

HOME

22

OCT/11

3

Slammed

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I went to a poetry slam. It was the first time I had heard spoken poetry in any form since I won some pitied award for my poetry in eighth grade(that I had actually written a that only to plagiarize from later), where we all shared our prose. I remember m now- quiet, hesitant, distant. I spoke my poem about the dwindling life of lightning down.

This was different. A few poets spoke from something written on a napkin or photo had everything memorized. A mic, a small backlit stage and their expressed bodies were all that was there to entertain. One green poet followed another. One won expressed thought followed another. Their bodies quivered, lips jumbled words, h pounded- but messages resounded.

The last round had begun, a poet stood in front of us. He was my age, a lanky yo drowned in a large hoodie. Hands in his pocket he began. As the poem lifted off h In moments he destroyed placation and turned to boundless expression. Hands m body stirred, rising and dipping as only his emotions could control. His hand beat hollow thud resounded with his words. Only short minutes passed, I think, and it He waited for nothing, the applause and cheers that followed we heard by a mic and the curtain behind, no more. He was down the isle quicker than I thought po bounded down in two steps to hide behind a wall. It was beautiful. Taken as it wa seated was left unmoved. I felt something too- and my always unresponsive emo something surprising- tears flowed down my cheeks.

The why to this response was not his poem entirely, but how it related to me. He

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