bull-jean & dem/dey back
(An excerpt from a performance/novel in-progress)
by Sharon Bridgforth © 2020

Cast
Narrator
30ish. African-American Southern/male of center woman. All others most likely live in the Narrator's Spirit/Imagination/past Life-experiences. The Narrator conjures her own healing through this telling.

Setting
There are many layers. Of sound. Movement. Time. And space. The past-present-future-living-dead-and unborn co-exist. People sometimes talk at the same time. When there is blues/the jazz of ritual is in the break. The Forces of Nature are active. This is a very busy place. A Sacred one.

Note
All are invited into the world of this piece. In your home theatre read the piece out loud. Don't force southern accents on the language - instead/think of the language as music. Let the specifics of who you are/and what your own music is play. Notice what is between the lines. What the line breaks/spelling and spacing tell you about what is really being said. And not. Bring your whole self to the Journey. And allow
ole caney sharp
is bull-jean’s great uncle on she daddy side.
ole caney sharp live way back yonder
past back a woods and swamp.
but some how
he manage to bring he ole ass here
banging he cane the entire long long way.
 till he appear.

they say ole caney sharp can fly

~ ~ ~

bull-jean out dere dragging fell wood
to chop and place in everybody home.
that real nice
cept
it summer
and it so gotdamnits hot
just looking at them pieces of wood she dragging
make everbody heart race.

we beg mina
please hep.
but
we all understand
well we all understand
cept bull-jean who slow on the up take of she insides
we all understand
bull-jean scared her mina and her
truly bestest friend stacks
gone go to da LAWD before time.
before she.

but gotdamnit
we all feel like da LAWD coming early for us
with all the heat and worry bull-jean dragging
and leaving round.

anyways
one morning we see mina done called
bull-jean son-man boy jr over bull-jean son-man boy jr
is named after mina
anyways
on this day bull-jean son-man boy jr
perch up on bull-jean and mina porch
cooling heself with he fan
and eyelashes that seem to reach and curl
the sun back into the light of his light light eyes
he black hair tumbling round the black black of he skin
which paint a powerful picture of all them that was
and all coming who seem to always
be swimming round he head
looking at us through he eyes.

see what had happened was
we thanking da lawd
cause we know
bull-jean love
bull-jean son-man boy jr
more than she love she own self.
so bull-jean son-man boy jr
just showing up to perch
were the best possible way to hep bull-jean
deep down connect with she way up.

we watch
quiet
wait.
still.
try not to disturb the situation.

then
bull-jean come round from back a woods dragging what fell
and see bull-jean son-man boy jr perched on porch

bull-jean stop

stand there
pulled into what swimming round
bull-jean son-man boy jr head
she stand there
still
for so long till she quiet
pull stacks dog queen from he yard patrol
into a standing up sleep
maybe us too.
anyways

eventually
who know how long
bull-jean let everything she donn dragged
fall round she.
she step front of it
nod to bull-jean son-man boy jr/say it hot.
bull-jean son-man boy jr bat he eyes
get up
grab he bull-jean hand
walk she on into the house
where mina and bull-jean son-man waiting.

OHHHH thankyee LAWD we think.
don’t nobody say nothing out loud
so as not to disturb the possible opening
the moment were holding.

we just nodd and rock

and cry a little

(Song. Think Bessie Jones.)

thankyee lawd
for the young peoples

thankyee lawd
they here to heal

thankyee lawd
they see whats real

thankyee lawd
we prayed them free

thankyee lawd
they our best Be

thankyee lawd
thankyee lawd
thankyee lawd

for the young peoples
they come in threes them
dustn all the way
they stomp the road
ga ga ga   ga ga ga   ga ga ga
they swirl the air
ga ga ga   ga ga ga   ga ga ga
they break tracks
they ditch dirt
they open paths
them
ga ga ga   ga ga ga   ga ga ga
they spew rocks
they hurry next
they whirl toss
them
ga ga ga   ga ga ga   ga ga ga

when finally they arrive
all falls and settles.
till all what left is
them

the most
teeninchy bits of fury and fuss you ever done seen
nga ga ga   ga ga ga   ga ga ga
stand there
stare everbody shut up

when finally
after
nga ga ga   ga ga ga   ga ga ga
shock and pause
and shut us dafuk up

finally
they dust and whirl and stomp
back on down to where ever the hecks
they come from

~ ~ ~
mina had taught the young peoples
how to weave.
make fans.

fans so colorful
the swirl of they
move all sight and sound.

each wave tickle the air.
take you way past
what known.

like on this day

when it came clear
that mina need a healing.

bull-jean son man boy jr
lead all the children mina done passed she fan making on to
pour into mina and bull-jean yard and porch
running and laughing and skipping and fanning and tumbling
they wave the air

till mina come out
sit on porch.

then all the children mina done passed she fan making on to
circle mina and bull-jean house tight tighter
with fans flicking they
wave the air
circle right
drop left
running and laughing and skipping and fanning and tumbling they
flick wave circle drop
clap
flick wave circle drop clap
they twirl
flick wave circle drop clap twirl
they play
flick wave circle drop clap twirl play
they call the moon
pray to earth
running and laughing and skipping and fanning and tumbling they
flick wave circle drop clap twirl play call pray

till the trees tilt
and out fly angels with fins and black black skin
and long long braids curling round pouring out all over
up and down the road and back singing
and dat black mermaid man lady with fishes and fishes and pearls flowing
all the way down past behind brush through clouds come down
ga ga ga   ga ga ga   ga ga ga
and all the children mina done passed she fan making on to
running and laughing and skipping and fanning and tumbling
flick wave circle drop clap twirl play call pray
flick wave circle drop clap twirl play call pray
on and on and on
closer and closer to mina
angels with fins and black black skin
and long long braids curling round singing
dat black mermaid man lady with fishes and fishes and pearls flowing
all the way down past behind
ga ga ga   ga ga ga   ga ga ga
all the children mina done passed she fan making on to
they disappear into mina.

fans fall all around she.
and all there is

Is

bull-jean son-man boy jr
on porch next to mina
he look up
he breath
he smile

he grab he mina hand
take she back on in the house.

only we there now
eyes filled with clouds swimming fans
and wonder

till suddenly