

PSST!

People's Song SocieTea - A Night of Music, Artful Words & Personal Reflections

Thursday, March 26, 2026

Remember Me

By JuliAnne Wright

When I'm gunned down by ICE
and the government says that I was egging them on,
that I was better off dead
I hope you'll remember me as the girl
who had a song in her head and that I
stood up to the bullies when I could

If I'm gunned down by ICE
coming home from the store;
cos I stopped to film my neighbors
being made prisoners of war;
I ask only that you recall
I was a helper
Ya know Mr. rogers said
to look for them?
When they feed you all the lies and stories,
I hope you can clearly see...
That that's not me.

If I'm gunned down by ICE
Tryna be the hands and feet
for the least of these whose only crime
is trying to survive this heat
Please remember my own children
How I loved my family
Now my dear ones
are grieving on TV.

When I'm gunned down by ICE
for daring to believe that we're
supposed to be a country
where that golden door should be;
I hope you'll stand up and shout
But please don't do it for me;
I hope you'll circle round the neighbors most in
need

'Cos that's the key
Yeah that's the key

I hope you'll toss away the lies they feed
Don't let them talk you out of what you see
Forget who they say I used to be

Remember me

Shore of Yourself

By Liz McBride

Lie
Deny
Get high on your supply
It's
the way
Some choose to live their lives
Yet
I find
My hour of fate has come
I will not turn and run,
There's only one way out...

He's
The one
Who helps me come undone
I
Can't see
Someone better here for me
Rules
Apply
For getting through this life
That some won't ever buy
There's no getting out...

Take your time.
 Our habits rule our lives
 There's no way
 the old ones could survive
 Keep in mind
 we've only been assigned
 to take up so much time...
 We have been maligned
 and fall behind...

We've
 Arrived
 Your soul did not capsize
 One
 With the tide,
 You slowly float away...
 Sure
 Of yourself,
 You feel that you've come home,
 You'll never feel alone
 Recover what you own

Rising now,
 You chose to turn away
 And couldn't take
 Change rising like a new day.
 Keep in mind
 On the shore of your self
 You won't arrive;
 Pain cuts deep like a knife
 you can't describe...

Poem Collection

By Calliope Spevack

No lullaby?

Oh Epstein, dear Epstein,
 Where have the children gone?
 Alone under the island,
 No lullaby, no song?

Oh Epstein, dear Epstein,
 How did those babies taste?
 And did you use up all of them?
 Or put their limbs to waste.

Yes, Epstein, dear Epstein,
 Did you ever even choke?
 Or did you think you were so cool
 Even with the girls you broke

For I am a woman

I am a sixteen year old girl
 I'm queer and disabled
 I have adhd and anger
 I'm loud and quiet
 I'm too smart and too dumb

For I am a woman
 I'm too fat and too thin
 Did I eat enough today?
 Am I anorexic since I'm not hungry?

My thighs are too large
 Even if they're made of muscle
 And my hip dips are unattractive

I have dreams for big jobs
 But how do I become a president when I'm told to
 stop at teaching
 How do I run when I'm only taught to walk?

My mood is low
 My friends are high
 Bathrooms with graffiti saying slut
 Broken mirrors so I can't see
 Perfect pictures posted everywhere

And I don't talk like a girl
 And I don't dress feminine enough
 But I can't be a boy because I have leg hair

Does my outfit look alright?

Can't speak up
 For I'm scared they won't tell me when I'm too much
 It's happened before right?

How do I trust new friends when old ones turned
backs

If I'm bi why aren't I dating a girl

If I'm dating why aren't I planning the
future

If I'm getting A's why don't I have my credits?

If I'm 25 why aren't I married?

If I'm thirty where are my kids?

I'm a woman that's my job.

How can you walk if you're disabled?

People ask without caring for an answer.

If I scream for years a man can whisper and get what
I wanted.

It's a world made for men.
Built on pink tax and blue razors
Built on Barbie's and action figures
Built on quiet and loud
Weak and strong
The kitchen and the office
Where we each belong

A white man still rules me and my body
How are we supposed to change if we aren't given a
chance?

I will never be enough for you and certainly not for
me
I'm always getting B's
Always second
Always trying
Always too loud or too quiet
Always
Always
Always not enough

I'm a sixteen year old girl
And my world is letting me down.

*PLUS TWO ADDITIONAL SELECTIONS
PRESENTED LIVE*

Bad Things

By Morgan Erina

The sound of your voice makes me want to run
The look on your face, reminds me of him
He's going to ruin it, ruin it all for us
You remind me of a boy who did bad things

I have been in their shoes
I have seen those evil eyes
Lies run the world
And we just want to hide

I want to escape from every man
I don't know who to trust again
Every letter every time
The lies feel like a slap in my face
My face
My face
Our face

Tumbleweed

By Ursula Hansberry

Cigarettes half used up
Put out in the morning's coffee cups
The landlines hanging down to the kitchen floor
Paper still open to the classifieds
Chairs pushed back and thrown aside
We left so fast we didn't lock the door

Cause it was

You, with your hair like a tumbleweed
Did my best to try and see you through my tears
You looked much older than your years

Who made

You think you were a rotten seed
No one's ever really too far gone for growing
But I was always one for hoping
I believed
I believed

Like a train that won't stay on the tracks
The street would always call you back
I'd given up and grieved you for so long
Thought I'd been through sorrow's stages
Hadn't heard from you in ages
Didn't know how hard I'd still be holding on

Holding onto

You, with your hair like a tumbleweed
Why'd you have to cross the line that you'd been
toeing
Why do the best of us stay broken

You with a look I could never read
I kept praying that those eyes were gonna open
In the days of never knowing
I believed
I believed

In and out of penitentiary
No one's taught to treat you gently
Get you sober for a month then they leave you on
your own
Never cared that you were hurting
Barely treated like a person
Made you too ashamed to come on home

All you had to do was come on home

Now all I have of
You are the best of my memories
You could smile at any door and it would open
You were bold and so outspoken

You with your hair like a tumble weed
You were a wild wind we couldn't keep from blowing
But in the days of never knowing
I believed
I believed
I believed

The Nipata Sutta

Read by Susan Spangler

May all beings be safe.
May all beings everywhere, the strong and the weak,
the great and the small, the mean and the powerful,
the short and the long, the subtle and the gross

May all beings everywhere, seen and unseen,
dwelling far off or nearby,
being or waiting to become,
may all be filled with lasting joy.

Let no one deceive another,
Let no one anywhere despise another,
let no one out of anger or resentment
wish suffering on anyone at all.

Just as a mother with her own life
protects her child, her only child, from harm,
so within ourselves let grow
a boundless love for all creatures.

Let our love flow outward through the universe,
to its height, its depth, its boundless extent,
a limitless love without hatred or enmity.

Then, as we stand or walk,
sit or lie down,
as long as we are awake,
our lives will bring heaven to earth.

Hold On

By Heidi Wilson

Singalong led by Susan Spangler

Sung by protesters in Minneapolis, January 2026

Hold on

Hold on

My dear ones
Here comes the dawn