

Cape Town Report

Good theatre makes the hairs stand up on my arms and thighs, Engulfs my mind so much that sometimes I feel although I'm watching it through multiple eyes, Like I'm sat central to the information of the artistic network, Waiting for something to connect and move, something to stick and infuse, Something to trickle right through and satisfy my appetite, Performance is the unique instinct that makes the mind blink and the eye think, On the brink of excellence, I watch excellent performers pour their hearts and souls into the mould of onlooking eyes, As I watched inspirational move after inspirational moment I felt awoken, with a potent feeling of self belief, From head to feet my destiny was aligned on the right path in the mystery, I'm a performer and creator an explorer, not quite so much a debater, So as I sit here at hanging out between this chair and table top, I reflect on the top spot at table top mountain, The Hotel lobby fountain and the opportunity that I had been awarded, afforded by my unknown heritage, imperative discussions, social substance and the way that terror shifts, through the mind of the outsider when they're moving through the beeping streets alongside of, Ethiopian restaurants, KFC's, coffee shops and square markets, Scared quick by the uneasy feeling that they don't belong, Hope is gone, but fear is strong so they place themselves safe in the pigeon hole of self identification, Contemplating safer ways to venture back to hotels rooms once the sun has moved, and the moon is infused in the nighttime sky, While I walked through the concrete, eyes peaked, waiting for a conversation from passers by, I felt alive playing with the uncertainty of preconceptions, Inception buried in the back of my medulla oblongata Knowing that I've just gotta treat these streets like beats and wrap my head around, Poverty, injustice, racial divide and cultural suicide, But who am I? I'm a passer by, an onlooker, one lucky mother f*cker, To be walking the chewing gum stained paved ways of long street, And as I take my seat to watch show after show I know why theatre and art is so important, It's so endorsing, it provokes endorphins, that take the mind away from the reality of self, It should transcend, situation, circumstance, racial profiles and wealth, But where is your focus?! See my focus has always been on the art, The creation, the technique and vocation, I never really took the time and analysed the surrounding situation, Never really got involved in current topic conversations, But now I'm stationed, facing conversations that are really about self, And as I stay silent I hear vibrant words that talk about what people are worth, Their injustice as a BAME artists on this industries turf, And I will listen happily because everyone deserves to speak their mind, But heres a piece of mine... I don't want to be considered a BAME artist, In fact I don't need anyone to tell me I'm any sort of artist, Because I don't care if I don't fill a theatre, if I don't travel the globe, If I don't quite fit in, if my opportunity isn't really as bold, As the next guy, the next girl, that company or their world, I do what I do for the joy of the art, same feeling inside as when I was 4 years old nativity scene, Noah's Ark, I just do this for the art, And yeah I work really hard, but I don't expect anything to come of anything, I just do this for the love, the potent moments, the adrenaline, I don't need to travel the globe to know that I'm important as an artist, Because I'm simply important as an artist, Because art changes lives, changes minds, changes kinds, changes time, So as I construct all of these lines that reflect a central point right in my mind, I find myself not trapped within this web of labels and situations, but able to move free, A metaphorical spider, who created his very own... Cradle of creativity