

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