

## Creative Writings ~ 2023

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September 05, 2023:

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— : Mariana Montrazi.



 **Selective, Creative Writings:**

The second part of living, for me, had to do with yokes. The gathering of hearts inside of city basements made me realize the matter of ... of a softness.

Elegance taught me about my own shadow. And, mothers had wrapped my hands and lips in their own shadowy light too. So, that, now, I stand on their earths, and, in their kitchens; they put the stars in my mind inside of their living ... rooms.

...

It was many years before the bridge broke. And, it was just now, that I could hear the drums inside of that city. And, the mothers, that I had once knew, only whispered about their shadows now. ... some, only the silhouettes of life; only the names in cemeteries.

...

How does anybody say anything about the terror of it, about the last time they were a child? ... there are people worth remembering. And, there are places worth tearing down.

...

The parts that I have now are the yokes. The shadows of beginnings.

— I had lost so much. I had given too much. And, I had stood in those places. ...quiet, then, beating, like the sounds of the city. My shadow, now two; universal and earthen-like. The veins hot, like dancing women. The love, buried in the earth, and in the whispers.

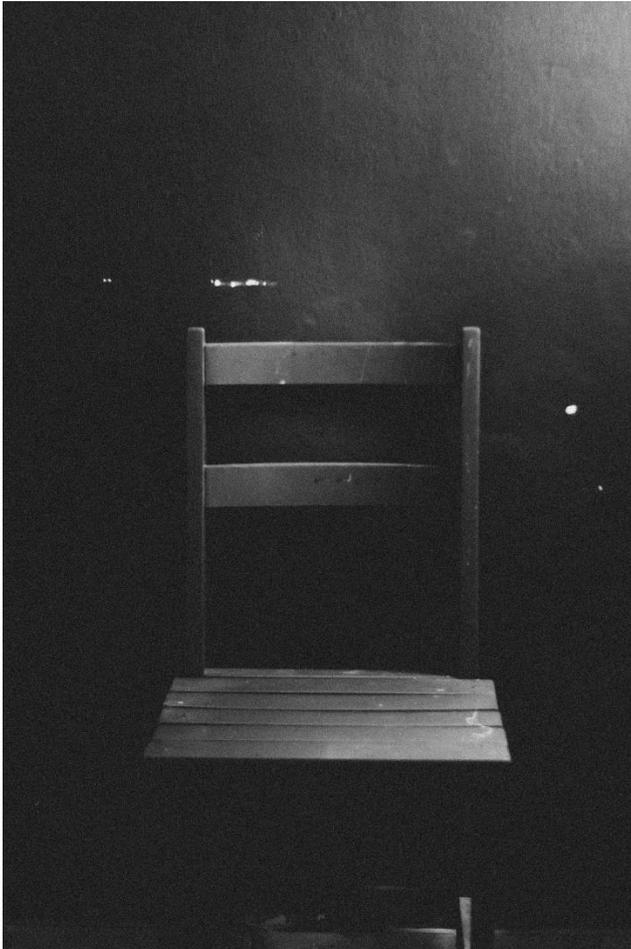
Moving. — and, forthright.

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— Imaginative writings, from the mind of the Author: **Valenciaga Benjamin** 🌻  
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— 🧑🏻: Chuck Wallace



September 05, 2023:

👉 Monologue:

" ... there's a troubling mind in the midst of it. And, the memory is an old one. Its got lines in its hands too. — I painted on that memory, thrice. I gave it time and colour. I gave it love and my own misery. I turned its corners into liquid gold, on purpose.

When I moved each part of its manner, I used each word twice. And, I touched it with the quick of my bones... with my own heart.

In return, it gave me its vocabulary. It took that misery, and showed me misery's acting name: d3@th. And, in that time I looked at its difference.

I took the picture with me. I made the silence of it poetry. My hands then moved like the silk from my grandmother's closet. And, the sun warmed each portion of my time; again.

I came to the next part of that house and found that the trouble in the midst of it had turned feminine. Its creases no longer curled in on themselves. And, the moment I ached to know more, her lips opened... and, she said nothing. She only seemed to speak.

I found another part of my grandmother's silk in her mouth. And, we sat at the table with it. And, we talked about the nothing that had made her mute. I felt the issue of God in the crystals she laid out for me. — we opened. We shuttered. ... and, we then healed each other."

— Imaginative writings, from the mind of the Author: **Valenciaga Benjamin**

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— 🌟: thuanny gantus.
- 📄 This creative writing is from my authorship page also. It is imaginative realism, formed in the context of the lingo of Yayas, which is slang for grandmothers, who have the uncanny ability to give off swag and beauty. The photography in this section all speak to the words, creatively, presented as cultural quotations from Yayas.



🌻 yAya — Quotables 🌻

"We could start with the cheeks and the rouge. And, then make some memories in the sunlight. Then, we'll make the hair up, all pretty and lovely, for ourselves only.

After, I will tell your daughter about that crook in my neck that I get sometimes, because of the way time is a swaying thing ... sometimes.

Later, we will all kiss each other's minds with the sense of our clouds. ... and, your

daughter will remember each process. And, when she cries to forget each time ... swaying, I will teach her, again, about the power of ears that listen." — yAya

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So, when you come into the day further, remember your own motives. And, know that purpose is vital to every fiber of your being; it is because you are. And, existing has way more to do with purpose than simply breathing.

...

Be intentional about those breaths. Changing your perception of how you go about the day-to-day is important ... so, consider your style of thought. And, if it makes sense to change them, do so. ~ Let the Day BE!

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There Are Words Here 🙌

~ **Valenciaga Benjamin**

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