

Chantel Massey Media Kit

POET | AUTHOR | TEACHING ARTIST

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CHANTEL MASSEY

Poet| Author| Teaching Artist



LET'S WORK TOGETHER!

Chantel Massey (she/her), after 6 years as a special education teacher, is now a fulltime poet, author, teaching artist, editor, educator, practicing Afrofuturist, and anime lover based in Indiana. Massey is a fellow of The Watering Hole and has received invitations from Hurston/Wright Foundation and Tin House. She is a College of Wooster Alum with a B.A in English, 2019 Best of Net Award nominee and author of *Bursting At The Seams* (VK Press, 2018) which was a 2020 Indiana Eugene and Marilyn Glick Author Awards Emerging Author finalist. Massey founded the literary arts organization, UnLearn Arts, cultivating and amplifying the craft and wellness of BIPOC women and non-binary writers. She has performed in Chicago, IL, New York City, Louisville, KY, Arkansas, Cleveland, OH, IUPUI, Purdue, Plainfield Correctional facility and other universities.

With confessional honesty her work explores themes of Blackness, womanhood, memory/archive, and the riot of Black joy. Massey is on a life-long mission to inspire curiosity, celebration, and creativity and challenge how we engage with the world. Her work can be found in Solstice Literary Magazine, Indianapolis Review, Turnpike Magazine, and other forthcoming online and print publications.

HONORS

- 2022 Robert D. Beckman, Jr. Emerging Artist Fellowship
- Eugene and Marilyn Glick Indiana Author Award finalist for Emerging Poetry Author, 2020
- Best of Net nominee, by Indianapolis Review 2019

Previous Collaborations

Indiana Author Awards



Arts Council of Indianapolis



For Colored Girls Bookclub





"Chantel's own work abandons metaphorical language. She uses newscasts, prayers, and gossip to compose stanzas that document generational angst. She absorbs her inherited trauma and brings it into a raw beautiful focus."
-Book Riot on *Bursting At The Seams* and performance

PUBLICATIONS

- BURSTING AT THE SEAMS (VK PRESS, 2018)
- INDIANAPOLIS ANTHOLOGY (BELT PUBLISHING, 2021)

SERVICES

- poetry reading & performance
- Key Notes
- Teaching artist
- poetry editing
- consultation
- curriculum design

WORKSHOPS INCLUDE

- Afrofuturism
- Black women writers
- social emotional
- wellness
- Black joy

"This was an absolutely beautiful book and piece of work. I was inspired and empowered. *Bursting at the Seams* is an obvious labor of love and it's obvious that the author took their time with it, and it's great to see!"

- Randie Chapman, writer & New York Times podcast producer at Black Millennial Marriage Podcast on *Bursting At The Seams*

"I am so grateful for this workshop. It was incredible... Your workshop was grounded and full of love. We engaged with a topic that is all too often rushed over, Black Mythology. You gave us an opportunity to read, write, and laugh, together. The workshop felt inventive. No rush. No perfectionist's anxiety. Instead, it was a (digital) place of much needed play and, yet, grounded in its literary rigor and love. Our spirits were so present. I have attended so many workshops, black-run, black-founded and black-peopled, but this one was absolutely one of the best, one of the most rejuvenating. Real. Free."

- María Fernanda, poet on poetry workshop Black Mythology

PERMISSION ON HOLY GROUND

at the bottom of a glass of Jose Cuervo
is the burning bush
i am Moses
my tongue a fish
my mouth a bowl

it breaks open and out cries an aching laugh
by shot 2 watch my body branch into a church
into a celebration sweat sits on my chest.

by shot 2, my feet know the middle of streets
are holy ground so i dance on yellow lines
my knees bent /my feet step / my gap out
like this is the first time i have ever arrived

like /like its 1992
Afro-beat bang in the street on Mass ave.
& i dance. my homegirl chants AYE
with her phone on me: Black body
in the middle of the street that is warm and moving
my locs sway on my face
i can feel my laugh-- like a choir
hum of bees swell from my chest
i sing and out comes the smoke
i swallowed the fire

let it be known that on this day,
i remember i have been reborn
at least three times by now

this was the third, as the car lights orbit
this body of a planet--
because is it not otherworldly
to watch a black girl like this?
watch her beam, watch her bend into an eclipse.
drivers thought the moon sunk into itself
it did.

along with everything else that was consumed
by the riot
in my dance
in my joy
in my hands
i ask
--is this not a riot?