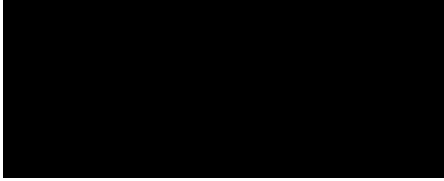


David Marcus “Judah” Oliver



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Pomona Poet Laureate

Letter of Interest

Hello, my name is David Marcus Oliver, I'm a longtime Pomona Poet and Writer known by the Pseudonym, Judah 1.

I have been apart of the Pomona Poetry and SoCal Poetry Community for 20 years, beginning in the Arts Colony of Downtown Pomona at a Poetry Venue called A Mic and Dim Lights in the year 2000. Hip Hop music and culture brought me to Pomona but it was a real sense of Art and Community that made me call Pomona home and the place of so many of my dreams and endeavors as an Artist and as an evolving Man and Human Being.

I started writing poetry and verse at the age of seven, my Mother had an operation and I made her a book of songs and short stories and read them to her in the hospital. At the age of 16, my best friend committed suicide and not far from my backyard I could see where it happened. Needless to say this pained me a great deal and set my heart and mind on a mission to catch as many young men as I can and at least give them an outlet or assist them in releasing those inner thoughts and work out mental torments. This friend of mine that was now gone was the same friend that brought me to the Pomona Arts Colony.

Since that time I've grown my craft and expanded my spirit. In the year 2005, I competed to become a Member of the Los Angeles Slam to represent the City and Region at the National Poetry Slam. I earned my place on the Slam Team and represented Los Angeles in Spoken Word consecutively 2005 and 2006.

In 2008, I began my Poetry Venue in Chino called LionLike MindState rapidly becoming one of Southern California's Largest Poetry Venues with over 180 people each Open Mic and Poetry Event.

I became an Author, self publishing my first book of Original Poetry, "Instructions for Alchemy. Ingredients of Ether." in the Summer of 2009. During the Fall of 2009, my poetry venue LionLike MindState was approached by a handful of Inland Empire Poets who have never been to a Slam, let alone National Competition to produce the Inland Empire's first Poetry Slam Team to Compete on a National level. We held our season of competition and I was the SlamMaster and Coach of the First IE SLAM TEAM in 2009. It was Second and Last year of competition during 2010, that we made our mark on the National Level of Spoken Word by placing SECOND in the Nation at Group Slam Finals in St. Paul, Minnosota. As my community and venue grew, I noticed our venders and their arts and crafts and clothing and decided we needed a community space and store of our own. In 2011, I open my Art Gallery and Retail Store called, Machine Pomona. At my gallery I had art classes, poetry workshops, music classes, community lectures, and established the Capoeiria Angola Community in the Inland Empire, as well as open mics and music shows. We sold clothing, jewelry and records primarily from Pomona and Inland Empire Artists. Every year, Pitzer College sent their incoming Freshmen by Vanload to my Gallery for an Introduction to Pomona and a Lecture on Art and Activism and the importance of Alignment to your goals.

Entering the third year of my gallery, I released my Second Book of Original Poetry called, "Child of the Sun. Man of the Moon." and Released my third Spoken Word Album called, "The Thought Scriptures". I also earned a full scholarship to Pitzer College. I had my first and only child that same year and due to family and business {financial} obligations, I took a leave of Absence from Pitzer and closed my Art Gallery. In 2014, I closed my art gallery after four years.

To stay Artistically busy and to fulfill my own artistic passion and mentorship goals I am a current Art Consultant for the Ontario Montclair School District, teaching Poetry to Students ranging in age from Kindergarten to 8th grade. Currently entering our 7th year as OMSD ART CONSULTANTS. I also have other varied experiences in Teaching Poetry and Workshops. In 2011, I taught under the ACES program at the dA Center for the Arts installing and supporting by workshop and excitement PUSD Campus' Poetry Clubs.

In 2012, I taught under Speak Child at Camp Glen Rocky Detention Camp for Boys in San Dimas, during the summer program of 40 Authors were born and we published, "Unheard Mentality. A Speak Child Detention Project."

From 2012 to 2016, I taught alongside Professor Reese of Cal Poly Pomona with his "Prison Education Project", teaching Poetry in Chino Men's Prison, Chino Women's Prison and the Norco Rehabilitation Center for Men {Norco Prison}.

Over the years, I've performed at numerous Institutions and Events and have won slams and competitions. But the main thrust of my work is to make sure others have a space of expression and if they don't know how but need to, to assist them in accessing that part of self for healing, awareness and advocacy; to bring poetry where it is not and to give poets space to prosper as poets and writers.

I'm applying to be the Poet Laureate of Pomona because I believe that the Honor and Position will allow me greater license to push poetry further and to spread Art Consulting to other School Districts infecting the entire region with poetry and preparing the next generation of thinkers and writers in Pomona. I'd also like to establish a Pomona House of Poetry or Pomona Poetry Museum as there has been a blossoming Poetry Community in the underbelly of Pomona that is respected and known by Poets and Writers throughout the Nation.

Today my poetry venue is At the Millard Sheets Art Center and we are in Partnership with the Pomona Fairplex, providing a free poetic and Artistic night for the whole family.

Pomona Poet Laureate

Qualifications/Resume

2005 and 2006 Los Angeles Poetry Slam Team.
2007. PodSlam.Org - All Star Slam Champion.
2007- The Sign of Jonah. Spoken Word Album
2008- founded Lionlike MindState Poetry Series.
2009- Coach of the IE SLAM Team
2010- 2nd in the Nation. Nation Poetry Group Slam Finals
2010- PUSD Poetry Consultant
2010- first book. Instructions for Alchemy. Ingredients of Ether.
2011-2014 - Owner of Machine Pomona Art Gallery
2011 - Camp Glen Rocky Detention, San Dimas. Summer Poetry Class
2012-2015 - Prison Education Project. Poetry Instructor.
2012 - 2014- LionLike Partnership with Cal Poly Pomona BSU. Providing College Open Mic 4 times a year.
2013 - Second Book, "Child of the Sun. Man of the Moon."
2014 - The Thought Scriptures. Spoken Word Album.
2014 to Present - Ontario Montclair School District. Art Consultant.
2019 - LionLike MindState has entered Partnership with the Pomona Fairplex bringing Poetry and Art on a regular basis to the Fairplex for the first time.
- Currently Serving Pomona in the Cultural Arts Commission Citizens Advisory Committee
I have experience publishing and guiding others through the process. I have experience teaching in areas poetry has never been and in ways it hasn't been presented. I have experience managing an organization as well as designing and directing workshops and programs. I enjoy opening new spaces and creating new avenues for Poets and Writers and the Community to connect.

Below is a list of Colleges and Universities I've spoken at throughout the years.

USC

Ucla

Biola University

Azusa Pacific University

Pepperdine University

Cal State LA

Cal Poly Pomona

Cal Poly San Luis Obispo

UNLV

Mt. SAC

Chaffey College

Scripps College.

Pomona Poet Laureate

Portfolio Examples

My current address is is



Cal Poly Post. Article.

https://thepolypost.com/arts-and-entertainment/2012/03/27/article_0a9feb8c-77c4-11e1-a528-001a4bcf6878-9/

Most recent write up

<https://penclique.net/2019/09/25/ep17-judah1/>

Link to 1st Book.

<https://www.amazon.com/Instructions-Alchemy-Ingredients-Ether-David-Oliver/dp/B005D3072A>

Link to Second Book

<https://www.amazon.com/Child-Moon-David-Judah-Oliver/dp/0985314133>



OMSD POETRY CLASS. Haiku Lesson.

<https://youtu.be/z0HgXB88B4I>

Most recent Poem live on Podcast video. Poem begins at :56seconds

<https://youtu.be/nU6CgvRcFzk>

Machine Pomona. Why and Reason

https://youtu.be/kHW1Gcf_TIM

A Poem for my Negus.

<https://youtu.be/ylzWmY96BvM>

In silence I might find some wealth

In silence I might find some wealth
locked away behind most noise
and makers of such material and non-existence.
I could touch it once,
the Non-Existent, I existed there also, I suppose.
But suppose I didn't
there I am in the isn't to be or not
I am hidden in six riddles of God embodied.
Unraveled and revealed in body,
my spirit remains coiled
Like Serpents, Naga and Kundalini.
I remember when mine exploded.
My legs collapsed under an electric shock.
Glued to floor
a certain seizure welcomed
I entered thru doors made open in silent prayers;
a Priest's incantations; spellbound.
Bound to letters and universal law.
I attract.
My attraction magnetized, radiated and ionized.
Melted nuclear fusion in every single nucleus
My light body remained Hue-man to the fullest extent
when certain lights bent they made my curves, Mind first.
As above so below
the Mystics said about the Darkness.
I witness the miraculous with my eyes closed.
Such is the Zen I'm in.
Such as the DAO you know
is not the DAO.
There are children who overstand
and such are men who've managed
a certain innocence.
And when we have quenched the violence in ourselves
with Fire and Water
the Earth and Air remain bound by such Ether.
These centers of self do not orbit
but have orbit and influence over the All.
But only the All that encompasses these centers.
It is from the beginning that we see the cycle
and the true Self.
God embodied and nobody is full until emptied of Ego.
I let go again.
Somewhere I balled fists to fight, to hold.

Lord, I relent since you relent not
and I am found to struggle against myself, my God
and memories of what I might be thought to be.
Submission is key to these lessons,
all new to me.
All too familiar.
All true beyond all lie I might believe.
Might I believe in true religion with dirty jeans and hands unclean?
Might I have Heaven as well as Hell in hand?
Grant me the upper-hand

severe that which steals Peace.
If you rend me in pieces accept my remainder as Whole,
even if but a fingernail is left to claim Holy.
I claim Holy in You.
You claim more Holy in me.
If I might see what you see in me
that I might see you in Fullness and live.
Beyond the Light you are shrouded by.
I recognize you in my blinks.
You acknowledge me when I think, I think.
Quantum leaps happen in this silence in between these blinks.

They Boys

They boys
They play fight and slap box
Use foul language and push boundries
Tell mama jokes
Get defensive when they go to far
Them boys they often go too far
Trying to prove themselves
As men that they aren't yet
Sex self educated
Single parent raised
They boys
Often on the same wrong road as their brothers
Mothers cry for them
They boys far from home and freedom

Freedom got them detained
No one restrained them boys
So they are here
Teaching me about the hood
We escaped from
I gave my mother something extra
On mothers day
In memory of these boys i teach
Trying to reach and extract them
Their mentality reaches my tearducts
 Faces feature in my prayers
They just boys like I was once
I hope they become better men than I am now
Teaching poetry is often halted
When I question
why Are you here
How long
How does this feel
Bars can't hold their dreams
I give paper
Teach them how to write
Others how to spell simple words
No, "girl" is spelled with an "I" Not a "u"
Some too gangster to ask
Or write emotions
So they draw
I wonder if they draw what they hear
If that is the case
I hope they are listening
I got a story to tell
Not just a lesson to teach.
Not a preacher but this is spiritual
Parables
Divinity in hood abstracts
Them boys asked me to write about them
I didn't know where to start
Now I don't know where to end
See I teach poetry in a detention camp for boys
Twice a week I see them
Happy to see them smiling
at least when I come
Saddened I see them smiling
Hear them joking
About doing the same thing
That got them boys here
When they get out
Really just saddened I see them at all

Bars are not the place
For boys or animals
I never go to the zoo anymore
One of the boys said they are animals
I refuted him
Saddened that i even had to
I leave them tired cause I care more
Wish we had more time
Wish they had no time
They boys.

Ms. Rowena (Grandma)

Ms. Rowena,
You told me your parents were sharecroppers.
Reminding me how old we
are and how new
this "freedom" of ours really is.
Reality hits
I imagine
The heartbreak of each harvest
How did a sharecropper react
To not getting a fair share
Of the crops they grew
A fair share of what's sold
I'm told what you don't remember
In books
Fairness was a non fact
A fact of life as it were
Was
Is.

How beautiful you were
Three husbands said, I do.
Loyal you were
Loved each till death
Untimely as it were
every time
Each left you with more

Kids to tend
Ten in all
Perfection till the end
That continues
Ten the completion
Your D.N.A. Download
Twenty five years
Between the first and the last child
My mother who worships you
In fond memories
Smiles echo you
Live still

Kept the house clean
somehow you did that
Along with all the other homes you kept clean
Housekeeper by day
Instructor by night
Other children you raised and taught
You bought a mansion on lay-a-way
Heaven is made by hands
That work scripture like ours

Faithful to the Lord.
Fifty years in the same church
Mother to many
Many times over
over segregation
You crossed over
Bore your cross
I see Harriet in your Jesus
Black in your high yellow
Cherokee in the blood
Reserved from plantations
As it were
You keep feathers in your hat
As a reminder of that
Your blood knows slavery and freedom
Now I teach kids in hope
Your D.N.A can free them
Brown boys.