

Join me in the audio garden to cultivate our collective wisdom, nurture creativity, and spread love.

My name is Martha Cinader. Welcome to Listen and Be Heard. now.

I'm walking in the corn, which is taller than me, and there's fruit on the trees, there's green tomatoes, and what I do have that's ripe is a beautiful bowl of berries, and also an assortment of spoken word just for you today. Listen and Be Heard has hosted open mics on the east coast, on the west coast and starting on Juneteenth we'll be doing it here in the Carolinas and today we're going to sample some preserves from previous harvests as we look forward to seeing what grows on our new Wednesday night event in downtown Greenville.

When listening to We heard was a popular event in Vallejo, California. There was a proposal at one point to open a liquefied natural gas plant there.

And we were part of a movement to prevent that from happening. Because of the obvious consequences it would have for everybody living there.

And we organized a poetry marathon in protest. And someone who was always there for a good cause was the late great Q.R. Hand, Jr., who was Vallejo's unofficial poet laureate after he moved there from San Francisco. We're going to listen to a couple poems from him that he read at that poetry marathon.

But let's start off with Jackie Ramos, who was introduced to listen and be heard by Tony Robles, and this is a poem called Dancing with Royalty.

But maybe my soul kissed yours once before, another lifetime you see. Maybe I was your lover, maybe your mother, your friend, neighbor, sister, or brother. Cause right now this all feels too familiar,

like my aura just knows yours, you see. Your walk is a tale of pharaohs, that set the mathematical structure of today's monuments. How could I not get trapped in the scent you exude,

when everything around you just blooms? even the sweat seeping from your pores make a sister want to swoon. No jokes aside, you remind me of the great Nile.

Generations of greatness is the fabric of your makeup. When you stand the earth shakes, a logical captivation makes for a logical equation. Your very breath is critical resistance in motion,

living not on, but for the backs of others. beautiful darkness moving in light keep on shining I see you king the heart of a queen never lies for I too am that metaphysical phenomenon the key that philosophers pursue to free minds the next sonnet immortalized so I get it salute and recognize royalty is a song we dance to at night I said,

"Royalty is a song we dance to at night." There's a guy who was reading before who was doing them walking the streets of New York poems And there's something about the freedom of doing that out of a particular period of time in that it's real, real strong and meaningful to me. And yet I've been around enough so that I can feel that there is this loss of something as well as this great gain loss for instance we're told that there's no jobs here unless we're gonna make land mine now but let's always got it in space this is hey no jobs here unless you're gonna make your land potentially a mine check that out So what I'm seeing is what I'm going to call

devolution. We used to dance, we used to dance to the drums, to the drums, to the drum, drum,
drum and pulsate knowledge, and Stop steps of flowing sands, smoking howls of rhythm, imagining whys of delicate proportion. We used to dance to learn.
We used to dance and learn to the drummin' and the hum that wooved the selves and stars into bright black eyes, visions. Stop and stop pulsating language,
all around flow of rhythm and balance, song of smoking howls of blaze, ways, imaginations, rigorous ways. Then this great cosmic joke,
us not nimble enough to evade this snare of inhuman yoke, hot chains of identity, long drinks of serial symbols washed down with lies we learned to fern,
then yearned for. Constructing Constructing identities, new local visions, transcendent processes of military and mine trap. We wove ourselves in and out of these mysteries, landlords, history books of such textual intricacy ordered by the Dean of the Day
Eredition, we missed the dance and never noticed. While we learned to inspire footnotes with fragments of bone,
integrate identities that switch hacks with dramatic solidarity, sign checks with a third hand. We huffed and we ploughed and we gladly became the posts.
Who is this act of torture for? Why is the whip in the hand of the priest and the diplomat? The stop sign, the runs of mucking,
just down the block. Why did the officers always get here late, where one time even four little girls, "Well, what did you say?" in a church,
in Burlingham. Another fact, too trite for the time of the none of the gardenia and rancid seas. Three Right away,
some chibzler liberates lifeboats to fill prescriptions for growth point t's. Miami Beach Cubanos offered to enslave when the price is right if sugar sucks greenbacks behind the curtain.
See, see, see, see what is happening, dick, here, Jane, Jane now what is happening here see spot run now what shall we do with our new definitions here staring at the traces of quick line on the edges of the trenches and ditches on the lawn of this trusty and that turncoat who might approach at any moment And the apple -card is stepping over.
How did these wads fit us? Where do anybody sit in this house overlooking these plains of desiccations, broken pipes of dream -long dappled desire that never got there? How do we move over in here? Well, moonbeams cower in groups of ten at noon. The guard feeds us a spoon of melting ice that always splashes our tuxedos.
What happened to the dance, Jack? What happened to the dance? You look at the names of Arthur Monroe who's got that big piece out on the other side of a wall out there.
You know, he's one of the curators of the music, museum down there in Oakland. Got all kinds of people in here. Paul Robeson was the pledge master of my own father's pledge group with Alpha Phi Alpha fraternity in New York city.
And when I was 10 years old, this will give you my age, I just turned 66. Jackie Robinson lived right around the corner from us that first year in Brooklyn.

One of the throes of my life when Jackie Robinson came to the Dodgers, they lived right around the corner. And my sister was rolled in her roll look the same way with, There are no Jackie Jr. who's now deceased, but right there. So I got this kind of New York thing. All these things kind of come together in some ways.

I'm still trying to grasp, and trying to grasp it sometimes gets me to write a little bit. So I'm going to do one of these New York forms about the finding and Not so much the losing of freedom,

but becoming aware of some of the limits, the situational limits on that freedom. And it's a simple love poem,

it's a love of being a poem, it's called "Four Takes for a Short and Personal History of Summer." Back some.

I drank bottles of moon glove. Took the subway express to love in Brooklyn from Harlem streets I love so much. Took the A train there and back.

Every evening when I knew she'd be there. One time we sizzled there. To Coney Island rode the cyclone twice. Frenetic guts a twist sweet dizzy a right in a wool darn tank all night long out,

looked under the boardwalk, and decided not to. Spent a languorous train ride back, wishing we had swollen lipped hands,

slowly underclosed, hornier than bunnies out of gang bang, right up to her front door and frowns. I rode All the way back to Harlem alone,

steaming sweetly, dreamily gave myself to the new morning sun. Pat steamed, crotch wet, couldn't wait to go back. This was,

we walked home to Harlem in Magic, England, the Manhattan summer morning sun after a night of parties. browsing and West Village bars,

dancing with dancers, looking with painters, talking (beep) with the writers, trying to talk a hole in the head like we used to say a one lovely new woman after another.

Loud as we talk, loud as we hear it. We would walk up Seventh Avenue, stalk for coffee out of 57th Street all night or frequented by musicians then walked to the Central Park Zoo to wonder on the sea lions splashing wet and swivel slither black and silk curving smooth sun-chatter undulations.

At the carousel we stopped. Left back at the antique frieze painted on the horses in the hush began the murmur of traffic on Central Bud West.

We wished for a month of Sunday mornings, just like this one. Smoked the last hit of Panama Red. I'll show you how old I am. And got ready for the long haul uptown.

The last season living all around us on a sweet summer day. "Love first came to me in fact,

it's hot shivers and wet chocolate, chased her in cars, stuck fast, chased her caught I now pot, chased fast,

it's wet, swearing, we were wet with each other's holding quicksilver in the sun as long as we could make for ever the last." Music played us through that mad supple magic, turned on dawn that day. I swear we did, just like in Black Orpheus, still slipping in sladden hands, full of penultimate spasms we were determined to slap ourselves near to sleep with,

so unstruck, there was, during the summer, big city blood began to boil in meek,

and hot New York city nights, new gleam of sound and color, each strip bebop and calypso. Moonlight boat rides on the Hudson, wet canyon between policies and skyscrapers, but a walk in his van played all night long. We partied. This was our land, we thought. Went to the Palladium and mumbled our asses off, played play gongadrumms in such a pop-facing applause of hotel just before the sun rises and do the cops just as I am. We followed our ways home.

This is the Listen and Be Heard Hour for Readers and Writers and I'm Martha Cinader, your guide here in the audio garden. We were just listening to the late QR Han Jr., who was the unofficial poet laureate in Falejo, California, at the listening be heard poetry marathon that was held in protest against plans at the time to open a liquefied natural gas plant there.

I've gone from walking in the corn to checking the orchard where there's some almost ripe plums that are the most beautiful beautiful purple color.

What is a plum? What is poetry? Wendell Berry asked that question and so does Tony Robles in a poem that he wrote called "What is Poetry?" and we're going to hear that along with a poem for Mumia Abu Jamal that was written by Julia Wright for a gathering of the tribes magazine in New York City.

We'll also hear from Tabitha at an open mic that Tony Robles recorded in Asheville, North Carolina. What is poetry for?

A handful of dirt, a handful of sky, a handful of flowers. The wet of seasons pressed into pores of memory.

I plant myself behind the checkout desk at the public library. Seeds Seat cushions under eyelids of those dreaming of an awaiting sun.

Sprouting from the ground is a book of poetry by Wendell Berry. It is covered in dirt and sun and stained with moon scars.

I lift it, cradle it in my hands, like a handful of dirt, handful of sky, handful of flowers. As he answers the question,

what is poetry for? Time runs out of steam as Mumia struggles to breathe.

His weary pulse beats to the drum of our collective heart. He senses our footsteps in the ashes of their furnaces.

He touches his walls to hear The throbbing of our songs and takes another gulp of fresh hope.

I see my mother and gazes in the mirror. I see her in calm tranquility, each following the other in perfect synchronicity. I see my mother in the mirror. She is my reflection, always there with me. I reach to touch her, my right hand against the glass. We are directly connected, though opposite. Her left arm raises, meeting my right. We are always together,

but we forever walk away from the other. Her left, my right, we are opposite. My mother sees me in the mirror. Without her reflections, we are inominant. April 11, 2018 Made in China 424 -410 -2707 A book of blank pages with printed blue lines for writing.

Was the paper made in China too? Was the ink for the printed lines made in China? Was the machine that printed the lines on the paper made in China?

Was the binding glue and the ribbon made in China? Was the faux alligator imitation leather cover made in China? Were there people making the notebook, the paper, the ribbon, the ink, the binding glue alongside the machines assembled to produce this book? Were they Chinese people working in an assembly line to make paper,

print lines on paper, cut the paper, fold and bind the paper, put a cover on the book and a sticker on the back that says "Made in China" and has a barcode and a 10 digit number and two other digits on either side of the barcode?

Or were they immigrants brought into China to stand on an assembly line? And how much do they get paid to put these books together and stack it in a box full of identical books and send it to a dock on the coast of China?

Do they go home at night or just sleep at the factory or have a home to go to? Are their parents watching their kids? Do they get paid with money or with script that they spend in the company store?

Do they ever buy blank books with lines and attention ready to be filled with words or sketches or would they rather do something else? "The tumor was the size of a tangerine," he said as he ran his finger over the incision the brain surgeon had left.

And outside the thrift store, beyond the mountains, the sun is hiding its face. The man came in looking for a toolbox.

And he found one. A red toolbox with the name Milwaukee affixed in white lettering. It was the perfect toolbox,

he said, just what he'd been looking for. He learned of his tumor after he took a walk. He walked faster and faster, losing control of his legs.

After an MRI, he was told he needed to be admitted immediately. "They got it," he said, "the size of a tangerine." "The surgery costs \$180,000," he said.

"I thought I had insurance, but I didn't." "That's an expensive tangerine," I said. He opened the toolbox and smiled. He reached in as if he too were a surgeon and pulled out the sun that had been hiding near the mountains.

He held it like a tangerine. the listen and be heard hour for readers and writers.

I'm your host and guide here in the audio garden, Martha Cinader. And that was Tony Robles reading his poem, "Tangerine." And before that was something that I was reading from a journal that turned out to be about the journal that I was writing in,

a journal that was made in China. And we'll hear a bit more of that later. We also heard Tabitha, an open mic poet who Tony recorded in North Carolina.

And he, Tony, Tony Robles, the poet of the people, he also read a poem from Four Mumia Abu Jamal that was written by Julia Wright and was from the Black Lives Matter issue of a gathering of the tribes magazine that came out in 2023.

I was once an editor for that magazine when Listen and Be Heard was an event in New York City and later when the event moved to California,

That's when I met Tony Robles and also Q.R. Hand Jr. And now we'll be having open mic in downtown Greenville, South Carolina. It's going to start on Juneteenth, June 19th, which is a Wednesday, and continue on Wednesday nights from 7 to 9 at Coops Corner, where they also host, you know, some other great events. The Greenville Jazz Collective does the Friday Night Jazz event there at Coops Corner.

So it's a very nice, friendly place that I just felt comfortable to, and I thought was really would be a nice spot to have sort of a signature listen and be heard type event. And Marius, the gentleman who runs Coop's Corner, was very open to the idea and very friendly, so we're going to give it all a try, and you can get more information about what will be going on down there, how to get there, and also subscribe to our email newsletter by going to ListenAndBeHeard.net.

If you visit us there, you'll also find video, you know, unedited video interviews with authors that Tony and I have both done.

And a lot of those videos, they're longer than the sort of edited down pieces that we've presented on previous episodes of Listen and Be Heard here on the Hour for Readers and Writers.

So please do visit us there and check out all the interesting content. We have columns, one columnist is Cindy Combs who does, writes every couple of weeks, a new perspective about lightening up. She's a life coach and helps people with body image and just ways to improve the experience of their daily lives.

So, and also I make little videos about what's going on at Martha's Kitchen Garden. So if you would like to put some visuals to the audio garden, you can do that by visiting us at ListenAndBeHeard.net. We'll be right back with more poetry for this special poetry episode of the Listen and Be Heard Hour for Readers and Writers.

My name is Martha Cinader and I'm so pleased to have you here and I hope that you'll amel along the path and I will be right back.

This is Listen and Be Heard Radio, WLVH .org. "Spoken word" means different things to different people.

It could be anything from a poetry slam competition to a simple reading from the page to a presentation that's more theatrical and done by heart or from the heart.

It could be improvisational. It could be with music, with a band, it could be arranged or unarranged.

Here in the audio garden we like all kinds of flowers, each blooming in its own time and in its own way. We're going to listen now to Yenia,

another West Coast poet brought to listen to be heard by Tony Robles with Some freestyle poetry behind all of the core that you face within your own self.

These demons you battle, you wear them on your fingers like rings. You are not to be tamed.

Your tongue will hurt so many others And it will continue to speak in a sharp way In a way that could steep In a way that they cannot explain That the way that they cannot understand or comprehend You are a divine force You are a shield Your heart is the armor You know what you want You know that life has more to offer than heartache and pain you seek for that light because you know you've been there for those that couldn't be there for you to be sold when you were cold and that is the warmth that you keep is that you feel the love that was within your "The sight of you." Ethical Dilemma If a father swipes a crust of bread to feed a starving child,

is he a lawless thug, or just the kind of dad you write home about? If a bandit robs a pawn shop, but Pops for the one where a cyclops with fiendish powers holds virgins penned upstairs.

Isn't that fair? Is an art thief who only wants the best for everyone he meets, subject to arrest, if he steals a ghastly piece for which insurance will surely pay,

If a waitress by stealth slips a pastry from the cafe's case and puts it on a patron's plate without said patron paying eight dollars and change, might he still enjoy it every bit? Before you answer, consider this. What if said patron is broke and starving,

Or at least a little short and a tad peckish after a night of drinking too much wine in his soiled gabardine. Asking for a friend.

This book has already tossed and turned to sea, packed most tidally for maximum efficiency and survived the journey.

Crossing above the littered floor of the ocean of commerce and survived the journey to another port where someone unloaded the container holding it with a crane.

Was that person an American? How much did that person get paid? And the trucker who packed it in the back and got it to a Staples warehouse.

Are Staples warehouses unionized? What do those digits mean? So many questions for a book with no answers. Just a blank book for me to write in with a plastic pen that says South Carolina in white printed paint with a tiny little palm tree in a sailboat in lines that look like ripples of water.

The sticker is mostly rubbed off, but I can just make out that the pen I picked up at the airport must have been, but I don't actually remember,

but it must have been at the Greenville Airport, the pen was made in China. It too crossed the ocean to find its way to my hand. But probably not the Atlantic Ocean, it probably never got near the South Carolina coast. It probably journeyed across the Pacific for me to write with. In this book,

that probably was not in the same container or even barge or maybe even the same port on the Chinese coast of which I have no idea where the pen or the book might have been shipped from.

This is a collaborative poem by the Community Impairment Activist, CA family number four, years 2022 to 2023. Inspired by a class with Tony Robles, who gave us the prompt, taking our lives back, was able to weave together each of these lines into a collaborative poem because of the radical love, authenticity, create a firepower magic that our students carry,

that our young life exists upon. And so this piece is called "Taking Our Lives Back."

Taking my life back is a freeing but ever-evolving journey,

marching to the beat of my own drum as I exist in this world unapologetically. A world that knows she is worthy. We deserve to be here. We will not be moved.

Our roots are deep and our people will not sway to the winds of capitalist change. I'll take fear along with me, but I won't let it steal what I deserve, my mind and body grounded with the earth like the flowers that grow in my mama's garden.

Closing the space between my heart and my mind when feeling and thinking become one, my life will be mine. There are roots everywhere in the ground. Hold on to one and water it.

It will blossom and serve as resistance for those to come. Do not let another century pass. Do not let another cycle of bad politicians rule. Do be the change.

Do be the person in society you wish to see. My stomach churns into itself with guilt. Guilt for myself and my fellow Kazamas that occupy space in the International Hotel in San Francisco on a sunny weekend afternoon.

Guilty that it took me so long to learn about the history of Manila Town and the generations of Kazamas that fought to occupy the very ground ground we stood on. We took .5 selfies on.

We stood arms locked emulating our ancestors fight. I shouldn't be blindsided by my own history yet I am. This is a San Francisco they don't want us to know.

I bleed and I cry but I smile. I get tossed and pulled in every direction to come back home torn and broken but I smile. I see loss and I have lost, but I smile.

I smile because I'm terrified. Terrified that if I stop smiling, my reflection won't smile back at me, and all of the world's demons replace that smile with something I don't recognize so I smile.

To resist and to feel an inch of goodness within the storm, I smile because it's the only thing that feels good. The spirit that once gave my vocal chords I have severed.

Repairable. But only through deep searching, within every vein, organ, and cell of my body, yet exist in fragments like shards of glass scattered throughout my vessel.

Chords severed just like my earphone's cord. I twist and turn to bring the heartbeat of music into my ears. The in and out connection of the beat resembles the fragments of me.

The pieces of me I search endlessly to become whole again, to take your life back means, to recognize a past,

but not be pushed by despair, to not forget as the oppressor wishes, but to fight back even harder. We have to stop thinking that we lost it in the first place.

No one can take away your life because it's a synergy. A spirit beyond domination and suppression our ancestors showed us a long time ago so let's listen.

To take one's life back is to stand firm in your cultural identity where the ancestors in the community stand arm in arm manifesting love and strength I will take my life back by walking with the land and the larger processes that govern it upholding the wisdom of the plants,

the trees, the birds, and the seeds of the future. Taking my life back means being myself. For those who felt like they couldn't be themselves,

I will do this by deciding not to accentuate certain vowels or use professional lingo, but by talking with my Pero and my Como se dice.

My reins are in my hands. I won't be controlled anymore. I've got too much to lose. Giving up myself is something I can't afford.

Taking charge of you. Allowing the sweet summer breeze to flow through your hair without care. Absorbing life. Giving forces like plants that absorb the sun,

and protecting myself and my community from the harsher elements that oppose life. Taking our lives back means feeling into our hearts and bodies.

What do I really want? What do I really need? Taking our lives back means having strength and resilience. It's the ability to say no, but, more importantly, also say yes to what our hearts desire. Taking our lives back is a transformative process, and it heals us at the cellular level.

This day forward, I am taking my life back. For the more I resist, my heart is tender. For the more I heal,

my purpose is affirmed for the more I take up space others walk rightfully in theirs and so when I say I am taking my life back I am doing it for you for our ancestors for the youth for the people we are taking our lives back All power to the people.

Thank you. That was the voice of Jackie Ramos.

And this is the Listening Be Heard Hour for Readers and Writers. I'm Martha Cinader and we're sampling spoken word in the audio garden today.

We also heard David Cameron reading ethical dilemma at an open mic in Asheville, North Carolina and part two of me reading from a journal that was made in China.

There's a refreshing breeze here in the garden coming all the way from the west where Copis is still a performing entity. crooked path,

straighter than you think. Only two things to be said here. It's later than you think, later than you think. As we busy ourselves,

elevating our imaginations about ourselves as we thirst for another drink, doing the impossible with nothing straighter than you think,

while in the city, what a pity. It's later than you think. Later than you think? Now giddy up. Ride on cowboy,

let's throw a throne hard upon your stink. It's so nice to know that you're a friend of mine to toss a rope when I begin to sink. That you may know for you I'll do same.

Life's straighter than you think. That you may know. I told you so. It's later than you think. Later than you think. Still in time will come a sign.

That must be apprehended and without a blink. Lest we find ourselves tripping over that which is straighter than you think. To find ourselves tripping over a timepiece

whose face indicates it's later than you think later than you think now i realize that the sunsets can be lonesome sometimes as we ponder the missing link well the dark clouds

hang low as the archer aims his bone straighter than you think by the same airy

Pray for us. We call ourselves the Tripp City gang please Excuse my slang But it's later than you think later than you think It's your world and you wear it well though I can't

I'll recall having seen you look as well as you do in fake make.

Well, as you know, like the tides, the fashions, they come and go straight away, you think. It's like this, and I'm sure you're up to something Where do you think?

I speak to you not of false things, but of that which is true. Be you, Jew, Jen. It seems like only yesterday,

yet two thousand years have gone before I say to you that if I met you,

you betcha you can count on me, I'll never think I could never be poor, having known you straighter than I think, Therefore, I will put it in sync.

I'm a judge and a half angel. I want you to hang it over your kitchen sink as I bid you good day. It's later than you think.

later than you think. What must needs be conveyed here is far greater than what could come from only pinned ink.

Those of us tripping in Tripp City, USA, walking a crooked path straight over than you think. Only one thing remains to be said here.

It's later than you think. If no one was needed anymore to make the blank books, if they were designed and printed and shipped and trucked by a mechanical assembly line, and no one knew how to make them anymore, and no one cared how they were made anymore,

and no one knew how to write anymore, then no one would know how to write on the lines, or want to write on the lines, or read what someone else wrote on the lines, or care if there was a storm in the whole container of blank books was caught in a storm and spilled into the sea and sunk to the depths. To join the bonds of slaves littered among sunken treasures and creatures without eyes to read or see sunlight, do these Words mean anything at all before I learn to make paper, before I learn to find the materials to make paper, before I barter for the knowledge and the materials to make the paper,

stitch the binding, print straight lines on each page to assist me in writing a legible script, weave or knit or crochet or sew a ribbon for a bookmark,

Cures some leather, killed the beast for the leather, or forgo leather for a natural fiber grown in my garden tilled and watered by me. On communal land I have earned.

Earned the privilege to cultivate for my benefit. Am I saying anything at all? If I didn't create the means for me to say it, don't have a clue an inkling where the ink in my pen was formulated measured poured into the plastic tube with a metal tip destined for the distant trash heap beyond my immediate vision in an imaginary junk heaven that is preferable to the real junk islands floating out there where shipping

containers pass each other in the night perhaps on autopilot if not today, someday soon, could I be writing anything that means anything at all with such a pen?

A pen that will end but never end, even when this book is tossed in the words that slide so easily along the page, leaving my mind to be available to be looked at, perhaps only by me or maybe someone else hoping to find out about an this romance or hidden fortune who will find only disappointment or bewilderment or scorn.

The story contained inside this still partially blank book is this book. The color of the paper. Is it white ivory off white parchment?

Who chose this paper? Was it the cheapest available or is it the best for writing with a pen or The pencil is for the West, it's college -ruled.

To fit more lines on a page, the lines are blue, not black, so as not to distract from the words meant to be written on the lines, confusions of a sex-starved housewife, love poems of a lonely teen, shopping lists, memos, dream diaries, diatribes, terrorist plots, all destined to be tossed one day,

maybe only with a few pages scrolled upon and the remaining ones blank, taunting, haunted by the bands that touched it as it traveled on a rubber belt that also was created on a line and touched by hands that longed touch.

Something else or recently touched someone who they would never see again, but didn't know that at the time. Can these words mean anything? Can they tell the story without knowing the story of the book it is written in?

All destined to be tossed one day, maybe only with a few pages scrawled upon, and the remaining ones blank, taunting, haunted by the hands that touched it as it traveled on a rubber belt that also was created on a line and touched by hands that longed touch or something else or recently touched someone who they would never see again but didn't know that at the time.

Can these words mean anything? Can you tell a story without knowing the story of the book it is written in? food for thought.

Time passes so quickly here in the audio garden and really every week there is something new to appreciate and I do appreciate spending this time with you and I hope that you enjoyed listening to this sampling of spoken word and even that it inspired you to be heard to go to an open mic near you if you never have done that before.

If you enjoyed hearing that last cut before the reading from the journal Made in China, that group is called Copus and they're very active in the Bay Area. They have several CDs and you could find out more about them.

They performed quite often at the Listen and Be Heard Poetry Cafe, copismusic.com. You could visit them there and find out more about all of what they have to offer and where they might be appearing.

This has been the Listen and Be Heard Hour for readers and writers. I'm your host, Martha Cinader, and sometimes Tony Robles joins me as my co-host.

He always has something to contribute to the show, as he did today. Our poets today were Jackie Ramos, Q. R. Ham, Jr.,

Tony Robles, Julia Wright, Tabitha, Nia, David Cameron, and the group Copis. Our associate producer is DJ Jeannie Hopper.

Editing is done by Jeremiah Cotherin. And the music backgrounds and loops are by J. Rodriguez Sierra, who you can visit at JayRodriguezSierra.com.

As always, I want to thank Davian Dyle, the general manager of WPVM in Asheville, North Carolina, for introducing "Listening Be Heard" to the broadcast Airwaves.

My name is Martha Cinader, and I want to thank you for listening and giving me the opportunity to be heard.

(upbeat music) Lovin' it.

Livin' it is lovin' it. Livin' it is, sewin' a coat, investin' each stitch with magic, creating a unique design, putting it on and wearing it for the rest of your life. Living it is knowing that what you see,

what you hear is tangible. It's being a rock in the river and being the river too. It's hearing you'll never be able to do that. Living it is knowing you will do it.

It's speaking the unspoken. It's thinking the unthinkable. It's doing the unexpected. It's quitting before you get fired. Living it is giving it,

giving it is having it, having it is taking it, taking it is moving it, shaking it, creating it, loving it. Living it is loving it.