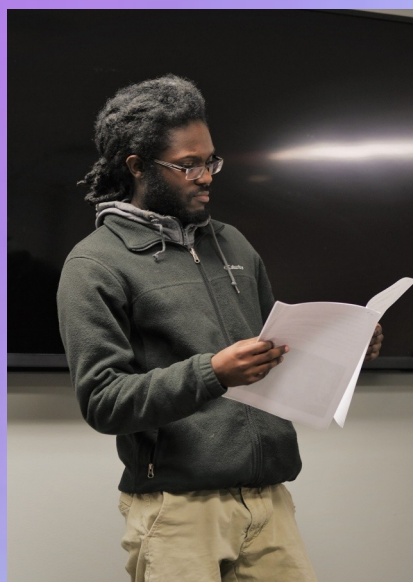




# ODYSSEY ORACLE

## BEING DRAMATIC AND POETIC



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# BEING DRAMATIC WITH BARON KELLY

Working with Professor Baron Kelly was one of the best experiences I've had in Odyssey so far. He was so kind and informative. Even though he's worked with famous people, he didn't make me feel like I wasn't worthy of his time. Baron celebrated the class when we did well and worked with us when we didn't. I caught myself using breath from my stomach, and it helped me sing louder and stronger, even if it was to myself! I am so grateful for this unique experience. **(Kayasia Blake)**

My experience with Baron Kelly was very exciting and very entertaining. I really loved his personality and his energy. We started off with a nice silly exercise that put us all in a good spot and gave us tons of energy. Meeting Baron Kelly was a huge honor knowing all of the celebrities that he has worked with and knowing how hard he has worked his entire life, despite where he came from. **(Diamond Clay)**

As I always say, Odyssey is a program that gives a second chance for those who want to achieve greatness. Last Wednesday, March 6, was a wonderful experience. I never knew that I had such a big voice. With Dr. Kelly's exercises before the acting class, I was able to gain a boost of confidence and some acting skills. Thanks to him, I have 100% confidence, and now I don't have any fear to talk loudly in front of people. **(Hezouwe Walada)**



I was totally nervous and scared to actually work with him, maybe because he's so famous and well known, and I didn't know what to expect. It was so hilarious how he had us doing all those funny lines, sounds, and movements! I know that if he

ever had a class on speaking/drama and/or theatre speaking, I would take it on the spot, hands down. What I'll always remember about Professor Kelly is how he taught me how to use my voice with my words and to speak loudly. What I shall take from this experience is that I don't have to be shy and quiet when it comes to using my words. Finally, I know how to use my voice as I try to say my words.

**(Quishanta Cary)**

My experience with Baron Kelly was AMAZING. He gave me that push that I needed to start an acting career. I enjoyed the activities/ games we played, I felt like a real celebrity for a moment (lol). He's amazing! I'm glad I got the opportunity to meet him. It was truly a blessing, and I'm glad I got the chance to make him laugh (lol). I had a ball. Tell him I'm looking for a manager for my acting career (lol).

**(Candace Howard)**





see them in a different light. I think we all had a good time and enjoyed each other. (**Queeneice Creamer**)

I really enjoyed myself that night with Baron. The acting we did along with the improv sparked an acting bug inside of me. It came off to me as natural; it felt natural, like I've been doing that for years! It sparked interest enough in me to seek out plays and theatre to see what plays are in the area to see if I can join one! It would be a long shot but worth trying! (**Erica Cocoa Gentry**)

At the beginning I was so nervous, but as Baron started introducing the warm up exercise and voice training, it calmed me down. The whole section was full of joy and laughter. I was standing in front of the whole class confident at the end instead of nervous and shy. (**Yangchen Lhamo**)

Working with Baron last week was amazing. He used a technique that almost made me forget that I have extreme anxiety. I love the fact that with just a few words and a couple of fun games, I actually believed in myself again. (**Alice Ramirez**)

He was something different. I really enjoyed the class. It kind of made me feel like a little kid again. I was a bit nervous when I had to go in front of class with the *Macbeth* lines, but at the end I felt good. I just wish I could have memorized the lines, but I did my best. I like how Baron put all of his enthusiasm to make everyone participate and make everyone comfortable. One thing I regret not doing that day is to participate in the last part of class. (**Juan Carlos Abrajan**)

I really enjoyed myself. I was shy but I did it. I liked listening to my classmates, and I got to

Acting with Baron made me reminisce about being in the Ebony Expressions Reunion Show, playing a slave in the history of African American music. Being freed to put myself out there was refreshing. Reading from the movie "Fences" was great too! (**Ebony Anderson**)

Dr. Baron is a real actor and entertaining. I actually feel like becoming an actor with our little interaction on March 6<sup>th</sup>. He has all the required skills and knowledge to become the best actor in his time. (**Abdourahman Sallah**)





My experience working with Baron Kelly and classmates was helpful because the workout and warm up games made sense to clear out our throats and get in the mood to speak clearly. I'm thinking of practicing those warm up games before doing a speech. I also enjoy the "make up a scene" game. I really liked how the class was different from the rest. **(Ricardo Marroquin Santos)**

First of all, I want to thank Baron Kelly for his time and teachings. Second, thanks to the whole Odyssey staff and classmates for the support because I felt comfortable enough to be doing the exercises with Baron. I liked the experience of being able to use my tone of voice accordingly and being able to act without feeling weird. **(J. Luis Pérez Olguín)**

Baron Kelly was great. He was very lively, had everyone's attention, and kept everyone involved. He wanted us to have strong voices and to make us feel confident. He made sure we weren't looking down and that we projected our voices out, which was very helpful. I'd like to see him come back. **(La'cee Webster)**

That class left me with so much energy! The improv was fun! The class was exciting and funny, and Baron is a great teacher. My classmates showed up and out also. Candace, Hezouwe, and Quishanta performed and did a great job. This was one of my favorite classes! I enjoy every single one. I learned speech techniques and a new outlook on improv. **(NatuRa Warford)**

I was very impressed with Baron's interaction with us. It was fun and energizing. I enjoyed the acting warm up. I would love to be in a play one day and have a part as his wife. He's a great man. It would be nice if I could take an acting course from him. **(Carmon Caire)**



I am Baron Kelly! Laughing out loud, our experience was fun, loud, and out of body. He didn't really break my shell and fear of speaking aloud, but he did crack it a little. It would be a joy to have him back and try again. **(Savannah Rose Perry)**

This night at Odyssey on March 6, 2019 was an amazing day. I was very happy and more proud at Odyssey that night than ever before. I never felt that feeling since we started back in September. Everybody was a genius. The participation, the presence of everybody, and the spirits were real and living. I think that Dr. Baron Kelly has charisma because it was a glorious night. **(Tchallassai Edoh)**





A classroom filled with laughter, actors, and actresses with different personalities and nothing but positive vibes is what I witnessed with our special guest Baron Kelly. Although my classmates and I have become comfortable with each other, it was great seeing everyone take time away and not focus on class work or stress about our personal problems. I felt as though Baron brought a lot of joy to Odyssey. He broke the silence of some students who shy away from speaking in

front of crowds. During improv, I noticed he released frustrations from a lot of students by pushing them to express themselves more. Overall, we all enjoyed each other, but, most importantly, we enjoyed Baron. (Galeca McCain)

My experience with Baron was insightful. I have never seen those techniques or, better yet, acted them out. This was the most fun class in Odyssey. I really enjoyed getting up, moving around, learning about projecting my voice, and doing the ball technique. Acting out Shakespeare was amazing. I really enjoyed being Lady Macbeth and learning to tap into my evil, sinister, deceitful, and other side. (Martina Mitchell)

Baron was quite amazing. He is not shy, not in the least, or a bit inhibited, like me. He gave great coaching and motivation. He has a lot of fluidity for a large person. Finally, his resumé is incredible. (Muhammad Abdullah)

My experience with Baron Kelly was very fun and exciting. The acting and his presence were wonderful. I enjoyed working with Baron because he had so much spunk and so many ways of making the experience with him fun. I used to do plays and acting when I was a little girl growing up. (Erannia Potter)





I can honestly say I was so nervous knowing I would have to say lines in front of the class. I am comfortable talking, but when the attention is all on me, that's a totally different ball game. The exercises we did were crazy but very fun. It was very entertaining watching everyone in and out of their comfort zone. Baron did a fantastic job explaining the basics of acting and showing the effort it takes to put forth a great role. Even though I memorized my lines, the nerves got the best of me and I paused a bit. I have been to the theatre many times and really enjoy the scenery, costumes, and live acting. I could definitely see myself behind the curtain transforming the actors. **(Sandra Zintzun)**

Baron was a BLAST! He was so cool and down to earth, and I learned so much from him. We had a fun night. I couldn't stop thinking about it and talking about it. I had never done improv before, but I have always wanted to. I finally watched Fences! I could really see

myself in Viola Davis and decided to practice my part of that scene at home. My girlfriend said she really enjoyed my performance. **(Monica Mims)**

My experience working with Baron was unforgettable. At first I was nervous, but once I got past that part, I really enjoyed it. We worked on some techniques to perfect our speech. Although I felt silly at first, it was so fun and helpful! Doing improv was the best part because you can really be creative if you allow yourself to let go. This was by far the best class yet! **(Zataiya Gober)**

I really enjoyed meeting Baron, the gentleman from Kentucky, when he came to our class. We went along with him as he did breathing techniques, tongue twisters, and improvisation. I learned so much. I hope one day I get to meet him again. That will help me decide if I want to take more classes in drama. **(Joyce Johnson)**



# WE HAVE A DREAM

I have a dream that one day,  
all nations will come together.  
Just one nation will carry  
the whole world.  
No more politics, borders,  
and arguments that divide nations,  
and all races will be  
like a giant garden full of colorful flowers  
(**Tchallassi Edoh**)

I have a dream that one day I will wake up  
and be happy to see me in the mirror  
instead of being sad over who I used to be.  
Maybe the sun will feel more welcoming,  
and the moon will give me a pass to finally dream  
about it.  
One day. (**Kayasiah Blake**)

I have a dream to one day be free,  
Free from worry and stress.  
I have a dream to be a queen,  
A golden tiara would suit me best.  
I have a dream to constantly  
Be working on becoming a better  
Version of me, not the rest. (**Zataiya Gober**)



I have a dream that my kids will be something  
other than a statistic,  
that they will have a dream that will be heard like  
Dr. King,  
that they will pave the way so the next  
generation can  
see better days than they'll have to face.  
(**Candace Howard**)

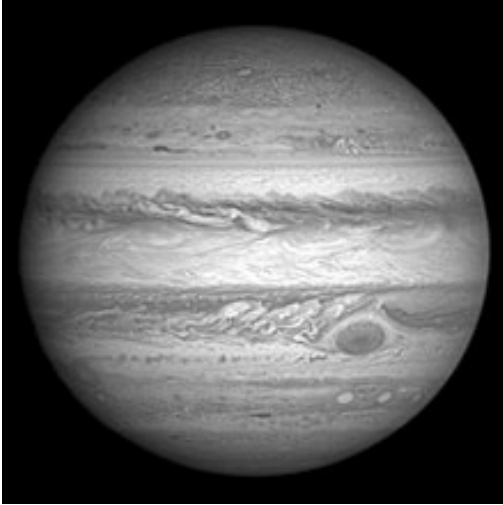
I have a dream that one day I will wake up to a  
brighter, more just and equal world.  
(**Queeneice Creamer**)

I have a dream of clear clean waters,  
a dream where skies are clear as glass,  
where nobody has to struggle or be afraid to be  
different.

I have a dream of the meaning  
of make America great again. (**Breonna Hawkins**)

I have a dream . . .  
I will continue to evolve  
I will be a leader of change.  
My family prospers.  
My family helps others prosper.  
There will no longer be a need for anything  
worldwide.  
There will be peace for all people.  
People will take care of the environment.  
And I'm not dreaming anymore. (**La'cee Webster**)





I have a dream,  
Big like the circumference of Jupiter.  
As clear as the empty wine bottle beside me,  
Meaningful as the Odyssey journey.  
As imaginary as any fairy-tale you've seen.  
I have a dream. (**Cheyenne Pete**)

I have a dream  
of being surrounded by endless fields of evergreen  
awakened by the blissful songs of the birds  
stepping out of my living space  
squinting as my eyes receive the sun's rays  
helpless against the gleam  
this day as peaceful as the last  
solitude like my house enclosed by a dome of glass  
C.R.E.A.M., no not any longer  
My desire to live happy is just a bit stronger  
I want to dream longer (**James Horton Jr.**)

I have a dream; the American dream.  
I have a dream; a dream that knows no religion or  
race.  
I have a dream; a dream I yearn to achieve.  
I have a dream; a huge, challenging dream.  
I have a dream; a dream everyone dreamt of.  
I have a dream; a dream that I dreamt of with  
open eyes.  
I have a dream; a dream many failed and  
achieved. (**Abdourahman Sallah**)

I have a dream  
that one day we will all be equal  
that one day we all will be freed. (**Erannia Potter**)

I have a dream about people being more  
conscious about their wellbeing.  
I have a dream that ambitious people will use that  
feeling to follow a healthier path.  
I have a dream more audacious people will join  
that path of a healthier life and lead the way  
for others.  
I have a dream people can make this happen for a  
better world.

The more we come together as one, the more  
efficacious we can be for the greater good.  
(**J. Luis Pérez-Olgún**)

I have a dream of equality for all races,  
Blacks, whites, yellow, red . . .  
We are all human beings,  
We all share the same DNA.  
Why don't we treat each other with respect and  
courtesy?  
I have a dream of equality for all races.  
In my dream one day police will not kill or  
brutalize blacks,  
No favoritism of whites against blacks in all areas.  
I have a dream of equality for all races.  
The world will be a better place without racism.  
(**Hezouwe Walada**)



I have a dream . . .  
 Dream to visit a land of snow  
 Snow that never melts  
 Melts my heart dreaming. **(Yangchen Lhamo)**

Of houses filled with all good things  
 I have a dream . . .  
 To fulfill my true calling and being  
 I have a dream . . .  
 That I am the lender and not the borrower  
 I have a dream...  
 Of cities I didn't build and vineyards I didn't  
 dig  
 I have a dream . . .  
 To be a distribution center for the King  
**(Martina Mitchell)**

I have a dream that one day I'll  
 be able to sing--not just a little  
 tune or belting out a few  
 melodic sentences, but I mean  
 "Sang." I want to be able to say  
 these words that Shug Avery  
 said in the movie *The Color  
 Purple*: "I feels like *sanging*." If I  
 could sing, I would be singing at  
 every question someone would  
 ask me. I would sing whenever  
 somebody needed a singer. If  
 someone wanted me to say "a  
 few words in closing" at the  
 conclusion of a meeting or  
 event. I would sing. I would sing  
 answers to questions being  
 asked of me: "Cocoa, where are  
 you going?" (Singing, "I'm going  
 to the store!") I sing now in the  
 shower, and I swear to you the  
 acoustics in my shower make  
 me sound like Whitney  
 Houston! So, I do have a dream,  
 and it's to sing!!!  
**(Erica Cocoa Gentry)**



I have a dream that before I get too old or  
 before GOD calls me to heaven, that I'll be  
 able to go on a cruise. My pastor and his wife  
 (the First Lady of Mt. Zion Baptist Church)  
 have been to Hawaii and Jamaica. They  
 brought me back a t-shirt and a keyring. My  
 oldest daughter (Joy), her husband, and my  
 grandson have gone to Cancun every summer  
 for the last eight years. My close friend  
 Mother Sharron Hubbard-Moyer (MZBC) and  
 her husband went to St. Thomas, Virgin  
 Islands, and Puerto Rico last year and brought  
 me back magnets that I have on my  
 refrigerator. I dream about those places every  
 night. I think positive always, and I believe  
 one day my dream will come true.  
**(Joyce Johnson)**

I have a dream that one  
 day I no longer sit  
 behind a cubicle  
 answering inbound  
 calls, forcing myself to  
 have great customer  
 service although each  
 client I assist can be  
 rude. I have a dream  
 that one day I can be  
 financially stable so  
 that each bill is paid on  
 time, leaving me with  
 extra money to put into  
 my savings account. I  
 have a dream that one  
 day my dreams become  
 my reality and that I  
 will enjoy my career job  
 of being a social  
 worker. I will be  
 financially stable and  
 genuinely happy.  
**(Galeca McCain)**



# LOVING LANGSTON HUGHES



The poem "Success" starts with "Here I sit with my belly full / And he who might

have been my brother walks hungry in the rain." Immediately I get the sense that he has a feeling of guilt, maybe from a recent success. He feels like he is well off, but someone he once called his brother is starving and maybe still in the same position. This poem sounds like someone who maybe started with nothing, has it all now, and doesn't want to share. He talks about a woman he loved having to sell her soul (body) for money while he is well off.

My own opinion is that this person feels like he doesn't owe anybody anything, even someone that was his brother or lover. He is reaping all the benefits himself and isn't planning on sharing. He notices people still struggling around him, but he still eats and is successful. He no longer is going to be there for the one he once loved. Success is powerful, but the poem suggests he's forgotten where he came from and the ones he struggled with. **(Breonna Hawkins)**



Through his poem "Success," Langston Hughes exposes both the negative and positive consequences of being successful. He explains how hard it feels to see someone walking hungry while he is a successful person with a belly

## *Success*

*Here I sit with my belly full  
And he who might have been my brother  
Walks hungry in the rain.*

*Here I sit with my belly full  
And she I might have loved  
Seeks someone in the shadows  
To whom she may sell her body.*

*Here I sit with my belly full,  
No longer in the rain,  
No longer the shadows for the  
Woman I love,  
No longer hunger.*

*Success is a great big beefsteak  
With onions on it.  
And I eat.*

full. Hughes uses this imagery to show the inequality of wealth in our society today. Also, he continues by pointing out that some women have to sell their bodies because they are hungry. In the third stanza, he means that success allows him to have an easy life. To conclude the poem, Hughes uses a metaphor comparing success to a beefsteak with onions on it that he eats alone. The beefsteak shows the greed of being successful.

Some will say success is when someone attains popularity or profit. I have a completely different view on who to call a successful person. After analyzing Hughes's "Success," I come to the conclusion that being successful is not being greedy or showing off your wealth. It is being able to help others in need because now you can afford everything and beyond. Also, when you become successful, you don't have to be close-minded. You have a responsibility toward others that are living on the street corners without any roof over their heads. You have a responsibility toward orphans who sometimes go by for days without food, clothes, or clean water. Often, people will say, "I work very hard to become successful so I don't owe anything to anybody." Even if that is true, you owe it to yourself to do the right thing. It won't hurt if you can share your extra food with someone who has gone hungry for two days. To be truly successful, be a hero to those who need help getting up. **(Hezouwe Walada)**



I think "Still Here" is trying to describe how a person can get scared by the hits life has for him or her. All signs of

hope can be far apart from each other. The hopes they see in the future can feel far away and can add to the exhaustion. When the author says "snow has frizz me, sun has baked me," I take it that the snow symbolizes problems in his personal life which have made him not able to think right. Then the sun can symbolize work.

Work has exhausted him and adds to the stress. So when the snow and sun join forces, they can make him not be able to have joy in life.

This poem fits me well because of current events in my life. The arrival of a new baby added more work at home. Then kids getting sick added even more work. Ha ha! Right now as I am sitting here writing about this, it makes me laugh. I guess it could be worse. I honestly was thinking of quitting Odyssey just because the idea of doing homework and reading books made me feel like not coming back. Homework adds more to my full plate. Then I thought about how much fun I had the first semester, and the joy of coming to class came back again. So as the poem's last phrase says, "I'm still here." (**Juan Carlos Abrajan**)



In "Still Here," Langston Hughes describes a person who has been treated poorly. When he mentions that "snow has frizzed me and sun has baked me," I can only imagine a person who is exhausted and wants to give up. As he continues

to write about how they tried to stop him from laughing and loving, he is saying someone is

*Still Here*

*I been scared and battered.  
My hopes the wind done  
scattered.*

*Snow has friz me,  
Sun has baked me,*

*Looks like between 'em they  
done*

*Tried to make me*

*Stop laughin', stop lovin', stop  
livin'--*

*But I don't care!  
I'm still here!*

trying to steal his joy and turn him into a bitter person.

The reason I chose this poem to analyze was simply because I feel this is something people experience every day. We all have days of feeling like the world is against us. Even though we might feel the urge to give up, we continue to push forward. As we try to elevate ourselves, sometimes the people around us can be negative, constantly trying to discourage us because they would rather see us suffer

than win. (**Galeca McCain**)



"Still Here" refers to slaves or people of color and how they were treated, not just in the fields but in their daily lives. They were mistreated, lied to, abused, and beaten, pushed to the extreme conditions of the weather not only

by performing their jobs but also by their living conditions.

No matter where we are or where we go, there will always be people who will try to put us down. There is always someone who will try to ruin our day with his or her bitterness. There will be people trying to make us angry because they don't like to see us happy. My take-away from this poem is that we all can have a bad day that can make us angry and bitter. If we add to that a rainy, snow, windy, super cold or hot day, it can make us very miserable. However, it is up to us to find the courage, plant our feet in the ground, choose to be happy, and say "I'm still here and nothing will scare me away or put me down."

(**J. Luis Pérez-Olguín**)



"Still Here" spoke to me. It means when you go through the worst and make it through, it makes you strong. No matter what obstacles get in the way, don't give up. You can decide what happens in life and choose to fight back. All these

bad things may have tried to take over my attitude or my daily life, but I made it. It's up to us to take a bad situation and make it something good.

I've been through what I thought was the worst experience in life, like one thing after another. I was ready to throw in the towel. So when I say this poem spoke to me, it really did. Reading gave me reassurance that I'm not alone. I keep fighting these seemingly impossible battles, and I'm still here. Sometimes it seems like things get worse before they are better. I am glad to say I've made it out of every situation I thought I couldn't, and I'm stronger now. **(Cheyenne Pete)**



### *The South*

*The lazy, laughing South  
With blood on its mouth  
The sunny-faced South,. . .  
The sky, the sun, the stars,*

*The magnolia-scented South.  
Beautiful, like a woman,  
Seductive as a dark-eyed whore,  
Passionate, cruel,  
Honey-lipped, syphilitic —  
That is the South.*

*And I, who am black, would love her  
But she spits in my face.  
And I, who am black,  
Would give her many rare gifts  
But she turns her back upon me*

*So now I seek the North —  
The cold-faced North,  
For she, they say,  
Is a kinder mistress  
And in her house my children  
May escape the spell of the South.*



This describes all the hardship, the racism, the suffering black people had to adapt to in the South. No matter how good they were, they always got mistreated. The slaves in the South had things much worse than those in the North.

Down South, slaves would go up north to escape the harsher mistreatment in the South.

What I got out of the poem is a lot of history with fewer words used. Sad to say, things unfortunately are still the same down south compared to up north. In 2019, racism is still very heavy in the south. I notice people from the north moving down south nowadays, though. Me personally, I don't want to move down there because of the racism, but I hear it's cheaper to start a business there. **(Candace Howard)**



### *The Negro Mother*

*Children, I come back today  
To tell you a story of the long dark way  
That I had to climb, that I had to know  
In order that the race might live and grow. . . .  
Three hundred years in the deepest South:  
But God put a song and a prayer in my mouth.  
God put a dream like steel in my soul.  
Now, through my children, I'm reaching the goal. . . .*

*Remember my years, heavy with sorrow -  
And make of those years a torch for tomorrow. . . .  
Make of my pass a road to the light  
Out of the darkness, the ignorance, the night.  
Oh, my dark children, may my dreams and my prayers  
Impel you forever up the great stairs -  
For I will be with you till no white brother  
Dares keep down the children of the Negro Mother.*



As I analyze "The Negro Mother," it means a lot to me about things I learned about my ancestors born in Africa. It paints a picture in my head of a Negro mother stolen from her family's land 300 years ago. When I took African-

American Studies in Chicago when I was 19 years old, I read about all of the pain and suffering she had to go through as she was beaten and mistreated. I also thought about what I read last semester in Odyssey about Frederick Douglass and slavery. No matter how tough the Negro mother had it and no matter how many tears she shed, she remained a strong black woman who shared stories with her children to pass on to future generations.

"Negro Mother" reflects my own personal life of stories I was told by my maternal grandmother, Clemmie Brooks, who was born in Little Rock, Arkansas in 1910. I remember when I was just ten years old, . . . she told me she moved from Mississippi because of seeing family members

beaten and having to pick cotton. Although she had never been to Africa, she experienced being dehumanized in the deepest South. . . . I'll never forget all the spirituals she would sing to me and all the times she took me to church with her. From her, I've gotten an intimate relationship with God. . . . **(Joyce Johnson)**



"The Negro Mother" refers to the trials and tribulations the black woman had to endure as a slave. In this poem, Hughes uses a lot of concrete words to describe the things the Negro

Mother has seen in her lifetime.

I can take away a sense of strength. This poem speaks to me because as black

women especially, we go through so much and know how to make something out of nothing. It makes me feel that I should always look at the bigger picture and know my sacrifices will pay off, if not for me then maybe for someone in the future.

**(Queeniece Creamer)**



"The Negro Mother" is a story of a slave mother with dreams of being free. Though she may never make it, her hope remains that her children will.

In my own life, I identify with feelings of despair over the things I didn't get in life or the things that I haven't accomplished, but my prayer and delight is in seeing my children go places I never dreamed of and do things I have only imagined. This is fine with me because I get to ride the wave of the rainbow and experience the proud achievements of my seeds. **(Martina Mitchell)**



"The Negro Mother" starts by stating the unforgettable journey of children of Africa or the life of a slave. She is glad to achieve part of her dream by speaking to the colored children and the world. The

images Hughes uses are connected to nature and motherhood.

My personal take-away from "The Negro Mother" is the taste of both experiences—freedom and being trapped—but keeping alive the dream of freedom for all colored children. **(Ricardo Marroquin Santos)**

### ***God to Hungry Child***

*Hungry child,*

*I didn't make this world for you.  
You didn't buy any stock in my railroad.  
You didn't invest in my corporation.  
Where are your shares in standard oil?  
I made the world for the rich  
And the will-be-rich  
And the have-always-been-rich.  
Not for you.*



In "God to Hungry Child," Langston Hughes is being sarcastic because the title of the poem doesn't match the poem itself. We think God is the compassionate one, but in this poem God is money and

finds no value in people who don't have any. Langston Hughes is criticizing our society and how it embraces and values money over anything else. The "God" image is not who we imagine.

My personal feeling is about how he said "I made the world for the rich." In other words, the rich stay richer and the poor stay poorer. Money is still the root of all evil. Even in this day and time, his words remain true. People still idolize money today. In our world today, it's about who has the money and the power. This is not what I believe in, though.

**(Erica Cocoa Gentry)**

### ***Merry-go-Round***

*Where is the Jim Crow section  
On this merry-go-round,  
Mister, cause I want to ride?  
Down South where I come from  
White and colored  
Can't sit side by side.  
Down South on the train  
There's a Jim Crow car.  
On the bus we're put in the back—  
But there ain't no back  
To a merry-go-round!  
Where's the horse  
For a kid that's black?*



Reading this poem took me back to the days of slavery [or segregation]. It was saying that the little black boy was from the South, where he wasn't used to sitting with white people. He was at the carnival where there was a merry-go-round, and he has no other choice but to sit with white kids because there weren't back seats.

We are still in slavery, just done in different ways. We are still experiencing black/white situations. I still don't go to certain places and still don't feel wanted or welcomed.

**(Rana Potter)**

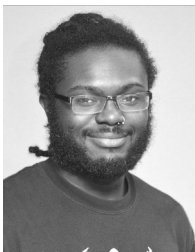


“My People” means he’s proud of his people, where he comes from, as well as the

color of his skin. “The night is beautiful, so the faces of my people” refers to his roots and black is beautiful.

His people are beautiful. The poem is short and to the point, with word choices making the poem more meaningful. Sometimes you can be just as powerful using only a few words.

People are of all shades—dark, light, etc. He refers to nature and its beauty and compares that to his people. I really liked this poem and thought it was funny it was one of those we could choose to write about because when we originally got the Langston Hughes book, I was looking it over and actually came across “My People.” It spoke to me so much I was going to ask to read it on graduation day! To me, this poem speaks volumes!! **(La’cee Webster)**



In the poem “Dreams,” Langston Hughes writes that losing sight of your dreams can cause life to be as morbid as a broken-winged bird who can’t fly. Langston Hughes repeats the phrase “hold fast to dreams” to emphasize the

value of having dreams. He also rhymes the second and last line in both stanzas (die/fly, go/snow) to allow the poem to flow naturally.

This poem spoke to me because I feel like a life without an encouraging dream could be as cold as a barren field filled with snow. Working without having a goal at the end, working without trying to save your money to allow yourself to

### ***My People***

*The night is beautiful,  
So the faces of my people.*

*The stars are beautiful,  
So the eyes of my people.*

*Beautiful, also, is the sun,  
Beautiful, also, are the souls of my people.*

do something you’ve always wanted to do, working to work, and giving up on your personal dreams just to live is like flapping your wings without going anywhere. I feel like Langston Hughes explained it perfectly in those eight lines.

**(James Horton Jr.)**



“Dreams” is very short but portrays a big message: to hold onto your dreams. This poem relates the importance of dreams to having a fulfilled life. Without a dream, life is a “barren field, frozen with snow.”

Personally, I love the message this poem portrays. I couldn’t agree more that it is important to dream and dream big. However, I believe that dreams should be more goal-oriented so you’re more likely to follow through. **(Zataiya Gober)**



In “Dreams,” Langston Hughes talks about the importance of dreaming. It is necessary to hold onto dreams in life because, without them, what do we really have to live for? With no goals or sense of ambition, we are simply alive but not living.

For me personally, I agree. While I’ve had my own issues with losing sight of my dreams, I always understood I’d have to go back to them. I was born with a destiny to fulfill. There is no greater joy than being alive and wanting something out of life. **(Kayasia Blake)**

### ***Dreams***

*Hold fast to dreams,  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken-winged bird  
That cannot fly.*

*Hold fast to dreams,  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren field  
Frozen with snow.*





“Hold fast to dreams”: the first line is very direct and advises the value and importance of dreams. . . . By losing dreams like a “broken-winged bird that cannot fly,” it means that life is damaged without dreams. The

only way to elevate oneself to a higher and more adventurous life is through dreams. When people lose dreams, life loses meaning and potential.

I can see myself in this poem. I had always dreamed of coming to the United States, and I did! Ever since I became a citizen of the U.S., I wanted to have a real job or a profession where I can pay it forward to my refugee community in India. I held on to my dreams no matter what. I am now two semesters away from becoming a Registered Nurse. My dream never ends. I cherish my dream of getting a master’s degree in nursing and finding potential and meaning in life.

**(Yangchen Lhamo)**



Langston Hughes is talking about living your life and not allowing anything to get in your way—stress, sorrow, or anything else. You only get one life, so you have to live like it’s your last—cherish it, grasp it,

claim it. If it needs work and change for the better, then work on it.

I relate to this poem. I feel this poem is talking about your day by day life and what you go through—the challenges, the ups and downs, the good, the bad, the ugly, the in-between, the trials, the pros and cons, and all of your emotions, thoughts, and feelings. I relate to “Dreams” because I have many. Some I’m doing now because I always wanted to work with children and families. I always wanted a

chance to get my foot in the door to attending the UW-Madison, and I received that opportunity now. Another dream I have is to be my own boss and have my own program supporting children and families. I would also like to move somewhere warm within the next year once I’m done with my next program.

**(Carmon Caire)**



“Dreams” depicts how . . . life is a journey, a rough journey that requires careful planning and execution of plans. Dreams can be achieved despite challenges.

Dreams are like flowers, which must be watered with hard work, perseverance, consistency, and effort. Dreams are always hooked on chains of heavy anchors stuck at the bottom of the sea. The dreamer must break all barriers for dreams to come true. In a nutshell, dreams can be achieved through hard work and staying steadfast in one’s focus to adequately address goals and objectives. **(Abdourahman Sallah)**



My dreams can’t be blocked!  
 Dream fearlessly, and soar.  
 Potential is a waste without ambition.  
 Ambition is a waste without dreams.  
 Dreams are a waste without desire.  
 I desire to dream.  
 My ambitions push my potential to the limits.  
 Just as one goal is accomplished,  
 the winds will rise and keep me blowing.  
**(Monica Mims)**

# THE FINAL FORTE:

## A MADISON SYMPHONY CONCERT REVIEW

BY JOYCE JOHNSON



I did not like missing class on March 13, but my birthday gift from my social worker was reservations for us to hear classical music played at the Overture Center. My Odyssey Director, Emily Auerbach, put me on assignment for the Oracle to review the performance. The “Final Forte” consisted of four young artists presenting their final round in the 2019

Bolz Young Artist Competition. The performance was broadcast by Wisconsin Public Television, so there were cameras all over the auditorium.



There was a warm-up from 6:15-7 PM, with the men and women playing violin, cello, piano, flute, piccolo, tuba, trumpet, organ, guitar, oboe, trombone, bassoon, clarinet, percussion, saxophone, and horn. The concert began on time at 7 PM.

This classical music to me is very soothing, relaxing, and peaceful. I closed my eyes and listened. It took me away to another planet, like Venus or Mars.

The four young adults did their solo pieces. The young people’s ages ranged from 15 to 17 years old. One young 15-year-old male played a piano. One young 16-year-old female played a cello. One young 16-year-old female played a flute. The last young female, age 17, played a violin. The ushers and security guards were very kind and very nice to me. They escorted me to my seat. When the concert was over, they escorted me to my cab to take me home.

I really enjoyed the entire evening at the Overture. I did some investigating and was told by the ticket office that if my classmates want to attend a Madison Symphony concert, there will be an event on April 11 to take advantage of (call 257-3734 to make a reservation). You can call for a FREE open rehearsal to hear music played by Mozart, Strauss, Ravel, and Debussy. I’ve also heard music played by Leonard Bernstein and Beethoven.

During the second half while the judges deliberated on the winner from the four young artists, music by Tchaikovsky was played. The conductor of the Madison Symphony Orchestra, Mr. John DeMain, got a standing ovation. He is a Grammy and Tony Award winner. The winner of the young artist competition turned out to be the female who played the cello.

If you like and enjoy all music as I do, take advantage and call the Madison Symphony office. I love R&B, Blues, Jazz, Country, Gospel, Reggae, as well as Classical. Classical music is a tradition passed on to me from my parents, which led to me passing it on to my children and grandchildren. Music is something we all can pass on to our future generations.

# SONGS OF OURSELVES



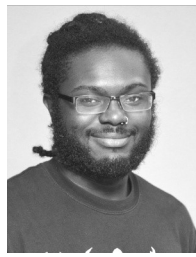
## Song of Carmon

I am Carmon Latrice Caire.  
Smart, sweet, loving,  
an educator, daughter, aunt, sister, godmother,  
nurturer,  
a true romantic, outgoing, well-loved,  
a great cook, a loyal dedicated friend, a supporter,  
an advocate for young mothers, a writer,  
a teacher for 21 years.



## Song of Juan Carlos

I am Juan Carlos.  
When I moved to the country of the American dream  
My name changed to One.  
For many years I was One.  
Till I turned 28 years old and  
I was back to being called Juan Carlos.  
In 2010 I felt the joy of becoming a dad.  
Now I am the proud father of four.  
For them I will keep strong  
so then they'll continue my name.



## Song of Monica

I am a woman of many faces  
hated for all the light I give  
destined to be strong, not a  
product of my environment.

Daydreams are broken from words  
of enlightenment and harsh words  
to break us down to ruin my entirety.



Tall, smart, and creative, not to  
mention funny. Won't let  
anything in this world stand  
in between me and my money.



## Song of Abdourahman

I am a son of a great scholar  
A scholar from Fouta Toro  
Descendant of Hal Puraal  
A son who's known for his hard work  
A true believer and a worshipper of all time

## Song of James

I am James.  
Son of James.  
Grandson of James.  
Grew up with a 'lil attached to my name.  
Born in Chicago.  
Raised in Madison.  
Father was a poet.  
He passed down his powerful pen.  
Now I write the soundtrack to my life  
over again and again.

## Song of Quishanta

I am the third child and next to the baby of my  
parents' children.  
I'm not a very social person, quiet to get to know you,  
and like to stay to myself.  
I really have no friends and honestly like to keep it  
like that.  
It keeps out a lot of drama.  
I was born and raised in Chicago, Illinois,  
the best city of them all.  
I have the best eight-year-old daughter,  
talented, gifted, and amazing.  
Her name is Blessing Jean Genenia Norris.





### **Song of Diamond**

I am from life.  
 I am a go-getter  
 Mommy to a baby girl  
 Granddaughter of a vet  
 Daughter of the strongest man above  
 I am from Extended Stay  
 I am from "Where are we going to sleep tonight?"  
 I am from "We just have to do better."  
 I am from "I need this overtime."  
 I am from "You have been approved."  
 "You got a raise."  
 "You've been accepted."  
 I am free.

### **Song of Savannah Rose**

I am Savannah.  
 Just as my name, I am long and dried out.  
 I am naturally a nurturer and love to care for others.  
 The work I do is back-breaking, stressful, and tiring.  
 I am a CNA, blessed with a gift to fill others with joy.  
 My heart is warm and soft, and my skin is rough and cold,  
 I also am Rose, and expect the same when I get old.

### **Song of Luis**

I am an explorer  
 who isn't afraid to seek out new places and new cultures  
 who was afraid of the uncertainty of the new beginnings,  
 but excited to remove the veil  
 to have a closer and more personal look at the new faces.  
 I am an explorer who is following in his ancestors' footsteps,  
 an explorer whose journey has not reached its destiny,  
 an explorer who still has things to do  
 and places to be.



### **Song of Breonna**

I am Breonna,  
 Dark like Hershey's kisses  
 Smooth like black coffee in the morning  
 Soft spoken like a child on the first day of school  
 Born in Chicago but Arkansas is where  
 I call home. Never had a handout  
 and couldn't really care less about having  
 "clout." Work is where you can find me  
 until I climb my way up the success tree  
 but for now I'm just living my best life  
 the only way I know how  
 and that's being true to me.

### **Song of Sandra**

I am Sandra  
 a woman of obligation  
 from the field to the factory  
 being surrounded by smells of labor  
 now having grown to love with my hands  
 and provide to a greater cause  
 showing my enthusiasm  
 in all I do  
 from the interpretation of language  
 to artistic styles in my work.

### **Song of Alice**

My name is Alice.  
 But the name I love most is Mommy.  
 I am the daughter of two very hard-working parents.  
 I am a sister and an aunt.  
 I am a traveler and lover of new experiences and adventures.  
 I am the palm trees down in Texas yet also  
 the below-freezing temperatures here in Wisconsin.  
 I am a helping hand and a contagious smile.  
 I am me.



### **Song of La'cee**

I am evolving  
 a daughter of a hardworking man and woman  
 descendants of the Powhatan tribe and Africa  
 I am from sacred land  
 My skin brown like peanut butter  
 I am strength  
 I am of the indigenous people  
 I am my people

### **Song of Candace**

I am a mother of six  
 Facing many hard challenges  
 But too strong to quit.  
 I am a child of the Most High God  
 I am that light shining through the fog  
 I am that voice waiting to be heard  
 Sing out of the tribe of Judah  
 I will not be deterred.

### **Song of Yangchen**

I am Tibetan  
 born in India.  
 A refugee camp Gulledhala  
 is my home,  
 a home where I gazed at cows,  
 walked in bare feet  
 did farming,  
 loved friends and families.  
 I speak Tibetan "Tashi Delel"  
 I speak Hindi "Namaste"  
 I speak English "Hello"  
 I have 'chinky' eyes and curly hair.  
 Buddhism is my way of life.  
 Nursing is Buddhism to me.

### **Song of Ricardo**

I am a fortunate worker  
 Hired to work in the United States  
 Happy to work and provide for my family  
 I am a fortunate worker in the midst of great  
 workers.

### **Song of Cheyenne**

I am Cheyenne.  
 One of many educated students in Odyssey.  
 The aunt of three free-spirited nieces  
 and two sweet-as-pie nephews.  
 A daughter of two head-strong parents.  
 The sister of nine unique and kind-hearted brothers  
 and two independent and courageous sisters.  
 I am from each side of Madison, Wisconsin.  
 A blessed role model and leader for many people.

### **Song of Erica**

I am Erica, better known as Cocoa  
 Not loco, just finding my mojo  
 Seen so many faces, been to many places,  
 Like Birmingham, where it's hot and humid,  
 And Chicago, where the hawk will get you,  
 Jackson, Tennessee, where I finally exhaled.  
 Walked here and there, a little bit of everywhere,  
 Dropped fries, sold dental plans,  
 Took your loved ones riding on a medical van.  
 Talked to my mom and grandma in Pig Latin  
 So no one around us could understand  
 Listened and danced to the music on American Bandstand.  
 Sang loud and proud in my aunt's Baptist Church  
 Or walked in the morning with the Jehovah's Witnesses  
 While hearing the birds chirp.  
 I am me. Take me as me. Loud, large, and lovely.

### **Song of Queeneice**

I am Queeneice,  
 mother of a bright child,  
 hailing from the deep South.  
 I am a daughter, sister, granddaughter,  
 seeing my true potential blossom.  
 I am capable of anything I put my mind to.  
 I am me.



### **Song of Martina**

I am Martina  
 Loud and spiritual  
 Daughter of a 16 year old  
 People said I was the milkman's baby  
 Descendant of Chicago's south side  
 Serving cocktails and a smile ☺  
 Skin described as "vanilla"  
 Living in the full understanding  
 and manifestation of the Blessing

### **Song of Hezouwe**

I am a dreamer  
 A hard working son  
 A son who dreams about the impossible  
 Impossible, a word my ancestors never used  
 I am a busy man  
 A busy man who cares for other people  
 A busy man with two religions in the family  
 But I am a dreamer  
 Dreaming I will one day achieve the  
 impossible.

### **Song of Tchallassi**

I am Tchallassi  
 A little girl from my family tree,  
 So kind and pretty in every way.  
 They told me with sweetness I was love.  
 My father's young age put me in glory.  
 His wish rises, family and friends come over  
 To celebrate the newborn girl.  
 He was proud and shining with love.  
 The little girl brought them light and hope.

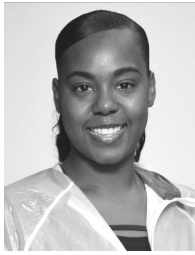
### **Song of Muhammad**

I am Muhammad Abdullah,  
 Descendant of human currency, African slaves, share  
 croppers,  
 cotton pickers, city dwellers, and hustlers;  
 Son, brother, cousin, father of nine, former husband  
 times five, uncle,  
 grandfather, great-grandfather, father figure, counselor,  
 confidante,  
 Identity seeker, ikmam, Talib-ul-ilm e.g. student of  
 knowledge,  
 Hopeless romantic, lover of music, and chef.  
 When I grow up, I want to be a role model to inspire  
 others  
 to pursue education as long as they can see, feel, speak,  
 walk,  
 read, write, hear, and remain curious.

### **Song of Mother Joyce**

I am a bird  
 Flying all over the USA and the world.  
 My ancestors are Native Indian from New Orleans,  
 Louisiana  
 Also descendants of Ghana and South Africa.  
 I am a beautiful African-American woman,  
 A vet from the old school, Chicago, Illinois,  
 South Side, Yeah yeah,  
 I am blessed by my LORD and savior, a survivor,  
 I nearly died eleven times due to health issues,  
 Yet I'm still standing, courageous and bold,  
 Like the song by R. Kelly, "I believe I can fly."  
 I believe I can soar, shining light through that open door.  
 Oh, yeah. Spread my wings and fly away. Fly, fly, fly...  
 But, as a human being, my feet eventually will  
 touch the ground and walk on.





### **Song of Ebony**

I am Ebony

A bright girl born with a twinkle in her eye that  
her mother was afraid of,  
the daughter of a man who never wanted me,  
the granddaughter of a fighter,  
descendant of the Irish, Jamaicans, Native  
Americans, and slaves.

I am a go-getter, I just ain't no punk.  
Nobody can tell me nothing when It's time for me  
to speak.

I am teachable.

I am kind.

I am brown-skinned.

I am Ebony.

And I'm OK with that.

### **Song of Rana**

I am Rana,  
a woman of great expectations,  
a mother of two beautiful daughters.  
I am Creole, a woman from New Orleans.  
I am a very family-oriented woman,  
a woman who believes in humanity.  
I am a strong black woman.

### **Song of Galeca**

I am Galeca,  
Daughter of an ambitionist,  
Mother of two angels, one in heaven and one on  
earth.  
I am from a family of struggle,  
Using our hardships as an opportunity for growth.  
I am an escapist, sometimes living with a  
fairy tale,  
Not wanting to deal with reality.  
I am goal-oriented, with aspirations to be happy.

### **Song of NatuRa**

I am NatuRa,  
granddaughter of Marcella, a woman I miss so  
much!

I am daughter of Rita, a broken small relationship,  
sister to Ravi (RIP), sister to Abiola,  
mother to Marcella ShaCarri, Christopher Mason,  
and Jhidna Nicole,  
a woman in need of healing so that I may share  
with the world  
what I believe I have in me!

### **Song of Kayasia**

I am Kayasia,  
A daughter of a mother who beat the statistics,  
A daughter of a father who didn't get the chance  
to.  
I am a descendant of the South,  
The deep color of my skin carries the love of the  
Mississippi sun.  
I am from many places,  
As my people were taken from their true homes,  
Slowly but surely,  
Rebuilding our own sense of happiness and  
peace.

### **Song of Zataiya**

I am Zataiya.  
Born and raised in Wisconsin.  
I am a daughter, mother, wife, sister, and friend.  
I am strong from carrying what feels like the  
weight of the world on my shoulders.  
I am wise because of my experiences, using them  
to build mountains from boulders.  
I climb every obstacle flawlessly  
Because a strong black woman raised me.  
I am grateful and at peace within.  
Unapologetically me, I have been born again.

# ODYSSEY CLASS METAPHORS



Odyssey is a potluck of people.  
All the different cultures, thoughts, and ways  
come together  
to give us a delicious new experience.  
For some, it's the only time being different is  
celebrated.  
We come to the table bearing ourselves,  
the beautiful buffet of diversity. (**Kayasia Blake**)

Odyssey is a potluck.  
We are foods that come from all different  
backgrounds,  
but somehow we all end up on the same plate  
together. (**Breonna Hawkins**)

My Odyssey is a melting pot.  
We all come together making the perfect fondue.  
Just the right amount of different cheeses  
Makes the perfect blend. (**Queeneice Creamer**)

Brown, yellow, beige, and red,  
To keep our beliefs fed. . . .  
Cut up voices  
Sautéed opinions  
Simmering together  
Making an understanding  
A soup of mixed races and faces  
Opinions and mental shifting  
Combined. (**Ebony Anderson**)

Every person in my class comes from different  
walks of life,  
different struggles, religions, countries, colors,  
and families.

Mix us all together and we are sand.  
Rocks collected throughout the world are  
mushed together and broken apart to create  
a beautiful sensation in between our toes  
and underneath our feet to guide us through  
a different, better walk of life.

(**Savannah Rose Perry**)

My classmates and I are  
isolated trees of different species.  
Odyssey put these trees together  
to form a thick forest,  
a forest intertwined,  
together for life. (**Abdourahman Sallah**)

My Odyssey is a sea.  
Everyone who wants not to be thirsty,  
Come to the sea. (**Hezouwe Walada**)

My Odyssey is a diverse family  
with accents I love hearing  
each Wednesday receiving hugs and  
and check-ins and sweet greetings.  
We will be connected now and forever  
as we're in Odyssey together  
on this journey in life. (**Carmon Caire**)





My Odyssey is a song,  
my classmates each singing and moving  
to their own rhythms.  
The different melodies form together  
a beautiful song that harmonizes.  
In sync like a choir, a body of singers  
creates a joyful noise. (**La'cee Webster**)

My Odyssey is a raffle  
Where everybody wins,  
No matter their background.

My Odyssey is a platform,  
a holy place for the reborn.

My Odyssey is the den of Daniel,  
going in feeling deadly,  
coming out bravely. (**Candace Howard**)

Theatrical displays  
our stories are intertwined,  
an unbreakable masterpiece  
Beauty and pain  
Heartbreak and triumph  
the bond of our self-worth. (**Sandra Zintzun**)

Our adventures  
Different, like night and day  
Still we come together  
In the nastiest of weather  
Slush, snow, does not slow.  
On our own ships setting sail looking for home  
Destinations on a similar plane  
so I don't feel like I'm going at it alone.  
Don't have to be sewed, stitched, whatever,  
our different textiles and patterns pop forever.  
(**James Horton Jr.**)

My Odyssey is a globe.  
My Odyssey is also a map.  
My classmates in the Odyssey Project  
are from other countries and states all over the  
U.S.A.

It's fun and amazing.  
I see you all. I can close my eyes  
and I see you, I feel you,  
every time we get together for class.  
Just because we'll part and graduate,  
From May 2019 I will always keep every one of  
you  
close to my heart and in my daily prayers.  
It will never be good-bye.  
Just see ya later, alligator,  
After a while, crocodile. (**Joyce Johnson**)



My Odyssey is a puzzle  
Representing the middle of my life,  
A puzzle made of soft gentle clothes  
Washed in fabric softener and soaked in water  
all day.  
Because of Odyssey, I can wear my clothes  
And put the pieces of my puzzle together.  
(**Rana Carter**)

I represent a woman close to a  
breakthrough.  
In many ways, my fear hinders me, but I  
never fold.  
I'm happy and want more from life.  
I'm a door that is cracked open,  
Waiting to be completely opened.  
**(NatuRa Warford)**

My Odyssey is a journey.  
I walked in with my weakness  
I spent time looking around  
I saw lights, tables, and chairs,  
Chalkboards, pictures,  
And a warm place of people.  
I am now full of wonderland.  
**(Tchallassi Edoh)**

Odyssey is a community  
Different colors, values, and passions  
Togetherness, happiness, and meaning  
Open paths and open minds  
Venturing to destinations.  
**(Yangchen Lhamo)**

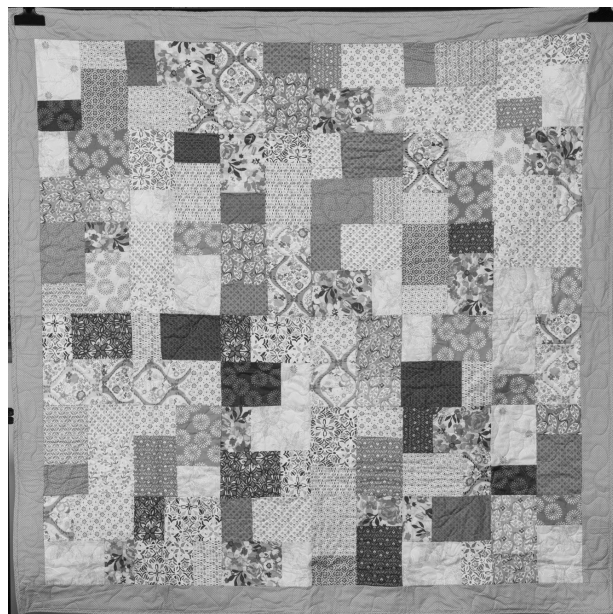
Odyssey is my quilt.  
It links me to different types of journeys  
as it goes from one person to another.  
It takes me on adventures  
as I travel from one class to the next.  
Weaving and stitching  
languages, backgrounds, ethnicities,  
classes  
to make a beautiful and exciting quilt  
called My Odyssey. **(Quishanta Cary)**

Odyssey is a quilt,  
each one of us a beautiful, unique piece of  
fabric.  
Sewn together as one,  
we are even better than before.  
Each one of us has a story, a past and a  
future.  
We are the creators of our own destiny.  
**(Zataiya Gober)**

Different pieces of fabric, many shapes, textiles and hues  
needing, wanting purpose and some misused.  
Along came a seamstress, she had seen life from a different view,  
she gathered the fabric with ideas of what to do.  
She headed out on an odyssey to the store  
to get some tools with ideas in her mind to make  
something that she never had to sew.  
She got a sewing machine and threader and patterns and batting,  
heavy duty needles and binding, and extra padding.  
She worked tirelessly day and night with help from others.  
They listened to her carefully as she told them what to do.  
She had Kevin, Colleen, and Beth on her crew.  
She had a few Emily's, her mom and dad too.  
They worked for months until they got it right.  
The result is this Odyssey quilt, not perfect but sewn tight.  
**(Monica Mims)**

Odyssey is a quilt where all become one.  
Different beliefs, cultures, music combine to become one.  
You will be able to see how skies from the other half of the world  
Line up with the American skies to become one.  
**(Juan Carlos Abrajan)**

My Odyssey is a quilt sewn together causing aching fingers,  
Yet still creating a beautiful pattern.  
Despite the uneven stitches due to our throbbing hands  
Being stuck by needles, we continue to strive for perfection,  
Eventually creating a masterpiece.  
**(Galeca McCain)**



**The UW Odyssey Project in the Guise of Roy.G.Biv:  
I Can See a Rainbow! Can You?**

**By Muhammad Abdullah**

**Red** is the color of love, and love makes the world go round. Odyssey is love of learning in action.

**Orange** is the color of energy, and all energy in our world comes from the sun. Odyssey draws out the energy within us, especially when we are challenged.

**Yellow** is the color of the sun's light. The warm rays penetrate and remove the clouds of doubt, which appear when we doubt ourselves. Odyssey removes doubt when alumni appear and share their stories of what Odyssey did for them, then and now.

**Green** is the color of spring and money. When we take this **Odyssey**, it puts a spring in our step and increases our earning power. Ain't no Bovine Scatology: B.S. is Bachelor of Science.

**Blue** is the color of love when absent. Absent is the worst thing you can be in **Odyssey**.

**Indigo** is the color of curiosity, one of the lifelong seas of learning. Once you are part of **Odyssey**, it's for life. Like life, keep coming back, and stay curious.

**Violet** is the color of royalty, not monarchical royalty, but scholarly royalty. **Odyssey** produces scholars. How do you know who is a scholar? Other scholars say *fulan* or *fulanah* is a scholar. Hear that, Kanye?

Addenda:

**Black** is the absorption of all colors. The **Odyssey Project** is black because black also represents risk, the unknown, the doubt removed by the **Odyssey** experience. The blackest moment in time is just before the dawn of light. **Odyssey** is light.

**White** is the color of light, which stands for knowledge and lighting the way ahead to success. A prism separates white light into a group of seven colors—Roy G. Biv—but it isn't segregation. **Odyssey** is unity and connection. **Odyssey** is like a rainbow.





**Song of the Odyssey Class of 2019**  
**Inspired by Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself"**

We are the Odyssey Class of 2019.

We have worked as a janitor, dietary aide, babysitter, Taco Bell server, CNA, lunch lady, McDonald's fries maker, telemarketer, photographer, library page, Walmart stocker, pizza crust packager, professional model, nanny, Potbelly sandwich maker, costume designer, farm worker, machine operator, shrub pruner, taxi driver, rear view mirror maker, court scribe, busboy, waitress, Klinker Cleaners cashier, peppermint field planter, makeup stylist, Jet Magazine seller, bus driver, and NAACP branch worker.

We hail from Madison, Milwaukee, New Orleans, Chicago, Cleveland, Montgomery, Birmingham, Nashville, Memphis, Washington D.C., St. Paul, Phoenix, Atlanta, Houston, San Antonio, Seattle, Gary, Omaha, the Gambia, Togo, India, and Mexico,

And our ancestors come from Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, Virginia, Alabama, Texas, Iowa, Georgia, Minnesota, Illinois, Florida, New Mexico, Michigan, Missouri, Indiana, Ohio, Arizona, North Carolina, Nebraska, Nevada, Mississippi, Wisconsin, Tibet, Jamaica, Spain, Ireland, Nigeria, Togo, the Gambia, Senegal, and Mexico,

Speaking Spanish, Swahili, French, Ifé, Ewé, Arabic, Tibetan, Hindi, Kannada, Polish, Sign language, Mandinka, Nahuatl, Fula, Wolof, Kabiye, Kotokoli, Moba, Algonquin, German, Pig Latin, Jive, and English,

Worshipping as Baptist, Jehovah's Witness, Catholic, Muslim, Black American Islam, Qadian, Al-Islam, Lutheran, Cherokee, Buddhist, Apostolic, Methodist, Bahai, voodoo, and non-denominational.

We call ourselves short, sassy, contented, willing, humorous, flexible, busy, anxious, loud, lovely, funny, logical, soft-spoken, dark-toned, quiet, relaxed, motivated, honest, humane, outspoken, curly-haired, hard-working, imaginative, adaptable, tall, smart, artistic, creative, tired, broke, stressed, determined, helpful, curious, ambitious, brave, calm, faithful, mysterious, panicky, thoughtful, tiny, young, methodical, impulsive, and enthusiastic.

We are the Odyssey Class of 2019.

