



Book of Summer

By

Wendy Nicolas

WHY I LIKE IT: *Fiction Editor JOEY CRUSE writes...*

“Book of Summer” is worth reading because of the voice and the rhythm of the piece, the due diligence to want to tell a story, the need to express through poetry and art, and the knowledge of the author that language is a roadmap to empathy.

Nicolas’ piece, “Book of Summer,” is not as clean a copy as I would like to present, but, in those regards, the argument can be made that poetics are at work here - so fuck me right?

So, in standing with those regards, I'll discuss the poetics.

Part play, part poem, part short story, the work takes us through the perspectives of a boy and his mother as they grapple with the inevitable clashes of growing up, of meeting a new woman, of being black in today's world – or, perhaps, just being black throughout the span the history as I know it (and to be honest I would never claim that I know it).

The voices here work generationally. They are distinct. They are conative. They are colloquial. They have their own vernacular (most of which is done with intent, call it 25% grammatical irregularity, "Caught a peace of that flow"), which speaks through a voice of want. There is life in this boy's voice; there is the want for a better life in this boy's mother; there is a Greek chorus that whispers in the background.

If Nicolas was standing in front of me reading this piece, then I would say that it would be a pleasure to listen to. What you will get when you read this piece is a tune to your own drum, the rhythm to your own beat, or the weird layers of language that let speakers speak.

I would be remiss to say that the way in which we'll be printing this story won't have errors that don't make you pause, but I would also be remiss to say that there is a line between the bones of good work and the voice of someone who has something to say – so who gives a shit (also, if you do, you can take that shit up with me)?

Nice work. (Spacing is author's own). JC

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Through poetry we can explore the imagination and tell stories of ideas and work of achievements. Works to entertain or stimulate the imagination of others. Share works from personal experiences. This work is inspired by places that I've traveled in my youth and what I had to come to terms with as a child that bring about a story from its remembrance. Thank you to all readers that wish to go explore this adventure with me.

Nicolas.

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Synopsis

A lonely boy's journey to discover who he is after his father dies. Discover what it means to fall in love and fall out of love and who are the people that get you through to them on his journey of healing and moving.

Characters description

Green: Young boy to young adult male.

Red: The Mother

Blue: Neutrality between them both.

One.

Been in the win. Still getting gains. He ain't never had no friends. Aiming shooting, caught up in the win , never gave him time for any of them. But they be talking for the wind and he be shooting past the gains , so he ain't never had no time to stay with them. Then he lands beyond the gains shoot for the win . Put up as the one that you need to be a thing.

Two.

So we're the cheating squad, we come out here to party. We are not here to play. No one will come stand in our way. We know that all you want, is that something we got. You want to check our squad we will fly you out in a pod. So this message for you, who seems to be confused, knocks you out to goodbye is the only thing we'll check for you.

Three.

I was out and about, looking right. Got my eye on a shot.
Though it'll look good with ma wall , I like to see it and all.
But there was that got to have, weren't even about going hard ,was just something that I got to have.
Think I saw it in proge, you know me everywhere,with the stares, thought I've seen it upstairs.

Four.

And it was always like that with him.
Something about this, something about that, got him stuck on a whim.
Pretty soon everyone will be catching up with him.
They are not the type to understand.
Not many bucks are like him.
With a plan in the wind, running strands, to put all in one hand.
Damm, just got me wondering about that thing that got him caught up on chasing everything.

-----Book of Summer-----

Five

And I saw the sun and the trees, the green grass, all that was, just turned sad. Not bad or dull but indestructibly hard and tall.

Like silver wind, spend the night with them.

Then he was gone, leaving his love, his only one.

For he loves him as much as he loves himself.

Everything changed after that.

The way he thinks, the way he feels and sees the world.

All changed to a place that he will go but cannot know.

The golden veil between the worlds pathing the path that's him right now.

Six.

See. Life is free, there was a time, it says to me, there is a place you'll always be. Kinda like the time when me and my boi, caught a ride back to DC, we weren't making plans. Had nothing in our hands, but mama said "Abe was in. He gave black folks a hand. A first time that they see you and me, should be free,". He was that fim.

-----Book of Summer-----

Part 2.

(seven). (Time).

relax

relax

relax

In my relaxed state of mind, you can catch me, catching the wind.

When all love dies. I threw a rope upon a tree, began to swing, I couldn't mourn.

-----Book of Summer-----

Up back and forth, the story goes.

I had a treat, it was so real, but I couldn't heal.
I've gained something, something I've lost.
Something I've hate, something I need.
It gives me life and is afraid, it gives me life and I'm afraid.

Eight.

You smiled at me.
Yeah you did, like you were happy to see me .
Think we can make it stuck? Like, stuck in time.
Oh and that was Facts, yeah that we could.
And you'll become that specific one .
Who's always there. Among me 3.
My open door .
You'll be in my place , like you were my open door.
My specific one.

Nine.

But in the end. Then comes the end. I turn and go. I played my time. Yo yo
they celebrate ya go. I played my time. Caught a peace of that flow and i
keep wondering where i'll go. I still got time. My ride be fine, aint got flies to
compare slide.
Something .., the sun.
How about a moon? Oh it will do.
But, is it for you?
Yes. Something I need , look at this now, I've turned so blue in forever
night .
A forever night? Guess that's what you, without the sun.

Ten.

Type to say this ain't natural, some way things are.
Type to say i was to tight , i had a grip .
Type to say you had it to, , yeah , i been pepping you.
Type to say you just my type, you like ma pack, gave you my what? Gave
you my line , that separates me , shining below. . Gave you a spine, the
buzzing sounds .

Like many lives live long before and waiting still to live again.

Type to say i had my light.

knows that you gave something to me, something to me, that i don't know.

(.Eleven.)

He was always leaving.

Mama speaks the truth.

And yet the place we're in seems like the town called summer land, when he said goodbye. With his head hung upon a tree.

It's not sunny. There is no sun.

A pair of eyes, a lot like mine , that didn't smile, but whispered the sound of the saddest toone.

I heard the words like the blowing wind. But.... it wasn't the sound of the wind.

There's Nothing here. But it follows, saying keep up, there is no prize.

There is a prize? But.... it wasn't the sound of the wind.

(.Twelve.)

Find the waters of forever .

Outside of space, outside of time.

Wash my body and wash my soul.

From who i am, what I've become .

Take this love given to me, from my heart and set it free.

To live the life I yearn to live, where happiness once walked with me.

(.Thirteen.)

Man, I know exactly what I wanted to be.

At a young age I know exactly what's right for me.

It's what's not here but lurking there.

Always come out, staring my eyes.

playing the games of catching up.

Like a whisper" catch up" I close my eyes "catch up".

Something I got to catch.

Catching up with it
Catching up with me .

-----Book of Summer-----

(.Fourteen.)

Claiming my light to wash their sin.

Their open cut to claim my win.

I'm not that right, it's within my right. The soul stiller's is out of time. There were no false borrowed faces to fill them in, No hunting thoughts to give to them, what they can't have. A place around my table round. In all nine realms I'll smash them out. .

(.fifteen)

Ma mama said,

People should never die where they were born.

Part of what's raised me growing up.

Some of us take our entire life tranna get from one place to the next.

Don't mean it gonna bring about all the sunshine in the world but.

I saw the road sign said a house down south, will bring about.

But, you see, there's two kinds of people who live in summer land .

Those who were made to end and those looking to begin.

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(.sixteenth).

All my life. There was something that I got to be. shoot the shots, get the gains. It was the path, that was laid out for me.

I'll be.

King of your country, the prophet is holy
down, and , upon

I can't leave like that (king Prophets in town.

imagination's gone wild , fantasy's in town .

I can't leave like that.

Time knows how to stop.

Those that's above that know that they got that.

Got shots on your throne, king prophet is in town.

The end.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *The amazing thing about an artistic education for me has been the exposure to early contemporary American dramatic stories that follow after the great depression which provided opportunity for many groups in America. The hard part about having art as a life line in contemporary young black male in America is the risks of never getting out of generational*

poverty that has governed much of my youth and the communities where I came from in New York City, Central Brooklyn. That now carries a sunet for me. A no resolution after a life spent trying. If it wasn't for a cigarette i might have committed suicide. Because the art doesn't pay or employ, the many casting directors who I've submitted messages of grace and respect for opportunity don't reply, because they do not work for or with people like me, including many HR managers who look over my applications for sustainable positions under my qualifications. Remembrance from my high school days of playwriting and the desire to explore other artistic practice outside of performance leads me here. A story from the imagination about places I've been and inspired my youth. Book of Summer is to celebrate boyhood. A necessity for many who still haven't lifted up the weight of legacy over their shoulders as a hope for their groups and their class. Because even if our hearts haven't found summer lands we still hope to home to it someday where our mothers have a home to shelter our sorrows.

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AUTHOR BIO: Hello all.

My name is Andy Nicholas and I am an Performer/storyteller. I graduated from an amazing program in the city studying performing art and literature in 2016. After graduation I found some work amongst theater companies in brooklyn and Manhattan, but nothing strong enough to emerge me as an artist.

-----Book of Summer-----

