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Welcome to the Audio Garden, where we cultivate our collective wisdom,  
nurture creativity, and spread love. My name is Martha Cinader,  
and this is Listen and Be Heard.

Welcome back to the Audio Garden, my friends. It is so good to be here with you.

And there's so much for us to hear and explore and feel and enjoy in the audio garden  
today.

Our sense of justice is really deeply, whether we want to believe it or not, in an inheritance,  
in an inheritance of hope. You know, that's a spiritual inheritance, I think, that humans  
have.

And we don't always want to claim it. We want to compact it into something. I love this that  
you're

saying right now, though. is that technology has taken us, and I really do spend time with  
the

media arm of this discourse, the young ones that are really asking the question and really  
opening

up that opportunity to speak out beyond the doors of the courts,

to bring it into a common language to the people of great influence. can influence what  
genocide

is. So characterizations all over again. New policy, new law, expansive data and forensics.

And I mean in terms of data. And data is justice, that whole wonderful line. is coming  
through in

the truest way for folks who've done this work for as long, who are continuing to teach, and  
for

the new students. Data and forensics, you know, we're unearthing. We're unearthing bones,  
and you're right. These people cannot be there. Countries and states and state-sanctioned  
atrocities

that could never be held accountable, but just... That process and acknowledgement from world

court, how about that? The forensics are coming, they're horrific, and we will uncover and re

-characterize the measles blankets that were handed out to my people on this continent as a form of

genocide. We will get the real numbers one day, and we will know that it was genocide.

So, you know, we're advancing, and Olga is part of... Part of that was the students up under you.

I just, that's why I asked the foundational questions today because I believe we are in tremendous

crises.

So my poem is titled, I just wrote it a few minutes ago too. Black.

The infinite beauty in God's perfect sight. Beautiful in black like the darkest night.

Black will shine even without the stars radiating light. Black is beautiful.

Black is a part of me. We are often overlooked. Black is one of the greatest creations that all can

see. Black is when the footsteps made the escape at night. Step left, step right.

Black signals the direction when freedom takes flight. Black and beautiful is how I poetically

feel. Spoken word poetry at the Shakedown Lounge keeps it real.

My... This is the Listen and Be Heard Hour. brought to you by Listen and Be Her Network.

My name is Martha Cinader. Carabao for Al Robles.

I had felt them too, the water buffalo. They come from far,

unlighted fields. They lead us out of our city streets into the sleeping blue of water,

all of us crossing together. Inside their curved horns,

Voices whisper us back from our wanderings. On Kearney Street, we are far from the lettuce fields,

the cockfights, the blood of the pig. And still farther, trapped in memory,  
comes the arrival of workers' boats, of cane fields waking in the arms of dark men.  
I had not always known their tender presence. In the city cradled by two bridges,  
the old ones disguised as dog spirits lick the bones we leave for the dead.  
The wind spins us in this ordinary world until someone nearly broken with desire to be lifted  
to  
another country in his heart remembers the feel of the animal's black hair,  
the slow but powerful carabao walk. In the dark,  
they chase us into dream. into wet voices that bathe in the blue night,  
like the blue awakening of fish.  
So restricted, refined and stifling. It's this cage that I call my home.  
The bars are repetitive, symmetrical. Concrete, concrete, grey, grey,  
semi-detached. As far as the eye can see is carbon copied estate after estate, yet another  
row of  
estate and a company and shops. Vended by and to cater for the so-called needs of the  
local  
populace they comprised of. A pub, a bookies, a Chinese, a chipper, a newsagent,  
and any beautician facility, a barber's take your pick. Concrete roads connecting identical  
roads,  
a houses with carefully constructed green arrangements. Our life was restricted to  
deserties.  
Those houses full of people, yet not all are known. We've thousands of neighbours, yet  
fewer  
friends to phone. We live so close together, yet so far removed. Even the birds above us are  
not  
free. Their lives too are restricted to the DIY shop bird feeders that they flock to each day.  
Same time, same routine, same black cat appears too. Waiting,

waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting to pounce on a hapless, helpless bird. The cat hasn't caught them yet, but she will not give them forever. However, the birds to flock and feathered furry to get their bread and make their living all the while knowing that a cat's prowling in hope of fatal weakness. There's a cat waiting for us all. We're ostensibly civilised but in this world the spirit dies and we're eaten up with trivialities and vapid, vacuous superficialities. The grey colour is one's skin after too long and attacks one's spirit. Grey skies, grey earth, uninspired minds. I can no longer hear my soul's song. I sometimes look up at the night sky and I gaze and wonder on all the lands I haven't seen nor saw and all that was possible if I could saw but I'm tethered to this place that has forgotten me. But a longing that I feel deep in my heart And so I'll look up to the sky and dream At least then I'll have made a start I wish for peaceful obsequious seas And warm summer evenings before in July If only my vision was coloured with ease To Elysian lands that I could fly But I'm a bird who's never been Exotic lands I've never seen Of fields of gold fuming far between And I'm turning out like an only dream But still I fly to the theatre Pluckily plodding along Knowing my fate may call me home The modest land my dreams may roam But still I fly to the freedom Not sure what far I way But still each day, each time I fly So when the time comes and I do spread my wings All the corners of this vast earth from me to roam And I'll meet myself where it

all begins Just now my destination is home

I got next. Now come with me. Play with me. There's beauty all around to touch and feel.

Soft green grass tickles my feet. Skin tingles in the cool shade.

When the sun smiles wide, my toes get hot, hot, hot. Grandpa's hands feel rough and tough.

His arms wrap me up so tight and give my heart a cuddle.

I love, love, love his strong, soft hug. The faces on gulligrass dolls resting safe in mama's room

are scratchy. But their bright cloth dresses feel so,

so soft and smooth. Can you feel that?

As soon as you said that, it like stuck a cord on my soul. Listen and be heard.

You are beautiful and be heard.

Listen.

Listen, be heard. What comes up for me from... I think... I... I think...

I... I think... I... Listen, be heard. What comes up for me from... Listen,

be heard.

What comes up for me from... This is the Listen and Be Heard Hour. Please visit our archives at

[listenandbeheard.net](http://listenandbeheard.net).

Listen, be heard. What comes up for me from... Listen, be heard. What comes up for me from that is

part of me learning to be a better listener of others is learning to listen to myself. Recognize the...

Say what you think about listening and being heard.

Listen and be heard is... Listen and be heard is, I guess, part of...

Say what you think about listening and being heard. Listen and be heard.

Listen and be heard. What comes up for me from... Listen and be heard. What comes up for me from...

Listen and be heard. What comes up for me from that is... Part of me learning to be a better listener of others is learning to listen to myself. Recognize the... Say what you think about listening and being. Say what you think about listening and being. Say what you think about listening and being. Say what you think about listening and being. I think those are two of the most powerful words. Like, together is a really

meaningful phrase. And when I think of it, I always think of nature. Say what you think about listening and being. I think those are two of the most powerful words. like together. It's a really

meaningful phrase. Say what you think about listening and being heard. I think, I, I think, I, I think, I, I think,

I. Listening and being heard is, listening and being heard is,

I guess, part of why I want to connect with you. Because as soon as you said that, it like stuck a chord in my soul. Because a lot of. How I started with about trying to figure out

how people can hear me, feeling like invisible in different spaces.

So giving a space where people can actually listen and really feel heard is a blessing.

And I really appreciate and thank you for creating that. Say what you think about listening and

being heard.

okay listen and be heard for to be heard is to listen okay

listen there

are island people in this mountain town they weave through currents and curves navigating every

twist of road and thought island people from micronesia creating islands with their hands  
Islands

of generosity in a womb of humility silenced,

sharing roast pig, rice, and taro, and the gift of their music carved into the mountains.

The island people traveled the twisting path of the mountains, navigating as their ancestors did

across seas, leaving behind songs and poetry in the skin of trees and the hues of 10,000 jagged

flowers. Songs and poetry that Helene could not silence. One of the island people is a man with an

island smile carved into the mountains of western North Carolina. A man whose family was in need of

water after the hurricane. A man I had worked with in the passing breath of a season.

I went to his home with several jugs of water. He opened the door. I see his face.

for the first time again. A face whose eyes carry words of water across islands and time zones and

barriers into the mountains. Eyes that carry water I thirst for.

So my poem is titled, I just wrote it a few minutes ago too,

Black. The infinite beauty in God's perfect sight.

Beautiful and black like the darkest night. Black will shine even without the stars radiating light. Black is beautiful. Black is a part of me. We are often overlooked.

Black is one of the greatest creations that all can see. Black is when the footsteps made the escape at night. Step left, step right. Black signals the direction when freedom takes flight.

Black and beautiful is how I... poetically feel spoken word poetry at the shakedown lounge keeps it

real my black is beautiful a brilliant work of art loving all shades of blackness deeply in my heart that is indescribable with hope for the darkest skin Our blackness is not a sin.

Feeling confident about the skin I'm in, yes, confidence will always win.

Words to make you blink, just enough to make him wink. The richness of Black History Month to make

you all think. Happy Black History Month. I

was so excited, that's why I'm so excited that you blended, that the courts and law has found a

component where... can really speak to communication and translation and linguistics for not just

today, but had been working on this for 30 years. This is why I love the globe.

I love America, but I also think that we're at a disadvantage. We have a lot of people who gatekeep

information. TikTok is spilling flat. People need to be more discriminating,

discerning. And when introductions are made, I'm an attorney or I'm a retired international specialist. This is what I've done for many years. Those things matter. I scrutinize always what I

expose my students to. It's really, really difficult. And I'm just so honored and proud of you.

A lot of folks are gatekeepers. They really think that this is information that should remain clandestine and away from people.

This is the Listen and Be Heard Hour. You can find our reading list of every book that we've ever

mentioned on this podcast at [listenandbeheard.net](http://listenandbeheard.net).

My emotional problems, she calls them. Images of blood still pooling on black cement.

Imagined weapon. Justification for death. Was it in his beautiful head that they found the bullet?

College-educated brains shot out for being hot-headed uppity. Ripples of this one death penetrate

generations. And here I am still swallowing pills.

That's the world. That's America. That's our country. And it's still our country.

And I believe in all of us who really care about the fact that we are together in all of this and this world and the globe itself. The event that I do is a...

I guess you want to say quarterly events. It's called DSM Live. It's a mental health fundraiser

because I am also a therapist. So you're catching me in my office today. So I want to, because poetry was my therapy growing up, I wanted to be able to create a curriculum and create a

clinic where we do creative arts therapy and allow creative people to explore.

all the things and have a safety net so they don't go in. Yeah,

I mean, I think jorails are very common in South Asian culture. Lots of kids,

especially girls, grow up hearing about them, horror stories about them. They're basically, you

know, these ghosts or these otherworldly women, which is almost who can turn. And the sign that you

know that they are jorails is that they can tear in their feet backwards. And one of the stories in

the collection is based on one of these gerails. The idea was to make her seem more human.

Okay, listen and be heard. For to be heard is to listen.

Pound of food. I have been invited to become...

the at times controversial... Stop wasting food.

That is based on that is wasted. Even if you compost it,

that pound of food goes back through the food system and takes seven times the energy in that pound

of food to produce that food that is in the food itself.

That's an average. But the idea is that if you never waste that food,

then that food eventually, the message will get back through the food system to not grow that food.

And then you have seven times the impact than you would if you were to compost that food.

to separates us from the concept of death, right, that happened in order for food to be available

to us. I have been invited to become the,

at times, controversial, you know, spokesperson for how our,

like, fear of of this topic you know and the immediate controversy of the topic of meeting meat

really invites us into this sort of like uncomfortable question of like what are all the things that we're sort of ignoring because we have like the privilege to do so or because this food system

that we're beholden to separates us from the concepts of death right that happen in order for food

to be available to us i have been invited to become the at times controversial you know spokesperson for how our like fear of of this topic you know and the immediate controversy of the

topic of eating i have been invited to standing a better understanding of uh every pound of food

the whole food system produces a pretty significant stop wasting food that is based on the whole

food system

listening to be heard is i guess part of why i want to connect with you because as soon as you said

that it like stuck a cord on my soul because a lot of how I started with about trying to figure out

how people can hear me feeling like invisible in different spaces so getting a space where people

can actually listen and really feel her is a blessing and I and I really appreciate and thank you

for creating that

It's almost over, but not quite yet.

Shudder beauty.

Skylights of Maria. Skylights of Maria. Skylights of Maria. Of puzzle pieces.

Fixed to the puzzle pieces. Fixed to the puzzle pieces. Fixed to the puzzle pieces. Fixed to the

puzzle pieces. Fixed to the puzzle pieces. of the vortex of the vortex of the vortex spinning wish

of spinning wish a

hurricane a hurricane a hurricane a fast hurricane a

Calvo dat continental. Calvo dat vortex eye. Vortex eye dat dat dat vortex eye dat.

Stun out dat. Stun out dance gravity. Stun out dance gravity. Stun out dances.

Dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance

dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance

dance Dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance

-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance

-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance-dance

-dance

I wish I interfered. Fixed. Interfer. Maria. Fixed. Interfer.

Maria. Maria. Maria. Ability. Maria. Maria. Maria.

Maria. Interfer. Davity. How the game should be skylights of the car.

Class. Skylights of class. Should be skylights of the game. Should be skylights of the game.

Should be skylights of the game. Should be skylights of the game. Should be skylights of the class.

The energy in that pound of food to produce that food that is in the food itself.

That's an average, but the idea is that if you never waste that food,

then... food, eventually the message will get back through the food system to not grow that food.

And then you have seven times the impact than you would if you were to compost that food.

If we started thinking about trying to create... I think the way to think about fermentation and

climate change is just that if you're standing a better understanding of...

I have been invited.

A mother in Gaza searches for her son amid the ash-covered rubble of a concrete house no match for

missiles. She works in silence, listens for cries, feral grief clawing at her throat.

Soon machines will come, lift tombstones from crushed cribs and beds,

unbury blood-shrouded dead. Half a world away, autumn leaves fall from clear morning skies.

In the backyard, an American mother rakes a room-sized pile for her children to jump into, play hide-and-seek, burrow. Later in the day, her youngest boy goes missing.

She calls and calls for him, receives no answer, then sees a tiny shoe peeking out from the mound

of soft chaff. There she finds her son. Safe asleep,

scarlet sweetgum leaves the only red upon his chest.

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Wailuku.

Wailuku.

Kahawaii. The river.

Insinuous journey begins as a watery, pencil-thin line. A mere trickle.

Mauka. Way up high. Looking towards Nalani on Mauna Kea.

Her awana is a graceful journey iho, downslope, towards rainy hilo. Ai.

Hilo. Ikaua Kalilehua. As she continues to iho, journey downslope, a magical transformation ensues.

From her embodiment of a graceful, delicate trickle, she widens, becoming voluptuous.

She is now a raging beast, plunging turbulently downward, full of enna enna,  
capable of arbitrarily grasping in her watery fist a young, reckless life and smuggling it into  
one  
of her many deep, cavernous pockets in her slimy anna. She'll stash it,  
there it's hers. Until the pale, lifeless form struggles through a multitude of tempestuous  
undercurrents to surface somewhere evil, downslope. But during the course of her journey,  
she leaves a trail of dazzling performances after week upon week of infinite drops of rain  
from  
Naalani. Awestruck Malihini call these wonders Pi'i Honua Camp Cascades,  
Boiling Pots, Rainbow Falls. Old Hawaii calls them.  
She weaves ever so gracefully, skirting around sacred, smooth boulders,  
leaving her mossy footprints of slippery nimu. She continues to wander.  
In the wee hours of the morning, from my hamakua-facing bedroom window, I hear her  
raging,  
bellowing sounds drowning out the lonely, searching calls of the small,  
scaly river creatures of the night. Searching in blind range, she leaves no boulder,  
no jagged rock, no slimy pebble unturned. Rivermoor waits, watching her every move,  
hearing her belches, and snorts, and eerie releases. He, shaking out the raindrops from his  
mane of  
writhing eels, belts out a wicked laugh. Get plenty time, he says, slowly,  
sharpening his battle-ready claws against the skull boulder. He waits, patiently. for the right  
moon. Owailuku, you watery, undulating wahine ali'i, once a graceful trickle from Na'alani,  
you've morphed into a skull crusher, you stone carver, you mo'o slayer, so bloodthirsty for  
the  
fearless, sweet weed-scented swimmer. Or was it the claw of the mo'o, of the rain-  
drenched cave  
of goddess Hina, that dragged the young baga into the murky depths? Upon reaching her  
deep,



Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria.

Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria.

Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria. Maria.

Maria

When

I was in

the library with my mother and the librarian, I always had books under the counter that were for my

mom because she needed to have the latest thing that was on the New York Times. She read everything

on the New York Times bestseller list. That was my beginning. Creativity needs to be completely

wide open and artists need to be able to say all things. And when you start shutting down people's

creativity and freedom, you got a real problem, which we have a real problem right now.

Any way that we can resist that is good, is powerful.

Hey, how you doing? I am Hernan Romero and you're listening to Listen and Be Heard Hour.

There's a famous quote. I have it on my website and I'm going to forget the author, but they said,

We must become the person we needed when we were young. I have basically created the program,

and I aspire to be the person that I needed when I was young, which is somebody to just create a

safe space for young women, as I once was, to express themselves authentically and have their truth

heard, validated, and celebrated, no matter what.

Thanks to Martha Cinader. our executive producer and our new non-profit sound system culture

funding all of this we really thank you for your support please tell your friends this is the only

place you're going to hear this music this radio art the way that radio podcasts should be felt and

experienced in our communities all right check it out

The idea of banned books is, well, it's a hot topic for sure right now.

It's frustrating to think about the limitation of a worldview for a child. If you think about what you have knowledge of as a small child, like say you're 10, you see the world through your 10-year

-old eyes, you've been where you've been, and it can be very limiting. Where you see the world is

from books. The idea of someone taking that world and picking and choosing what you're able to see

is really a sad thing to think about. Kids need the ability to connect to other cultures,

other ideas, and teachers should be trusted as the competent professionals that they are to choose

appropriate books for their classrooms that help enhance the worldviews of the children in there.

here your factory stink no one can drink the water you touch you have too much your greed leaves

people in need your spite can't hide the light of angels dying the day they're born.

Your flag is torn. Your pointing finger doesn't distract from the fact that you sell hell on earth.

You think you don't stink that your birth entitles you to more. You're rotten at your core.

You're still peddling the doctrine of discovery. We've had no recovery.

Manifest destiny is the penny of your thoughts, your mental constructions,

your oughts. I pray the day of your destruction never ends, for words to send you where you can do

no harm, to disarm your inventions, undo your intentions. Can I write away the pain?

make the world sane with a poem, make a home for peace?

Are there words to cease the pain of senseless loss that can erase the cost of a democracy that

built its might on slavery born from the hypocrisy of calling wrong right?

Can my soul rest and speak in the tongue of conquest? Is this a test of the emergency broadcast

system? Is it him or is it me? Can I study history for a clue about what I can do?

It's another day to pray and say thank you to our mother.

We have no other. Hoping, scoping, open to the uncouth truth.

The time goes by so quickly here in the audio garden, my friends. And I've so enjoyed that time

here with you.

One of the pleasures of gardening, audio gardening,

is listening to your garden grow. If I went back,

or if you went back to listen to the pilot episode, Almost three years ago now of this show, what you could do, we have all of our archives at [listenandbeheard.net](http://listenandbeheard.net).

You would hear me by myself making the show, fooling around with the concept of what it is and how

it should grow. And my idea at the time...

was to reintroduce myself to the literary community from which I felt a bit estranged and to be a

good member of that community and serve its needs,

which is for authors to be able to have a forum,

a platform to talk about their work, their new books,

their craft, and for us to engage with each other and to embody the network that we are,

because we are the network and listen and be heard.

Network is nothing but a growing group of people who communicate.

and help each other out, too. Nurture each other,  
water each other, shine light on each other, and admire us when we flower,  
and harvest our fruits when they're ripe to be enjoyed after much practice and deliberation.  
And this show... has grown and blossomed in ways that I could never really have imagined  
when I  
first began. And yet it's growing into what I envisioned it to be,  
which is for me to be part of a family and to,  
you know, do my part in that family. And my part seems to be...  
to bring people together and engage them in conversation and have conversations that lead  
to action  
and creation and even beauty and enjoyment.  
And I hope that you feel the same way about Listen and Be Heard and would welcome your  
participation as another creator. inventor,  
listener, who also needs to be heard. And there are various ways that you could become  
involved in  
this entirely commercial-free hour, either by contributing segments or contributing finances  
or  
just leaving a comment and letting us know if we're making a difference in your life,  
if you'd like to come back from week to week. My name is Martha Cinader,  
and my co-hosts today,  
in  
addition to finding the audio archives of all of our shows,  
you'll find resources on our website at [listenandbeheard.net](http://listenandbeheard.net).  
We keep an ever-growing reading list of pretty much every book we ever mentioned on any  
of our  
shows.  
We also have an author list, so you can find out a little bit more about the guests that we

feature, and most of those are linked to their websites. if you want to get even deeper into any

particular person who we've featured in the last few years. And recently,

I've started a new podcast with Jay Rodriguez Sierra and Judy Tologan on the West Coast.

It's called Beyond Borders.