



Lexi Loss is a young writer and poet. Her work focuses on the complexity, vulnerability, and various dimensions of life. Lexi has resided in a variety of places in the States but values her time the most in Queens, New York where she developed a love for writing and art, all the while navigating the world around her through the lens of a person who stutters. She plans to continue her journey in the discovery of life through art, writing, and soul fulfilling adventures.

The Self-Perception of Pink

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LEXI LOSS



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This book is dedicated to speaking your truth.

“And by the way, everything in life is writable about if you have the outgoing guts to do it, and the imagination to improvise. The worst enemy to creativity is self-doubt.”

-Sylvia Plath

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Heightened Hues

To emit your electricity is to share your light.

Your yellows add to the mosaic of my soul.

Selfishly I listen in efforts to encapsulate your spirit in hopes
your

voice will lead to my own.

The ability to untangle my tongue has always been a tough one.

The blue hits my paper like a melodramatic kissing scene.

The intensity builds and with every stroke a new hope

That the stop sign will turn green.

With pink, I feel home.

Eccentric and unconventional.

The red: My passion, My fury.

Anger.

The white: My innocence, My peace.

Angel.

Blended paint forming a state of tranquility.

I know you can hear me

Don't tell me you can't feel energies.

Essentially,

When I am silent, I am still speaking.

Clearly,

Translucency allows my light to shine through.

When the sky is black and you feel alone, remember I lie awake



thinking about you.

And you,

And you,

And you.

If I could eliminate the tans and peaches and reveal to you my
soul,

I would show

We are all a rainbow.

I am not one of many pieces existing on this Earth.

But instead, we are all one that has been broken up and shared
like

patchwork.

When I say I am worthy,

I mean us.

When I say I am strong,

I mean us.

Momentous modesty modifies your impact.

So I guess I'll just say it.

Will you be a part of my mosaic?

Expense of Art

I took it upon myself to donate a canvas for an artist

At the expense of you.

And me.

And our neighbors.

I am a firm believer we should all be entitled to the stealth of
one single traffic cone per year without charges.

And in a world I govern,

Every traffic cone that lands in my car

Would be replaced with one of a color other than orange.

A reflection of self deeper than the white glare seen by drivers

Each space in the plastic used as a reservation of space for us

For you.

For me.

For an artist.

Mind of Money

You know, I really tried to be a bad bitch.

A skinny bitch.

A healthy bitch.

Then I got a fix it ticket while pulling out of the gym.

And although I probably could have avoided the whole situation, I apparently momentarily decided my health was more valuable than my financial status

I guess I felt bigger than corporate America,

But like most politicians, it spanked me on the ass.

I am eighteen years old and all I know is that I pay tax.

I can't relax

Because I know there's a refund somewhere, I just don't know how to claim it.

But the highlight of my year, and probably my college career, is a full scholarship.

I busted my ass.

The admissions counselor- I harassed.

I sighed a breath of relief and felt like I was on my feet.

But by the way, I still owe \$17,400 for room, board, and miscellaneous fees.

I ask about the fees, oh it is just a fee.

Oh textbooks?

No, you'll still need to buy those.

And for some reason, I hand over the money willingly.

Well, at least I sign a paper that will leave me paying double that.

Now a message my car is trying to convey,

Aggressively reminding me at every stop light, "Mom, I really need new brakes."

To which my bank account responds with a solid "No."

I check with my credit card, she says no.

I am already almost \$20,000 in loans, what's another few hundred?

If you see me and my nails are done, maybe I had some extra. Mind your business.

Four Letter Words

The inspirational quote of the day is to say fuck it.
I tried to reword that sentence, reshaping my mouth to
form a word more appropriate
But the four letters seem to really hit the target
Hard headed and stubborn minded
I like to learn the hard way then make the situation
amusing
Hence why I titled a pair of pants I painted, "The pants
that I crashed my car in."
For the next four days, those pants will be displayed in
the lobby of my school
And while I am sure the title tag will draw attention,
apparently not everybody carries my mindset
When a kid hit a truck in the school parking lot, I tried to
make the best of it
"At least you still got your McDonalds," I annouciated,
but he did not think it was humorous.
My teacher whispered "I think he is embarrassed" and all
of a sudden I am questioning the title tag on display with
my pants.
Fuck it.

An adult figure recommends my admission to a college,
referring to me as "dynamic"

Because six times in a school year, I spend two days
crying unbearably in efforts to make deadlines, ignoring
the two months I was given for each assignment, yet I still
came out top ten.

I tell myself

"Never again"

But I feel the need to go out with a bang

So while June 17th is when the semester ends,

I will be wiping tears on the night of the sixteenth.

Ladies and gentlemen, a senior.

Imagine what I could do if I worked in a timely manner,

I would stand here and tell you I'll be better in college

But truly, I know myself

So for now,

Fuck it.

I am upset.

There is a lady yelling at me because there is cheese on
her sandwich

She insists on new mozzarella sticks,

And my ass is exhausted.

My mom hounds me not to get a second job and I
momentarily agree with her

While a lady stares me down in anger

I offer a complimentary fry and cookie, using my
customer service smile

She takes it and stomps away, continuing to embrace her
attitude

And today just might be the day
I slam my hat to the ground
Tell the customer to fuck off
And make my own scene, stomping off.
Instead I take the next order.
Until I get my degree, when it comes to money, I am in no
position to say fuck it.



Nah

Density lies within the word no
Layers work through each letter
Cracking of my voice ensues
Contemplation hides in the air
The makeup of the word is held together with
glue
U refuse
But the word lives in uncertainty
No defined lines, just squiggles of substance
The word claims to be black and white
But each declaration lies on a case by case basis
At least the way the world chooses to see it
I question if there are any other words seen as
meaningless

Boxed

I hustle in a box.
 Aimlessly bouncing wall to wall,
 I crave
 A way out.
 Corner to corner connecting the sides of
 my paycheck
 Aimless excitement at the first arrival
 Dreadful now that the paper stretches
 less and less.
 I stress.
 I hustle.
 More and more.
 I began with a plan.

Thousands felt like water in my hand,
 And although I have yet to hold it,
 My budget accounted for it.
 It
 Is a burden.
 Without it,
 A burden
 Every purchase.
 Burden.

We flash it and flaunt it
 Defining worth based on success
 Success means the amount you possess
 Assess the assets
 Surface over depth
 The rest, meaningless.

 Out
 Of the box I walk in
 The movement carries a brief end.
 And for a moment,
 The hustle holds some real worth.

Written Endings

She wrote on me.

The sharpie engulfed in my skin, ink bleeding into the pattern of my flesh.

Black and bold overwhelming my pale skin intermixed with the blotches of purple and blue.

Her mark so smooth, so simple.

His hands so brutal, his words so vile.

His flamethrower of spit shoots through my soul landing in the pit of my stomach, sparking an overwhelming cloud of guilt as I am faced with the question:

Is this worth it?

Charlie

Charlie taught me to cherish my achievements with the realization that chains of strength can be broken at any moment.

And I will still have the ability to stand tall.

Charlie accompanied my presence to scenes I could only imagine and while my mind wandered,

She snapped me back into the minute.

A reminder to only look at what takes front.

Charlie emphasized the importance of communication to eliminate any illusions stemming from a place of confusion.

A conversation can be meaningless, or affect our movements.

I'm tuned in.

Listening loosely closes any opportunity for a step towards greatness, if you neglect your own intuition or fail to comprehend,

Your soul may be caught in an instance.

Momentarily your future is unwritten

And although my mom tells me I think I know everything,

This one time I was uncertain.

Charlie and I had no peaceful last interactions.

She was gone in an instant

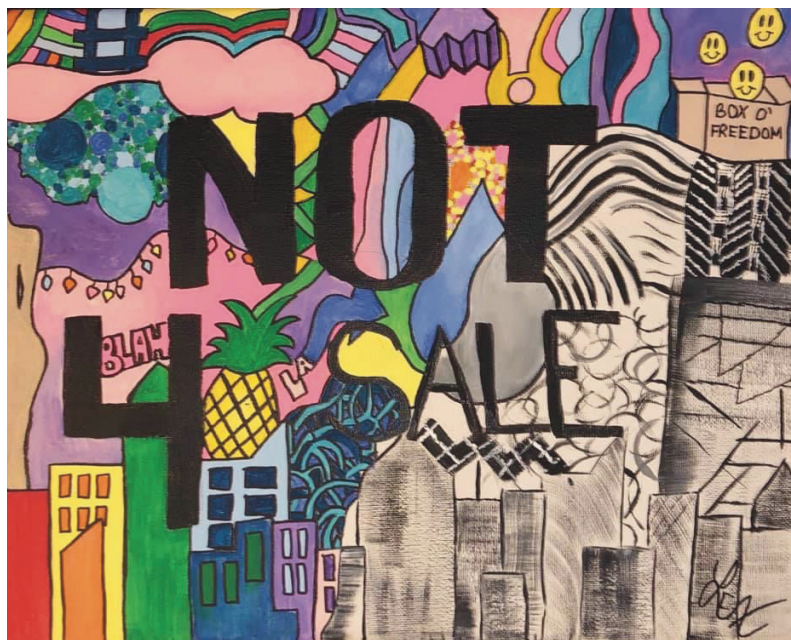
The only thing that's left is a playlist

I see no point in going back for a listen

to be reminded of the time I didn't.

Impulsion of Freedom

People
marched
downtown
Tuesday
under
New York City.
People
gathered
near the site
of
life.
Outside the entrance,
time
stopped.
A
release.
We need
momentum
to be free



Not4Sale

My freedom lies in my gut
My gut connects with my soul
I look deep into the unexplainable

Underneath the flesh lies a ladder of hope
Smoke overfills the air
But the ambiance makes the atmosphere seem whole
I have concluded that the shape of my existence will never be
accurately explained with geometry
I am a tree.
Of corners and spheres and hexagons and poorly drawn rectangles
The shattering lines are heard less when there are so many moving parts
Complex, I stress.
I am complex.
I exhale and my leaves trickle down in colors
I become one with the earth or maybe the earth swallows me
Maybe I go unseen
But my energy does not.

I was told my soul is pink.
My thoughts go into pink, my breath lets out pink
The shades of grey are nothing compared to my fire blended with peace

I approach the edge.

I am still pink.

I still swallow pink.

I feel pink moving away from me.

So for seconds I am drawing lines.

Boundaries.

I create peace for the side of myself I cannot see

I open my senses, listening to the tiny voice inside of me

The box that sets me free.

Monthly Mayhem

My heart is a polaroid picture that has been
cut into hundreds of pieces and placed back
together with cheap ass dollar store tape.
Picture perfect thought is the reign of my
existence
Exists from within is a glow fighting with the
utmost persistence.
But honestly, my sensitive ass is still mad
because its 10pm and my boyfriend won't bring
me a milkshake.
Smh, men.

I breathe in and I listen
Ears filled with Peter Griffin.
Because it hurts less if I listen to a show of
fuckery and no emotion.
Motions, I go through the motions, up and
down the halls, a stairway later
An endless option of doors but I can't choose
which one to open.
I'm spread thin.
But when they ask, I smile and tell them I'm
grinding.

...At least my teeth are.
And my...
My stomach is knotting
My mental stability is rotting
Yet I am advocating for mental health awareness.
I tell myself I don't have time for a therapist.
Who let me take a role in this advocacy shit?
I am a master at preaching it but what lacks is
my own execution.
I swear, I won't lose it.

I will just cry a lot.

And if you think this is depressing,
Don't worry.
I'm just menstruating.

You should read this again in a month.

The Long Game

You know, I really do think BMW's are overrated.
But if my sugar daddy put one in front of me with a sparkly
keychain,
I'd kiss his cheek and politely accept.
Then, I will set it.
I will invest.
And run his company out of business.
I will blow him a kiss from afar.
And tell my people to tell him,
"This is why you never hit a woman."

Light
Ecstatic
Xenas
Intrigued

Light
Ecstatic
Xenas
Intrigued

Mani/Pedi

I bought a TV for \$50.

Told my neighbor I just want what I spent.

One hundred, I announced.

Then, I got my nails done.

**Because no hustler can outhustle a Boss
Ass Bitch.**



A 'Thank You' Note

Motherhood is
 Long drug lectures,
 Spending money on clothes your daughter rarely wears,
 Making dinner after a fourteen hour work day,
 Driving daughter from point **A to E to C to F to B**.
 Long drug lectures.
 Being driven crazy.
 Allowing the sixteen year old cause of insanity bring yet
 another cat into the house.
 Long, long, drug lectures.
 Feeding all of the cats the pain in the ass brought inside.
 More drug lectures.
 Meditation interrupted by "MOM will you take me to the
 store?"
 Another drug lecture.
 And hoping the damn thing that tore open your vagina
 will make something of herself.

The good news is, I am not on drugs.

Thanks, mom.

the wait
 was
 black-and--white

 I
 acquired distance
 I ran in street clothes
 off
 from
 him to the bus-station.
 I
 stopped
 resting one foot
 watching the departing buses
 a
 combination
 of brick and earth
 moved me
 The
 noise
 brings back his image
 I try to regain my composure.
 I left
 when I looked out of my window, he was
 standing there

 When I opened my eyes, gone.
 graceful movements of breath capitvate my throat
 I can breathe again



Bars On The Bench

I am intertwined.

Hidden splashes of white glow above me

My conscious is aware, but my vision is blinded by
the electricity in front of me.

My stance grips the vibrancy, hands fluttering, breath
fleeting,

Free.

My feet clutch the concrete in a rush down the
streets with no destination

Doused in adolescence, I dreamt of this moment.

Five foot two swallowed the air, lightwork.

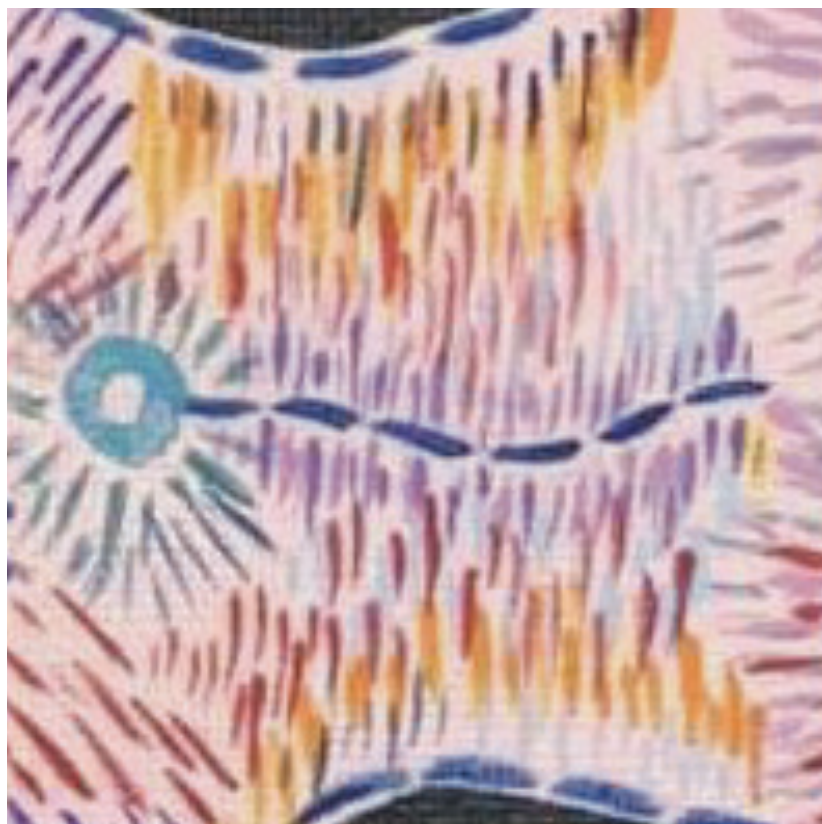
Five foot six returns.

A rediscovery.

Melodies flow near my proximity leaving calligraphy
on the surface of my skin.



A wise man once introduced me to simplicity;
I grew weary,
Questioning my journey, debating a quiet life on a
park bench near mountains.
A cabin;
Camping in the thoughts, the noise dwindled down
and my soul settled in a space of apprehension.
Slowly, my hesitation diminished.
I prefer my park bench to be next to one of a
homeless man's, and my silence to scream subway
tracks.
I choose to be speechless by actions
The grass can only speak so much.
Drowning in layers
To be a speckle of dust intrigues me
One of many.
To be swallowed by buildings is overwhelming
But for me, safety.
A place strong enough to carry me carefree.



Feminine Flight

Synchronicity danced within her figure;
Pictures that live in her come to life time and time
again.
The right path displays itself in repetition
But no piece of her is symmetrical.
She holds herself whole, stitching the holes
Signifying boundaries with space but leaving the
human experience vulnerable.
Her cognition goes unseen-
A part she once used for enlightenment before the
decision to share her wisdom more wisely;
Instead her voice lives in vibrancy,
An opportunity to connect only with those who live in
buoyancy.
One will never truly hear what she can't understand,
But we will always feel a space that holds
familiarization.
When air speaks in vibration, one's complexity unfolds.



Vulcanicity exists within her;
Every line reveals one of wonder,
A storm so strong, so peachy.
Inviting thunder
So natural, so platonic.
Blue skies above her nurture her- the sun revealing
its light- only purposeful for her absorption.
She is a mother.
A tender place to surrender your strength,
To discharge the hurt that shielded your day.
She is a warm array of light;
A persuasion to uncage the rage into flames sparking
a way to portray humanity's dismay as okay,
An explosion of validation and comfort.



Plasticity lies within us;
The ability to mold ourselves into pieces of art
Abstract and disformed,
So perfect, so wrong.
We envision ourselves with a lack of luminosity,
But the brightest stars shine blue;
A pigment so heavy lies in her outline.
A clear message that one factor musn't swallow you.
We live in shells of plastic that can be recycled
whenever we choose.
Crushed and constructed,
A barrier not required for use.
Aversion is a diversion to the discovery that lives in us;
So let not your propensity rule you from developing a
new practice,
One that is a self attraction;
Extinguishing the difference between beauty and you.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To the village at SAY I have had the privilege to grow up with,

For as much as I have loathed the repetition that rolls off my tongue, because of SAY, my stutter has been my greatest blessing. While oftentimes, our conversations and activities as a whole at SAY stem from the disfluency we experience, stuttering is only a single piece of the puzzle that has taught me the value of love and community. My appreciation for every conversation, piece of art, hug, and high five goes beyond words. My voice is one of my greatest treasures, thanks to the empowering atmosphere that you all continue to uphold.

Thank you. Thank you from the bottom of my heart for teaching me how to embrace my voice. For showing me the beauty of art as well as the world around us. For leading with love.

Lots of love,

Lexi Loss

PRAISE FOR LEXI LOSS

Lexi Loss emits light. She holds the flame of all things unknowable in herself. She is one of the rare people on this earth who is alive with the mystifying wisdom and the presence of emotion that most of us spend our lives striving for. Many look to her for guidance; for love; for kindness; for inspiration; for the assurance that they can keep going, that they will be ok - these are the things that live in her, that rest at the tips of her fingers. Because she has made the radical decision to be her unstoppable self, this world is changed. Standing in the light of Lexi is love epitomized. She has the power to change a moment; to change people's minds; to change the world.

— *KATE DETRICK, SAY Director of Confident Voices*

Lexi Loss is an absolutely extraordinary poet, an unbelievably powerful woman who stutters and an earth shaking voice to be reckoned with. Not only does she have extraordinary skill as a storyteller, and a unique ability to speak truth to power, she also puts her full self into absolutely everything that she does. In even just a short conversation with Lexi, it immediately becomes evident how brilliant, funny and incredibly genuine she is. A fantastic listener, a true leader in the SAY community and an absolute force of nature, Lexi Loss is the real deal.

This landmark book of poetry is a beautiful glimpse into her artistry, maturity and vulnerability, and speaks deeply to what it means to be a teenager in this world.

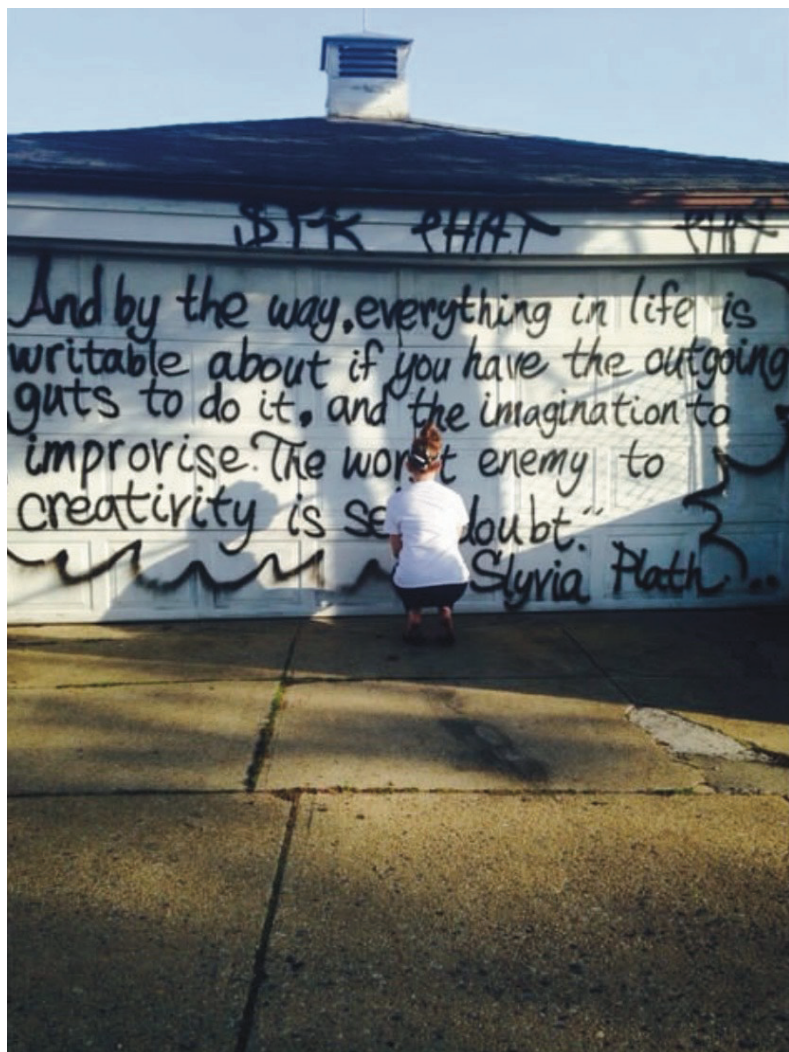
— *AIDAN SANK, SAY Artistic Director of Confident Voices*

Prolific is the first word that comes to mind when I think of Lexi Loss. Lexi's ability to make sense of this confusing world through the written word, is absolutely unparalleled. When reading the breadth of her work, it becomes very clear that this young woman was built to use her voice (spoken and written) to bring people together, to make people think, to challenge and galvanize people into action. To refer to her as a literary Joan of Arc would be an understatement. Working with her on this book and throughout her time at SAY has personally made me a sharper artist and a more thoughtful human being. Remember the name Lexi Loss. You'll be hearing it a lot in the future, I have no doubts.

— COLLEEN O'CONNOR, *SAY Writing Mentor and Teaching Artist*

Lexi has a gift for writing and using her words to break boundaries! Her writing not only inspires the reader, but makes one really think about deeper topics in new ways. She is a powerful, creative and gifted poet. I truly believe Lexi's voice has the power to change the world. She is a natural leader and adds warmth wherever she goes!

— LAURA BOZZONE, *SAY Teaching Artist*



PERFORMANCES BY THIS AUTHOR

NYU Skirball Center with SAY: The Stuttering
Association for The Young, NY

Nuyorican Poets Cafe, NY

Soulful Cup Coffee House, NY

Fresh Brewed Coffee House, SC

Good Day Cafe, SC

On Wednesdays, we wear pink.