

POWER IN CULTURE

STORIES

FROM

a QUEER

Black woman

(and a meddling white)

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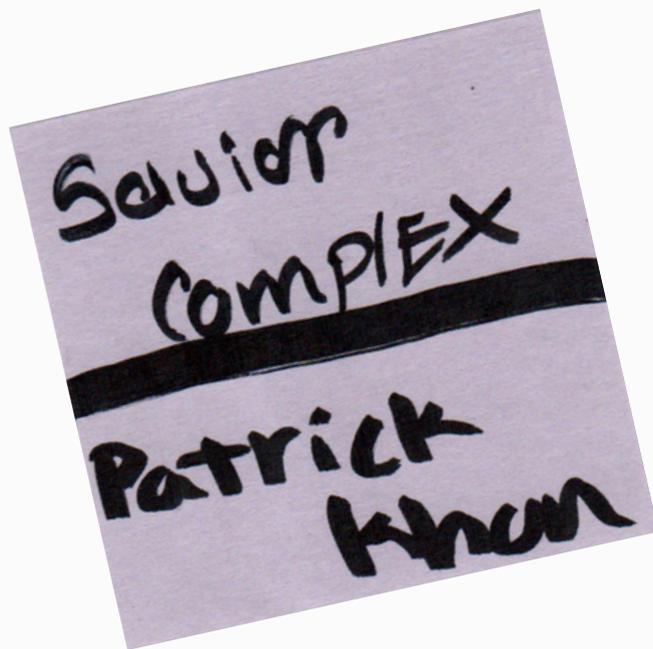
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There is only so many blocks that can be taken
And put back
Before the tower crumbles

Posting to instagram
Posing with their signs before they march
Overly sincere crocodile tears,
run the tap until it's dry.
Policeman pass them and their paths of destruction
To detain a man who also has a sign,
But no path of destruction behind him
And they never notice or care to intervene.
Still posting with their signs.

And i'm left wondering
Will i survive
The crocodile tears and savior complexes

I AM A BLACK,
GAY MAN

I AM A BLACK
MAN

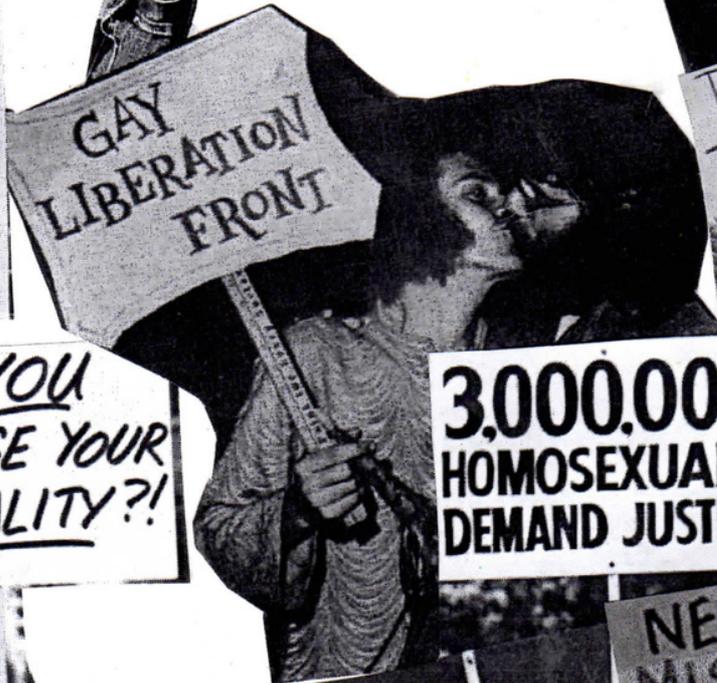
I AM A MAN



**BLACK + GAY
HERE
TO STAY**

WE THE
PEOPLE-
THAT MEANS
ALL
OF US

POWER
TO THE
PEOPLE



I want
my country
back!

DID YOU
CHOOSE YOUR
SEXUALITY?!

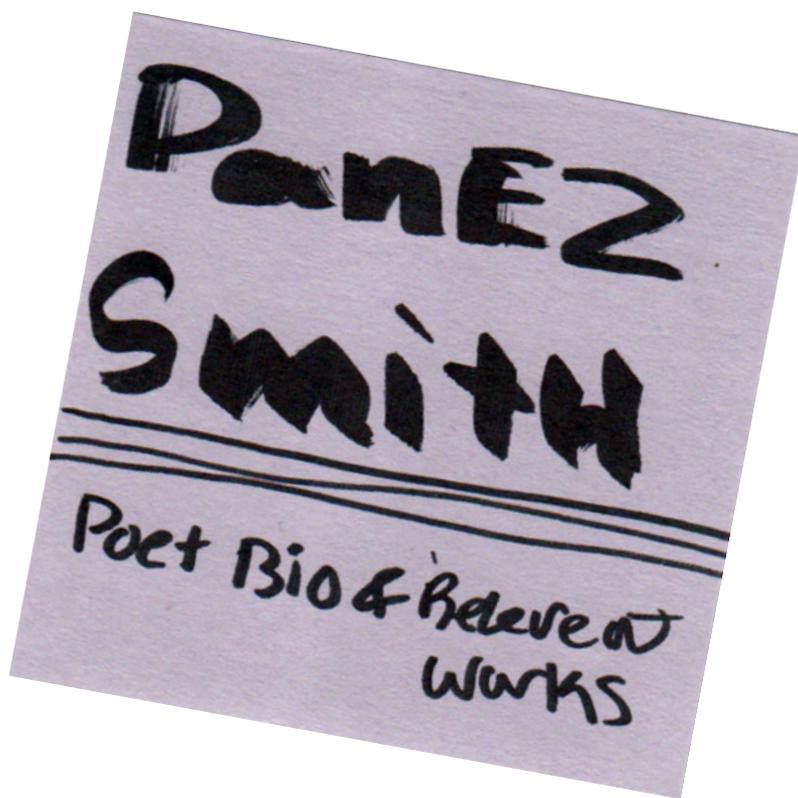
**3,000,000
HOMOSEXUALS
DEMAND JUSTICE**

NEVER
MISSES
a GAY
EVENT
➔

**HOMOSEXUAL
IS AN
ABOMINATION
TO GOD
ALMIGHTY**



MAND
FORM FOR



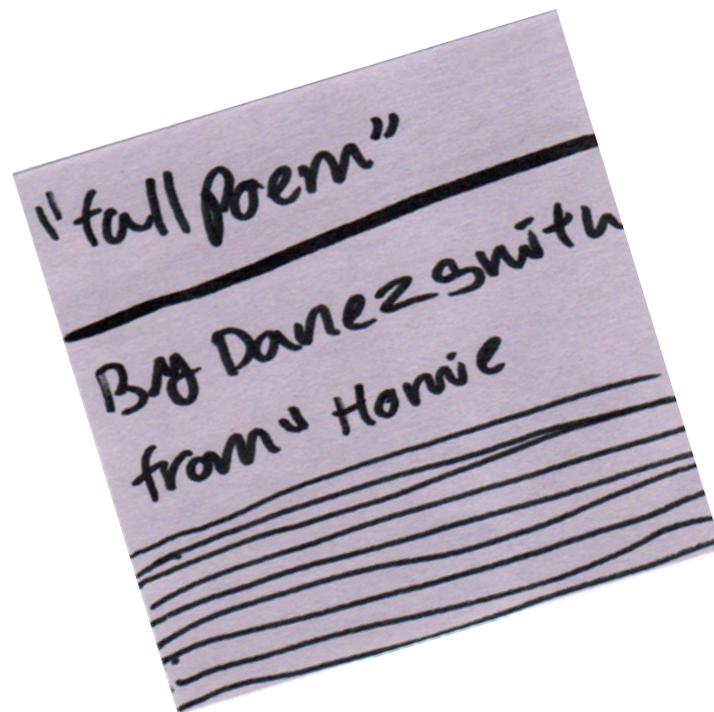
Danez smith is a black,queer,poc writer and performer from saint paul massachussets.They are also the author of "*dont call us dead*",winner of the forward prize for best collection and a finalist for the national book awards,and [insert]boy,winner of the kate tufts discovery award.Danez has been featured as part of Forbes' annual 30 Under 30 list and is the winner of a Pushcart Prize.Danez's poetry and prose has also been featured in Vanity Fair, The New York Times, The New Yorker, GQ, Best American Poetry,among many,many other awards and aheivments.

Quote

"some of us are killed in pieces, some of us all at once // do i think someone created AIDS? maybe. i don't doubt that anything is possible in a place where you can burn a body with less outrage than a flag"

— Danez Smith, *Don't Call Us Dead: Poems*





The leaves have done their annual death-shimmy.
Now the streetlight, with no soft green curtain,
cuts a silver blade across my bed & (unless I sleep
on the edge) my body. I didn't want to start with leaves,
even though I love how the trees turn the color of my aunts
& soul train line to the ground each October. No one
wants to hear a poem about fall; much prefer the fallen
body, something easy to mourn, a body cut out of the light
body lit up with bullets. See how easy it is to bring up bullets?
It's impossible to ban guns, even from this poem.
I lie in the light, body split by light, room too bright for sleep
thinking of all the leaf colored bodies, their weekly fall,
how their bodies fall & look like mounds of a tree's shed skin
as if a child could jump into their bodies & play for hours.
There I go, talking about our dead, & if you don't think
they are your dead, I've run from your hands. They are red
like the tree down the street, which looks like a hot air balloon
of blood, the leaves dyed fruit punch red, red as a child's red mouth
after an afternoon spent on the porch with a bag of Flamin' Hots
watching other kids walk past, waiting for kids who don't
pass anymore on the other side of summer, who maybe go
to a different school now or moved or made like a tree
& now sleep in a box made from one.

"the fat one, with
the switch"

By Danez Smith
from "Howie"

stare so long they gotta growl
faggot to justify it. that f-sound
just an excuse to bite they lips.
dicks hard as consonants in dickies.
question mark thick, you fuck they head up.
damn desire that sneaks you into laundry rooms
strikes you in the street out of fear of itself.
they disrupt themselves with your body
& call it your fault, bury you in night
but darkness is temporary dirt.
with the sun comes the news of you.
another. another.
i wanted to write an ode. it still could be.
but first, a little silence for the ones
hurried into after cause some dude
felt his blood rush on sight
& it was the first time he knew he had blood.
not even the razor taught him that
not his daughter's birth
not his clotted mammy, not Christ.
just like a man. he saw god
& instinct told him kill it.

Corporate America's

power.

in

culture.

Ga

activists, journalists, artists and writers reflect on trauma and transformation

Awakening:

CHANGE THE WORLD

WHILE JUSTICE SLEEPS

we

DON'T

THRIVE

in every issue.

THERE IS

A NEW NARRATIVE



LGBTQ



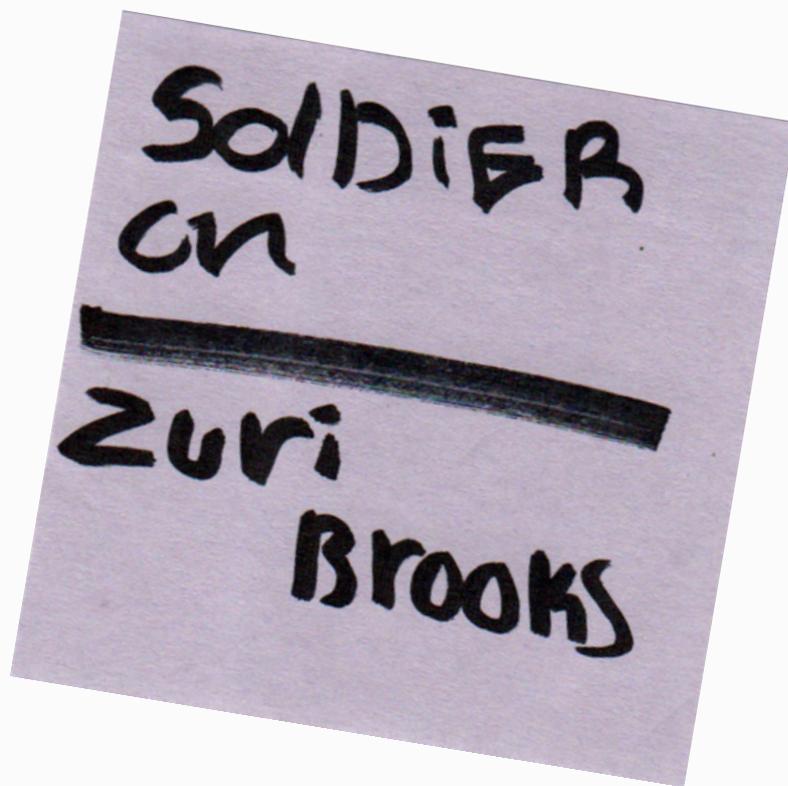
When I first met Laini, I felt at home. And the first morning I woke up next to her, I felt like I'd arrived where I was supposed to be."

—REESE SCOTT



"I would describe my artistry as expressive. I do not want to limit myself as a stylist, so I always try to switch it up and rebel against trends."

—DHAIRIUS, CELEBRITY HAIRSTYLIST & WIG SLAYER

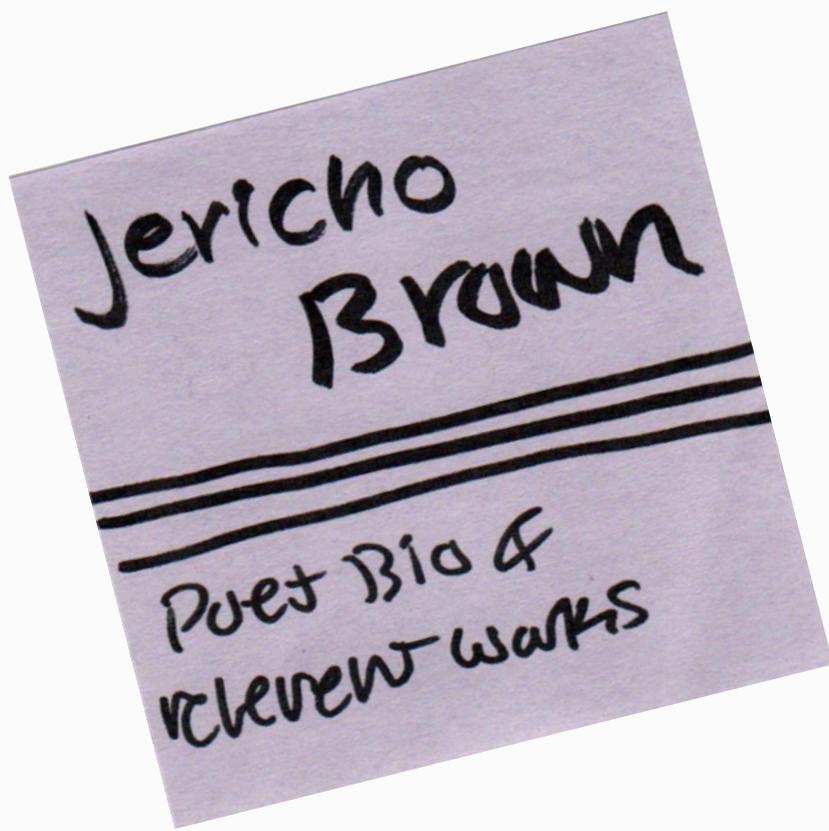


We are the people who lead us to
The future, the real soldiers of this
Country, but if you were to ask us
Would we die for it, the answer is no

We put on our armor every day, just
Like soldiers, we die for the betterment
Of this country, just like soldiers

But the only thing that makes
Us different is our praise
The praise we don't get out
There, the lavish praise we get

At home, from our lovers and
Lovettes who put our armor on
Bring out side and tell us to solier on



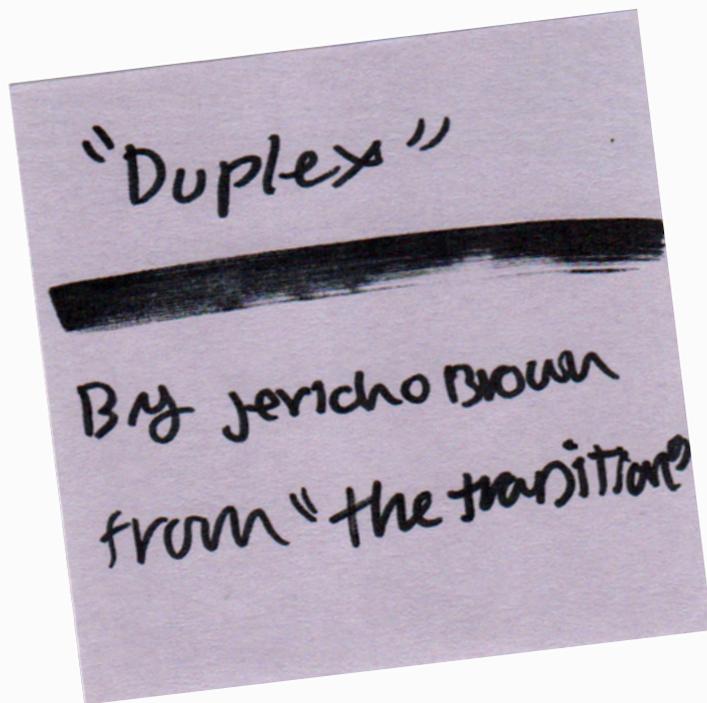
Jericho Brown is an American writer and poet born April 14, 1976 in Shreveport, Louisiana. He was also an educator at colleges such as University of Houston, San Diego State University, and Emory University. Brown won the American Book award for his book *Please*. After releasing his poetry collection *The Tradition* in 2019, it went on to win the 2020 Pulitzer Prize for Poetry.



"Host"

By Jericho Brown
from "the new
testament"

We want pictures of everything
Below your waist, and we want
Pictures of your waist. We can't
Talk right now, but we will text you
Into coitus. All thumbs. All bi
Coastal and discreet and masculine
And muscular. No whites. Every
Body a top. We got a career
To think about. No face. We got
Kids to remember. No one over 29.
No one under 30. Our exes hurt us
Into hurting them. Disease free. No
Drugs. We like to get high with
The right person. You
Got a girl? Bring your boy.
We visiting. Room at the W.
Name's D. Name's J. We DeeJay.
We Trey. We Troy. We Q. We not
Sending a face. Where should we
Go tonight? You coming through? Please
Know what a gym looks like. Not much
Time. No strings. No place, no
Face. Be clean. We haven't met
Anyone here yet. Why is it so hard
To make friends? No games. You
Still coming through? Latinos only.
Blacks will do. We can take one right
Now. Text it to you. Be there next
Week. Be there in June. We not a phone
Person. We can host, but we won't meet
Without a recent pic and a real name
And the sound of your deepest voice.



A poem is a gesture toward home.
It makes dark demands I call my own.

Memory makes demands darker than my own:
My last love drove a burgundy car.

My first love drove a burgundy car.
He was fast and awful, tall as my father.

Steadfast and awful, my tall father
Hit hard as a hailstorm. He'd leave marks.

Light rain hits easy but leaves its own mark
Like the sound of a mother weeping again.

Like the sound of my mother weeping again,
No sound beating ends where it began.

None of the beaten end up how we began.
A poem is a gesture toward home.

