

Insolvency

The Greatest Defender of Truth Shall Remain in the Eye of a Poet

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Schizophrenia

I am a factor of illusion
Whose vision is an inherent mark through time.
Quietly, I withhold an emotion of intrusion
Whom has paced each step, silently...
The voice within, somberly calling,
Negating insecure thoughts of self-hate and denial.
An inclusion from compromise,
Negating motivation...
A state of mind.

Allusion

I am the mirror image of discrimination.
When opportunity opens,
I become an invisible element of hope,
Whose figures cannot hold loose sand.
I am the image of discrimination.
I cannot contain my emotions,
I withhold the pain of being denied,
I secure the label of reservation.
Within the image of discrimination,
Is a menagerie of discontent.
My fears lie desolate of broken promises,
Being accepted is always denied.

Changes

The internal excuse
That undermines
Our presence
Defines us.
We rage wars,

We fight poverty
We experience loneliness.
We challenge our rage,
We challenge our sorrow,
And comfort our pride.
We fear,
We explain,
We yearn purpose
Through reason,
Through guilt,
Through persecution.
We question motives
For external hate.
We experience conflict,
Through devastation,
Through humiliation.
We celebrate victory,
To determine
Our true identity
Through hard times.

Expansion

Voices echoing, muttering sounds
Like a black hawk calling its mate.
Crying out, searching, crying out,
No response.
Pain will pierce the heart,
Sorrow will be a hollow shell,
Memories will be broken,
Words of the mentally ill.
Difficulty is the prisoner of self-thought,
Voices die within a glass shield.
Words have become a vacant lot,
Racy thoughts ready to explode.
Words pulled from my lips
Recognizes forbidden truth
Dangling in the spoken absence of confusion.
A delusional mind wanders across the page
Infinitely desponding madness.

Indulgence

Voices climb effortlessly
through this gate of thorns
I become another
wasted suicide.
I become prisoner to stolen voices
empty hearts letting go
Relationships pierce the glass ceiling of my heart
i cry for all the life I love.
I become the disabled poet
singing words into a barren sky
Voices sing my name backwards
lead me into a dance of death.
Invisible wings
cover my fears
Invisible wings
cover my scars.
I pray for a river of love
where my feet dance joy
I cry for a river of love
where my soul flows.
I am the old poet
of pain regret burden
I am the new poet
writing life back into my breath.

Forever in My Memory

Dear Love,

My thoughts have been pondering with lust since the moment we met. I did not know how to approach you. I did not have the right words to say and my actions were inappropriate. You were in transition and I was weak. I took advantage of the moment you were sincere. I thought I found a friend I became fond of. You gave me the attention I needed to feel to make me a strong woman. It was kind of you to lend your gentle heart to someone who is insecure and shy. It came at a time out of depression. I trusted my emotions with you, not knowing you never felt the same. Your only true love was with another and you could never love me the same. I respect this. I am gone. You are free. I will always regret my loss.

You are an imprint in my memory...

A Nieces Love

Behold creature tenderly I've spoken
More precious than any worldly possession
Your beauty is as angelic as a fairy
Watching you soar above the heaven
Thoughts of joy, nurtures my soul
You are the light that radiates life
Seeing you mature, makes me very proud
As you adapt to the challenges in life
You are a pantomime of eulogy
And a procurer of life
I have a lot to learn from your innocence

You are the reason love has touched my heart
A child who is as sweet as sugar
Whose heart is bigger than life
Your love is more precious than any treasure
The gifts you give is the only reason I strive

The Trinket

This box holds what is dear to my heart
It carries many warm memories
In the form of precious keepsakes and trinkets
That has unlocked my heart with meaning
This box holds gifts that bind us together
With the promises we keep
Of the wholesome love we have encountered
And all the joy it brings
Gifts of bracelets, necklaces and rings
Has touched a special place
With the value to my heart is the happiness it brings
I fall in love with its presence
The diamonds, rubies and sapphires
Has made its mark with a golden touch
Filled with stones and gems I admire

Loss

We'd sometimes fuss and fight
To break up, to make up
To find love inside
We'd take the time to care
Spending time, doing things
We had something in common
It was a bond we shared
We talked for hours at a time
Consoling how we felt
We would always come together
That is how family is built
You will be remembered
For all the good times we shared
No one can replace our love
Losing you was so unfair

Resilience

I eagerly awoke
Excited and anxious
In the comfort of my own home
I'd greet Dad with a kiss
Dad, tired and weak
Yet nothing could distract his love
He worked 24/7 with pride
Giving back
Making contributions
Kept a roof over our heads
Clothes on our backs
And it kept our bellies full
He was never resilient
Never bitter or angry
And never asked for anything in return
Dad was a person who would give so much
His love was unexpected
And welcome

Love Burns

You failed to understand
True love is a bind
I will love you when you're down
I will hold true for eternity
For our love holds no boundary
Keeping our fate until serenity
Joyful tears of regret
If I could take it all away
Our love is true
Love is about you
Love is what burns
Within my heart
You carry my soul
Our fate for serenity
When you left me alone
I felt empty inside
Love full blown
Love denied
Our love burns

It burns, it burns, it burns...
For what I hoped was true
Our feelings were bare
Love is how I feel
For all I know is real
Someday
Love burns
The lesson lovers learn
Real love burns
Love burns inside...oh it burns, it burns, and it burns
Of what my heart reveals
The importance of youth
Of what our heart conceals
Let it burn, let it burn, let true love burn

Rain

Chorus:

Rain, rain falling

Rain falling down

Let it rain

Let it rain

Let it rain

Trying to find a piece of mind
The meaning to love
Been meaning to explain
The way I'm feeling
Deep my emotions
The words I been meaning to say
Love, and it ends in silence...
With this feeling
I cannot keep running away
Chorus
I got it bad
I, alone and confused
Knowing there aren't no love
Like the love I am feeling now
Silence is so cold

Let it rain, rain, rain down, down down

With you I cannot live without

The pain that passes

Wondering if it's worth while

The possibility of hope

Dwindling through time

Right now my choice is to be with you

I am nothing without you

You are the motions, fantasies, desire

The erupts passion inside

This feeling is the meaning

Why love happens to

Chorus

Let it rain, rain

Let it pour rain, rain

Rain

Rain

I feel you feel it too

The meaning of love...just happens

Waiting for you to respond...

To the rain?

All of Me

Chorus:

You are all of me

I am all of you

Kept inside

For so long

Memories of you

Crazy love, crazy love

I be all night thinking of you

Crazy love, crazy love

My memories of you

Memories, my memories

Crazy love

For too long baby

I been tempering your looks

I been craven your touch
I been talking to myself
You've been gone for too long
Crazy love, wanting you, feeling you
I'm missing you, crazy love
Chorus
Crazy love, crazy love
I be all night thinking of you
Crazy love, crazy love
My memories of you
Memories, my memories
Crazy love
I cannot believe this happened to us
When you were all I got
Without you, babe, in my life
All my dreams, I am not the same
I get on my knees, praying for your return
My life is not complete without you apart of my dreams
My memories of you, my first true love
I cannot stop thinking of you, my friend
The memories are so real,
Your sensitive touch
Your sincere embrace
Into tears of affection
The memories we shared
Chorus
Crazy love, crazy love
I be all night thinking of you
Crazy love, crazy love
My memories of you
Memories, my memories
Crazy love

Broken Love

Chorus:
I believe in miracles
I believe in dreams
I believe I have a voice to be heard
I believe I can fly
I believe

I believe
I believe in celestial stars
Dancing in heaven above
I believe in rain falling from the sky
Is a sign of love, a sign of love?
I believe
Chorus
I believe in family
Present the times in need
I believe friends who support me
I believe in you and me
Chorus
I believe in the Lord
Is there when I call
Delivering me with just cause
To surrender love
And when I'm in doubt
I feel the pain, is a special healing
A prayer of hope that delivers
I pray and he answers my calls
He is a caring God
Never in doubt, am I not alone
Chorus
Not knowing what is promised tomorrow
I believe in miracles of life
He promised me he would deliver
And it's enough for me
To believe...
Sorry, I never took the time
Sorry, I never said well by
Sorry, I never made the time
Broken love
Sorry I was not there when you needed me
Sorry, I never tried to understand
Wishing the pain away
Sorry for the times I failed to speak
What was on my mind?
I found an excuse, excuses turn
Into tears, falling, wishing, thinking

Sorry for the times I missed
The pain burns
Sorry, I never took the time
Sorry, I never said well by
Sorry, I never made the time
Broken love
What words, emotions say...Sorry
Tears falling, falling, falling down
Broken love
I abandoned you
With humility of being alone
Shattering the trust we had
The love within our hearts...searching time
In fear of passion
In fear of pain
Abandoning love
Sorry, I never took the time
Sorry, I never said well by
Sorry, I never made the time
Broken love

My Grandmother

Na Na's journey was a long walk
From many cracked walls of opened eyes
With a bond that kept her family together
Because she always cared.
No Na kept scores of memories
Behind the lessons taught
She planted the seeds that nurtured dreams
Her family was a blessing to her
Of many generations pleaded to be free.
Never had she walked alone
Never did she regret her own
A child fallen in love or fallen astray
Through the dark, heavy night.
Her weight was the source of connection
That breathed life with family tradition
Through her scared and battered hands
That built the walls behind the pain.
Na Na's lips, empty of emotion

Unspoken words, hidden pride
Not knowing what would become of her children
She instilled the ability, her children, to learn.
She never taught me how to hate
To feel the weight at my waist
And to shy away the narrowed truth of the sun
But to melt away tempted desire
Finding hope and faith to love.
Like patience comes with virtue
Solace comes from pain
Na Na fed me many words of wisdom
A guided source to reign.

I am Woman

I am a wide bowl
With a warm, wet opening
Waiting for the storm to rain
Inside of my love channel
Asking her man for a refill
I am the empty jar
Whose hips are wide and vein
Asking to be held, grasped and cradled
Already demanding attention from her man
I am the plastic bottle
Whose small lips ask
To be pulled, squeezed, stretched and molded
Into a firm round melon
Yearning to be cupped by her man
I am a book
Whose source ask to be
Scanned, read and analyzed for comprehension
Because she likes to be noticed by her man
I am a woman
Not your bitch, yo ho, yo thing
I have moral values to withhold a relationship
And I ask to be needed, trusted and loved
I demand respect in a relationship
From the man she chose
I am a bowl, waiting to be drenched
I am a jar, waiting to be held

I am a bottle, waiting to be touched

I am a book, waiting to be opened

I am woman, waiting to exhale...

Dark Skin

I touched the black crow lips as black as my skin is dark I am the black African princess respected by black men as I am a black strong Nubian goddess who has been through hell in my black skin my black race has retired many disguises of invisible black words I a black celestial queen invisible to the clouds and the stars who wears a mask of black pride of black culture of black existence I speak of black hope every tear I have shed into the black sea of black melted ice hidden the signs of black hope enchanted by my black spirit black spirit that soars through light through the heavenly winds of night I yearn beautiful experiences of energy the speed of light black life through the age of birth I kissed life into the black souls of fate that speak in many tongues with the promise between our black souls would remain as a sign of black hope I am the black womb the black poem the black child the black female who asks to exist within this black mask because my dark skin needs to breath

The Blues

Tears filled my pillow

Of unspoken pain.

Our lips pressed, easily,

Absorbed the moisture

Of our breath.

My body floated in mid-air.

Leaping from star to star.

Emotions drift

With a spurious vibration

Unaccompanied with waves.

Tears filled my pillow

In ecstasy I shed many tears – now that you are gone

Our secret remains between us.

For the Colored Girl

I am a black sister a black soul sister a black right on time sister a black give me five sister a black no fooling sister a black I just got to have it sister a black you better not play me sister a black try me sister a black give me a dime sister a black scared of that sister a black is you for real sister a black you better watch your back sister a black show you right sister a black I'm all that sister a black 24/7 sister a black I'm so good sister a black slap me because I am too good sister a black gotcha sister a black penny for your thought sister a black you so cool sister a black bad dressing sister a black cool cat sister a black you better respect sister a black sister with class sister a black representing sister a black you better recognize sister a black no playing sister a beautiful black motivated educated free spoken sister a black sister who don't play

Gran-ma's cooking

She milked the cow

She churned the butter

She squeezed the juice

She sifted the flour

She kneaded the dough

She shed the peas
She snapped the beans
She shucked corn
She washed the greens
She plucked the hen
She scaled the fish
She canned fresh fruit
She fried fish in a skillet
She stir-fried cream corn
She steamed the cabbage
Cooked hot-water corn bread
Fried green tomatoes
With skillet spaghetti to burn
She made home-made syrup
Fresh butter-milk biscuits
Fried salmon crockets deer and rabbit
And boiled freshly-picked brown eggs
She made home-made turnovers
Picked with fresh apples and peaches from the garden
Four-layered jelly coconut or caramel cake from scratch
Bread pudding blackberry cobbler or peach pie
My gran-ma was the best cook I've ever had
She put her cat in her food
She kept our bellies full
And Gran-ma's kitchen was always clean

Grandma's Hands

Her spewed
Weak
Tired
Poor
Hands
Stitched embroidered crocheted
Wary
Prudent
Nuzzled
Yarn string thread
Carefully
Weaved
Knitted

Sewn
Reattached
Through loops
Patterns
Shapes
Scraps of cloth
Pieced
Matched
Sorted
Through secrets
Customs
Heritage
A quilt
A blanket
An afghan
Her sacred hands
Emanated a cultural tradition

Finding You

From the day I met you
I knew from the start
That there was no other man
Who could win my heart
As I got to know you
I put hate aside
I learned to trust my feelings
Love grew from inside
Your kind heart
Your sweet embrace
Your gentle touch
I felt I needed space
The moment I longed for
For true love to come
I would not let go
I knew you were the one
I began to question my actions
Could this love be true?
I thought I found what I longed for
When I found the friend in you

Jewelry Box

This box holds what is dear to my heart
It carries many warm memories
In the form of precious keepsakes and trinkets
That has unlocked my heart with meaning
This box holds gifts that bind us together
With the promises we keep
Of the wholesome love we have encountered
And all the joy it brings
Gifts of bracelets, necklaces and rings
Has touched a special place
With the value to my heart is the happiness it brings
I fail in love with its presence
The diamonds, rubies and sapphires
Has made its mark with a golden touch
Filled with stones and gems I admire

The Brisk Wind

From dawn to dusk
The clouds move
High winds desolate sky
Broken from uncertainty
Father's anger
Would stir silence at home
Many years I prayed
An ambivalent cry
Dreams of silence remain
Emotionally broken
A dead-beat father worked beyond
A lonely place of regret
An anxious feeling
Distant and delusional
Not knowing what tomorrow brings

A Place Called Home

Dad worked hard
And came home drunk
I anticipated his return
I waited for his love

And now I pretend
He confronts me
Willfully neglected
And he barely knows my name
I reconcile the steps he took
And the measurement he served
Dead conversations die
Time lapsed within matter
I waited to give him one more try
Blinded by a light
That he was always there for me
If only he had the time
Dad's absence was
Belittled with guilt
He hid an optimistic pain
Unaware of his sacrifice

Resilience

I eagerly awoke
Excited and anxious
In the comfort of my own home
I'd greet Dad with a kiss
Dad, tired and weak
Yet nothing could distract his love
He worked 24/7 with pride
Giving back
Making contributions
Kept a roof over our heads
Clothes on our backs
And it kept our bellies full
He was never resilient
Never bitter or angry
And never asked for anything in return
Dad was a person who would give so much
His love was unexpected

And welcome

Where I Stand

I am woman
I hold universal thought

My hands grasp life
Palms together
Releasing truth
To be told
In many tongues
I celebrate revelation over irony
It is how I stand my ground

Human Dominance

Death has passed me
I am invisible
I am a child of God
I feel solace
With reality
I explore
Controversy
I celebrate purpose
With the courage to forgive
I am full of life
I live peacefully

In Disbelief

I may not have all the glory
And my reputation is not clean
I have contributed nothing to society
I am a washed out dream
I have never got involved with any activity
I never stood out in a crowd
I always was afraid and insecure about life
I disrespected my surroundings
And I had no goals for the future
I was out of touch with reality
I lived a delusional past
I would never make a difference
I never thought much of life
Never faced the truth
Most of my time I lived in disbelief
I made a mockery of my future

On Occasions

The internal excuse
That undermines

Our presence
Defines us.
We rage wars,
We fight poverty
We experience loneliness.
We challenge our rage,
We challenge our sorrow,
And comfort our pride.
We fear,
We explain,
We yearn purpose
Through reason,
Through guilt,
Through persecution.
We question motives
For internal hate.
We experience conflict,
Through devastation,
Through humiliation.
We celebrate victory,
To determine
Our true identity
Through hard times.

Dance

I, feel movement
Passionate movement.
I leap with emotion
Expelling with conviction.
I, surrender expression
Of agility and grace.
I, am a beam of light
Flowing through gravity.
I am the universe in motion.
I am the expression of response.

Falling in Love

Voices echoing, muttering sounds
Like a baby crying,
Crying out, searching, crying out,
The meaning is ignored.

Pain will pierce the heart,
Sorrow will burn the soul,
Memories will be broken,
Words glue the paper
Still my words are ignored.
I am a victim of self-thought
Voices lie upon a ceiling of deception.
Words have become an empty lot,
Racy thoughts ready to explode.
Words which pull from my lips
Recognize the unforgotten truth.
Dangling words absent from its meaning
Words are an understatement of reason.
A delusional mind mediates feeling across the page
Infinitely desponding madness.

A Poets Craft

A poet speaks of wisdom
From the mad voice within.
Words that burn each page with rage
Conversing feeling through metaphors.
A poet's passionate desire conveys a lust
Of having her voice heard.
A poet may choose to define hidden meaning
To demand reasons to be understood.

Dance

I am kinesthetic ability of action
alive, communicating, receiving
I am the poised expression of
proficient distance.
I am this dance of life
soaring into a sky of surrender
I am this dance of life
leaping oceans of love and grace.
I dance the distance
between stoic formations
I dance arms legs hips
beyond a sky of loneliness and aloneness.

1969

a city is free
fire blazes unfurled
1969
the angry tired souls

a riot sprung
a protest launched
a last hope redeemed
red, grey colored sky
marked barren streets
hate, denial, betrayal
in West Las Vegas
a broken, separate, drought passage
from a dark, scary past
rusted and shackled
a hideous, hidden fear revealed
the day voices were heard
the day our leader died
we all cried
even in Vegas