

Sabreen Sudan-Jolley

Sabreen Sudan-Jolley is an Educator, Poet and Author who travels the world to spread the beauty of art, knowledge, literacy and visualization. She was born in Pasadena, California and raised in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Before going to college, her family relocated to Houston, TX. She first realized she was a poet when she was in high school. She always loved to write and became the President of the poetry club at Pine Bluff High school. Her senior year, she ranked the highest in her region in her first oratorical. This was only the beginning of walking into who she is becoming.

Sabreen is a graduate of Clark Atlanta University (class of 2018) with a degree in communications. For 3 years of her undergraduate experience, Sabreen took classes in creative writing as well. Upon graduating, Sabreen took a year to travel to various states and countries to perform poetry and develop the grit she needs to make a career of speaking and writing. She defines this as one of the most developing times of her life because she had no money, but quickly learned the power of the law of attraction and that if you want something nothing should be able to stop you. She wrote her first book, Same Sky, Different Light, her senior year of college.

One of her many ventures after college include winning first place and the legendary Apollo Theatre Amateur Night in Harlem, NYC and performing at Dis' Poem Festival in Portland, Jamaica. She teaches Kindergarten at Continental Colony Elementary School where she says she has fallen more in love with the idea of releasing children's books and Y.A Novels. Her work and community engagements have been featured in the Panther Newspaper, The Pine Bluff Commercial, Voyage Atlanta, WCLK (The local take), The HBCU Times, AJC, and the Jamaica Observer. She was recently selected as a residential artist for the Chateau d'Orquevaux French Residency in Orquevaux, France. There she will spend the summer developing her craft as a writer and editing her next major manuscript.

Sabreen's favorite quote is, "your gift is the thing you do the best with the least amount of effort." She knows that soon, everything she has ever dreamed will one day be at the palms of her hands. If you can think it in your mind, you can hold it in your hand.



The arrogance of hope

Sabreen Sudan-Jolley
 Sabreen Speaks
 sabreenspeaks96@gmail.com

To cite this work: Sudan-Jolley, S. (2020). The arrogance of hope. Root Work Journal, 51–53.
<https://doi.org/10.47106/4rwj.11.11110190>

To link this work: <https://doi.org/10.47106/4rwj.11.11110190>

This poem explores the depths of the black experience. It expresses the connection between all things and how we have ultimate control if we understand the powers we possess; as above, so below. We are inherently fighters, warriors and creators. Thee creators. In the same breath it talks, satirically, about the arrogance of hope; the hope of possibly changing these things we face without first looking to the source... within.

The trees don't sway the same no mo'

They have sort of a lilt in their song, an altar of hip joint swaying in their dance.
 A melancholy hmmm in their score.
 They kind of creep to move now days.

But there is an all too familiar reaching of limbs looking to hold tightly enough to wring
 and crush and rinse any form of hue in sight.

Some things stay the same; some things repeat like hymnals long enough to remember that there just might
 be hope here

The grass aint green over there no more, but it is here, so I hide in her hopes cause' I know that there
 is promise here

Though death lingers in the air, the arrogance of hope still lives in my heart knowing the spirit lives on

And if I can keep it hopeful and prayerful then maybe I can leave my door without the possibility of
 being swallowed in the crypt of circumstance because shit happens.

The air don't pull through my lungs with power no more I gotta breathe quietly now a days (inhaling and exhaling
 deeply but quietly)

I have to keep my distance lest I be swallowed in the agenda, but I'm too wise for that, I am too fat back and
 chitins' for that.

I'm too whip and castrate for that. I'm too black for that.

I'm too familiar with overcoming to let something so trivial yet so powerful consume my being like
 that

We are the salt of the earth and the bearers of hope unborn dying And living

And dying

And breathing

But dying so

My canal don't drip the same no mo'

She has sort of a drainage from all the crying she has done.
Watching the world come to a halt and the air turn sour like strange fruit at the tip of an infectious agent's barrel.

This world aint gone continue the same no more.
We'll only be less sensitive to touch... more sensitive to touch...
screens are going to divide us where we'll have more face time and less time to face books and learn that this world aint the same no more.

We'll only be less sensitive to touch... more sensitive to touch...
screens are going to divide us where we'll have more face time and less time to face books and learn that this world aint the same no more.

Taste the air... don't it taste like caution?

The trees are not going to sway the same any more
They're going to have sort of a lilt in their song, a tik-tok in hip joint swaying in their dance.
A melancholy hmmm in their score, but there is some hope... some-wear it on their face to see their loved ones.

Don't' touch that! Don't run there! Don't breathe too hard! You might find yourself eaten by the arrogance of hope