

# WILMA



2022

# WRITINGS FROM WITHIN THE PORTABLE STUDIO

## WHAT YOU WILL FIND

Within the pages of this Zine you will find treasure.

You will find conversations.

You will find haiku

you will find rhymes

you will find prose.

You will find little windows into a person's truth. Little moments of their life. Exercises in the form of poetry.

We read poems aloud together. We checked in with each other. We discussed and analyzed, laughed and cried. We didn't hold a therapy session. We never held judgment. We only ever held space. Sometimes we held a few snacks. Even when it was windy, we held tightly to our printouts of the poems. Every session, we held time for writing and sharing new poetry. We continue to hold those moments in our hearts.

Chris Davis and I, as teaching artists, encountered nearly 100 different men over the course of our poetry residency at Sunday Breakfast Rescue Mission. The transient nature of the population there meant that sometimes we might see someone for many weeks in a row; sometimes we might see a person only once. The energy we cultivated in that parking lot, together with Sunday Breakfast staff Jaquiline Wilkins and Joseph Gonzalez, and all of those men, taught us to cherish the moment. As AI would say, "Nobody else has this, what we have right here, this moment, together. It's special." We are sharing some of those moments, as well as poems from other Portable Studios, within this Zine\*. We are sharing our treasure.

-- Anthony Martinez-Briggs

*\*In the spirit of uplifting themes and giving context to the collection as a whole, I have taken some creative liberties as editor to title some of the untitled pieces. The titles themselves are just a particular line from the poem that resonates with me, the reader; I am careful not to add any words of my own when imagining titles for these poems.*

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## CONVERSATIONS #1

- a transcription from April 26th, 2022 in the parking lot behind Sunday Breakfast

(Outdoors in a parking lot at 13th & Vine behind Sunday Breakfast Rescue mission. The parking lot has two wood picnic tables with two big umbrellas for shade. Anthony Martinez-Briggs leads the poetry class today, with Chris Davis as support. There's a white board in the parking lot and cars parked nearby. It is a hot day on April 26th, 2022 at 3pm.)

(Present are Wilma Portable Studio Teaching Artists CHRIS and ANTHONY, Sunday Breakfast Staff JOSEPH and JAQI, and residents ANT, ALLEN, and MISTER M)

ANT

But it was a peace of mind, ya know what I mean. Like, I do get like...cause you can, ride Broad St. from all the way up. And you can see it go from...and as you get up, it changes. You understand what I'm saying? And like if you, made a left here and there. You most likely gonna turn into some hoods. You understand what I'm saying? And like...I understand that like people may have been born in North, and at some point, they moved uptown, like the *Jeffersons*, movin' on up, ya understand what I'm saying. Like they. He did what he went through, finally made it, got some stores, and they moved to the high-rise, you get the whole story. And even. *Good Times* was like that. Ya mean, of course he never got out of there.

## CONVERSATIONS #1 CONTINUED...

ALLEN

Nah they moved up on another floor.

ANT

No he didn't.

MISTER M

No they didn't!

ALLEN

They stayed in that same apartment the whole time. Yep. They ain't move up nothing. That was *The Jeffersons*.

MISTER M

He passed away, and she broke down.

ALLEN

Yeah that was *The Jeffersons*. They moved up. *Good Times* stayed on the same floor.

MISTER M

Saying move up, they got a condominium.

ANTHONY

But *Move Up* was the prequel to the show.

ANT

I mean because you know *The Jeffersons* started off on... uhm..

ALLEN

Archie Bunker.

ANT

Right. On *All in the Family*. Remember the neighbors? They were the neighbors. George and them were the neighbors.

ANTHONY

That's blowing my mind.

ANT

Spun off to *The Jeffersons*. Ya understand what I'm saying?

ALLEN

So they did move up.

MISTER M

Welcome back Carter. *Three's Company*. The Fonz.

ANTHONY

I love TV Land.

ANT

Wasn't a black person on *Happy Days*, but I love that fucking show.

(laughter.)

ANTHONY

The Fonz? Fonz had a black jacket.

ANT

Ya know what I mean?

MISTER M

Yeah there was.

ANT

Name one black person on *Happy Days*! They said they had a drummer on there one time named Sticks. But I'm just saying, I'm not being racist or anything, I love that fucking show. Channel 48 was all we had. Wasn't no cable.

ALLEN

29, 17, 29, 48, 6, and 7.

ANT

I love the fucking show cause of *Laverne and Shirley*. We grew up watching that shit, ya know what I mean, cause... we didn't even know that we were watching reruns, you understand what I'm saying, like, but you know...

MISTER M

Time out. Time out. What he play on?

ANT

*What's Happening Now*.

M

*What's Happening*. All right.

ANTHONY

Wow.

ANT

But, even that, is just like, life. But those T.V. shows, it show you family and friends, how it's supposed to be, or whatever the perception, supposed to be. This T.V. now is different. The cartoons, they cuss. Like. Ain't even no more Saturday morning cartoons.

CHRIS  
Yeah I guess they got rid of those yeah.

ANTHONY  
Cause it's a whole channel.

ALLEN  
Cartoon Network.

CHRIS  
Cause I grew up with the Saturday morning cartoons.

ANT  
I remember saturday morning cartoons, "I'm just a bill.  
On Capital Hill." Taught you how, the laws of government  
work.

ANTHONY  
"Production junction, what's your function?" Something  
now, something verbs and stuff. I don't remember the whole  
thing. Also shout out to *Veggie Tales*. Just me? All right.  
Nevermind.

JAQI  
Yes. I can finally relate.

ANTHONY  
I can finally relate.

ALLEN  
She was like...what are they talking about? "Go speed  
racer. Go speed racer." I used to run home from school.

CHRIS  
Speed racer is good.

ALLEN  
I used to park myself right in front. My mom, she said don't  
you look at T.V. until you do your homework. Right after  
speedy go off Mom!

ANT  
A lot of those shows. They took some of them off cause  
they said they had racist views in them and shit like that.  
But we didn't even catch them, ya mean, like fucking Speed  
Gonzalez, ya mean.

MISTER M  
I know which one you're talking about, I know exactly which  
one you're talking about...the PJs.

ANT  
With Eddie Murphy?

MISTER M  
Yeah his cartoon.

ANT  
That was good.

ANTHONY  
Yes, but that was turning us a little bit more towards  
cartoons where they be cussing now, that was in that  
direction,

ANT  
It was too dark, but it was giving you real life.

ANTHONY  
Life can be dark. Not always. But it's dark and light. It's a  
balance.

## CONVERSATIONS #1 CONTINUED...

ANT

And...sometimes. Sometimes you do become what you consume. Or, cause I know I have. Music influence you. Many ways. Like. It's just, and you begin to pick up bad habits, from...

ALLEN

Well I know, I wouldn't know what good was, if I didn't experience bad.

CHRIS

True.

MISTER M

Well that's a part of maturing yourself.

ANT

I got that, I'm trying to get back to the good. I don't wanna stay in the bad.

MISTER M

It's not all like...not all bad is bad.

ALLEN

And all good ain't good.

MISTER M

Right, exactly, exactly.

END OF CONVERSATIONS #1

## CAN'T DO IT ON MY OWN

*By Stephen Junod*

Life that matters

And there are consequences turn to disaster

What kind of drive do I have

If my same old sins are my master

the same on the other side, the heat heats up faster

Why should I push away something good

and trade it for destruction

The word of God gives me the function

Like the breath in my nostrils is out of my control

I trust in God and breathe my prayers in a bowl

I will honor it and lift up my soul

I don't want it to be late, til I'm old

So I put my hands in the air

Believing Jesus is there

Better be prepared to release the burden of raw evil

The world isn't God and if it is

It's something deceitful

Too many way that leaders love to lead

but the truth is from within they can't

plant the seed of Glorious spirit walking

on clouds above the skies

I'm tired of myself and falling for lies

I rather own up and say I can't do it on my own

Heavenly Father doesn't want your

relationship to be postponed

## WHERE I AM AT NOW

*by Rasheed Watson*

I sit back and think where I am  
I am going  
where I've been leaving off none  
Progress in a mental Space that's Soothing  
I pray to Allah that he keeps me True to the Faith  
my Body is Perishing  
so for now I have no Time to waste  
So much Death and Killing Heart's  
filled with stone  
so many youth lost  
Where I am from  
To many Boxes of Bones  
Many Mothers crying  
Sons and Daughters Dead on their feet  
like  
isn't a purpose for many  
Everyone is arrogant  
No one aiming to be meek  
where I am at  
Now.



## ASPIRATIONS

*by Anthony Martinez-Briggs*

Who sees the moon in all colors the light refracts?  
Who leaves no meal wasted?  
Who finds joy in their journey?  
Who can escape the matrix?  
Who leaves no friend lonely?  
Who advocates for those who need help?  
Who tells their stories honestly?  
Who is as tall as the Sequoia?  
Who holds life-giving waters to share?

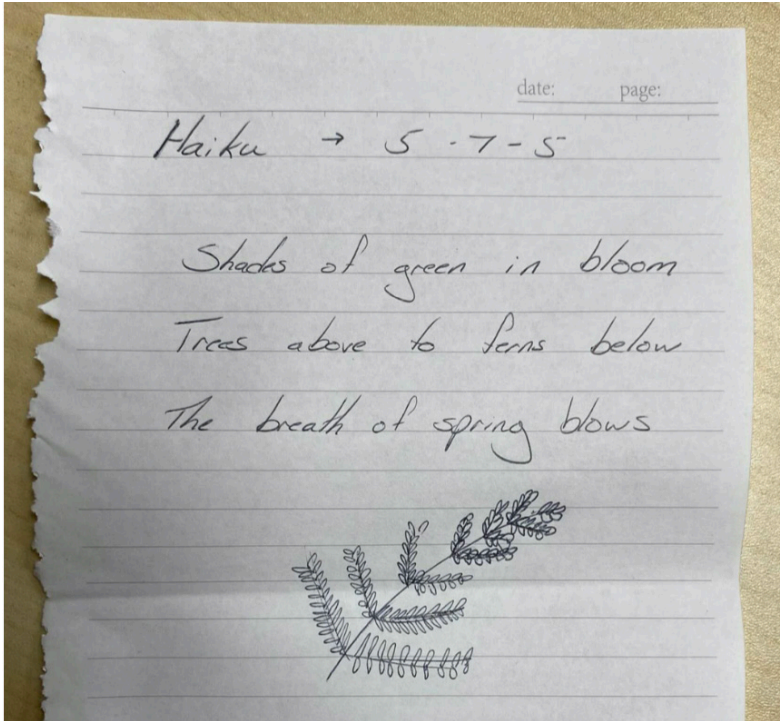
## ASSIGNMENT: LOCATION YOU LOVE, PAINT A PICTURE

*by Jaquiline Watkins*

Eyes closed. ---  
My face is surrounded by the gentle brush of a cool breeze,  
carrying with it the comforting smell of soil rich with  
moisture.  
Of leaves and branches of seasons past.  
The faint sound of water carries to my ears.  
The reminder of its cool refreshing touch.  
Eyes Open. ---  
Lush shades of green flood into my sight slowly  
materializing  
into my Creator's art from moss and ferns to tree trunks and  
Towering layers of leaves that lock the translucent mist of  
the clouds.  
I close my eyes once more to take it all in.



## ANONYMOUS HAIKU



Shades of green in bloom  
Trees above to ferns below  
The breath of spring blows

## HAIKU

*by David Grant*

My life is a cut,  
Barbarians is my passion,  
A shop in my heart.

## HAIKU

*by Joseph Gonzalez*

Attack me with eyes,  
The prison cell trapped us both,  
Love came backing down

## WOW!

*by Joseph Gonzalez*

Feed me, lead me, freely heed me.  
Fire fighting, deeply diving, save me.  
I need to need you, thinking, blinking,  
sinking without you. Keep kind words  
for me, Killing conviction, consider killing  
affliction. Kill this sin in me, freely  
lead me, living water, freely feed me,  
living bread. I found light, I'll hold tight  
to this need I'm needing. You found me.  
WOW!

## KAYAKING ON A LAKE

*by Joseph Gonzalez*

The breeze nearly flips me over,  
There's a danger in the activity,  
Out here soakin' the sun's exposure,  
My goal: Catch a fish in captivity.

Kayaking is a fresh perspective,  
A release from what's deceptive,  
Freedom rings in distance taken,  
From shore to shore my exploration.

It's wet and cold,  
Fish jump up high,  
I'll do it till I'm old,  
Kayaking in July.

## MY MIND

*by Shabazz*

My mind is the most powerful tool i possess  
Do i use positive or negative.  
Everytime i use it for negativity there's most likely a mess,  
positive sometimes makes me stress!!

## OPPOSITES

*by Rex*

They say opposites attract  
Such as war,  
Peace and hell

We all must face the attack  
To our body  
Our mind, and soul

One day the cards are stacked  
The next aloof  
Scattered and torn

We must face life backed  
head on and  
over for the win

Just like our bodies crack  
We encounter  
Yet we survive

## THE NAME OF THAT LIGHT

*by Topher Versace*

I felt lost  
in a certain moment  
I thought I would not  
be complete without a  
certain something.  
Pieces of myself  
were on the ground,  
I didn't bother to  
pick 'em up, because  
I really thought someone else would.  
Or that pieces of that other person could.  
Make me whole.  
But time flew slowly,  
but it flew  
and in between that darkness  
I saw a light.  
The name of that light was "Self Love".

## PROPANE

*by Anonymous*

Brainwaves splayed with mindstate decayed  
a while's way from deranged but I remember those days  
The flow still propane lit with open flame  
Tryna chip away at a cold heart numb from novacaine  
dumb from hurricanes I come from birds of prey  
Got hundreds words to say

## ALIVE & WELL

*By R. Walton*

The lines are lost in our minds  
Today is a good day,  
I'm alive and well  
ALL GRACE to God & the holy spirit  
To be alive in this time is GOOD  
To be or not to be is no question  
To have GODS GRACE is tremendous  
AND NECESSARY, To do This is  
Part of being alive & WELL

## GIVE ME MORE

*by Troy Godwin*

Wide open spaces, trees everywhere  
The water looks inviting, really do I dare  
The birds, the trees, the sweetness in the air  
Looking up Look! No clouds it is clear  
I heard this in a song before  
I said this in a poem before  
But it is my first experience oh lord  
Give me more Give me more



## UNTITLED

by Anthony Patrick

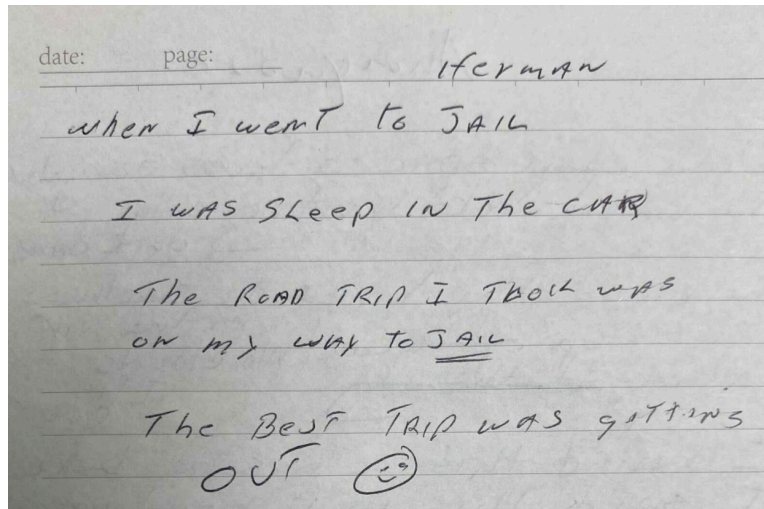
Looking for love in all the wrong places  
Been around, seen lost pretty faces,  
I know there  
Not the one for me.  
They have a man forreal --  
If you know what I mean.  
I rather be with the one I love.....



## TRIP

by Herman

When I went to jail  
I was sleep in the car  
The road trip I took was on my way to JAIL  
The best trip was getting out



## ALWAYS TOLD ME

by Anonymous

My mother always told me:  
"Think before you act.  
Just don't fly off the handle."

Sometimes you don't have time to think...  
you just have to react, but you only get one life."

My dad used to say:  
He kept it short.  
"Wrong is wrong & right is right. You have to choose"

"It ain't that deep"  
"You can't take it back."

"Sometimes it's about the decisions."

## LOOKING INTO THE VOID

by *Sandra Nino*

With each truth, each one of my fears disappears,  
I become nothing and I also disappear,  
I integrate myself with the circular duality,  
I heal myself,  
I am free,  
And I can finally be at peace with everyone inside me.

What are you looking for?  
Me? Nothing special.  
The usual,  
Love, peace, goodness, well-being.  
To be at peace here with everything.

Sown strong as a warrior,  
Brave in that certainty.

From this side,  
Standing from here,  
No matter what I see,  
What I hear,  
What matters is from where.

Ready to watch,  
I delve until I fade away,  
I give myself confidently to the unknown,  
To the uncontrollable,  
I surrender.

## LOOKING INTO THE VOID CONTINUED...

Beyond mind and thought,  
There is this nothingness that receives me,  
Shelters me in its illuminated darkness,  
Beyond dream is reality.

No matter what you show me, I am not afraid,  
I will die here to myself, to my own pain,  
I give up in the struggle to beat the world.

I look at myself with love,  
That joyful and abundant light,  
The truth.  
And laugh and laugh at the illogical.

I embrace myself as tightly and with as much forgiveness as  
no one else has ever done and as no one else can.

Opposites disappear  
A single force in motion seeks transformation.  
The union,  
And finally the emptiness.  
I am healed,  
I am free,  
And I can finally be at peace with everyone inside me.  
(Sandra Nino is a visual artist, graduate of the National  
University of Colombia and was born in Bogota,  
Colombia).

## ROLLER COASTER, FOR MY GODMOTHER

*by David Harlem*

A special scream draws you.  
Legs churning tickets forming in your palm.  
Through the trees you see it  
Red with white stripes creeping up the hill  
Out of breath and sweating you join the other children at the  
bottom of the stairs.  
One hand on the railing; digging your toes into the step ahead  
you arch your back  
click click click pause  
the front car reaches the apex teeters,  
plunges your stomach jumps in kinship

A late night cry wakes you  
your first child dangers everywhere.  
You fence off steps to protect him.  
A daughter follows you grow more fearful.  
Stealing glimpses at the rollercoaster you shudder  
your children's shrieks and laughter  
a distant memory

A bubbling cough draws you  
the children grown your father takes their place.  
Pill bottler, bronchodilators  
information companions of her halting march to the other side.  
Deep circles under your eyes, your weakened father looking  
healthy by comparison  
You gently rub her back humming songs that he taught you.  
Click thump, click thump, click thump  
silence  
The car has reached the apex  
the front wheels lift from the track.

## OUR HOUSE

*by David Harlem*

My grandmother was a professional artist and my mother,  
her daughter in law, studied art. There was a landscape in  
the kitchen, 2 paintings in the hallway, a half dozen in the  
master bedroom and the living room. Art on every wall so  
our house was like a small art gallery.

38

*by David Harlem*

When I was 38 I fell in love for the first time. She cared for  
her ex too much for my liking so I gave up. If I had to do it  
all over again I would fight for her.

## MYTHMAKING

*by David Harlem*

Ghosts  
shimmering questions  
silent dreams rise  
explaining nothing  
going to ground

death only to be reborn  
nightfall.

## MY BIRD SINGS

*by Herman Boulware*

My bird sings as it cries tears of an acrid nature  
that hit the flames of the sun that turn it back to vapor  
A lack of labor  
is the modern day equivalent of what you're really worth  
measured with the green backs of paper.

My song is sung with the help of Stratovarius  
Never write the notes down  
lest lesser tenors try to bury it

My bird sings with a total lack of merriment  
There has yet to be another to compare me with

My surest notion,  
When renewed is an open invitation  
to heal all hearts broken

## WHAT IS YOUR BLUE BIRD

*by Darrin Taylor*

My Blue Bird is sad  
and wants to Fly away  
and be happy

## UNTITLED

*by Darrin Taylor*

What to do  
Where to go  
Where are you now  
What do you want from me  
What can I do for you  
Where can i go to Find Peace  
What did They say about me  
What is next for me  
What happened to You  
Where did you go  
Where do we go from here  
Where did the Love go

## ★ - YOU

*by Darrin Taylor*

I see you  
The reason I smile is because of YOU  
I will always Love YOU  
I can't Picture me without YOU  
I'm Dreaming of YOU when I sleep  
I Believe in YOU  
Happy Birthday to YOU  
I'm always thinking about YOU  
all I want to do is help YOU  
I ain't been the same since YOU passed away  
I wish YOU was still here with me  
I wrote this song for YOU  
Sometimes I need a hug from YOU  
I cry and Pray for YOU

## INSIDE ME

*by Anonymous*

Inside me is a wave of thought  
belonging to the beyond  
up above the clouds  
Anthony sings a song of blue --  
mist coalesces into crack --  
What happened on that block --  
Yet it does not rain on the window pane.

## I REMEMBER

*by Nino*

I remember the times when a phone call at the corner  
phone booth was only 10 cents for a phone call and you  
could talk as long as you want to. Those were the good ole  
days. The Ice Man, Mr Softee, the fish.



## MEMORIES

*by Anthony*

Traveling with grands  
Small enough to sit on the armrest and backseat  
Granddad had the Cadillac, El Dorado, white  
White leather seats, red dash

## IMPERFECTIONS

*by Anonymous*

I have a lot of fears  
I have a lot of scars  
I have a lot of damage  
I have a lot of weakness  
I have a lot of issues  
I have a lot of pain  
I have a lot problems  
I have a lot of anger  
I have a lot of guilt  
I have a lot of regrets  
I have a lot of changes to still make  
I have a lot of decisions to make  
I have a lot of thinking to do  
I have a lot of growing up to do  
I have a lot of choices to make  
I have a lot of depression  
I have a lot of courage  
I have a lot of faith  
I have a lot of strength  
I have a lot of different paths to take  
I am very strong



## CONVERSATIONS #2

- a transcription from April 26th, 2022 in the parking lot behind Sunday Breakfast

ANT

Yeah but...I be on the sideline looking cause I want to get back into the game, ya understand what I'm saying?

CHRIS

Of course.

ANT

Do I like this world? Do I understand it? Nah. Cause, I mean, it feels like most of us are here cause life has shut the door on us. That's what it feels like, ya mean, and...I don't know, I just know what I want, ya mean and maybe, maybe I ran my run. You know, maybe that's something I have to come to terms with, ya mean, but I do love life. Still love it. And hate being on the sideline.

ALLEN

That's deep, that's good, that's good.

ANT

But I've learned a lot. I see a lot. It's deep, ya mean so many different things and, so many different opinions, so much going on. Ya mean like, you know, remember that group we had, the thing, sayings? Go on for days on them. Ya understand what I'm saying? You don't appreciate what you have til you lose it, or whatever that ne iso.

ANTHONY

Til it's gone.

## CONVERSATIONS #2 CONTINUED...

ANT

Yeah.

ALLEN

Boy you said a lot man, and you got me like, I can relate, agree with everything you said, I know for me, I can't see what's in front of me, if I'm still looking behind me. And in other words like, I used to a lot of days, I used to always say stuff, and the things I done, and they kept me there.

ANT

But you have to take a look back, because.

ALLEN

I'm getting there. I'm getting there.

ANT

Ok my fault.

ALLEN

I had to go through, everything I had to go through to get to the other side. No matter what it was. I cannot go over it, I cannot go around it, I cannot go under it, I cannot run from it, I gots to go through it, whether I want to or not, I got to go through it. And the only way I'm gonna get to the other side, is to go through it. And I keep using my mom as an excuse, cause that was something I didn't want to go through. I got through it! I'm now on the other side. Behind every lesson is a blessing, you just got to go through the lesson. See a lot

of people stay stuck in the lesson, and quit before the blessing comes. I had to break down before I get to my breakthrough. Literally. But if I had my legs, I wouldn't ever made it, because He had to humble me because I would keep running from it, instead of running to it, I run from it. I would turn back around and go a whole another direction. I was in York PA just before I got here. He closed every door in York PA. I slept on the streets a couple nights. He had to because when I first got to York he opened every door. I used to sell movies, go and praise the lord, you know, give a word you know. I've been a Pastor for 20 something years. I just really embraced it. I've been doing it all my life. I'm a minister all my life. I just embraced it. Now I'm willing to do it whole heartedly, but before I got there, I had to go through, sleeping in cars, eating out of trash cans, sleeping here, sleeping there, whatever it took, I did. No matter what. And I used to be like. Beat! But I kept pressing forward. I kept pressing forward. Like I said, I left my home at 18, I'm just getting back at the age of 56. 38 years in the streets. But I had to go through every inch of it, every step of the way, a lot of times I wanted to lay down and just quit. But something inside of me wouldn't allow me to quit! Even when I wanted to lay down. And just say I'm done, whatever. Contemplating, thinking about suicide, not knowing how to do it! Knowing that I couldn't do it! I didn't give myself life, so how am I gonna take my life. I am so overwhelmed, because, every test, and I failed a lot of

them! But only in failing them and living in darkness did I learn to appreciate the light. Only in failing did I learn how to succeed. Today I'm successful. Right here, right now, living in this mission, I'm successful! You know why? Because my attitude tell me I'm successful. You know why? Cause there was chance I could've ran out of here, cause I'm sticking in here and I'm staying til my time is up. I know I'm going to succeed today. My attitude tell me I'm gonna succeed. When I was paralyzed I didn't complain one time! I kept a positive attitude and it got me through, able to get my legs back, my arms back, being able to walk again. I learned to appreciate. I get up in the morning, thank you! Whatever happened after that is a blessing! No matter what comes my way, I appreciate. Man, I am so full I can't even eat sometimes. Because I'm so full, off of all that He put me through, off of, where I'm getting ready to go. Am I my brother's keeper, I want for my brother what I want for myself, I talk to people. I share with them what's going on and how I feel and how I got through, and I know it's gonna be through God's grace I get there, I know. He said grace and mercy will follow me all the days of my life. He never failed me one time! And I failed a lot of times. And I keep asking myself, thank you! Because I did everything to sabotage it. Because I'm self-destructive. I don't know how to appreciate the finer things in life. I'm learning how to appreciate the finer things in life. Because I had so much trash in my life, I had so much garbage in my life, I'm OK with that. Because I know I don't have to stay stuck there. See I'm getting ready to get the rewards.

I used to, my Mom used to say, why you always in the street? Your house is too peaceful. I'm chaotic right now! I just love street. So I can't live in the house. Today I'm welcome to move in the house. I'm looking forward to living in the house. I'm looking forward to sitting back and turning on my T.V. maxing and relaxing. Cause I know that day is coming real soon, cause I did the footwork. I don't care how it may look on the outside, I did the work. It ain't in my pocket, I didn't get paid financially. I didn't get paid, but I got paid with another day of life. A new attitude. A new...perspective.

END OF CONVERSATIONS #2



## CONVERSATIONS #3

- a transcription from April 26th, 2022 in the parking lot behind Sunday Breakfast

ANT

I spoke about the poem and...what I got, you start off with J's and shit, and just...materialistic things, and things like that how we buy into, and invest. I know me, I invested a lot into the wrong things. And maybe that's why where I'm at. Putting so much into the wrong shit, instead of putting into the blessings that I did have. And that's why some things are removed out of your life because you put more into the negative shit than you put into the blessings that you had. Ya mean like, it's a hurt...I mean don't get me wrong, like I appreciate being here, and a place to stay, and not on the streets and all that type of shit. And it's like, sometimes I go walk, and I might shed a tear, cause I see someone out here, and it ain't no place for nobody to be. A lady pushing a cart, or people sleeping on the sidewalk, like, not in this fucking rich country, I don't think nobody should be, especially with the systems they say they have put in place or whatever, ya mean I know people do fuck up, and there's repercussions for that, but...like if you, like if for instance. Say you trying...most recovery places or something like that. They in the most fucked-up neighborhoods! Ya understand what I'm saying. Like you get clean or whatever, get an apartment and shit, and they put you right back in the mother fucking hood. Knowing that you have a weakness or whatever you just, striving to beat it or whatever, ya understand what I'm saying, and I understand that most people don't wanna that type of people in their neighborhood, cause it brings the..for instance, I was living in Mt. Airy. My grandparents were, I

don't know, a homeowner, probably section 8 their house off, ya mean and they have moved in a family, about five girls. Right? They had the pool outside, in the front yard. Not in the back, in the front. Mt. Airy. They ain't going for that. And they was having wild parties and shit like that. They brought North Philly, to there. Ya understand what I'm saying. The neighborhood. And...I understand but. That made me, you gotta change to. You can't take the same shit, that you got a blessing to get out of, up there. Understand what I'm saying? Like, but...

### END OF CONVERSATIONS #3



### THE PORTABLE STUDIO:

The Wilma Theater's Portable Studio offers inclusive programming for adults who are curious about theater and brave enough to share their own creative expression. Because the Wilma Theater's work on stage is often inspired by music, images, and poetry, our community programs explore these forms as an accessible entry point to theater and the creative process. Portable Studio participants create and share their writing - in workshops, at the Wilma's Open Mic, and in their communities. This zine allows us to share the work of our Portable Studio community during moments when we cannot all be together.

We continue to be inspired by the generosity and courage of Portable Studio participants and the teaching artists past and present who impact this program; Rachel O'Hanlon-Rodriguez, Ezra Ali-Dow, Nick Hatcher, Nick Schwasmann, Lillian Ransjin, Cat Ramirez, Deb Disbrow, Lindo Jones, Patreshettarlina Adams, Kate Czakowski, Josh Campbell, Jaylene Clark Owens, Wi-Moto Nyoka and especially Chris Davis and Anthony Martinez-Briggs who inspired, collected, and organized much of the work in this volume with designer Kristin Finger and our friends at Sunday Breakfast Rescue Mission.

And now that YOU have experienced this brave writing, we invite you to join us.  
We leave the last pages blank.  
An empty space for you to fill with treasure  
For yourself, or to share  
In a special moment with others.

-Lee Ann Etzold,  
Portable Studio Program Director







**WILMA**  
PORTABLE STUDIO