

NOTE: This is jazz. The text is the score. Polyrhythm, and simultaneity are essential in bringing this text to life. Language and movement repeats/builds/layers/is sung.

blood pudding

Ritual/Jazz Theatre

Written By

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i am from the land of the dead.

my bones hang in trees

i run with the wind

ITS TIME ITS TIME ITS TIME ITS TIME ITS TIME ITS TIME ITS TIME ITS
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i am from Senegambia

slave soldier captured sold and sent

i am from St. Domingue

left in exchange for water for a Louisiana bound slave ship

i am from Cuba

where entire plantations of Ibo simultaneously hanged themselves from trees.

they understood the transmigration of Souls.

so do i.

Maroons looking for freedom

i am from Boriquen

sentenced to hard labor there

for plotting to burn down the entire estate

i was slaved on.

i am from Algiers Louisiana

forced there during the antivoodoo campaign

for dancing in congo square.

they called me chattel.

WE DANCE

WE SING

WE DRUM

WE DRINK

WE PRAY

we pray for freedom

middle of town

every sunday

with white folk joined in.

they think it cute

like playing with children

we don't care

cause we know we making them

call our freedom down.

WINDS HAVE COME

THE SKY LOOKS HOLLOW

BOATS WAIL IN SORROW

AND THE RIVER

IT'S MOVING SO FAST

SUNSHINE IS GONE
THE EARTH HAS SWALLOWED
ALL HOPE FOR TOMORROW
AND TODAY
JUST FEELS BAD

HERE IS WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW
LOVE IS ALL THERE IS
DREAMERS DREAMING BEYOND THE STARS
BLESS YOUR NAME
DON'T LET GO

HOLD ON
WE WEAR A CROWN
THE CROWN WE WEAR IS YOU.

LOVE IS ALL THERE IS
LOVE IS ALL THERE IS
LOVE IS YOU.