

Excerpt from *Blind Light*

I have always refused to be shackled by the alleged limitations of race and gender; but, the inherent bondage of blindness was a manacle I could not ignore, a fetter I could not circumvent. Many expected me to step into the inferno of darkness, be cremated, and will my remains to the memories of those joyous that I had walked into a cloud of invisibility, a cloud which they believed shielded their silent smiles, their belief that I was no longer in the game.

And then, there were those who wept in fear of destiny's hand as they saw the prison, saw the shackles and offered no solace, no bridge, no transport to a place for the wounded. Inertia, shock and disbelief stung my cohorts. What does one say to a womb that faced aborted dreams, underdeveloped fetuses which needed an umbilical cord to survive? And then, there was me, the motivator; the one who believed in impossibilities; the one who freely spoke and wrote about overcoming obstacles; the one who was trying to understand the message, learn the lesson while walking through a maze of burnt shadows of the past. *My past, my present, my life - Am I not a sequestered thought form mangled with physical reality?* And then, there was my mother, the original womb, the one from whom my physical and spiritual bodies took form. And then, there was blind light, the invisible, illuminating a realm where reality speaks a foreign language, a language not taught in the vestibules of a college classroom or available on a CD or pre-recorded audio tape. And then, there was blind light, a knowing, a waterfall, from which I drank, unwillingly baptized by invisible forces that had molded a destiny over which I wanted control.

Blind Light is the result of seven years of residing behind the wall of invisibility. It unveils a portrait of what it is like to live in a world/whirl that recognizes your physical body, but cannot understand the reality that you now face, the language that you must now interpret in order to survive in terrain that is both foreign and discomfoting. It reveals what it is like to spiritually transform and remain sane when you are plunged into darkness-light. It is the first time that I have used poetry to translate the experience of walking through darkness into a light, a knowing that illusion and reality are constantly battling, waging war to cloud Truth.