THANK YOU!

Noah Lawrence-Holder... Cover Art

Miranda Strong, Rebecca Nichlosen, Juwaria Jama, Se'Anna, Winfrey Oenga, Mo Holmes, Ashley Mari... Contributing Poets

Emily Meenan... Curator

Meena Natarajan, Dipankar Mukherjee, Katia Cardenas, Adlyn Carreras, Suzanne Victoria Cross, Sarah Duncan, Ellen Hinchcliffe, Ismail Khalidi, Sir Curtis Kirby III, Mollie Lacy, Julia Malmgren, Keila Anali Saucedo, Sophie Tiahnybik, Jenny Zander... Pangea World Theater Ensemble

Pangea World Theater Community Members for responding to our prompt!

Pangea World Theater gratefully acknowledges that we are on the sacred traditional lands of the Dakota people. It is an honor to live, work, and create art and community alongside Dakota, Ojibwe and other Indigenous people in the Twin Cities.
dear stephanie washington
by mo holmes

“Forever is what I wanna give to you” -from
“Nothing in this World,” Keke Wyatt feat. Avant

i say “i think i will write stephanie this letter then i can go to bed” but this fear--

in her car, we sit our arms around i listen, let her yell wide she stretches open so i can cry calls me “black woman” up my back to my neck her palm so honest so

i work my cheek into her hand almost we settle a drunk-fuzzy futurity speaking soft revelations soft, quiet, close soft hand-to-cheek soft pressed praying we are in our own church where i can picture us

how we could really love us in this gin how you could make my black woman body a psalm your skin my tabernacle i would baptize you in my black woman lap forgive all our damn sins and the hurt we didn’t mean and the hurt we might and the hurt we did, from only just now

finding this fantasy of safe my face in your cupped hand

something shattered lynched our little eden she shrank back from me, policed i think she accused me of loving her on purpose but i couldn’t hear over the ringing in my ears

our love is a pulled-over, fatal thing bells and blood keep me up spinning
now that i know your name
UN-MAKING JOAN: MINNEAPOLIS
By Rebecca

Joan of Arc roasts on the pyre.
In her mind she is a tower.
The weak and weary run to her,
tyrants falter at her sword’s tip.

Enter the hero: here she should emerge tall,
standing before princes and kings in the blood
of the city —

South Minneapolis (Whittier, Powderhorn, the Wedge),
in the life force of womxn who came before and after —
Lake Street womxn with raven eyes, brown eyes, green
eyes, hazel eyes;
Cedar-Riverside womxn with skin baked by Sahara heat,
olive-colored, chestnut-covered, pale;
North Minneapolis womxn with hair falling down in locs like
wool, rising up in ringlets,
in black and brown puffs, descending in waves —
straight upon the bareness of a shoulder,
tracing the length of an arm.
Womxn with phalluses.
Womxn without them.

The same enemy beckons the world to conform.
Flames linger about our hips, breasts, thighs,
up and down our spines to the sacred place.

Can a blade bring revolution?
In conquering a kingdom, does one destroy the seeds of dictatorship? — seeds womxn with & without wombs, with & without phalluses bear the weight of, dreaming under and over and around.

Joan’s ashes, descendants of feminist energy — our mothers, sisters, grandmothers, abuelas, grandmammas, aunts, aunties, cousins, nieces — gather beside Bde Maka Ska oaks and sycamores.

“Remember,” the trees ask, centuries from now, “she who became legend, who stowed away to the province of the patriarchal realm to borrow authority, flee the gaze, ride upon the great stallion in battle toward victory?”

“We remember,” their leaves answer, “the sun rising to meet our face; oblivious to the transformation, the tentacles of the willow, the skeleton of the pines, the fragrance in their needles, lost forever.”
When you "Another World what do you envision a safe space of justice and equity. a space where elders are respected and youngsters are heard; a space where there are no margins...we all are in a circle and all are holding the the cauldron of justice! were artists are creating policy and community voice is centered!"

"People taking care of each other, where all people have basic needs met, and can pursue their dreams. We all have space to be ourselves, and differences are seen as beautiful."

"One where every smile I give, I get one back!"
A world where our safety does not depend on money metrics to dictate or translate our value.

"I envision a world where we respect the past and the future. The word respect means to look back and consider. I envision a world where we look back and own the past, heal from the harm, and stay where we are but change ourselves to create a better world. There is such a narrative that we must move forward, keep moving, moving towards this false sense of a promise land. As if we are running from our past so we can quickly forget it. Our world is here right now. We mustn't run from it, we must stand and work in the uncomfortable change. So I guess I imagine a world that doesn't run, rather stands in their past, present, and future."

"A world where our safety does not depend on money metrics to dictate or translate our value."
When I was 13 I was in 8th grade
Trying to find pieces of me lost way long ago
When I was in 8th grade I wanted to be everything
Even President of Student Council
But maybe that was because my brother once was
Ultimately
I wanted my voice to be so loud the entire school couldhear me
I Was looking to be whole
Wanted my anger to make something more out of me
Because I was sick of being the angry black kid nobody
wanted to talk to
Who preached in the prayer room, and the hallways, and
during recess
Really all the time
And I, seemed to know every little thing about everything
so I wanted the whole world to know it to
Maybe it was too much to expect at 13, from an 8th grade
class
The same way it was too much to expect from a country
built off racism and genocide
And I think I was too little or naive to think
That our world could ever be built that way
But I mean
Its been built that way from the beginning
And what more can we do than to educate?
Ourselves on everything our parents tried to hide from us
I spent the last of middle school trying to find the puzzle
pieces of myself I discarded long ago

black
by Juwaria
Looking for the parts of me that seemed, happy
So as not to be painted as the angry black kid
In a school filled with black kids
My anger seemed, minor
And I didn’t understand why I could be singled out so much
Maybe I should’ve allowed myself to spend more time outside, playing with children my own age
Less time being angry, and more time being joyful

I should’ve done more at 13 right?
Yet, sometimes black children don’t have that luxury
Now here I am
Trying to figure out what really makes me me
And where I could put this anger into
Because I am not inside out
I am not a movie
I have emotions and different parts of me that deserve screen time too
Anger is just a fraction of it
Because who am I?
I am Black joy
I am black love
I am black excellence
Aren’t we all?
To be able to use our anger for better
To be able to use our anger to make you smile
To be able to use our anger to make you laugh
And dance with outstretched arms
Isn’t that what black joy is about?
To go against a system that’s taught us we were only puppets used for their entertainment
To cater to their imagination of who we should be
Isn’t black joy a revolution in itself?
No longer painted as this angry black kid
But these black kids with rightful anger
Using it to their advantage
To be happy
In a world that didn’t want us to be happy to begin with
Now isn’t that revolutionary?
To teach ourselves what it means to be black and proud
Black and loud
Black and joyful
And not these connotations of angry black people define who we are
Because we define who we are
And we say
That we will not allow this system to weaponize our anger and paint us as villains
We will use our anger to be liberated
And then sing, and dance and life
And be overjoyed with the world we’ve built for ourselves
You see
Black joy is a lot of things
But at most, it’s a revolution
So I will let my feet dance under the ground of our freedom
The Words I Needed to Breathe  
by Winfrey Oenga  

My friend’s Grandma once said it is a blessing when the rain showers down from the sky on one’s Birthday. How it brings wonder to the eyes Sweet cocoa eyes. Warm puddles that scream surprise a mystery for the mysterious. I call this a new day I call this day spring. Because you remind me of this season. The kind sun and patient breathes like the air is your home. Happy birthday. Listen. To our breathes intertwined breathe with me don’t fade away just yet. She shines infinitely roses falling from the hands as the sunlight dances upon the shoulders whispering a gentle love raise both hands they slide upwards against the sweet curves of tomorrow this goddess she, my inner light I lie within.
"Justice free from police or the prison industrial complex. Liberation from capitalism and social corruption including current models of politics and capitalism-influenced social hierarchies in the arts. A world safe for women, lgtbqia+, and communities targeted by white supremacy. Universal design everywhere for accessibility. Body positivity. Sex positivity. Non competing religious messaging focused on liberation, equity, and justice. True care for the elderly and mothers/new-parents."

"A world, country, city, or space where everyone has equal opportunities, universal healthcare, a true living wage, and safe places to live."

"Change and celebration of new parameters are waiting to be discovered"
hear is Possible envision?

"Grilled fruit- peaches, pineapple, pears. And plenty of it to go around. I picture myself limitless. I picture you limitless. I picture us together with the land growing bigger and stronger- but always juntos."

"I see a world of racial and economic equity, where we take care of the earth, support each other and engage with one another as a community, a place where immigrants are welcomed with open arms, and everyone has access to free health care".

"New narratives, practices, governance, voices in every pocket of society. Freedom of expression when it comes to art and orientation in all their forms. Freedom to simply live for every person, regardless of difference. A balance between the needs of the land and water, and the needs of humanity. Full circle baby!"
I remember pickin pedals from flowers Like other manmade mechanisms of power. For hours, I'd sour never knowin if somebody loved me, if they loved me not Contemplating, seeking validation til older I'd gotten.

But it Wasn't enough to just speak of his grace & mercy, Though I gratefully dare to offer the glory he's deservin Speak the name of Jesus twice, have the people shoutin’, screamin' Learnin that just because you say it doesn't mean that you're believing.

Hearing stories of wondrous fill-ins Placing the capacity of worship into a 3-minute dealin’ With a blonde haired, skin fair, blue eyed savior Representative of those who'd historically withhold favor from someone who look a lot like me

Amidst what became a "man-is-first" destiny with the backs of my people as foundation, Replicated nations, Babylon the Great When we see ‘em we see racism, hate, but most importantly--God...

...And what's crazy’s in the beginning it didn't even seem the slightest bit odd...
...That what it meant to be loved was an expression of oppression...

...Who do I trust with my troubles to the degree of this depression?

Askin let it be me that he's blessing

Simply being I'm less than holy, When all that I knew was worldly, To have His spirit console me, Was more than my soul could carry, Yet in His presence, I'd tarry To fast & pray & be merry, Have him fulfill my strength when my soul & body were weary

From a game of pretending that doesn't encourage inquiry
How was I truly suppose to know just who Jehovah is to me? Thinkin if I'd ever see the manifold of His glory...if he'd ever hear the cries of a sinner like me.
Yet knowing his eyes had seen my unformed body, all the days ordained for me
Written in his book before any had came to be So it was then that I relinquished my religion, Havin only broken pieces of the life I'd been given
Finding that God is omnipotent, omnipresent, & omniscient, 
To present to you salvation and the knowledge is His mission 
We try to cover the tracks of what we thought He couldn't use 
He'll deliver if you're willing to simply give Him you. 
Not your “riches”, the “Holy Holy” or the picture perfect best, 
He'll remove from you heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh-- One to show that he's the Lord, he is God & we're the people, A part of us, in its fullness to return to Him equal. 
I know I'll never be perfect, moreso -- I'm not even worth it. But even in my mistakes He filled me with discernment and purpose. 
God isn't ancient, he's eternal it's perspective To the manner which we honor & worship him respectively. 
& Even Though we got history, Every day’s a new mystery 
Unveiled to me eventually. Immeka, essentially. It’s His word that though we're wasting away outwardly, its inwardly He assures our renewal on the daily
It was His amazing grace that saved a wretch like me, Justice for the afflicted and oppressed like me. The epitome of faithful, more than worthy, despite my obstacles. Singin', praise his name, obeying, sayin' “Look at what God can do!”

“Look at what God can do!” Sayin' “Look at what God can do!”
Turn to ya neighbor & tell ‘em “Look at what God can do!” Grateful for times I can just dwell in his presence, I'd be careless not to share it with the people, in essence

Because I feel it Ain't the type you'll ever wanna be without. And now I feel it, The kind to make you wanna scream & shout His greatest decree is for me to show you what it's about --
Above, within us, throughout,
God is love without a doubt.
A law is a rule. A rule is a line where he took a stick to the sand to draw a path to not cross. Don't do that thing you do in the way you do. Don't pass on the right. Sit up straight. Show your teeth; show no teeth. Wear this, go here, do that, do this, but don't let me catch you if you plan to do that thing you do in the way you do it. You know, that thing you do that keeps you sane? Sane is a thing you can not keep. Did you think that would fly here? Did you hear? He made a new law. I told you this all, once.

You can't do that. You can't be here. Since you are, what are you dressed as? Why is your hair up? Did you show him your teeth? Did you show him more? What kind of things did you show? Are you scared? Are you hurt? Can you tell me what the law says we do? Can it be changed? If so, how and to whom? Don't ask me, I can't say that I do. I know what I can say is I don't know what to do. Can I see this law? Show me where it says don't cross that line; I warn you. I want to know who said it. Can we trust him? Do we want to trust him? Why do we hand our trust to him?

It's the law.
What is Destroying You?
by Ashley Mari

What is destroying you, why can't you breathe? This life is filled with beauty and art, why can't you see? Passion outlasts pain any day but it seems to lack on certain days. We fade in and away but like the Sun we shall rise again.

What'll save you from you, what do you know is true?

The hue is slightly askew, shades of trouble erupt through our view and we stumble trying to put pieces together from crumbles.

I've never known the truth could be so near, so vivid if I just took a moment to hear.

If you're reading this, you are no longer your F E A R.
"At this time, when it feels impossible to simply go back to work, we ask the artists in our ensemble to respond to this time, this space, this moment. Going back to business as usual is not possible. We are charging the artist/activists we work with everyday to document this moment in history, this potent moment charged with resistance.

Through plays, song, visual arts – we create an equitable and just space from burnt ashes, debris and shattered glass! We rise and proclaim – ‘yes, another world is possible and its time is NOW!’"

-Meena Natarajan and Dipankar Mukherjee, Pangea World Theater Artistic Directors