

EXCERPTS FROM

FOR  
COLORED  
BOYZ



on the verge of a nervous  
breakdown/  
when freedom aint enuff

A CHOREOPOEM

BY

BRYAN-KEYTH WILSON

*FOR COLORED BOYZ on the verge of a nervous  
breakdown/ when freedom aint enuff*

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## DEDICATION

This is for the ancestors who paid the  
price for me to be here,  
and those who were slain in the process.

This choreopoem is  
dedicated to all black men; you are  
complex and by far the most  
exquisite being on this planet. This is  
also dedicated to the living  
memory of my daddy Lawrence Wilson, a  
true freedom fighter and to LaKeisha  
Feast/ family! We will not rest until there  
is justice for Joshua Feast!

But wait... this is also dedicated to  
freedom, or whatever the  
hell that is.

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A NOTE FROM ME...

MY LOVE FOR YOU...

*It was hard to just pick a few poems  
for you, so I hope that what I have  
picked will tantalize the taste buds.*

*More importantly I hope that one  
day when we aren't wearing masks,  
not freezing our asses off and the  
curtain rises on the stage; we can  
sit and talk!*

*Black men this is my dedication to  
us! Let us love one another through  
our differences and pain! We all we  
got!*

— Bryan-Keith Wilson



## GENISIS

*Lights fade up on a bare stage with five silhouetted figures scattered in space. Lights come up at different times with the actors dancing reflecting movement from different time periods. "DNA" by Kendrick Lamar begins to play.*

### **man in black**

in the beginning there was me running barefoot  
on the ivory coast

### **man in orange**

skin black as onyx/ hair soft as lambs wool a  
careless disposition...

### **man in blue**

free from judgment/ labels and phylums/ my  
likeness is described in the holy book but its my  
true identity you took

### **man in green**

i am here in the present looking back theres  
resentment pride and strength whipped outta me

### **man in red**

your slave training and brainwashing affects us  
today in the present

**man in orange**

i draw strength from the ancestors so here i am

**man in green**

outside baltimore

**man in red**

outside north charleston

**man in black**

outside ferguson

**man in orange**

im in sanford

**man in blue**

im in la marque

**man in red**

im in minneapolis

**man in green**

im your son

**man in blue**

your father

**man in red**

your brother

**man in orange**

your husband

**man in black**

your lover

**all**

your friend

*MAPLETON DR.*

*Man in Orange and Man in Blue enter with Man in Green playing football. The sound of a train is heard in the distance.*

**man in green**

every night we had a ritual  
mama made dinner/ three place settings  
me/ mama and mr steve  
tonight there were only two  
he's working late mama said

leave it to beaver went off  
took a shower and went to bed  
i'd lay in bed wondered what life was like on mapleton dr  
everything was perfect  
the perfect house/ the perfect dinner  
and the perfect family  
jackie went to college/ i had this room to myself

at night i'd grab my book from under my pillow/ nd with every  
page the sway of slumber fell

*Man in Black enters*

i was awakened by a hand over my mouth  
was i dreaming  
i was suffocating taking short shallow breaths  
i couldn't make out the face  
i struggled, and felt the prickly goatee  
mr. steve was standing over me with no pants on

**man in black**

if you scream i kill you

**man in green**

he whispered softly  
the demonic voice paralyzed me  
i didn't want to die  
he looked different

and smelled of old grape juice and kerosene  
he started to touch me/ like i was mama  
my instinct was to fight  
but i was frozen with 200 pounds on my back  
he made me touch his private parts

no/ i cant/ this is wrong  
i'm your stepson  
how could you  
i resisted/ he embraced my throat tighter  
he was in control and there was nothing i could do  
i was weakened by the lack of air

the train whistle brought me back to reality  
but he was still there on me  
i focused on the creaking of the steel and rumble of the house  
my face buried deep in the pillow  
thinking of mapleton dr. he finished  
nd stumbled out of the room i cried myself to sleep

mamas voice woke me/ nd the smell of pancakes  
the sweet smell couldnt pacify the pain nd emptiness  
maybe he was gone forever/ that was my prayer  
but there he stood husband-like with an air of cockiness  
wearing an apron / father of the year i suppose  
because he cooked breakfast

was this guilt for missing dinner  
or what he did to me  
his stare filled with regret and my demeanor stale and  
disconnected chocolate chip pancakes wasn't going to erase this  
was frozen in time and couldn't move or speak

making eye contact would confirm last night's events  
i looked away  
every second in his presence/ the anger boiled  
i was going to tell her/ but my tongue was lifeless mama knew  
something was wrong i stared at the plate of food i could feel his  
eyes on me  
piercing through the core of my soul

the meetings were frequent i got accustomed to it  
i disconnected my body from my mind  
i thought about that train  
life on mapleton dr.  
a white picket fence and a two story house  
daddy standing there  
hugging me after i got off the bus  
the reality of life's circumstance stared me in the face

the next morning

father-like/ with a strange-love for his stepson  
i thought about carrying a knife to bed  
end it all  
kill him/ or kill myself

i am going to get on that train  
ride it as far as the tracks will go

*He sits down and begins to write a letter.*

im leaving and she needs to know why

Mama,

When I thought of death and suicide, I knew it was time for me to leave. I have been silenced by the fear of death and the constant threats of your husband. Night after night I lay in bed and he comes in drunk and he molests me. Touching me kissing me like I am you. And night after night I carried a knife under my pillow wondering if I should use it on him or me. But tonight I have to leave this place

I love you, and hope to hear from you one day.

♥ your son

and that was it  
i folded the letter/ nd put it in her purse  
that was the only place he wouldn't look

when he was passed out i jumped out of the window  
ran to the train station  
nd never looked back  
i was determined to find a life like  
the one on mapleton dr.

*RAY, CURTIS, JUNEBUG & ME*

*The men enter dancing as if they are the Temptations. Man in Red enters with a broom dancing and singing to the Temptations "My Girl." He uses the broom as a microphone then he begins to slow dance with the broom and talking sweetly to the broom.*

**man in orange**

you like how im holding you  
oh no/ baby girl don't be shy now

*There's a noise off stage and he starts cleaning.*

*Music fades out.*

mama

**man in blue** (*as mama*)

what

**man in orange**

i was wonderin since my chores are done can i go to the sock-hop  
at menefees café

**man in blue**

i dont know about that will harold johnson be there

**man in orange**

no ma'am i know/ i know harold johnson is nothing but trouble

ever since we got in dat trouble at coopers bar-b-que pit he aint  
been nowhere/ so i can go

**man in blue**  
i dont know

**man in orange**  
see...

*He begins to talk to the audience*

harold johnson was a big ole mean niggahsmelled like peanut  
butter/ bologna and gym socks  
he stood 6'3 and 300 pounds  
he thought he was big shit/ and liked to pick fights  
so larry mercer come up in the parking lot riding his shiny new  
Huffy with the brown banana seat

stanky ass harold puffed up his chest and said  
ima take dat bike niggah aww shit/ i said in my head  
you knew what was going to happen

in my mind i said run niggah run he didnt/ ole stupid ass  
it was like a stranded car on a train track

we was nosey nd watched  
me/ ray/ curtis nd junebug wanted to dash  
we were standing there/ scared as hell  
larry mercer wasnt going down without a fight

he kicked stanky ass harold in the nuts gave him a two piece  
one to the jaw and the other to the ribs  
larry gon' have the nerve to ask us for help  
this niggah was out his mind  
harold johnson had a big ass family/ nd they all was fighters  
his sister hilda was built Ford tough

i jumped back  
looked over at ray/ curtis nd Junebug  
with the niggah let's run face  
there come ms. cooper with a big ass butcher knife  
aint never seen a niggah run so fast in all my life  
look over nd there junebug don pissed on himself  
nd before I knew it she pulled me by the ear  
nd/ she said

**man in black**

looka here/ I know yo people  
best leave that harold johnson alone  
ain't nothing but trouble

**man in orange**

at that moment i realized all black people knew each other nd  
youre as good as the company you keep  
i had to reassure mama we were in good hands down theres  
he got them three crazy sons that keep a good eye on us  
gerald/ ivory nd meme all stand at the doe/ perched and fixed  
looking for any foolishness that may go on/  
i learned my lesson can i go

**man in blue**

yes/ but let me tell you now if i gotta come down there for some  
foolishness i am gonna beat ya ass in frontah all ya friends  
need any change

**man in orange**

i still got that 85 cents  
tonight is going to be all in  
i'm gonna wear my levis my blue paisley butterfly collar shirt  
nd this bad leather coat

mama said/ i looked like richard roundtree  
but no mustache

i sapped some murrays grease/ nd the blue beast  
you know aqua velva  
even though i didn't shave yet i at least smell like I did  
i saw the way my mama act when my daddy wore its  
he'd get all giddy and childlike  
saved my 85 cents and went to weingarten's bought my first bottle

i told ray/ curtis nd Junebug to meet me at coopers  
had to get my jack cookies nd a cold pop  
the whole time we walked to menefees we talked about charlene/  
shirley hot lips ford nd mary-jean figaro  
these were the hottest chicks at lincoln high school  
pulled out my aqua velva and let the fellas use some  
didnt want to smell like peanut butter/ bologna nd gym socks

we walked in the door nd ms. cooper said

man in red  
y'all smell like some harlem sissies

man in orange  
but this stuff was catnip for the ladies

*Lights change and we are taken to a converted restaurant that is now a  
sock hop circa 1966. "Shotgun" by Jr. Walker and the All-Stars plays and  
the boys begin to dance at the sock hop.*

the sound was loud  
menefees had the best music  
the temptations/ martha nd the vandellas  
jr. walker nd the all-stars  
my excitement was evident  
bobbin my head nd snapping my fingers  
we walked up to the café/ and just like i thought

there was gerald/ ivory nd meme  
standing at the door  
mean-muggin nd taking our change  
talking cash shit nd ready to handle you if you stepped outta line  
i handed gerald my money/ made no eye contact

mrs. menefee had this place decked out like that dance show  
shindig kids were dancing and going to town like the shindig  
dancers doing the jerk/ funky chicken/ hully gully nd watusi  
mary-jean was swinging out with lawrence  
i stole a few of my daddys cigarettes  
went over to the bar nd got me a pop

mrs. menefee was a cool lady  
short nd stout  
carried a pistol under her titty

**man in black**

henry williams/ what you doing with that cigarette

man in orange  
she reached behind the bar  
pulled out a bottled coke nd opened it for me  
i didnt make eye contact with her nd put the cigarette out

**man in black**

boy smoke your cigarette/ i aint gon tell ya mama  
now go on over there and have a good time  
ya hear

**man in red**

yes ma'am  
i took a few sips outta my coke nd tried to look cool  
i was light-headed from the cigarette  
i felt the tap of dainty fingers on my shoulders  
nd there was lucille mcafee/ a vestal site

**man in green**

you wanna dance

**man in orange**

for a minute i was mute

i couldnt believe that she came up to me

this is a dream come true

i was practicing all week on how i'd speak to her

**man in green**

i said do you want to dance

**man in orange**

mrs. menefee hit me upside the head with her dish towel

it snapped me back into reality

yes please i muttered

did i just say yes please

she led me to the floor and we began to slow drag

she smelled like a butterscotch candy nd lavender

she was wearing this pink sleeveless dress

with the back out

i wrapped my hands around her waist

i could feel her beautiful caramel skin

soft to the touch like chinese silk

for that moment my hands served as a protection to her melanin

*"I've Been Loving You Too Long" by Otis Redding fades up and the boys  
pantomime dancing with women.*

i looked over

nd there was junebug all up on shirley

curtis with mary-jean

ray with that crazy girl from galveston

we gave each other the thumbs up

tonight we were men/ nd on top of the world

i walked with a newfound confidence  
the pimp-walk  
you walk nd move ya arms like you fanning a fart

we danced/ nd with every sway I felt like a grown man  
i was holding this beautiful girl  
nd she was following my lead

but i couldnt stop what was happenin  
i tried to pull away from her/ because/ ya know

*He looks down at his crotch*

she pulled closer to me  
i looked uneasy nd she did too  
come on buddy/ go down please  
the more we dance the more excited he got  
nd he wasnt listening to me at all  
i tried to adjust but i wore these tight ass levi jeans  
oh my god

**man in green**  
henry williams, you are so gross

**man in orange**  
she ran to the bathroom the girls followed  
nd there i was in the middle of the dance floor  
with a hard-on

MARICÓN/ WHEN I FELL IN LOVE #1

*Celia Cruz's "Guantanamera" plays as the Man in Blue enters dancing with scarfs doing the Salsa. He notices the audience watching him.*

**man in blue**

¿qué diablos están mirando  
¿nunca han visto antes a una mujer elegante  
mi nombre es coco hemphill st. croix  
y los espejismos son mi juego

hell y'all looking at  
ain't you ever seen a classy lady before  
the names coco hemphill st. croix  
and illusion is the game

black people speak other languages you know  
now chile dont mind me and my craziness  
i get all sassy when celia cruz comes on  
coco hemphill st. croix/ thats my stage name  
i'm a drag queen  
before there was rupauls drag race  
or shangelas halle-loo  
there was me

now wait/ i am not knocking these kids for the things they do  
but you gotta give credit where its due  
pepper laeija/ dorian corey/ sylvester  
and of course the reigning queen/ rupaul  
queens who blazed trails in the art of female impersonation

i see your posture in your seat  
another sissy up there making a mockery of the blackman  
but honey you are sadly mistaken

i have never been or ever wanted to be a woman  
this is an illusion/ i pay tribute to women  
a mask that you see  
a performer who performs

*He begins to take off the drag*

thats me

look into these eyes if you can  
you will see that  
i/ am

*His voice deepens and his posture changes*

very much a man

My real name is Hector Dauntay Kingston. Now before you judge the name, let me give you some Tea on this. T is the truth, faggotly speaking! My mother is from Cuba and my father is from St. Thomas Parrish in Jamaica. So you can imagine the food and the music that was consumed in my house. I've always loved the stage and I loved the shit outta Diana Ross and Celia Cruz.

At night when mom and pops was sleep, I used to get a sheet from the hamper, go in my room, play the Supremes and dance the night away. I found creative ways to wrap that sheet, like I was wearing one of those long, beaded expensive gowns Diana Ross used to wear.

*“Love Is Like an Itching in My Heart” by the Supremes plays as he wraps a sheet around him like a dress and he begins to dance, imitating Diana Ross.*

The boys were checking out the girls and I was checking out their shoes. I embraced my manliness and paid homage to my inner diva. I had to defend myself cause these blocks in East Harlem ain't for no sissy! So after whipping ass a few times they left me alone, but my friend Rico had it hard.

He was this beautiful Puerto Rican and Italian boy that lived in Spanish Harlem off E. 116th. It was Rico who introduced me to the world of drag. One day he came to my house right after school and he made up my face and dressed me in this bad ass white and gold beaded Nolan Miller gown. You know those ones with the shoulder pads and the dangly shit on them? When I looked in the mirror I couldn't believe the transformation. Dominique Devereaux didn't have shit on me.

And that was the day Coco Hemphill St. Croix was birthed into this world. But the exuberance was sucked outta tha room when I looked up and saw my pops looking at me. I got undressed faster than one of those hookers on 43rd street.

**man in green**

hector/ get in here now

**man in blue**

mother yelled/I walked into the room

nd I stood there/ ashamed

i was a worthless freak of nature

nd a disappointment to my family

looked up

nd my parents were standing there with grins on their faces

**man in red**

son/ what was that all about in there

**man in blue**

pops asked/ i shrugged my shoulders like a kid

**man in green**

do you know how many nights we watched you salsa to Celia  
Mijo, you are good

**man in blue**

Mom said. Was I hearing this correctly? That night changed my  
life. Mom and Dad shared secrets about our family and that night  
we bonded. Now, here I am headlining four nights a week at the  
MGM in Las Vegas. I do Patti, Tina, and Diana. I do Celia better  
than Celia, and my parents still come out to my shows.

*Begins to put on his drag*

talk about me/ but i see you  
appropriating queer culture  
out there saying shit like  
shade/ yas hunty/whats tea/reading/ gimmie my coin  
nd vogueing  
everybody wants to vogue now  
chile nd for your information it is just a dip  
not a shablam/ not a death drop  
just a dip

white folk always try to steal our shit  
a niggah can't have nothing

**man in blue**

as for me and my manhood  
i stand strong in it  
the labels have been erased in my world  
because it takes a strong black man  
to dress like a girl  
all the world's a stage no matter your age  
doctor/ lawyer/ teacher you put on titles nd roles  
thats how our world goes  
you might judge nd point with glee  
but youre a drag queen  
like me

*He exits singing and dancing*

**TAKE YO STUFF BACK**

*Man in Orange and Man in Blue enter with Man in Green playing football. The sound of a train is heard in the distance.*

**man in red**

ive loved you 6 years 4 months nd 5 and a half hours  
nd i want you to know  
you can take your damn stuff back  
i gave begrudgingly  
you took without reciprocation  
i thought i found love on a two-way street  
but that shit was a dead end to heartbreak  
you got comfortable nd cold with your stuff  
you got stingy with your stuff  
nd no matter how much you dogged me out  
i still missed your stuff  
i ain't gon lie  
you had the best stuff a niggah tasted  
sweet to the taste

like a cherry snow cone on a summer day  
nd that stuff was soft to the touch/ when I got in  
made me feel like a snotty-nosed kid again  
i loved you and your stuff from hair follicle to toenail  
but your stuff got in the way of how you loved me  
the cancerous stuff you hold within your mind nd heart has  
caused me to question my manhood  
am i capable of taking care of a woman  
am i the man who professed vows in that church  
it wasn't my stuff that was getting in the way  
i try to get my intoxicated mind on track  
but you can take your damn stuff back  
nights i lay in bed listening to you scream nd moanin  
darkness i sit helpless with you nd these screams  
i try to hold you but you push me away  
when you wake up you put on a mask  
the performance begins  
a masquerade of love nd family/ for the kids  
the look in your eyes has lost its spirit  
the smile in your voice is dissonant  
nd your touch  
is  
empty

you come in this house every day like a tornado  
looking for a fight nd i realized the fight is within you  
you are so fixated on holding on to this damn stuff  
its ruining you nd ruining us  
our relationship/ that stuff is gone  
i want to stand with you/ but you've gotta look in the mirror  
i am done with the performance we put on sunday/ church folk  
mainstage entrances with your big hat and j renees  
the picture of a perfect family

**man in red**

scattered thoughts nd ambivalence  
if you arent willing to deal with your stuff  
i want you to pack that shit up in a box  
nd let me deal with my stuff alone  
you are hoarding this stuff  
letting it take up space in your mind/ heart nd entire being  
the smell of your stuff fills the room when  
you enter it grabs me by the throat suffocating the love outta me  
pushing me away from you and this holy bond  
i am at my breaking point  
nd it is so rough  
but enuff is enuff

*A NIGGAH'S REQUEIM*

*The man in black enters the stage and looks over the theatre and begins to laugh.*

**man in black**

that word/ you know/ the N word  
well im tired of the meekness  
we speak around it like cancer  
or a hidden family secret  
before i go in i must make it clear  
what i am about to say is gon change the atmosphere  
so for all you secret keepers who want the usage to cease  
you flustered nd bothered  
niggah please  
the word has a lineage to which ill expose  
but imma say the N word a lot  
might wanna keep your ears closed

*Clears his throat.*

you see...  
theres the house nigger  
the field nigger  
that uncle tom nigger  
the darkie nigger  
the high-yella niggah  
the nappy haired niggah  
the bangy lipped nigger  
the bug eyed nigger  
the master's nigger  
the dumb niggah  
the smart nigger  
the ignorant niggah  
the sell-out niggah  
the abolitionist nigger  
the civil rights nigger  
the young niggah  
the dancing niggah  
the singing niggah  
that hip-hop niggah  
the sand nigger  
the enlightened nigger  
the uppity niggah  
the contemplating niggah  
the college educated niggah  
the unappreciative niggah  
the nigger lover  
the procrastinating niggah  
the orange picking nigger  
the broke ass niggah  
nd we cant forget...

**all**

that sorry ass niggah

**man in black**

there's one that i seem to have forgotten  
and that is the whiggah  
white folks who listen to biggie and have a down vibe  
feel they can loosely drop this diatribe  
now/ as to usage  
be it nigger or niggah  
lets not impose cerebral strain  
we know damn well its all the same thang

so/ I stand tall in my niggerness  
proudly walk niggerly  
react nigger like  
and talk niggeratively

the repetition echoes its truth that i see  
but im so glad to say we had an H/N/I/C  
oh dont sit here like the bougie niggah at large  
you know that means head niggah in charge

ive said nigger 40 times in this mental release  
the audible redundancy imparts extinction to the meaning  
which gives me peace

*HIP-HOP/ WHEN I FELL IN LOVE #2*

*“Self-Destruction” by Various Artists fades in.*

**man in green**

i loved you so much i couldnt go to bed without you  
before i left the house you were there  
with me on my way to school  
especially on those long subway rides on the 6  
feeding me/ guiding me  
giving me the strength to live in this white mans world  
i reflect on our love affair

i fell in love with you  
when beatboxing was the only production to rhymes  
i fell in love with you when LL rocked a red kangol  
nd gold rope chains were the norm  
yo mtv raps came on  
mc lyte was more than the announcer of BET award shows  
the lyrics nd rhymes flowed  
beats influenced a dance craze  
bass knocking  
shoulders popping/ wrists locking to tha boogie/ the beat  
you see  
this is when i fell in love with hip hop  
where the queen reigned nd women weren't THOTS  
these queens of the mic knew ladies were first  
bahamadia/ roxanne shante/ latifah nd ms melody  
rappers were activists  
street poets with a purpose  
bringing us hope nd joy  
now we got souljah boy

yes/ times have changed  
but why should the intent  
tupac was the hoods shakespeare  
KRS-one was our christopher marlowe  
nd now/ what do young brothas and sistas have  
what are they being fed  
if this music is our food we/ will/ starve  
nd what next/ we die but all hope isnt lost  
there are street poets who answered the call  
they carry the mic exceptionally  
nd spit lyrics that resonate  
nas/ common/ kendrick lamar come true  
nd even gotta give it to that crazy ass erykah badu  
the call has been made to the unborn lyricists  
theres power in the tongue  
use the pen wisely  
thats the test  
for your voice can impose life or death.

*“Don’t U Go Nowhere” by Muhammad 2G fades in.*

*TEE - V*

*Man in Orange sits and starts flipping through the channels. He is very frustrated with the images as he continues to flip through the stations.*

**man in orange**

i gots to turn off this tv  
aint a mutherfucker on there who look like me  
if you aint white  
you aint right  
not blonde ya gone  
not thin you aint in  
too black you wack  
too ghetto you gots to go

looking in the mirror was a daily obstacle  
i hated every coil and hair follicle  
good hair or bad was a compromiser  
used to run my ass to walgreens for a comb-through texturizers-  
curl/ care free curl activator  
murrays grease/ pro-line gelwhat that hell/ for what  
all to look like a pseudo anglo niggah  
maybe if i lightened my hair  
wore colored contacts  
i would attract/ what

it wasnt until i moved to nyc  
i began to like me  
niggahs of all shapes/ sizes/ colors nd creeds  
some of these niggahs spoke different languages  
i authentically liked me  
i began to see  
i was brainwashed by the subliminal messages on the screen  
black isn't beautiful i thought as a teen  
but i hail from a lineage of kings  
sight unseen

i refuse to listen and fall victim of your trap  
so i get happy nd smile with this big ass gap  
now its changed because you want big lip  
swide hips  
bigger ass nd chest to match  
but this shit here makes me go in  
because yall be tanning wanting brown skin

i cant hate on you for wanting to be us  
wanting to see a niggah but not really trying to BE a niggah

the swag of a black man makes you envious  
you black man nd even you my nubian sistah  
embrace your blackness  
for they will get sicker  
empowerment nd self-love becomes your light  
to travel this confused world  
that thinks only white is right

CRENSHAW & SLAUSON/ ANOTHA 1

*“FDT” by Nipsey Hussle fades up.*

**man in red**

i couldnt go thru the day without something to say  
yup/ another one/ nd another one  
not a bop or a banger  
niggah the hood is in danger  
the theories begin  
was it the government who killed this brother  
or was he slain by another  
be it adversary/ or assassination  
what the fuck is going on in our nation  
this brother was a product of the hood  
was a gang banger  
but was no stranger  
to the fight and struggle  
this niggah here was our hero  
slauson ave was the street he had tatted on his back  
later became the same intersection  
with crenshaw where he was attacked  
not tippin on foe foes/ or running hoes  
he put his money into start-ups  
damn/ let me grab my cup

his pass might haunt him  
nd the media will dig to find not glorying his astute mind  
he was meeting with lawmakers

trying to end the bloodshed in these streets  
but its this current situation  
which  
defeats  
a brother from the hood investing was a gem  
even had a program for STEM

but to them he was a rollin 60s crip niggah  
big pharma wasnt ready for what he wanted america to see  
a documentary on dr sebi  
whatever your hypothesis  
the blood that was shed on crenshaw nd slauson was senseless  
ive been following this brother nd his struggle  
your death we will forever tussle  
rest in peace nipsey hussle  
the marathon continues

*KAEPERNICK'S LAMENT*

*The National Anthem begins the play. All actors on the stage put their hand over their heart except the Man in Red. He takes a knee.*

**man in red**

to kneel/or not to kneel / that is the question  
whether 'tis nobler in the mind to endure  
the social injustices and prejudices of this great country  
or to use my freedoms allotted to me by our founding fathers  
who were the writers of the 1st Amendment. to kneel/ to stand  
no/ nd by kneel say we end the systemic racism  
nd the assassination of black men in the streets  
'tis a consummation devoutly to be wishd/ to kneel/ to stand

to stand/ perchance the opportunity to stand for a cause  
ay/ theres the rub  
for in standing it is an act of valor and patriotism  
but truthfully standing for this cause brings bout a bowd head  
five fingers clinched in a fist with an arm extending to the  
heavens  
bending at the knee as you do for your god/your bride to be  
tis not an act of submission  
tis an act of honor and veracity

within this axiom/ one is forced to see ones self  
looking upon a country whose land is free nd brave  
denounces every principle and founding law  
the proletariats obtuse gaze is fueled by a president  
whose closeted racist ideals begin to show  
americas anthem reads...

**/man in blue/ man in black**

their blood has washd out their foul footsteps pollution  
no refuge could save the hireling and slave  
from the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave  
and the star/spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

**man in red**

what say you to this folly of speech  
soft you now/ i pray these words may heal  
but for when this song is played i will continue to kneel

*MY BACKYARD*

**man in blue**

n my backyard there was basketballs/ hula hoop  
kids flying kites making loopy loops  
daddy had dat raggedy ass oldsmobile in da garagend at no  
charge --mama would cuss nd fuss wit fever  
cause she couldn't get to her damn deep freezer  
Lawrence -- i cant get to my oxtails  
from that yell there was a barka pitbull named coco full of sass  
nd without hesitation/ would bite dat ass

my backyard was fenced in but went on to the next street  
front door hemphill/ backyard algeria -- u see

i lived in a time when kids played hide nd seek  
on weekends out with no limit  
dats when we would play  
hide nd go get it  
this era i lived in we wore hats to da back  
nd pants down below niggahs was stuntin  
aint no future in yo frontin

me nd my cousin misha would turn out kids r' us  
dancing nd working up a sweat  
this was a time I'll never forget

a time when niggas were swol  
wore golds  
nd tipped on foe foe's

smoked joints at no harm  
drank strawberry hill boones farm  
i know i wasnt the only one in the city  
shit/ even turned up MD 20/20

my backyard was hard/ hood as fuck  
i wasnt no gang banger its true  
known by people the grandson of badu  
times have changed  
my backyard looks strange  
gentrification nd street medication has changed the location  
nd to the locals much hesitation  
towards the current situation

i aint hating  
but this newness is foreign to me/ nd others  
my brothers/ are lost

i watched it  
nd wrote about it  
in Ferguson  
in Sandford  
in Baltimore  
in Minneapolis

my heart grows dark  
this pandemic is in my backyard of La Marque

this narrative is just like the ones before  
Black man in the streets fallen off his feet  
from a gunshot piercing the nerves  
by one whos supposed to protect nd serve

officer santos needs a dose of his own medicine  
the media will paint the narrative  
just another street niggah living life of complexity  
a menace to society

the media will criticize and dehumanize the victim  
especially him

the grass that was green turns brown  
the beautiful roses are gone

while fighting one pandemic another has surfaced  
fauci cant find an elixir to change this picture  
the stories on CNN are creeping through my window  
have now taken up residence in my backyard

welcome police brutality please have a seat  
rona aint got shit on this beast  
no prayers from a priest  
but this time peace will be released  
silence will cease  
La Keish we aint stopping  
til there is  
Justice for Joshua Feast

*THE END FOR NOW*

## ABOUT THE PLAYWRIGHT



Dubbed the Literary Prince, Bryan-Keyth Wilson is a noted playwright, screenwriter, director, teaching artist and choreographer. He is a published author of three books and 8 plays. His first novel, *HOOD BOY CHRONICLES*, was a groundbreaking work of inspirational fiction combining street literature swag and spoken word intermingled with a poignant and heartfelt story that restores faith. His second title was for the grown and sexy crowd. *TRACK CHANGES & WHITE LIES* was written under an alter-ego

pseudonym Brendan Gotti. Currently BKW is touring with his published choreopoem *FOR COLORED BOYZ on the verge of a nervous breakdown when freedom ain't enuff*. BKW studied Musical Theatre with a Dance emphasis at Sam Houston State University. His passion for teaching has brought him into the classroom as a teaching artist where he shares his professional journey with young aspiring theatre/ musical theatre artists. He is the Artistic Director of The Wilson School of Acting & Musical Theatre and a proud member of Chi Tau Epsilon Dance Fraternal Honor Society and Alpha Psi Omega the National Honor Theatre Fraternity.

Regional directorial/choreography credits include: *BARE*, *The Frog Prince*, *PIPPIN*, *Little Shop of Horrors*, *RENT*, *The Rocky Horror Show*, *Spring Awakening*, *Macbeth*, *Mame*, *Once on This Island*, *Anything Goes*, *Dreamgirls*, *Confessions of a Preacher's Wife*, and *Suessical* the musical. Off-Broadway Credits include: *Pamlet* and *The Subway Series Pt 1*. He has choreographed children's productions of *Fiddler on the Roof Jr.*, which won Outstanding Production at the 2011 Junior Theatre Festival. *Seussical Jr.*, *Once on This Island Jr.*, *Godspell Jr.*, *Disney's AristoCats Kids*, *Disney's Beauty and the Beast Jr.*, *The Little Mermaid Jr.* which won Outstanding Production at the 2012 Junior Theatre Festival FAME Jr. and excerpts from *Dr. Doolittle Jr.* 2012 Showcase Premiere at the Junior Theatre Festival.

BKW has molded and guided the career of Nichole Cordova who was a member of the hot pop group Girlicious, Tommy Torres, Danny Armstrong, Maddie Ballio and more.

BKW has directed music videos for American Idol Finalist Vincent Powell and the award winning debut video "Got Fruit" for YUNEK. BKW is also the founder and Executive Artistic Director of The Creative Co-Lab, founder of The Gulf Coast Writers Retreat and Artistic Director for Artists In Motion Performing & Visual Arts Academy. BKW is now in development of his first comic book series THE TALENTED TENTH on Wilson Comics/ B's Ink Publishing. He is a five-year faculty member of The Black Writers Reunion & Conference and the creator of THE LIFT EV'RY VOICE International Playwright & Spoken World Virtual Festival.