

How come those who “know” the least can be most helpful in teaching. Learning a process of sharing.

Layers of conflict. What I first saw in the Algebra Project was the children. Mississippi children know a lot about not having, making do something they have grown used to. Open arms, that’s what they showed me, partly ‘cause I was Taba’s brother, Bob Moses’ son.

Kids. That’s what we all are. Big Bang, only a theory, an expanding Universe is what it spawned, our stay here not even a moment. What are we fighting for? Bob Moses says there is happiness in struggle, that dignified lives, lives with purpose can be lived in struggle. A couple hundred years ago they brought us here, and we picked cotton, and the 60’s came and we registered to vote. Now we sit in offices and shake hands with Presidents and call ourselves Presidents, CEO’s, COO’s.

An outlook. Mississippi beautiful to look out on. The last frontier: long roads that wind into country, houses--the shotgun shacks that stand like speed bumps along Ridgeway--one room houses, a makeshift basketball hoop in the dirt that forms the driveway, clothes on line, Mama in the doorway, brotha’s and sisters, four of them working hard to put the ball in the whole. There is a WNBA too.

What dreams are made of, sitting out there light would reach me and it would have been two hundred years old. What dreams was it made of? 200 years ago in Mississippi and whose wagon would I have been pulling down these country roads.

Malcolm X learned to read in jail light, freedom in Prison, something more than a vivid imagination, physically shackled, forced to create in your mind a space for peace. Today all free, more jails.

My brothas sold crack, their families smoke it, communities suffer. Articulate our predicament. We’ve elected officials, some the same color as us, not a rule of thumb, mandatory 10, and three strikes and lifers, fed time, 500 grams of cocaine if you boil it will get you the same as 5. That’s what we sell.

And brothas ain’t ignorant to it, let them tell it and the block is hot: snitches, secret indictments, ATF, what movies are made of, reality less glamorous, but we live it. Guns and clips and bullets in them, not above settling conflicts with lives, expectancy accepted, living for a moment, freedom in a moment.

Not a simple story.

The world a big place, all from one small point, infinite density, just a theory, and where we sit we are the center of the Universe, orbiting the sun, 14 billion light years away from the beginning, moving forward anyway we look at it.

AP Inc., my first meeting, tempers flared, Dennis Gaynor warning of the end, Vida asking if this was indeed it, Carolyn Dennis, “what about PI,” and who is PI? I’m just hear because my Dad said a long time ago this was the family store and those kids in MS made me see it. Nothing to be hysterical about, just another beginning.

Capital, we’ve always created it; someone else owned or stole it. Intellectual Capital, something to think about. Wondering as I read this article in National Geographic how they know when the light gets there its been traveling 14 billion years. All over the world, countries creating sensitive eyes and ears, powerful enough to observe and make assumptions. Wonder what we would know if there was no great divide and the USSR shared with US and we with China, and Africa has with all of them. Knowledge something encrypted. Maybe, through a network of minds, an answer to whether or not the Universe is closed, accelerating to its limit, and working its way back, one point again, infinite density.

I came to Mississippi to find myself. We all gotta be here for a reason. Introspection, a space for it. Space, that would be forty acres and a mule. In Sam M. Brinkley Middle School we created a MathLab. Mrs. Victoria Byrd, she’s been there for over twenty-five years teaching, a fixture, welcoming me into her classroom one arm extended and a watchful eye.

What the wind blew in, change not always something to make you shiver.

Sammie Myers, 19, finished school in the ninth grade, in the lab now because he chooses to be, grew up with the gangs and the corner hustle, brother serving life, wonder what he’s reading in prison light, another in and out, got a baby now, working to support it, looking for something to hold on to. Daddy never been there, Step Daddy always drunk, his mother, not free of drugs, in and out of the hospital, a little sister, beautiful, eyes big enough to see the world, something to consider, the streets always present, AP, YPP something to believe in.

Everyone wanting to be somebody, Sammie Myers no different, just a lot of layers to peel through. And how come those who “know” the least can be most helpful in teaching.

In the MathLab we work and he takes pride in standing up and sharing instructions, and he shows them what Taba first taught me, how to bind their books as I had taught him. And someday I will facilitate and he will assist, at the tables working with a group, sitting down together, elbows almost touching, voices next to each other, connected, where relationships are formed, and conversations may linger. Talking about the State Fair and Master P playing for the Raptors, and hands up and he sees mine so his is raised and a few more are raised and soon everyone’s is raised and we can all hear each other.

And maybe he doesn’t know the answer, but those college students from Tougaloo or Jackson State didn’t know it, and they worried about what they were supposed to say.

Life hardly a script, and what we can't memorize what computers can. We got to learn how to share thoughts.

Sammie he sits there and he might struggle with multiplication and not fully understand fractions, but I went to college and could manipulate them but couldn't articulate their meaning. And sometimes this is something he is ashamed of, not knowing, but when he's in the room, I always feel we're learning more.

The Algebra Project, creating a space where people feel comfortable sharing what they know.

Bob Moses always said to me that first year that the Young People needed to get their act together, and if I didn't tell him, I told myself that the old people needed to get there act together. Me, I just came here, these problems were here long before me, maybe a leader, a catalyst for change, that's what he saw.

The Algebra Project has always been the young people's project; you can't be for the young people with out being the young people. Taba traveled the country walking the Flagway, him with as much to loose as those young people if they hadn't been exposed to it. A seat at the table, that's what Dave fought for. Near the top of the Standard Life Building, we could sit with the NSDC and make decisions that affected far away people. PI, he welcomed us with open arms, something about the sixties unveiling something of an understanding of how this could all work.

Space an issue. Dusty just happy to be in an elevator, riding up and down, and somewhere between the 3rd and 10th floors the crumbs would fall, and that could be an end, just living off what's left of what you had, Carolyn wanting to kick us out the office cause we used to much chart paper and markers, and no one knew Soros was coming, just looking for a place to live, voices echoing through thin walls, and a lack of office etiquette, and the bathroom key always lost, and Taba giving computer files profane names and us running up the phone bills and me paying and Dave with last night's meal ziplocked and frozen, and five years from now he'd be on an island, opening a restaurant, cooking all day, and this is five years, and that was the end, and despite what loomed ahead, me and Dad and Taba and Khari, stayed up for two weeks trying to get the kids ready for the State Wide test, and how I felt this could have been the other side of the Universe, divided by paper and markers, and I thought we were working for each other, but PI is for profit, and me telling Dave in my family we opened our space up to people, and people came and became part of our family, and him telling me that our family was unusual, people weren't like the Moses' but this was the Algebra Project, our family store.

Whose store is it and what are we selling? To school districts educational reform, communities, social change. What about the kids? Values is here for the kids, TOT is here for the kids, Sites are here for the kids, Teacher Training is here for the kids, Curriculum Development is here for the kids, Videography is here for the kids, Community Development, a million plus of it is here for the kids, Fundraising is here for

the kids, where are the kids for the kids, that's maybe what he meant when he said the young people need to get their act together, YPP a response.

Voices far from the floor, ideals, rhetoric, our communities are real people. AP is here to change the Dusty's. How you gonna change him if you can't welcome him into your home, why advocate for Dusty if you can't welcome him into your office and learn how to share space. How are you gonna get him to advocate for himself.

One thing about Mississippi, you can't sugar coat it, it's either all or nothing, you're either here or you're not, at least that's how it feels coming from somewhere else.

The 60's and we got sharecroppers to march and students sat in and lives were lost to register us to vote. Fannie Lou Hammer, Atlantic City, the beginning or an end? To be seated, she could do what they couldn't, and because she was from the fields she spoke for the fields, inspiring more to do the same.

Amzie Moore opened his arms and his house to Bob Moses as did many others, and "yea that I've walked through the valleys of the shadows of death", that's what was said at his funeral, my first trip to Mississippi, a train ride to Chicago, a bus from Tennessee.

Sharing crops, what we grow for the benefit of our communities. In Brinkley Middle School, the MathLab, we're trying to grow young people, already there, maybe we can get them to flower together. Imagine a bridge of hands holding each other, maybe strong enough for us all to walk on.

Some Brotha's make it others don't.

I'm wondering where Sammie would be right now if he wasn't exposed to this. Where would Mississippi be without change? Not just a question; forty years ago and the signs came off the door, and I'm riding at dusk on a road that wasn't to long ago dirt and not where I was supposed to be. And maybe it still is, white boys and girls drive by and yell something, the wind doesn't bring it back to me, but maybe they're just having fun.

Mississippi and Black folks not used to being in places they weren't supposed to.

Freedom something to be born with, not given or accepted. Something to do with how the teachers greeted us, me, Taba, and Khari when we first came there. Just trying to get some stuff done. Mr. Acton, the head man, a picture of George Bush on his wall, Brinkley not to far from the airstrip where they used to fly drugs in to fund their wars, he welcomed us, as far as his arms would allow, maybe cause he knew this wasn't his to hold on to. The next year he left, could see the revolution coming (probably something about site based management and open budgets), and we helped get Mrs. Robinson elected, and I'm sitting in her office, three years in a row, and she's talking about why they have to come back here, and how to confine them to a specific area of the building. And this is after we got more than two hundred through Algebra 1, and now they're *connecting* and we're fighting for space, and the teachers aren't implementing, but there

is a MathLab, and we got a lot of history invested in that school, and everyday the kids ask me how they can be in APYPP and when is it gonna start.

And some ask if they're gonna get paid and I say no, and they say they're still gonna come, they just ain't gonna do no work. But we can work with that; we can work with that.

The Algebra Project in theory is unconventional, flipping the typical class structure so that everyone has a voice, people trusting each other to communicate on equal footing, the answers here in the room, we just gotta figure how to bring it out of each other. Respect, learning to understand each other maybe that point we can expand on.

The great divide, wondering how what we chose to talk about became paper and markers, and maybe somewhere inside my head is the key to this whole thing, and Dave he tries to work it out, dinner with him and Khari, him doing more talking than us. Back then we fought about TOT, and there was a 6 step process for community development in the Southern Initiative and "those other sites" wanted theirs and they became APMC², and I saw people at meetings to never see them again, and there was Values and ADRC and Investment Clubs and Professional Development and now there is SIPDMT, and the teachers ain't teaching the project, not in Brinkley Middle School, and what we talk about is dividing money, and what about the young people, what about the young people, cause that's who we are and who's backs we're riding on.

But we fear the young people, don't want them in our space. Want to help the young people, but ain't gonna be taking any YPP calls, literally and figuratively. Here for the young people, then why ain't you sitting at their table. And Dave asks me about youth reps on the AP board, but where are PI's? I don't know but I never asked and maybe I should and maybe there are, I just know as a whole we haven't been welcomed there, and now COO, then acting President wanted to kick us out cause we used to much paper and markers, and we held the key, and Dave knew that so he would ask a lot of questions and do a lot of talking, and maybe we'd get an office together, away from everything else.

Can only understand young people through their stories, the context of the environment, how the street twists from Albermarle to Ridgeway. Need to learn how to connect, sit down and not feel you have to say something. Just waiting for someone else to speak, maybe that's why Bob sits in the back of the room. The trick learning how to be part of the whole, just another team player and somehow it guides itself.

Everyone has a story to tell, life unfolding, sometimes wanting to catch more of Dad and Dave then what was written in the history books. Last night I stood with Mr. Edwards as he surveyed the land, he told me that 40 years ago they took the signs down and he took off running, wherever he wanted to be, and where he couldn't go, didn't want to be there anyways. And then he went on to praise those people who had lost their lives so that the signs could come down: JFK, and his brother, and Martin Luther King. And I wanted to tell him that just inside that house was the Bob Moses, and I was Janet Moses' first son, and they helped to take the signs down, and what about June Johnson, and Curtis and

Hollis, they would be his age, and Stokely and Chuck, and Uncle Al, and Uncle Charlie, and Dave. And how many bodies lay at the bottom of rivers, with Chaney and Goodman, cause they had taken a step towards freedom. And what it could mean if we were able to come together and share our stories. That's what the griots did.

Everyone has a story to tell.

April Davis, not sure if it is appropriate to give her Merle's letter, just a note and contacts for scholarship info at Xavier, pass it to her anyways, nonchalantly. I'm sitting on her porch, and we're sitting there because her Momma won't let me inside, house too messy, and she's a momma now, just about a month old, Jayla sits wrapped in her lap. April's story I've learned it in clips, over the course of years, founding member of YPP, her and Tocarra used to always come back and help me 6th period cause they didn't like gym. She was with us on our first trip to the Delta, first time in a hotel, her and Shameka, chasing each other around the room, jumping on the beds. I haven't seen her in about a week, been putting off coming, not sure what I was gonna see. The baby there, can't hold her cause her skin peels, "EB", that's what they call it. Accepted now, just another bump in the road, what we know about survival.

Her Momma takes Jr, who is now with me in the MathLab, and Jennifer and Detra to Church. Monday nights. She hands me the September and October editions of *Awakenings*, I've been owing her Monday nights for two years now, cause she wants to see us all in Jehovah's paradise. And I'm wondering where heaven sits, I tell her I'm gonna bring her some literature, an article I read in National Geographic, maybe we can answer each other's questions.

Fate works this way, Momma April had her when she was at Tougaloo, never finished, April is in her 12th grade. Scored 24 or 26 on her ACT the first time she took it, somewhere around ninth grade, the 99th percentile on the ITBS, and Mr. Acton gave her a special award at the Brinkley graduation. We don't really talk, just kind of sitting there for an hour, I wanted to go to the gym tonight but that has closed. It wasn't till a year after I knew her, that was when they were living with their Grandma down the street that I asked about her Daddy. "He's in jail." Soft spoken, and that was that.

And they moved twice since that time, and he has since gotten out and since moved back to Texas, where they used to live. And now she worries about Jr. cause he's just as smart as her, won't do homework but gets hundreds on the tests, and not always listening to her Momma or her anymore, and the truancy officer had to take him to school in handcuffs. "Just trying to find himself," I say, the streets not really the safest place for black boys to find themselves, remember how I worried about Taba.

Seems like nothing to talk about, I ask a lot of questions and that's that. Sometimes all you can do is be there. Wish I had an answer, and Jayla didn't have to have her hands and feet wrapped, and it didn't take three hours to unwrap her and wrap her up again, and can't help but wonder what the future has, and ask about Marcus and "he tries," was coming everyday to help but his mother don't let him anymore.

Two mothers, five children.

When I found out we sat in the driveway and talked for a couple hours and I unburdened myself and she said she was gonna take it day by day. Her Momma had called and asked if I had noticed anything, and I said what do you mean, and she said she was expectin', and I said expectin' what, and my body felt cold, cause I was in shock, already 6 months, and we were going to Boston in two weeks.

In the driveway I try to convey the efficacy of planning, but how do you prepare for this: just making do, a smile, lots of pride, ignoring being tired, awaiting a seventeenth birthday, a lot more life to live. I had asked her about school, she said then that she was determined to go, and you could see it in her eyes, through the way she spoke, Xavier or Spellman, her and the baby.

I ask again, reality has settled in, what was unexpected, now shaping the future, wait maybe a half a year and go in the Spring, maybe Tougaloo like her mother.

School now, her six weeks are up, back in Jim Hill on Monday, looking forward to it. Momma works nights so someone will be there during the day, want to get a nurse that can help out. Not a sad song, something about survival that is in her, that has always been in our people.

I get up to leave 'cause it's getting late and we ain't said much, the thirty minutes when I was about to go we began to talk. I told her something I had just read about the Universe. Looking out from her porch at the stars. Mississippi the stars appear clearly, and we laugh 'cause we wonder what her Momma got to say about Big Bang theory. I tell her how Taba was mad 'cause I gave her his VCR, and we laugh 'cause I remember how we grew up with no TV, and she didn't either, always something to do, we ran the streets, my Mamma always wondering what I could find on a corner, her and Jr. they used to read the dictionary because they wanted to be good at scrabble.

I'm sitting in front of Brinkley writing this, listening to music because it allows my mind to go somewhere else. Sammie comes out of the building, hair fluffed in an Afro, smiling. Front teeth curled cause his Momma let him suck his thumb. Always been shared tension between us, always demanding something of me which I feel he should demand from himself. Almost five years coming and going, lots of talking, tired of talking cause after a while it don't mean nothing, some how always staying connected, sometimes hard sharing the same space.

"Sammie always got an attitude," a chip on his shoulder, that's what we all said.

Me and him sitting in a car, in our old driveway, before we moved to the country. They accused him of burning down a portable, this was at Lanier, High School. We found out because DT's came to Lanier and to Calloway, where Shameka and Melvin were, and Provine where Dusty had went and Kecia and Nate were, and they asked who was this

Sammie Myers, and who was Omo Moses and who was YPP, and Shameka she was hysterical 'cause she said she wasn't going to jail for anyone, and I wanted to tell her a lot of people went to jail for you.

And me and Sammie we had our regular talk, and he said he didn't want to be around us if he was negative for the group, and some things were excused and more were made, and he always articulated this wasn't no job for him, this was who he wanted to be.

The Feds come to Brinkley, and Mrs. Robinson announced with pride how we were gonna have Jr. FBI. And they really do come, every week, and they teach sixth, seventh and eighth graders how to be upstanding citizens and how to inform. Themselves and others.

And Bob Moses said this was war, back when I was going to college, and Donovan and Jemal, fresh out of high school got served with ten years, and I thought he was paranoid, and that one threatening phone call that had Mama and Maisha and Malaika and Taba shook up, cause you don't know who's listening and you don't know who's talking. And if this is war he's been pretty calm about it, hard to catch him unguarded.

Sammie I see him smiling a lot more now, can't read to much better, but working on it, multiplication and division not effortless, learning to carry his burden, and helping others to do the same.

Here we sit at opposite ends of the table, FY 2000 something to consider, the AP is shifting, the mission is gaining clarity and being articulated, the young people are the key. I'm hearing it. What would we have to talk about if there was no Weldon. Tired of Site theory, weary of the shift to a regional approach. What ails the sites ails the regions, one is just micro managed. Easier to do a graphing calculator workshop in Oakland, than a hundred miles up the road in the Delta. What would happen to San Fran if there were no Marion Currell? What would happen to the whole Southern Initiative if there were no Dave Dennis. YPP without Omo, we're working on that. Power is the people, decision making, accountability, vision, young people building on that.

The theorists have spoken and now the way to community organize is through the young people and teachers. And the young people need to be the driving force, and we even have COO's saying this, advocating for us, find it difficult to share with us, and the money dries up, and that's what we choose to talk about, and some where is an end, and before us a beginning.

The Algebra Project, creating spaces for change, maybe the whole world, that would seem improbable, but they say the Universe was spawned from one point, and high minded folk spend their whole lives trying to uncover what has been here, and how it's holds together.

And how does it hold together? Some things only manifest themselves in time, what's in Bob Moses' mind can't always be articulated, just a feeling, and TOT, and Teacher Training, and a five step process somehow implicit in all this.

And let's put a face on it.

Mississippi was my face for it. Java Jackson and her determined face, Ariel Fleming and her smile, equally welcoming as her laughter, and Kevin Edmondson, and what his eyes convey, a smirk which resembles mischief, a mind just trying to get into something. Tasaunda Berry, and she grabbed me in the hallway and wrapped her arms around my neck and said we have to take a picture, and this was seventh grade, and now she is finishing high school, and through work study she helps me out with the seventh and eighth graders. And just yesterday, we taught Mrs. Byrd's class, and she sat in one of the rows and pretended to be the new girl, and they seemed pretty interested in her and what she had to say.

We represent the AP and people want to be a part of it, and what are we selling and who's face goes on the cereal box?

Searching for stability. Funders are paraded and we are paraded, and we inspire hope and ooze with potential. Texas Instruments loves Sammie Myers, and Carolyn Carpenter and the Kellogg Board, touched by the kids, and so is the woman from the Dept. of Education and the theorists try to harness this potential, to capitalize on it. But this is AP, The Young People's Project, that's what Julie told the 100 Black Men cause she hadn't been around to know no better, and I laughed and Shirley was taken a back.

YPP here because we chose to be.

And I sit with the Big Boys now, at opposite ends of the table, we're just gonna keep it a small group, because the larger group is dysfunctional. And I'm gonna speak to Soros, only if someone comes with me. If George came to Jackson, the first place we'd take him would be to see the kids, why can't the kids come to him?

Turf wars, always trying to hold onto something we ain't got.

Sammie, he called last night, asked me about tomorrow, I said I'll be there, asked if he was supposed to, I said it was on his schedule, he said he'd be there, I said 8 o'clock, he said yeah, I almost said you need a ride, 8 is kind of early to be walking or catching the bus, but Me, Maisha, and Mrs. Sayles, we said we weren't gonna do that anymore, I said see you tomorrow, that's what he said, and we hung up. I think he just called to let me know he was gonna get there on his own.

And that would be an ending.

But tomorrow, it came, legs tired from running, 8am classes and an alarm clock that rose at quarter to. Rushing to get myself there, some how only five minutes late and Sammie behind me, in the hallway huffing, him running too.

And that could be the beginning.

But Saturday, it came, and I woke up Tiffany and Baby Cal at 8 and asked them if they needed a ride, and they were still sleeping so I said I'd pick them up because this was the first day, registration, and who knew what to expect and since they had planned it maybe we could get there ahead of time and make sure everything works out.

Southern and JSU played, and flags stuck to windows, vibrated in the wind. A whole lot of Black people celebrating where they were from, Baton Rouge and everywhere Mississippi.

And Candace, and Vetina and Alicia came at 10:30 and that was early because we didn't start till eleven, and for a while that was all who was there, except their guardians who wanted to know what they needed to do so they could leave.

And Mr. Figgers showed up, and some people with him, and I watched as he talked for forty-five minutes, recreating for them the history of the Algebra Project in Jackson and he introduced me as the CEO of the Young People's Project, and he seemed proud of that, and somewhere it became quarter to twelve and that's when I sat in front and directed traffic. First to Tiffany in the library, where she helped them fill out applications and then to the MathLab, where more than sixty parents and kids were talking about what they would do if they had 15 gran to do anything in their community.

And around 12:30, April came and she brought Jayla, I didn't expect it, but this is hers too. And she said she'd been getting ready since nine, and she asked if she also had to register.

And that could be an end.

But Sunday, I drove to New Orleans and Helena and I went to NY, and we sat at the table with Gara, and it was Aryieh's table, but he had a crisis in Angola so he couldn't sit. And it was a good trip, even if they didn't offer another 12 million. We took a cab from Times Square through the Village, and the cab driver he was from India and he said this was the best place in the world, where else can you get people like this, and sometimes that's how I feel about Mississippi--the Harafish--and he said the whole south was a welfare state and through Soho and Chinatown he explained it. Brooklyn. And Juno, all four years of him, he stood next to me as I sat on the couch, and he asked me if I could see his pumkin, and I said what pumpkin, and he said that pumkin, and pointed to it, and I said what pumpkin, and he said that pumkin and pointed to it, and I looked around, Uncle Roger was there, smiling, watching the Mets force Atlanta into extra innings, and Juno waited, and I looked some more, and he waited, and I looked some more, and he waited,

and I said what pumpkin, and he stepped closer to me, and leaned down so his face was in my face, and his face became angry, and he yelled “Are you listening to me.”

And that was the end of a formal commitment.

At the table we sit and some people ask what others think, and wonder if they should have said something, and wonder what the meeting was for and its implications, and no one is an authority, just a lot of questions, and everyone is asking, and everyone is listening.

And that would be a beginning.

Monday and that is the beginning of orientation and Maisha tells me there are forty more people than were there Saturday, and I smile but at the same time imagine what it would be like telling them that the program has been canceled.

And that would be an ending.

Tuesday, it came, and I’m still not there because I flew AirTran and though the flights weren’t bad, they struggle to get you there. Tiffany, she called, and she’s only in ninth grade, but she helped facilitate this whole thing and I got her a portable office like mine so we could be organized.

And I ask her with trepidation, how everything is going and she says good, and really means it, but your group, the graphing calculator people, they left their area messy and I had to go back and clean up after them. And that would have been me. And Tiffany, another beginning.

And Wednesday, I am back in class and Sammie is there on time and we prepare and we teach, I have a group and he has a group, and some how we keep learning and he gives them something to pull from. He asks me about the after school and I let him know they started, and he says that he’s gonna come someday, just to help out, because this is his too.

Wednesday evening and they’ve started without me, I come in and Keke’s there, just to say hi cause he’s playing basketball, and this is his too.

And everyone pauses, and they welcome me and ask where I’ve been and how come I’m late, ‘cause this is their’s too.

And Frankie and Ariel they’re in the middle of a circle of about sixty young people and we’re all in the MathLab, and I see many faces for the first time, and Frankie tells me I got to get in the circle, cause this is mine’s too.

And everyone else they’re in there, and they’re saying their name and the person’s before them and sharing a movement and repeating the movements of the people before them,

and I'm last so I gotta remember everyone's name and try to move like them, and that would mean everyone was watching me, and I don't like that, and some people danced, and that would mean I would have to, but they were sharing themselves, and I just gotta remember their names and do what they did, and I wish I could just sit down and watch, that would be much easier.

And that could be an ending.

We all got to give of ourselves to learn who we are.
A circle: people, their names, and how they move.

And that could be a beginning.