpture  
was made of sticks and drying cement  
I started to love music from a classroom chair and chalkboard  
I've been crafting since then  
Since I started to reconstruct reality like this  
Just like this. And everything shifts right  
I still can't move things with my mind  
*but art can move people*  
So It turns out they've been teaching us  
all the right superpowers  
on the best days my craft is creativity  
from pens like leaky faucets / always dripping  
Not every word lands on the paper  
Most of this poem won't make it on stage  
I can't paint, but if I could  
I would use watercolour to bring the Credit River to backyard fences  
And I would let it spill into every crevice of this neighborhood  
let our graffiti reconstruct this community  
let our handwritten sheet music  
and work in progress poems  
Tell us what time to wake up in the mornings  
I can't paint  
But I can think of so many corners I could round with brushstrokes  
My artwork is not on billboards  
But that doesn't mean it isn't billboard worthy  
My writing could shatter entire frozen ponds  
With just one touch  
If they gave us a chance  
this could be the first time we pick up a saxophone  
Hear it fill our homes with jazz  
Here we are now, years later. the music is still going  
My fingertips trace the landscape of our voices  
This is where the sunset meets all of our almosts  
things we want to say  
open mouths no sounds  
canvas ready to capture  
This is what we make of it  
this is us, speaking

By Pujita Verma