

The *artist's*, *manifesto*

We are the mothers, the lovers, the nighttime storytellers.
We are the hoppers, the fathers, the harmonizers.
We are the visionaries, the silent supporters, the leaders,
and the background singers.

We are the servants, the musicians, and the politicians; the
waiters, the washers, and the obstetricians.
We are the thinkers and we are the believers.

We are the dust and the brushstroke, the poets and the
poetry, the weak empowered, the broken made whole.

We are the mirrors of God on earth, the megaphones of
glory, the hands and eyes and hearts of heaven.

We are grieved but not hopeless, brought from darkness
into light, given a new name, a new future, a new
Power alive within us.

God is the *Artist* and he has made us.

We are his poem and we will make *art*.

—a million little ways by emily p. freeman