



LEANING OUTWARD FROM THE EDGE

December 2011

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by the writers of B.U.M.P.



Projet de Médiation Urbaine/Burgundy Urban Mediation Project
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Ain't it funny, I don't see one of us punching. I'd like to be the strength of this punkass pussy-neck. Sits with both of his feet up on his decks, smokes a bag of weed. He starts imagining things and he can't see that he's manically depressed and in his jealousy and envy it whirls him in a frenzy. It's destroying him slowly; he knows he doesn't scare me so he just spins himself into rage. No, I'm not trying to make any more bullies. Unfortunately, there's so many. Won't allow it, won't be a coward to a bully. I'm not excluding myself; I've been stupid as well. I've been known to lose it when someone says something smart. Throw my hands up to a bully.

- Courtney

FIFTEEN YEARS OF LIFE IS A SHORT TIME

Fifteen years of life is a short time,
had a lot of friends at the age of nine,
how many days of my life do I have left?

Every day at school my life is blessed,
sometimes I feel straight, like a piece of line,
fifteen years of life is a short time.

Had a fight at school, let me rest,
when I have so much stress I do me some rhymes,
how many days of my life do I have left?

People judge people and that's disrespect,
I only fight to rise,
fifteen years of life is a short time.

Everyday there's a lot of mess,
done so many sins and I hate when people lie,
how many days of my life do I have left?

Man, I hate dressing up in a dress,
life ain't no game cause it's do or die,
fifteen years of life is a short time,
how many days of my life do I have left?

- Matthew

EARLY GIFT

*I walk out onto the porch,
squint against the sun.
There's a man in a cap
at the edge of my lawn...*

- Stuart Ross, "Sitting by the Judas Hole"

Cold dark winter, there is slight loss of sun,
only the moon and stars for us to see.
Sun setting later and later every day.
Winter is here and colder than ever.
I wrap myself in a cozy warm blanket.
The halls of my house are cold and empty.
The floorboards creak as I make my way to the front door.
As I turn the knob and open the door,
a cold breeze rushes past my face.
I walk out onto the porch.

There is white snow falling
as if they are in a rush to get somewhere.
They lightly hit the ground,
falling with grace.
The sun tries so hard
to show its light.
The rays shine down
as if an angel were watching.
I see nothing while my eyes
squint against the sun.

I wait for my eyes
to focus themselves.
I see a shadowy figure.
I can't see who it is.
My eyes are still slightly blurred.
The shadowy figure does not move.
It stands there as still as a statue.
Soon my eyes focus
and I finally see it:
there's a man in a cap.

There he is,
a man I thought I'd never see again.
He is just standing there
as clear as daylight.
It's been so long
since I've seen his face.
But there he is:
It is the husband
I thought I'd never see again, standing there,
at the edge of my lawn.

- Chelsea

HILL

(an erasure poem after Susan Glickman)

Where the land
gazes back over its shoulder
to ponder where it's been
the landscape I know with age
trembling anger
I'm driving
my heart a vintage jukebox
of the sixties
so
mortified by who sings of
strangers
I panicked
unfairly exposed
on the horizon
no shelter
between sky and land
ahead
nowhere to hide
one song came
nothing but a whisper:
to flee.

- Chelsea

WINTER THOUGHTS

Our summer ended
and fall came back around.
It stayed longer than usual because
winter was delayed this year.

Snow-white flakes began to fall
and the world started to slow;
your train was ahead of time
speeding down the tracks.

With every passing moment
winter began to fade as the snow melted.
and soon flowers blossomed
just so they could wilt again.

Summer's sun will rise again
and the heat will bring
smiles back to our faces.
With every passing moment
summer gets closer.

- Chelsea

SILENCE SPEAKS

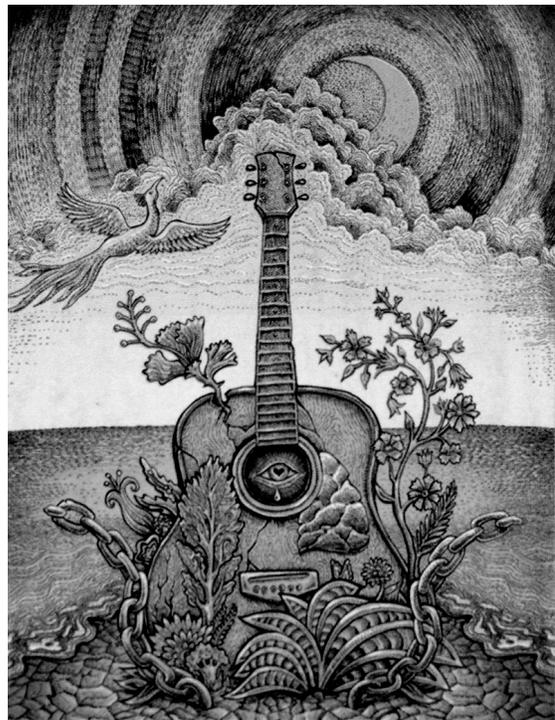
They release no sounds
but their silence says
more than what's needed.
In that silence everything
was explained.
Well, almost everything.
Even with all that
was said in the silence
there were still feelings
and emotions that
were left unspoken.
Silence can say a lot about
oneself, but what does
it say of those who are always silent?
Will they always remain
silent and withdrawn
from the world?
Maybe their silence
is what binds them to
this world
or maybe they're just
waiting for someone
to break them out of
their silent world.
Silence speaks a
thousand words
but it does not reveal
what is in your heart.

- Chelsea

16 BARS OF IMAGES

My flow is like a guitar, the bars are a note,
the words I sing be swiftly zipping through the air like birds,
the sun illuminates with patience and replaces the shore,
the herbs and ocean, showing motion through the surface of earth,
when hitting strings upon instrument, my lyrics give birth.
Can you see the bleeding tears, dripping deep in ears?
The chains of hatred, tremor breaking, from the neck of the nation
the moon is smoother than tender silk made in a ribbon
the clouds are filled with silver winds plus the signal of winter
I use my rhymes to filter, thinking on the mind of the listener
inflicting lyrical restriction from this spiritual chemical
on regular reflecting, sectors of energies.
So respect me for wisdom and -ism I'm bringing
no more collision through the
prism of my thinking and spitting,
continue spitting many missile
filled with syphilis-killing
the lyrics ripping many MCs to
bring them extinction.

- Ebonic Raven



FREE VERSE

Yo, it's the verbal desperado, in flows that wreck a shell into ya temple when men spelling my name it's the e-b-o to the n-i-c r-a-v-e-n upon this record, spitting fresh as the Prince of Bel Air, sitting in sync in my chair, I rock the rhythm on the block when I'm spitting, killing this lyricism, and pissing upon this -ism, written ill versatility, flipping with controversy, on the top in the system, to discontinue your way of thinking, missing facts and giving gifts as attacks, listen to hear Rasheed speak up a beat, ripping complete, street sweeping spitters for weeks, releasing features for your speaker while you tweeting on twitter, I'm bring a thriller like Michael, on the mic, when I rhyme continue shining like a diamond, in alliance with Jah, so know we ridin' til we triumph on the island of light, the fire's brighter and higher than the empire state.

- Ebonic Raven

RUN AWAY

She ran and ran, gone out of sight.
She ran from a home where she was under attack,
without looking back at that dark night.

Holding onto herself with all her might
she didn't go back to that old broken shack.
She ran and ran, gone out of sight.

She was tougher than most, always putting up a fight.
She never gave up even after the world turned its back,
without looking back at that dark night.

She stood on a building with great height
for in her heart there was still a small crack.
She ran and ran, gone out of sight.

The future for her was very bright.
Even after all that, she never went back.
She ran and ran, gone out of sight,
without looking back at that dark night.

- Chelsea

I REMEMBER

I remember the fight he started.

I remember the orange in the sky as the sun goes down.

I remember the kids surrounding the fight yelling that very word over and over.

I remember them knocking each other against the green grass of the football field.

I remember the blood on his face.

I remember his girlfriend with tears in her eyes, screaming as if there were no tomorrow.

I remember the circle of kids and their guilty smiles.

I remember intervening in the fight.

I remember pulling his opponent off him.

I remember the moment of control and satisfaction.

I remember the silence that came soon after.

I remember being able to hear the wind rush past my ears.

I remember him leaving and slowly fading into the distance.

I remember how red his face was, so filled with anger.

I remember an old friend helping me to find him.

I remember all their faces and the joy they got out of watching others fight.

I remember that memory as if it were yesterday.

- Chelsea