Q: Who am I?

A: Oh, my. How to answer? Contrary to general answers, I am not easily understood by only where I have been, the activities in which I have participated, or even where I am going. Who I am involves something more... something involving my design, my essence. I am... hum. To answer this question I think I may need a little assistance.

Would you like to help me?  Alright I will begin then.  If one were to bring me to my basest matet, one would find a cavity stuffed with music that permeates through my skin.

My skin itself is held together by shimmering threads of culture and fashioned through moving from place to place.

I have experienced a fair amount of fashioning.

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My speech bloomed forth from the placid, peaceful phrasing of poetry, the captivation of a well-told story, and the manipulation of the pen.

Theatre has tuned my voice, while backstage has strengthened my hands by the gruff manners of wooden beams, the stretched, abrasive canvas, and the smooth rolling paint that marks all ugliness with renewal and color.
Poi is my personality: exotic, rhythmic, surprising, and a spontaneous dance with a juggling flair, something that causes one to double-take and exclaim, “What was that!”

My tongue is... Ahem...

Ahem.

AHEM!

Thank you.

My tongue is turned by languages and delights in each delicious sound.

Exploration dominates my sight, seeking adventure in the slightest challenge to catch my eye and finding great satisfaction in discovery.

I am a story.

I am pen and paper.

I am infinite possibilities.