

## A Poetic Tribute to August Wilson By KL

[Background: "At Last" by Etta James]

With a pen...  
imagination reflects the history along  
Center and Kirk Aves  
where we hustle...  
they were playing the dozens against the winners  
and losers singing the blues in Pittsburgh  
August Wilson... he use to hum on paper as he  
sat on corners coloring the converted, convicted and conceived  
characters congregating throughout this nightlife diamonds...  
or the day-death workers who dream to become  
the dreams we all bleed...  
Reality is a dream indeed  
All we need is smiles and laughter  
and he laughed at the urban tales we tell of the Hill  
These were Black Horizons  
and August sat along the shore. But only in his mind cause  
he had places to go...  
a jitney to catch... a story to tell...  
Told it so well, now  
August in April replaces rain showers  
with theatrical poems and rhythms of Pittsburgh patterns  
built off of blues sung by saints and sinners swallowed by the same sorrows... or celebrations...  
The poetic perception of his society was perceived as a performance...  
first scene was set when the sun went dim  
and the light was replaced with lights along the street  
and you...  
You could be the star of his show...  
August was in the audience of reality  
because in the beginning  
was a writer, a director, and a life  
But his award... was to tell his story his way  
with a pen...  
to make imagination reflect history  
along Center and Kirk Ave!  
You all ready for a ride? An August Wilson ride?  
Then, he could write... forever!