

TIFANY MARSAH

ONE HOUR

Etcetera Theatre NW1 7BU

8:30pm-10:00pm

Friday 30th May SPOKEN-WORD POETRY AND STORY TELLING

ONE NIGHT

SO OMOM
PREMPEH



Welcome to our Garden

From us, to you

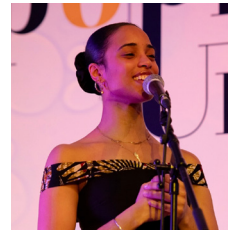
Who are your Roses for the night and where you can find us!



Solomon Prempeh

Solomon Prempeh is known as a Romantic Poet in his own right, inspired by love in all spectrums with heavy focus on the importance of men's vulnerability.

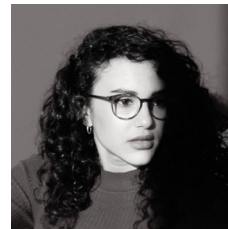
Solomon has observed that the concept of Love as an emotion gets lost through time - lost as life does what it does. He dedicates his craft to make audiences/listeners feel joy, thrive and relive moments of love, ones that life might have masked along turmoil making sure to always leave a receiver with a reminder that love and stories are never lost.



Tiffany MarSah

Tiffany MarSah is an award winning spoken word artist and published poet based in the UK. A multifaceted creative refining her craft as a theatrical performer. Most recently competing in National Slams and expanding her artistry into new territories.

MarSah's poetry embodies vulnerability through imagery, storytelling, and conversation. Her "spoken letters" transform personal experiences into shared moments, evoking deep emotional connections.



Tess Lina

Tess Lina is a London/UK-based pianist and composer with over a decade of classical training. She has performed her original works in concerts throughout her youth. Drawing on cinematic, contemporary, and minimalist influences.

Tess crafts evocative music that resonates deeply with emotion—ideal for film, television, and visual storytelling. Most recently, she composed the original score for Hedgehog, an award-winning short film nominated at several festivals, including the Diversity Cannes Film Festival, further establishing her voice as a compelling composer in the world of screen music.



Tyrone Lewis

A pop-culture powerhouse of a poet. As comfortable in front of a camera as he is behind it, Tyrone is a video editor/photographer/videographer. He says words to people sometimes.

Tyrone has also been involved with a number of major national poetry events over the years including 2010's Word Cup, 2012's Shake The Dust and 2015's Shot From The Lip, as well as helping out with UniSlam in from 2016 - present.



Message from Solomon & Tiffany

Set times

Thank you

For just existing. We couldn't be better without you. The stories, smiles and lives we reach, we expose and connect to wouldn't mean anything if it wasn't for you. The world thrives with you in it and you never know the impact you can make with just a simple interaction.

Timings before show:

**Doors open - 20:50pm
Tess Lina intro - 20:55-21:05pm
Show Start - 21:00**

Timings during show:

**Set 1 - 21:00-21:20pm
Break - 21:20-21:30pm
Set 2 - 21:30-21:45pm
Tess Lina Outro 21:45-21:55**

**Black = Solomon Prempeh
Purple = Tiffany MarSah
Red = Both**

Who would of thought

Who would of thought?

Roots could go so far,
find ways through the world miles apart.
Did you know the circumference of the world is 24,901 miles? (40,075 km)
And that the ability of a plants life span can stretch thousands of miles long
imagine how many people could been here in front of you.
Six generations deep—that's 62 lives, all leading to you,
and you,
and you,
and you.

Times that by 42 that's 2604 life lines that it took to get us all here today.
And in front of you it's us two ...

Me and you.

Miles apart.

Lives apart.

Who would've thought?

The journey of a mile could be shortened with a simple hey.

Become a yard within a yard,
we joined by the cracks in our roofs, in our throats.

Languages broken to the ones we once knew,
another one that made our roots grow.

Like tonight as we come together and unite in the same garden speaking the same
language.

One hello my name is
can lead to roses intertwining together,
rooted together,
And even lives blossoming together.

Distance doesn't do much when Siamese twins are one soul.

Becoming one with the knots that birthed us,
we rooted in familiarities and echoed each others screams.

We rose from the roots and pierced connections,
we looped our lives,

Hearts apart.

Lungs apart.

But through the most vital parts we personified the rose that grew in this land-
mark like -

Rose one was born in the Eastern European country of Bulgaria, they some how
found myself in the UK.

Learning their fourth language, English.

And believe it or not to this day as a poet they don't have a neash...

They struggle to spell beautiful...

And Wednesday.

Who would of thought?

That just because their geographical seed was planted 1,331.44 miles away, that
one day They'd grow out of it.

Numbers wouldn't matter,
they'd weave and vine myself around another.

Don't get me wrong,

they've come so close to some other roses that their thorns soon became their
own but I've also come across others that have healed them.

As well as rose two was born in the Western European country of Portugal,
They'd somehow found themselves in the UK.

Learning their third language, English, understanding their fourth language,
English so imagine the irony in their career path when writing became a part of
them

their neash if you will.

Yet they still struggle to say how they feel no matter how many times they write
about the topic,

or use the right punctuation in the right spaces,
she's a rule breaker doing it all without the correct tools.

Who would of thought?

901.54 miles away from home, would only make numbers mash into one
one mile,

one distance,

one story,

one life,

Our life.

Who would of thought?

They'd weave and vine themselves around another.

They've come so close to some other roses that their thorns soon became my
own

But they've also come across others that have healed them.

So here take this rose and welcome me.

Welcome us.

The language of roses.

Coffee, Tea & Biscuits 1

Coffee, tea and biscuits,
With a aroma of the buttery eggs that scrambled their way around a heated pan.
Breakfast was served on the table.
Today was a good day.
Coffee in my hand,
tea in my mothers
and a biscuit we shared between us.
We didn't have much...
But we had each other and that was more then enough.
We were two souls trying to find their way through life as they rose and grew from the concrete estates,
as our breathing would condensate and dance in harmony with our warm beverages.
The silence in the room filled the emptiness of our hearts that only pumped blood from each others IV lines.
See we were each others life support
but we had schedules we had to follow to support all the bills we couldn't afford.
Yet somehow we still got by.

My mother was a strong woman.
A simple "good morning, have a good day, I love you." was our way of communication.
We couldn't afford anything more then a 5 pound Lyca to last us the month which was used only for emergencies.
And ONLY for emergencies.
We we made what we could out of it all.
She left the house in the dark came back in the dark.
She was truly a dark knight.
Overcoming Gothom for pennies was uncanny.
Yet still she would always tell me "son, always be grateful because despite it all we are doing better then many."
Raindrops would fall on her head like bullets,
out in the open she was a casualty without first aid.
Oyster card, in hand juice and 2 packs of gum in her bag every morning it was all she had for the day.
It was her against the world.
My mother wasn't on the front line for herself nor did she have skin Like a coconut- no, she trained her shell to be obsidian for anyone else but me.

Where if she was to draw a picture of me it will present:
a lovely young man,
great grades.
Smart well dressed presented himself with authority.
Yet, she didn't know I was often bothered by authority.
If she knew the real me the saturation of the colours she used will dimmer.
Her son behind the covers was a rascal thought was bigger,
hands always in the air pulling a invisible triggers,
because god forbid he ever take a life away from another mother.
But gang gang was the only fam fam that didn't judge him from who he was.
Understood what his struggles were.
The roars that would exclaim from his stomach,
the grace he never received where he'd embarrass himself for some food at lunch.
Savaging the bins from young;
The bills, brown letters, eviction notices, mothers cries still haunt him at night.
But he'll never reflect these worries as a man.
Despite being a boy...

Coffee, Tea & Biscuits 2

Despite being a girl...
Her worries will be reflected like his.
The bills, brown letters, eviction notices, mothers cries will haunt her at night, if not her own.
Scavenging the bins from young,
the grace she never received where she'd embarrass herself for some food at lunch.
The roars that would exclaim from her stomach,
reflective of her rage.
The world couldn't understand what her struggles were.
Being desired became the only love that didn't take her way from who and what she wanted.
Because god forbid she ever miss love in her life like her mother.
Hands always crossed in the air fuming at a war she never declared,
this daughter behind the covers was maturing faster than both their minds could keep up with.
If her mother knew the real her the saturation of the colours she used to keep her alive would dimmer.
Tinted rose for the dresses she put her in
where if she was to draw a picture of her it would say:
a lovely young lady.
Great grades.
Her mothers efforts finally being put on display...

Mother doesn't have skin Like a coconut however she did train her shell to be obsidian for everyone else but me...
Mother wasn't on the front line for herself.
Oyster card in hand, juice and 2 packs of gum in her bag every morning it was all she had for the day.
A casualty without first aid,
Raindrops would fall on her head like bullets,
Yet still she would always tell me "my love, always be grateful because despite it all we are doing better than many."
Overcoming Gothom for pennies was uncanny.
She was truly a dark knight.
She left the house in the dark came back in the dark.
We made what we could out of it all

-And ONLY for emergencies.
We couldn't afford anything more than a 5 pound Lyca to last us the month which was used only for emergencies.
A simple "good morning, have a good day, I love you was our way of communication." -
My mother was a strong woman,
somehow we got by.
We had schedules we had to follow to support all the bills we couldn't afford.
We are each others life support .
The silence...
The silence in the room filled the emptiness of our hearts that only pumped blood from each others IV lines.
As our breathing would condensate and dance in harmony with our warm beverages.
We had each other and that was more than enough.
I guess ...
A biscuit we shared between us.
Tea in my mothers
Coffee in my hand
Breakfast was served on the table.
That day was a good day.
With an aroma of the buttery eggs that scrambled their way around a heated pan.
Just simple...
Coffee, tea and biscuits.

Carousel Poetry

Life is like a carousel,
it amuses your existence around the earth making you believe its destiny for
you is to just keep spinning.
In spinning there's nothing you can do,
you can't leave,
you can't fight,
You can't control anything besides your sight.
Without getting hurt during this ride.
So you get taught to find your escape amongst all the spins of life
you calculate your hurts
strategically placing yourself just right to finally rise on your own.

Roses kind of do that against the wind,
they sway with all their might to stay alive even if that blossoming only lasts
one night.
One journey.

Just like tonight,
as this journey and this carousel reminds you that even when things end
doesn't mean they can't start again.
Just because you have chosen the horse with the red armour doesn't mean
you can't choose the one with blue too.
Opportunities and possibilities of life are unpredictable.
At any age.
At any point.

But what is predictable is the giggling in our throats.
How the joyful tickle that trampolines its way down your oesophagus
exclaims the hymns of psalms with every cycle you take.
Sure it's scary.
But isn't growth supposed to be scary ?

Frightening actually
but that's what thrills who you become.
Independent/indifferent to the cards you've been dealt with,
you must welcome all that.
To see the brightness in all its might.
Ignore its nudge -

And it will blind you.
Flowers grow towards the light and you bend at the shadow .
Narrow mindedly,
it's Tunnels you.
Good and bad,
Duality confuses you into believing that growth can't catch you:
Can't mould,
Can't come from you,
Spoil you,
Rotten you.
But yet the light still remains narrow so...
Divert your gaze to the end of that tunnel.

It's a full stage of survival and life - those early stages of life - early stages
people don't make it.
Watering a plant with toxic water still kills it.
Because even though the action of watering seems like enough it is what's
sinking into your roots and pulses up your veins that matters.
Even a tomato has to mature into a meter long stem before it even starts to
fruit.
A time line where every day the stem either fights and survives or falls and
dies with no way to strive.
Stages of good and bad,
luck and faith,
Strategy and resilience.
Known to the destination,
yet unknown to the complications.
Because to get to that light at the end of that tunnel
You first have to pass through the dark to reach the light.

- Break -

Second Thoughts

Change happens in a blink of an eye.
Ten minutes can seem like years as the world around us changes.
As Coffee tea and biscuits - become the formula for a peace we're still searching for.

As a child it is the world that is a playground for you to explore,
as an adult it is your mind that becomes the playground.
One you cant control,
One to upkeep alone.
Even roots begin to look for new soils ...

I remember in University,
New things came to light... Masked in excitement of some sort,
I was excited for my first day at school .
“Am I late? What if I am late? Come now, you know this isn't new.”
It was the first time I had ever seen such big gates.
“Book, pencil case, lunch money, check check ... Card! Anything else?”
Stepping into this knew world was righteous, new mates, new teachers, new environments.
“What if I'm not likeable? Will they get me?”
A new chapter, where the seconds that tick ink their way onto the pages...
A new chapter, where the seconds that tick races my heart like...

The outside just looks marvellous as I walk into the juvenile chaos that was the hall ways,
After-shave fought against oxygen for who to rule the nostrils of these young adults.
It looked like a riot,
policemen dressed in suits trying to stop kids running in hallways.
Protesters would be united outside not taking orders like -
“go to class!”
But I navigate my way around it all,
and turn into my form room.
I am ready for registration..

“Ahhhhhhhhh”
I walk in and I freeze...
Why am I feeling like this?
Why are you all looking at me?
I never knew the sharpness of a look can cut so deep.
why are you all so quiet?

Okay just ...

lets go sit

“Not there she is looking at me weird”
“No not there that's too close to the door”
“No too close to the front”
“She has got her bag on her seat”

Who has felt this before?
I have when I first moved to the UK.
So did I on my first day of high school.
University.
Work.
See...

Similarities,
Dualities,
Mirrors...
They don't age.

Like time they just order our lives into moments we linger in and out of,
ironically in a carousel of thoughts and questions.
They get imprinted into our psyches.
Everything that makes you, you
Becomes “I couldn't possibly be enough for the world around me.”

Being stuck in a race where you constantly think -
I should be like them,
sound like them,
live like them.
always pursuing fulfilment without realising your full.
making you think you can only make it when your living room looks how your neighbours do.
The constant refurbishment of your home soon erase the person you truly are meant to be,
who you truly are.
Because when your younger self looks at you and asks -
“Did we make it ?”
It's mirrors you have to look into.

So be honest.
Give yourself grace,
give your story hope
and tell your past self -

Did We Make It?

Did we make it ?

No, but...

We are exactly where we need to be at TEN.

Playing in playgrounds, as we scratch our knees and scab our skins,

We are just enjoying playtime -

Disney told me that living the dream could only come in three stages:

Humour,

Love,

And a dream.

And so I got to believe that wooden kitchens were my first step into interior design

And that turning the faucet in my wooden handle brought out water enough for a tea time of 40 with no bills attached.

Even though we experienced the same playground everyday our imagination made us become pirates at sea,

explorores in the jungle.

As we become wilderness explores!

And would fly up into the sky with our houses made of balloons. -

Me, my Barbie's and Tweety.

Me, Messi and Ronaldo would use our backpacks as posts

And our kickers would kick the ball in a stadiums such as:

Stanford bridge

Old trafford

You name it -

The crowd would roar our ears

And with a score board that never existed before the whistle was blown and we'd say

"Last goal wins!"

I knew I wanted to be a footballer,

I knew I'd be a painter

A baker just like my mother.

The playground was a play we'd create from beginning to end.

A stage for the singers to sing -

I knew id be Beyonce never Michelle ,

I knew id be like Moose from Step Up.

Even tag was now a world wide sport now.

These emotions are world wide felt.

You ...

Are where you need to be at ten my angel.

So did we make it then?

No

But we are exactly where we need to be at THIRTEEN.

Changes happen and you're now a teen.

Tiny nikey just do it bags yelling in pink.

Fears start to imprison your mind,

Fear one!

Are you sure I wont bleed through my skirt?

Fear two!

Can you fit in or will you shed a tear?

And why is my face so itchy!

Fear three!

Will you be normal?

Because simply, people laugh at the shoes that you wear or the hole in your trousers.

It was clear, Sony Ericssons had nothing on LG's

It was obvious that I didn't know my phone number... But I could tell you my 8 digit BBM pin off by heart.

Or the flip of my Motorola screen

Or the aggressive press on my blackberry buttons.

Life... Was ... Simple.

You will experience girls -

You will experience boys,

be cheeky,

be sneaky.

Even maybe get into fights - be a trouble maker.

But know this, no matter what, at thirteen just hug your mum as much as you brush your teeth.

Maybe double.

No! Triple

Because you'll notice that soon enough people will come and go in a bundle.

Play grounds will swallow you whole,

you will find new groups

and be in a place that will for the first time make you think of the future.

Where you'd Sew your reality into papers with colours bright for your future.

Design your interior through the material that will construct your identity.

Thirteen you'll battle between being hot headed like stone cold Steve Austin or have a identity crisis like Hannah Montana.

You'll dime your light for others.

I know you don't play tag anymore.

But remember just because someone tells you something is boring-
Doesn't mean it isn't for you -
Your life doesn't depend on someone's inability to understand you so...
Live... Your life hasn't even begun.

So ... Did we make it now?
No but we are exactly where we need to be at EIGHTEEN...

Ay yo Big man -

My girl.

Independen!,

You, Lover you...

Bless you!

You can now learn how to drive
and You'll bite more than you can chew.

Soon you're off to uni,

And after you'll go back home

Or work,

or get an intern ship,

or travel?

Life will turn into 5 story buildings with walls of concrete to match the
imprisonment of this chapter.

You'll replace after-school clubs, with a pint at the pub

or a night out with your friends,

or in bed with work pilling up to your head

with not enough money to accommodate your new stage.

You'll permanently replace toys with stationary.

And you will soon feel the need to rush all the time.

Insecurities will come masked in confidence:

masked in confusion,

masked in anxiety,

masked in ADHD.

And a break down of your sanity.

Yh... I don't mean to scare you but you got some choices to make.

Most importantly please don't let this break you.

Love family, love people, love yourself.

Because whatever pathway you pick you'll go through ups and downs -

Everything always fixes itself with time

So keep pushing through.

You may be too stubborn to get this right now

and what does mum say all the time ?

'If you dont learn you must feel'

You'll be in a relationship...

Love will find you in a chock hold for the first time.

Or should I say relation-ships...

Romance will fuel your being and force you to find yourself differently.

Nope, they're called situationships -

Clutching onto old and new friendships for dear life.

It will teach you about love that you can receive and not just give.

At times your heart will feel drained from all the punctures

And your back may be abit stiff from the blades that will occupy it but
take each day as it comes.

You want to love?

Do it intentionally.

Do it with no regrets.

Did we make it?

No but we are exactly where we need to be at TWENTY ONE.

after graduating

or not...

You have changed your environment.

In a house with room-mates - On your last year

or not ...

I know you feel like you haven't achieved anything,

disappointing yourself has made you believe you've disappointed those
around you.

You learnt to divide your bills,

Some how... This is all simple again.

Some how... This is more difficult than before.

You figure out what unconditional love is And you realise it from your parents

you figure out unconditional love comes in more forms than one.

You realise that god is around

and You question everything.

The presence pathways your everyday and the holy spirit guides you in every
way.

So...

When do we actually make it?

...

We don't actually know

but what we do know is...

We are exactly where we need to be TODAY...

We aren't wilderness explores but we spread words for others to explore.

When they loose themselves they look at the maps we provide for hope.

Find new mournings to grieve and learn to welcome in new leaves.

We create stories and puzzle words in ways we used to with Legos.

We may not have become footballers,

Or cooks,

or a musician,

or dancers.

Yet our dreams still scratch our knees and scab our skins.

With just a bit less Disney.

We've managed make our lives ...

Ours.

Unaware of all the tests to come we found more

You are so confused and you hate it

You are so alive and you embrace it

You are so beautiful and you see it.

You are so blessed and you know it.

You are so pure and you show it.

My child, my angel, my trouble-maker, my reflection in the mirror,

Any day above ground,

Believe me when we say this.

We've made it.

- End -