

Cre•a•tive The•o•l•o•gy

defini•tion

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by Sonya Curtis-Tshuma

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Al•le•go•ry

black gold,
these words
from blood
burnt black
from the heat
of suffering,
ink
rested deep
in the depth of flesh

dug deep
these words
trembling
to break the surface
prove the worth
of the land,
that it is more
than dirt
placed and misplaced
by wind

prove that being
stepped on
did nothing
to lessen its worth
because the words, unhurt
were left only
with another story
to tell

these words
from the depth
of earth,
worth
the digging,
the pumping
and glad to

be emptied
because black gold
is heavy

Fall

Gen. 2:25 They were naked, yet they were not ashamed

now we are clothed, yet ashamed
arrayed in garments
that cannot heal our pain
and our garments must
cover everything
so we wear smiles
one conversation long
one eye glance wide
one “all they have to do is ask” deep
any longer, any wider, any deeper
our frown would betray
our garment, our shame revealed

now we are clothed, yet exposed
arrayed in garments
that can't cover our pain
as the thinness of our garments
brings increased self-awareness
we wear distance, wear space
one “life that can't be mentioned” long
one half-truth wide
one “i have to see the bottom” deep
any shorter, any thinner, any deeper
our fear would betray our garment
our terror revealed

now we are clothed, yet vulnerable
arrayed in garments that
can't prevent pain
as the weakness of the garments
make them penetrable,
we wear strength
that is “struggle for perfection” heavy
one stance hard
one offence thick

any lighter, any hollower, any thinner
our weakness would betray
our garment, our vulnerability exposed

now we are clothed, yet ashamed
trying to change the garments
instead of dealing with the shame

refusing to go back
to remove our garments
by valuing the genuine,
the transparent,
the vulnerable

refusing to go back
to redefine strength
to re-label our nakedness as glory
not shame

I•ma•go De•i

shine streaks
between ash
on the dust of her face
from undried tears
racing to absorption

while she wonders
if it is sin
to question the beauty
of God's creation

if it is,
she is guilty
awaiting grace or
condemnation
because she can't
reconcile her face
to beauty or her life
to attractiveness

knowing she is God's
creation buffers so much,
only so long
before the voices come again,
the comparisons weigh heavy
and her reflection
is despised

so she prays
God, clear my eyes
correct my vision
and if only for a moment
can i see myself
through your image,
hear your thoughts
as you created me
while eternities passed

and see how meticulously
you sketched the first draft

can i feel the joy
in which you mixed the colors
that shade me
and hold the tools
that measured
the height of my stature
and the curve of body

can i walk the circles
you paced, patiently checking
every detail, lovingly
smoothing every
rough spot
again and again

can i trace the stencil
that outlined my birthmark
as you signed and marked
your creativity

show me
the ears and eyes you
discarded that weren't
good enough for me,
the countenances
that didn't fit
my personality,
and the faces i was
never meant to make

and finally
if you favor me,
can i watch
as you blew breath
into your masterpiece

and hear the satisfaction
in your voice as you finished
and went back to Eve
creating genes that
would exactly make me
as you imagined
when you called me
Beautiful

In•car•na•tion

John 1

1 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. 2 He was with God in the beginning. 3 Through him all things were made; without him nothing was made that has been made. 14 And the Word became ...³

creation

what we teach
our begotten

that we are part
of the genealogy
of the incarnations
of God

that once God
would walk in the cool
of our breeze
before humans
were ashamed
and distanced themselves

before God
chose to harden us
on their account

of course you can't remember
the introduction of evil,
the thorns in our sides,
the shame of having
to make way for thistles,
the pain of being

packed together,
the dryness
of moisture retreating

the shrinking
of potential,
the delaying of progress,
the increased birth pains
of breaking through earth,
the death we felt

but we knew God
would redeem us,
would remember the
the goodness spoken
over us

and in due season
he baptized us in air,
he dressed himself in the wind
traveling as we touched her
and her presence
spread the best of us

he manifested himself
in thunder, relieving
the pressure as she shook
the ground

and as sightings of him
birthing fire from earth
spread, we knew
she was birthing
in us things we never
thought were possible

clothed in clouds, she wept
pouring herself out
restoring

the moisture that had left
and was resurrected
into vegetation,
into life
for the sake of life

and on that day
we called God
curse-breaker,
life giver,
redeemer

Lib•er•a•tion

black history is
sneaking into graveyards
armed with shovels
branded with
i am
the resurrection and the life,
standing over the graves
of the dark and the mighty

breaking pass the grass
that looks the same
atop every grave
as if this corpse
had no claim to greatness

unearthing the roots
grown from seeds of praise
held in clenched fists
opened by the comfort of death,
spread as one praises
and steps on the graves
of the dead
who they believe
will remain there

black history is
digging through the dirt
of he said, she said,
the fbi report,
the historian uncovered
digging through the faults
and shames, the cover ups,
opinions changed
with time and circumstance,
until i finally reach the casket
and the dead are given
the right to name themselves

with me standing over them
saying even still,
if you give me yours
and take mine
neither of us dies
and so i take the lines
of eli knight
the hoops, the tongues
of jarena lee,
the intellect of douglass
and the boldness
of a people that wouldn't die
telling them i have the secret
to all of our survival

black history is
laying them back
to rest as if i
was never there
except for that patch
of dirt i leave a little
shuffled so when the
others come
they know to dig there
first because the earth
has already been disturbed,
dig here

Pas•sion

there are days
the earth has wondered
what God has found
so engaging in humanity

aren't they themselves
only one wind
evolved from dirt

and as Christ died,
creation wondered
if humanity was
even worth it

tombs
in mourning
not wanting to house
a dead savior,
they retired,
chose rather to collapse
upon themselves
allowed the dead to walk
from their graves

and the sun
needing time to pray
retreated farther
into space
refused to shine,
refused to watch
its savior die

and the earth
thinking it could help
tripped upon itself
rushing to His side,
trembled,

shook
trying to dislodge
the cross from its grasp,
trying to wake
Jesus to consciousness

and creation dismayed
blamed all
of humanity
thinking what manner
of creation are these
that they
consume gods

Thanks For
Reading

definition

her. definitely. Are
sentence that says
idea means.
himpst?,"
Of