



Tracks

Ars Poetica 01:49

The Duet: Dear Edgar Allan Poe and the Raven 04:20

Summertime 00:53

We Are Queens 00:47

A Tender World Lost and Found 01:16

Just Friends 00:41

Dear Son, Mama Said 03:19

Legacy Pantoum 01:16

Birthing Death 00:44

Remember 00:50

Haiku Joy 00:12

From the Artist

Family,

At the launching of this poetry EP, we are amid a global pandemic—COVID19. The world stopped. And so did my energy to move forward with this project. Fear, anxiety, and uncertainty swallowed the spirit across the globe. Even though I've often wished for the world to stop to catch my breath, I never imagined an epidemic would be the intervention. Lesson learned: before I cast a spell on the planet to slow down on my behalf, remember to give the Universe explicit details.

I uplift this creative work, *Something Old, New, Borrowed, and The Blues*. I've been writing. And dreaming. Finger tapping, scratching out lines, blowing into my Native flute, and finally sashaying my way into the recording studio. It all seemed to come together while in front of the microphone. I am a storyteller.

Rhythm, melody, and song are how I music my poems. Oral tradition is part of my heritage I've simply known as Eddie, Flo, and Roxie, my grandparents, telling us stories. Now I write our stories. They want to live as stanzas, refrains, and bridges.

Context. A poet situates her work in what's happening in the moment of creation and its "herstory." My work in this EP pre-dates by weeks the pandemic and another police killing of a Black man where this time, the murder weapon an officer's knee pinned to Mr. George Floyd's neck. The whole world witnessed the Black adage of "The Man having his foot on our necks." The planet burst open. The Black Lives Matter (BLM) revolutionary Movement erupts. But this time, the Earth spins toward *enough injustice*. For us, it has been *enough* for too long. My poems and storytelling give voice to what we, and I, living in Black skin, have consistently raised as our truth. We speak to the pain, injustice, joy, and the salve of the Black family, our community, where many find solace as part of our radical self-care, a revolutionary act in itself. And this is the intersection of where my creative work lives.

Black folk find healing through dance, music, cooking, storytelling, and making art from our fingertips. The poem entitled, *The Duet: Dear Edgar Allan Poe*, pays homage to the poet's work, *The Raven*. I write about my girlhood relationship with Poe in the context of Saturday morning horror movies.

There are other poems like *Summertime* that unfold the flavor of the Black family cookout. I open with an *Ars Poetica*, a contemplation on "why poetry" where I weave *my why* and "the we" and the system—The Black folk trifecta, where we carry three levels of oppression, whether we want to or not.

Other poems speak to death, Black mothering legacy, a moment of joy, and the erotic, written in free form and poetic form, in short lines of poetry, a particular preference of mine inspired by the work of Lucille Clifton.

Music and poetry fill all corners of my passion. Artistic expression is how I've survived for five decades. Storytelling is a currency in the Black community. Unlike old money, expressing our experience through the poetic narrative is hard-earned, a handoff of knowing how to live, survive, and thrive while navigating in life's uneven handedness. Wisdom passes through each generation's palms, inheriting a priceless salve to sweeten our suffering with joy.

This Black poet, woman, leader, artist, activist, mother, CEO, and teaching artist lives as a truth-teller. My walk in the world wears all of these jackets. And I am tired. My ideas are vast, and my follow-through slow. My life and art are the cool in the jazz of things--resting in flying melodic arpeggios to the likes of George Benson to the deliberate harmonic dissonance of Miles Davis.

I worked with incredibly talented artists on this project. I first thank my husband, **Harold “Kinney” Adams**, jazz artist, musical collaborator, co-financier, and performing on drums. **Andrew Simpson** holds down the beat on bass. Keeping it all light on keyboards and the VOICE reading excerpts from *The Raven* is **Kevin Ottem**. This creative crew helped put music and a dramatic presentation to my poetry. I thank **Don Ringhofer** of Stay Tuned Studios for his incomparable recording and mixing expertise—and jokes! Lastly, I am delighted to have collaborated once again with visual artist **Tatiana Phoenix** and her extraordinary artwork for this EP album cover. Her work captures the essence of this project, conjuring up poems, music, and storytelling.

A special thanks to Joy Harjo, U.S. Poet Laureate 2019-2020. You helped me see and feel the music in my poems—again.

A special thank you to Mark Ari. I appreciate you hosting this creative space and allowing the natural unfolding of this project’s artistic and healing energy, during a pandemic and BLM revolution. Your allyship feels totally present.

As always,

Be Creative and Be Well.

Yvette Angelique



Credits

All tracks by Yvette Angelique, read by the poet.

Harold "Kinney" Adams, drums on "Dear Son, Mama Said."

Andrew Simpson, bass on "Dear Son, Mama Said."

Kevin Ottem, keyboards on "Dear Son, Mama Said" and 2nd voice on "Duet: Dear Edgar Allan Poe and The Raven"

Recording and Mixing by Don Ringhofer of Stay Tuner Studios

Produced by Mark Ari

Cover Painting by Tatiana Phoenix

Cover Design by Mark Ari

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