

ONE HUNDRED FORTY

*Have you ever considered exactly how many words you use in a day?
How many words were in your last conversation with your best friend? Your colleague?
What if you were only allowed 140 words for an entire day?
What would you lose?
What could you still say?*

TEXT ME WHEN YOU GET HOME SAFE. //
THANK YOU FOR COMING OUT! //
HOW ARE YOU FEELING? //
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO FOR DINNER? //
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU. //
YOU'RE MAKING ME ANGRY. //
WHERE ARE YOU GOING? //
YOU ARE SO INCREDIBLE. //
I WISH I WAS NICER TO YOU. //
HOW CAN YOU EVEN STAND ME? //
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH.

*We use our words to make art.
Art that can heal wounds.
Art that can mend broken spirits.
Art that tells each other who we are.*

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops.

Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like
(“Still I Rise”, Maya Angelou, 140/240)

We use our words to explain our quirks, our inadequacies, our failures. We use them to explain our joys, our triumphs, and our happinesses. We use words to be our true selves.

What would you say to the most important person in your life if you only had 140 words?

I'M SO CONFUSED. //
HOW DO YOU DO THIS? //
CAN YOU JUST LISTEN PLEASE? //
HELP ME. //
DID YOU SEE MY EMAIL? //
WHERE DO YOU WANT TO MEET?

I LOVE YOU.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them. To die—to sleep,
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep, perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause—there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th'oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's
(Hamlet Act 3, Scene 1, William Shakespeare, 140/259)

*Who deserves your words?
How could you explain why you do what you do?
How could you say it all?*

Baby, don't make me spell it out for you
All of the feelings that I've got for you
Can't be explained, but I can try for you
Yeah, baby, don't make me spell it out for you
You keep on asking me the same questions (why?)
And second guessing all my intentions
Should know by the way I use my compression
That you've got the answers to my confessions
It's like I'm powerful with a little bit of tender
An emotional, sexual bender
Mess me up, yeah, but no one does it better
There's nothin' better
That's just the way you make me feel
That's just the way you make me feel
So real, so good, so fuckin' real
That's just the way you make me feel
That's just the way you make me feel
You know I love it,

(“The Way You Make Me Feel,” Janelle Monae, 140/338)

I LOVE YOU.

I FEEL LOST. //
THANK YOU. //
I MISSED YOU. //
I NEED YOU.

I LOVE YOU.

*Your words matter.
If there are more than 140, they matter.
If there are less than 10, they matter.
The words matter.*

I LOVE YOU.

Just by existing, your words matter.

