Clearing my throat...

December 22, 2009 By Larry Bryant

I have never been known as a talkative person - well, that's hard to justify after a couple of Long Island Iced Teas, but you know what I mean. Call my economy of words a 'typical male' thing or the evidence of thoughtful soul... Maybe it's just a way of saying "none of your business", well, by not saying it. I guess this is why I am surprised that I am starting these blog entries for POZ.

I am looking forward to joining a great roster of bloggers and sharing my perspective of HIV & AIDS-related issues. I also that as a Black man living with HIV for the past 25 years, I will both give and receive information and experience that will hopefully lead to colorful dialogue.

So, as I gather my thoughts and shuffle my words, I will give you this poem by Langston Hughes that frames my everyday perspective since being diagnosed at 18:

As I Grew Older

It was a long time ago.
I have almost forgotten my dream.
But it was there then,
In front of me,
Bright like a sun--
My dream.
And then the wall rose,
Rose slowly,
Slowly,
Between me and my dream.
Rose until it touched the sky--
The wall.
Shadow.
I am black.
I lie down in the shadow.
No longer the light of my dream before me,
Above me.
Only the thick wall.
Only the shadow.
My hands!
My dark hands!

Break through the wall!
Find my dream!
Help me to shatter this darkness,
To smash this night,
To break this shadow
Into a thousand lights of sun,
Into a thousand whirling dreams
Of sun!

Happy Holidays everyone!

LB

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