

PSST!

People's Song SocieTea - A Night of Music, Spoken Word & Personal Reckonings Thursday, February 26, 2026

America and Palestine Will Be Free

By Art Donsky

Israel and America , oceans may separate us,
Don't you miss these key connections
God's holy peoples believe they are chosen ones
Lands ablaze, overrun by guns

The lessons of history be damned
Power and wealth, delusion and greed
The leaders play a cruel, evil game
Lives taken invoking a divine name

The streets of America teaming with ICE
The hills of Palestine under IDF boots
Filled with hate and rage, they are one and same
They just carry different names

American and Palestine will be free
From the rivers, hills, mountains to the sea
American and Palestine will be free
From the rivers, hills, mountains to the sea
American and Palestine will be free

"The long arc of justice inevitable"
It can be a treacherous path
Tireless efforts and lives will be lost
Freedom pays an awful cost

When skies look dark, clouds abound
Danger nears, fear rises high
The will for justice will not be denied
We must stop the genocide

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The hills of Palestine under IDF boots
Filled with hate and rage, they are one and same
They just carry different names

American and Palestine will be free
From the rivers, hills, mountains to the sea American
and Palestine will be free From the rivers, hills,
mountains to the sea American and Palestine will be
free

olive & myrtle

By Margot Darling

the land is green, the days are warm
there's nothing in the sky
a holy place, a family farm
been there since by-and-by

and the land is soft and fertile
for the olive and the myrtle

the water runs in easy streams
it's clean and good to drink
you're living out your mother's dreams
the fields no longer stink

of bodies burning and of gasoline
you've heard the stories of the missiles
but you've never seen them fall

it's a new age after all

your sister holds a piece of fruit
sliced melon in her hand

her dark eyes like mulberry juice
the spot in which she stands

has no preordination
no malevolence of occupation

we didn't think it could be done
so distant and so dim
but hope is like a rising sun
it always comes again

the world can change so long as people call
for a future full of open arms
of bridges, not of walls

it's a new age after all

Poem Collection

By tommy wyatt blake

THE SELF-APPOINTED LEFTIST

they take you to protests and post pictures of you on
twitter,
claiming it is a civil service when all it serves is
surveillance.
they waste your disability pay for personal gain, they
say
it's communism.

they hate you for asking not to compare pain. they
think the world
owes them.

they play video games. all they do is play video games.
they don't
ask if you need anything.

the concept of your trauma hurts them, and for that,
they'd
like to cut out your tongue, their words always
worming in your brain.

they break you into multiple, blocked by emotional
inertia—it buys
them silence. if you speak of memory, they have ways
of stopping you.

they make you stay upstairs during a welfare check,
even when you're
summoned—they take the number given to you for a
shelter.

they say you're in their platonic polycule, but you did
not consent to it.
they say this will save you.

they steal your things after you process through legal
channels
to remove yourself from the lease.

they watch you online, feigning your voice, your
wounds hours after
you posted about surviving their abuse.

they were “trying to have a peaceful day” when you
returned to retrieve
the rest of your life they shoved in trash bags.

and if you think they have nothing left to take, all they
need say:
“where is your evidence?”

SIGNS ABOUT FAITH KEEP POPULATING AROUND TOWN

i refresh my timeline to a video generated by AI—
a fascist lifted up to heaven by jesus, the one with a
white face¹, all starry glow and flashes of clouds,
the american flag projecting on the fabric of space—
tweets silverfishing last words as a motive
for his death, the local time 12:23 PM,
total mask off moment for those bound by belief
that the enemy is their unknown, those ghouls
who weaponize the same fear faced by the end
of a barrel—civil war silver tipped on their tongues

as they pray. i scroll through ads of his FREEDOM
shirt, shots at every angle, reality pounded out
the mouth of those who can't hear the call
coming from inside the house. i wish for a future
that doesn't abandon gender for Old Testament rage.
i plug my phone in, blasting trans anthems and
i'll take the first exit to Ohio, the littering of churches
pass by, all fractured and condemned with white
stained
panels peeling off, where the spirits are loud in light
and harmony with the voice on the radio.

¹ Referencing "True Believer" by Hayley Williams

ARCHIVES DU MAL

i wish my computer bluescreened to stop me from
consuming
the news—SoraAI wielding reality distortion too well
with how
it's hard to tell it was generated, except for its pockets
of static
frisson—i don't consider the consequences of
reducing myself
to eyesonline, watching the ruins of anything human,
how it's
outsourcing spirit and body with fine-tuned pixels, a
crash of
code, profile graveyards, stolen archives. i wake up
halfdead
most days now, phone in hand, the glow projecting
onto me—
i want to throw it out the window on a busy road—
reading
posts that gummify my brain and make me wish every
day

is a bad dream. i trick myself to sleep until i'm
scorched
blank until i want the hours emptied until the next
sleep
where it's all glitterbloodied, viscous red, beating. i
could
hurt myself to find it, but it won't feel like anything to
me.

CRYPTOHAZARD

they say it's an even exchange—they'll remove
everything but the checkout page until its
abandonment
rate is a gaping string of 0's. the internet, a turnstile—
trafficking in crypto and the bodies paying for it.
they like automation artificial, trading our data to AI
as we break
in unison from person to processing unit—all feeds, a
bloated
grave for collective grief or a littering of posts that
rage on
without a voice to scream.

Use Fear

Music by Christian Hoffman
Spoken Word by Ben Kernion

Use fear to bring you closer
to the joy
Of being a hard resistor
Charged with the conscious service
of your holy attention
Ice melts
Use fear to
clap up high
and celebrate

what a time we have
 to move here
 Seesaw nature
 grows
 through the ages
 and cheers in the cycles of heat
 Ice Melts
 Your tears
 are healthy
 because they show you're in awe
 and in love
 that we have eyes at all
 to look at each other
 kindly brings us closer
 to the fiery warmth
 That liquifies
 Use love to use fear
 And rip off the death masks
 Use love to use fear
 to Inspire the upward slide
 Use love to use fear
 Hear a street of neighbors
 Joined hands in flow filled labor
 Node based chambers
 Snow bombs bursting
 And quenching the thirsty
 We can
 Be lovers of condition
 And in active admission
 Walk together with sacred vision
 If we speak what we believe honestly
 Angels listen
 And fill us in.
 We must talk, and internalize the eternal words
 And images in each others minds
 If we want to survive
 must metabolize
 Our deepest darkest hardest least cited secrets
 Saving nothing nothing nothing for the abyss
 Of the ambiguous
 Take the hand of truth to always to climb

Making use of each divine state to rise
 We use fear to ascend the lies
 And in time collaborate towards
 A society of meaning filled lives
 Where every person has the ability
 To move towards the promise they were born to
 reply to
 I can, I am, I see, It's me, out there, somewhere And
 I'll care more and more. We all were
 Made one time, for this
 Time is ours
 To use love to use fear
 And reveal all true faces
 What a way to make
 a way
 I feel you
 Ice melts

Remember Selma

By Erika June Christina Laing

"Movements for social change are like jigsaw puzzles. Everyone is a unique and special piece. If your piece is missing, is the picture complete? No, because you are the most important piece." – Joanne Bland, youngest Selma marcher

Remember Selma,
 Where thousands marched to vote -
 Sixty years later, what do I see?

A Voting Rights Museum, boarded up with an open
 sign, at the foot of a bridge still bearing a Klansman's
 name.

Homes torn by tornado, left so long saplings grow
 inside,
 But then, a graveyard lauding racists with no shame

A gleaming bust of the first grand wizard
 Like a middle finger to this town
 Like a shrine against all freedom

Remember Selma

Remember the feet on the bridge

But forget the name they gave it

It was women who had the idea for the march

It's also women who now take care of that ugly bust

Amelia Boynton Robinson, she invited MLK

She changed the world, while the others hide inside
their hoods

Amelia taught me strategy and hope

The others only that harm is close

Yet the sapling still finds a way to grow

Remember Selma, the women of progress

But forget the ones who rewind

But don't forget - they are here

Children were part of this fight. We hope
supremacists draw a line.

But Joanne Bland was arrested and jailed before she
was even nine.

By 11, arrested 13 times, packing peanut butter
sandwiches 'cause they'd go unfed.

At 11, she marched on Bloody Sunday, splattered by
those who bled.

The cost, the brutality, the childhood unspent.

The marchers of Selma are not ghosts.

They're getting lunch around town.

These heroes are still around us.

These heroes are still around us,

But so are the ones who beat them down.

Remember Selma, a witness, a history

Remember its people who rewrite the slate

Forget any safety this is behind us

When neglect is used as a maintenance of hate

They're still here, They're still here

They're still here, They're all still here