**I want to be with Oscar, Today**

Today, Oscar stands proud and tall, with his bronze beauty

Waiting to be held by someone new

All I can say is, I want to hold Oscar

I want to be with Oscar, I want to be with Oscar, today

Holding him, as validation of my articulate words

On paper, then to the big screen, pulling out the emotions of all

Oh, what it would mean to me

My words viewed, with so much to say and so much to do

My pen and paper’s power, power to take me wherever I want to go

But how do I get there? How do I get to hold Oscar in my arms?

I’m waiting for the next move to be made

Watching Oscar on the stage, I can’t take my eyes off him

He is so freaking sexy! Everyone wants to touch him

But I, want to be with Oscar, I want to be with Oscar, today

Coveted by everyone in the room, from tuxedos to gowns

All lapping it up like dogs with bones and wanting to be with Oscar

But he’s willing to go wherever the Academy says

But wait, I want Oscar in my arms

I want to be with Oscar, I want to be with Oscar, today

Geez, I do this every year as I sit and watch

I see it clearly, I’m sitting next to Denzel.

I look beautiful and I’m worthy, I belong there

“I’d like to thank God for blessing me with this talent”

I’d like to thank my parents for doing such a great job with me”

“I’d like to thank the Academy and my children”

Well, that’s just the beginning of my speech

My heart races with anxiety and I feel like I can’t breathe, I want it so bad

My head hurts! My tummy aches, the burning desire is almost too much

Robert Townsend would call these labor pains

He would tell me to give birth to something creative real soon

I’ve been in labor for so long

But how do I get there,

Where do I begin, except for, where I already began

What’s the next move?

I’ve got the tools, the words, the skills and most of all, the desire

Oh, what passion I have for it.

It gives me peace

That flow of words, creating art

The stories overflow like hot lava, more and more everyday

My prayers have confirmed it’s for me, but they haven’t confirmed how

How do I hold Oscar in my arms?

Connections is needed but direction is required

I’ll listen softly, to see if anyone answers today, telling me what to do next

School helps, growth and development is taking place- yaaaa, NYU!

YouTube knows my story

Maybe Auntie Oprah, will get a whiff of me

Auntie “O”, Auntie “O”, that’s what I call her

Cause the connection is so real, but we’ve never met

Yet, she’s been inspiring me forever

Confirming my push for black excellence all the way

Auntie “O” would know what to do, where to go and who to see

She not only opens doors, she knocks them down, when necessary

She’s been in the room with Oscar and he is honored to be in her presence

Oh, how I wish to be in a room with Auntie “O” and Oscar, they are both amazing

I’m dreaming, dreaming, dreaming of it

I’m putting it into the atmosphere and…….

Ooops, the girls are on their way home- back to reality, time to make dinner

But oh, how I want to hold Oscar in my arms

I want to be with Oscar

I want to be with Oscar

I want to be with Oscar, today

 *This free-write poem was written after watching the Oscars on 3/4/2018, to describe the burning desire I have to be a filmmaker and what I feel every year as I sit and watch the Oscars*