

## The 100-Foot Poem

*Collaboratively written by attendees of the The New York City Poetry Festival  
July 29 and 30, 2023*

Poetry is . . .

The heart in words  
Raw, truthful, unapologetic, healing, timeless!!  
Still bleeding  
Making love your religion  
Speaking out against hatred

The moon and the stars, it's all around

The void

- A. Crystallization of thought-feeling
- B. Mood device that surreptitiously invades your subconscious
- C. Emotional vomit
- D. All of the above

Happiness is doing what feels good, being positive

The art of truth-telling

Standing in my truth even with one foot out the door  
The primordial grasp of my mother  
Her love and our pain  
A conversation spoken in unfelt hugs and soft-spoken farewells

A hedge against despair

Fingers on hands be people clasped together in Unity  
A tool for understanding and expression  
Depressing antidepressant  
An everlasting cure to endure the sickness of life

Happiness in words

The directing voice on the pitch black stage  
Not lost, found  
Found deep inside the heart and full of emotions

Freedom of thought and imagination

Luring you into the light  
Traveling back in time to fix fissures with the electricity between us fusing fiction to my hand in  
yours  
Sex, both good & bad, memorable & staining

A path through the forest of the mind

That is everything. Everywhere. All at once.  
And all the googly eyes of God are watching us walk  
Hand in hand.  
Nothing matters except the fact that we care for each other.  
For together we stand . . .  
Hand in hand

A flower that blooms in the night  
. . . Something that not be like it do, but it is  
Invisible vision sparking “a” spark of curiosity  
The honesty our ego runs from  
. . . An itch that you’ve got to scratch

Milkweed amongst mugwort  
The herbs are simple, grow everywhere, and give all the flavor you need  
Break through hard cracked earth, line by line, pulling down power lines through seeds . . .  
The only way I know how. How to speak, when I’ve forgotten how to breathe

An expression of moments lost in thought  
We are hungry, we are tired, we are teenagers . . .  
We are on the ferry, 60% water sloshing over sloshing water. Are we even entities in this  
liquid existence?

And does it ever end, this purgatory between bliss and “all knowing”?  
And if it does end, will you be standing there with me?  
And if it does end, will we look backwards with pride, and call this beautiful hell hole “worth  
it”?

. . . A purgatory where we see the door and know of the salvation behind but it is blocked by voices  
incarnate whose worlds we finally have the courage to reject  
Staring into the unknown, curious of the wonderland ahead  
Illuminating life  
From new views  
The entrails of the universe

If we give up hope, they win!!  
Necessary  
The love of a mother as she caresses her daughter  
The sun is covered in golden bugs, and I’m so lucky to love you

Are all the whys ever answered?  
No because they’re infinite and meandering  
How we answer the questions with no definite end

A slow flash of light . . .  
Trees barking, eyes wandering  
Manage your expectations of the opinions of others and de-invest your spirit  
My heart in word form  
My lighthouse in the storm

The rhythm and the beat and the pulse and the blood that flows  
Words in the wind

Atoms in the words  
Light in the atoms  
Pay attention to what dissipates  
The hungry growl, a wolf's howl . . .  
How cold a tear can feel on warm skin . . .  
Language and light  
Love through language  
Learning to love and befriend a common enemy (or mugwort)  
Feeling into words, the flow of the wind inside and out  
An exhale after so long holding our breath  
Living life, learning and celebrating all things alive  
A tree holding onto its bark  
Boots and cats, dogs and hogs, sitting on a log  
The embodiment of the soul, the spirit, and the human experience on the page  
I slip you on and bloom out of old earth beyond charred buildings rejoicing full skirt  
A fun secret we share . . .  
Prayer  
Feeling  
A prayer you feel with your eyes  
A reimagination of the past and a vision of the future  
A mirror to our condition  
A reflection of our nature  
Think . . .  
Blue dice and lemon tea, big smiles and filled with glee  
Shaping broken words into ladders for climbing minds  
A brave mind takes great leaps and bounds to find new ways to describe familiar feelings  
When my son drove on the ferry my dog looked around on the empty lane, where did my son  
go? She made two steps, stopped, looked around again. Leaving breaks my heart.  
An exploration, to each their own, but public  
Spirit waiting to exhale  
An expulsion of joy and feeling I can't stop pursuing  
Remember each bug in your summer garden  
The blossom BLOOMING of the WORLD  
A frog behind blue leaves may soon interrupt me, splendid! Wings and ducks hypnotizing us heavy  
A butterfly flitting across a moonlit pool  
A ripple swelling on a clam day  
A hand brushing yours, the hint of love  
A hand upon your shoulder reminding you of a friend but also of an ending.  
Or a new beginning  
There are Black people in the future  
A respite at the very least  
An oasis in the desert  
That crystallizes what is scraped or scrapped from granules of language

“Son el alma del universo” . . . The soul of the universe . . .

Remember: you ARE enough

. . . and the beginning is the end is the beginning is the end is the beginning is the end is . . . is . . . is