

I knew death, long before life graced my world.

In the beginning...

I was evolving in my mother's womb...

Seven months on... when my father died.

Rage... fear... terror... hate... sorrow... horror... grief...comprehension...

Gave way to resolve... determination... acceptance.

I Am A Honourable Man (Extract) by Granville Johnson

Bio: Portrait of an Artist

I was born in the mean ghetto streets of Chicago

To an working single mom with 5 kids and 4 fathers

Of which I was the middle child, love child, the only 1 without

Too pretty to be cute by a half, looked just like my beautiful mother

Precocious, young, gifted and Black, before it was recognized

Big brain in little boy child, born and bread to be a outlier

Exiled in schooling throughout ever hungry for the learning

Young scraper, hunted by bullies, Black / White gang members

Racial racist warfare, a deadly kind of stigma

Join... Move... or Die To stubborn to do either

Supreme Gangster am I... I alone fight for my life

Viet Nam, 2 tours , medic fighting death, hand to hand

Died during the TeT Offensive, '68, revived to give life another try

Brain injury, the spark and the cause of Vascular Dementia, is my life

Survivor, rape, long term sexual abuse, carries a stigma all it own

Lightnig rod for racist attention, patience became my passion

Artist, teacher, writer, dancer, model, drummer, musician

Stigma is the challenge, reveal the true self, thru courage is contagious

Dementia Advocate... Celebrating Life