

A poet once said that “it is up to us to create our own endings, in spite of, and in reaction to circumstances, conditions or experiences.” These encouraging words are an anthem for most Black people, who like myself are survivors of a socio-economically disadvantaged subculture. As a 30-year-old black man, born on the South Side of Chicago, and raised in a single-parent household, my love for the arts was a byproduct of my mother’s desire to insulate us against the societal ills of our community. To this end, she encouraged my sisters and I to use our imagination to create and play within her purview. So we would spend most of our days inside playing pretend. Our Dad bought us a video camera which we used to make our own full-length performances starring our toys, and voice-acted by us. My sisters and I always found ourselves creating humanizing stories, and dialogical performances, who’s roots stretched deep into reality and bore the nourishing fruit of the possibility of a better tomorrow. We used art as a means of creating our own endings, and the plays I write today do the same. The stories I create, whether they be homebrew Dungeons and Dragons campaigns, (unfinished) novels, or fanfics for my Discord group are laden with relevant dialogue, and contemporary conflict, and seek to have us reckon with our place in time and decide our trajectory for the future