

I Too Am America

Poet Angela Brown

Abstract:

I will attempt to compare and contrast the work of different poets and their writing styles. I will define each poet's purpose in writing. I will identify with the poets voice in their poems. I will analyze each poem and tell what makes the poem significant to me. I will detail the context of each poem and tell why the poet's words are meaningful. I will go through the lines of poetry to attempt to define the voice of the poet.

Key Words: African American Poetry, Modern African American Poetry, American Culture

Imagination is what builds character amongst the fictional world and contemporary world. The purpose of fiction is relative to fantasy. It is how society dictates its values and interprets its dreams so visually we can imagine what is relative to social values. The One Who Walk Away from Omegas is a fiction story that travels through time. The theme of the story is built on the real world and the imaginary world. Metaphorically, the story walks away from the imagination to face the real world. The story is a euphoric for the imagination creates a surreal world of allusion where everything is happy. The imagination is an exterior of hope. The setting is in a utopia where there is forest where everything is green and plush. It is from imagination that becomes invention. We as humans become beside ourselves through dreams that place us in an atmosphere where life is external to our own. It is not intentional. Imagination is a measurement of purpose. It is okay to dream.

How the poems are interpreted by the wording of each poem. The language of words is passionate and kind to the reader. The words of the poem differs in context, the punctuation, the syntax, the structure, the content and the tone is what makes the poem valuable. The choice of words, the dialect, the meaning of symbolism may be used to express a feeling or attitude to the reader that goes beyond meaning. The attitude of the poet can set the tone of the poem. The message of the first poem states that I am beautiful because of who I am. The second poem is more possessive. It claims that beauty is in the eyes of the beholder. I feel beauty is how you interpret its meaning. The beauty of a poem is meaningful to a person by how the words in the poem is valued and it is how it is valued that the meaning is remembered eternally.

There is a difference from reading a poem for pleasure and writing a poem. When someone reads a poem, the reader is reading a piece for entertainment. The reader reads for pleasure. They read something they are interested in that is rewarding and they can say if they like or dislike it. Writing a poem has to deal with evaluating it. While writing a poem a poet might look at word choice. Finding the reason why the poet used those particular words for expressing an idea. The words can be used to set meaning to a poem. The way the poem is written can tell the mood of the poem. It can tell how the poem is read. I consider myself a novice poet. When I read a poem I read to discover the essence of what the poem is stating. I write poems for pleasure. I read poetry a lot because it is something I enjoy doing on my spare time. I have become the poet behind the poet just by enjoying what I read. There is a difference from reading a poem for pleasure and writing a poem. When someone reads a poem, the reader is reading a piece for entertainment. The reader reads for pleasure. They read something they are interested in that is rewarding and they can say if they like or dislike it. Writing a poem has to deal with evaluating it. While writing a poem a poet might look at word choice. Finding the reason why the poet used those particular words for expressing an idea. The words can be used to set meaning to a poem. The way the poem is written can tell the mood of the poem. It can tell how the poem is read. I consider myself a novice poet. When I read a poem I read to discover the essence of what the poem is stating. I write poems for pleasure. I read poetry a lot because it is something I enjoy doing on my spare time. I have become the poet behind the poet just by enjoying what I read.

The two poems I have selected for this exercise on character is, "Warming of Her Pearls" and "The Last Ditches." The Warming of Her Pearls is an enchanting poem that the speaker voices his admiration for his friend lover. The poem speaks diligently in how he compares his friend to a deliciously. It is a classic poem that entails the social norms of how women are thought of by men in society. In society women are thought of highly and love is much to be admired.

The Last Ditches is another classic poem that possesses the political and social attributes of society. The poem is written in first person. The Last Ditches is a narrative poems that tells the political story of anarchy relationship that occurs in the eighteenth century. The voice of the writer speaks of the sequential tell of how a mistress is bought after losing his wife. In society women in America were second class citizens and a women's marriage could be bought or replaced and was thought to be acceptable by everyone. The voice of the poet suggest that women possession did not matter more than money. How a woman looked on a man's arm became a status symbol. Men were more prominent than women. Marriage was a status symbol. Women were distanced than men in making decisions.

The voice of the poem reveals a character tone in the poem. The voice is very important in a poem because it is important in revealing the continuity of the poem. The voice reasons with an audience creating affection to the reader to make a colorful response or attitude toward who the poet is speaking about. In the Warming of Her Pearls, I wish I were the female in the poem, because I want to be admired and adored as much as she is. In the Last Ditches, I yearn to possess the power behind authority to making powerful decision. I want to speak out for the the ditches. I want to change history of how women are treated. Each poem were written in two different periods that distance in time. In one time period, they cared for women and the other they don't. When I listen to rap music today, women are undervalued in voice of the rapper. Having a wife is more valued than a loosed women who is disrespected. The voice of the character is important in dictating who trains the point of thought of dialog impertinent to telling the point the poet is trying to make.

Every writer has their own set of ideas which are used to set the tone of a story being told. There is a beginning, a middle and an end to every work. A writer masters his own style of writing by the format of of words in using his theory. A writer conveys meaning to his story by how he gets his point across to the reader. Every writer is different because he has his own way of conveying a story to his reader. A writer may find words an effective way of sending a message to a reader. It is the message that sets the tone or mood in relaying the message.

Words can be a powerful resource in getting an idea across. A word that is carefully placed in a line or phrase can be used to describe the five senses. Words can be used to jump across a page to give direction to the point you are trying to get at. A simple phrase can set the mood of the story. Words are used in a setting to create an emotional response to the reader. How the words are used are elements that evoke an attitude towards how the story is told. Words lead to the path of word patterns that make the story more interested. Words become the focal point for reason.

The writing styles may vary. A formal form of writing may be a subjective style, while an informal writing is an objective style. The subjective style of writing is more confirmative than an informal writing style which is personal style of writing. The tone of the story is determined by the usage of words, phrases or tone of the story is written. Contemporary writing is a form of modern writing from this generation, while a classic writing style uses style from primitive decade. Some forms of writing is more elevated meaning the use of fancy words is common in the paper. An equated writing style is more formal style of writing.

I like to write a contemporary piece of poetry, because of the writing style is modern. The word choice I use is selective combination of adjectives and adverbs used to set the tone of the poem. The words can be grouped together to fit the description of what I am trying to convey. This may be done through using symbolism or by using sensory clichés, so that my readers can find, relate to and identify with something they can relate to. The word choice are used in figures of speech. The patterns of repetitions and comparisons are used to create a melody using poetic verse or lyrical poetry from the hip hop era of writing. Most of my poems are written in free verse. There is no rhyme scheme, but, there is pattern of rhythm. Each line contains the same amount of beats per measure in a line. The theme of my poems are about the social conventions faced in this generation and they are protest poems. The point I try to get across is for the reader to understand that we all have problems that we must address. We face these same problems in one way of the other. Let us find a solution to our problems by understanding and having empathy to the things we don't understand and I try to discuss a solution to resolve these issues. I write about love, regret, hurt, pain, survival, family or any social problem. I write poems on Civil Rights, social conventions and I write about progress. The message in my poems is do not give up and we can rise above our problems. The poems I write about is something everyone can relate to whether it is on women's issues, we find reasons for our struggles. I believe that together we can make a difference if we tried. It is my intention when I write to get my voice heard to create insight or awareness to the reader on how we can make things different.

I chose to write about two contemporary forms of literature. Both forms of writing tell the state of being. It is about the natural order of things is present in our lives. Its presence is functional in how we exist.

"The First Person Fabulous" is a narrative poem written in first person. The structure of the poem is informal form of writing. The first person is written about a relationship between a couple that one is contingent on the other. The form of poetry is a riddle of twist and turns that life is built on having a relationship. There are a lot of metaphors used in this poem. The words are grouped into a mathematical pattern of phrases that A needs B and B cannot live without A. When I read this poem, I realize the importance of having people in my life.

"Living Like a Weasels" are is a narrative essay. The story compares the life of a weasel to a human life. The author tries to reveal the life of a weasel is as precious as human life itself. One must realize that if nature were extinct, the world would be losing one of its great treasures of existence itself. An end result would be to preserve nature by granting it respect. Would it not be great to reach in the life of a weasel and see its daily functions is much prevalent like our own existence? The jargon of fancy word phrases throughout the story gives a visual of natural habitat. It is with the wording of phrases that creates the essence of how the story is told. The voice of the writer is third person while describing nature. After reading this story, I want to protest against destroying our forest. This essay is that powerful.

I have an appreciation of life. There is nothing more precious than life itself. One cannot bargain with life resources. One is contingent on the other. If we all took the time doing something with each other, this would be the ideal life to live by.

Jamaica Kinkaid's poem, *Girl* is a contemporary poem which speaks in first voice. The poem is written like the "Diary of Ann Frank," that list details of events that happen within one day. The poem is a blank verse poem, that the speaker narrates their daily routine. The poem separates each thought with punctuation. A blank verse poem writes in reputation without stopping until the end. This is a confirmative form of writing a poem.

Andrew Marvel poem, "Dialog between Soul and Body," is written in the form of dramatic monologue, because one stanza is a voice for the next stanza to recall. The poem is written like an alternating skit from a play. There are two voices in the poem, the body and the soul. The wording of the poem is classical. It uses a narrator discourse representation. The meaning of the poem is to determine the relativity between body and soul. In essence as the body hurts the soul begins to die. The poem has an alternating rhyme scheme in completes of aa/bb/cc/did eel/off/gg/he/ii juju/kaki/all/mm/nan of/pp/qi/err/ss.

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Clifton, Brooks and Hughes are very talented poets whose poetic artistry is out spoken. Their form of poetry has given added hope and respect that everyone can relate to. The poets have a poetic form that is both profound and noble. These poets come from different backgrounds Clifton from being shy, Brooks from being an extravert and Hughes came from an upper-class status. Each poet has influenced their form of writing that tells stories from personal influence. Whether self-motivated like Hughes or peer motivated like Clifton and Brooks, each poet was encouraged to pursue their dreams.

Brooks' mother discovered her daughter had a natural talent for writing. Brooks always loved to read and write. Her mother always encouraged her to write. Brooks graduated from college and soon after she married her first books was published. It was after she discovered the 'New Black Revolution of Writing' that Brooks sample writing, she 'woke up' and discovered that she is not alone. She discovered that during the 'black revolution' to be aware of others feelings. She found in her primary writing that white people loved her and blacks were cold to her poetry and so Brooks changed her form of writing so everyone can relate to it. Brooks wrote in the form of poetic free verse.

Clifton had developed her ability to write when she was in college. Clifton's talent was influenced by peers who were also writers. Clifton was a college graduate. After her marriage her career in writing launched because she surrounded herself by people who had common interest. In college she began to experiment with writing poetry and writing drama. Clifton had a gift which had granted her many awards for her talent. She taught college where she discovered her passion for writing on 'everyday things'. Clifton is known as anotarypoet.

Hughes' discovered he had a talent for writing in the 8th grade. Hughes father did not support his writing because it was not something one could make a living doing. Hughes majored in Engineering in college, but dropped out of school. He continued writing where he published essays, plays and short stories. Hughes considered himself to be a poet 'not afraid of being himself'. He continued as an editor for a newspaper. Hughes was a self-motivated writer. Hughes never gave up on his dream. He decided to go back to college and he graduated with two degrees in English. Hughes studied jazz and blues music decided to sample writing lyrical poetry. Hughes writing gave people hope. Hughes was noted as one of the most prolific writers in American literature.

Reviewing a poem is a means of reading beyond the words and finding meaning into the character. A poem can have a hidden meaning that everyone can relate to in one form or another. This group of writer's tell a story within the lines of their poetry from personal experience. They share their stories in how they relate to their environment whether it be Clifton's free verse or Hough's lyrical poetry. To follow their career and see their struggle is a vision of inspiration, because, no matter what obstacle they never gave up on their dreams of becoming a writer. Developing their craft in writing had been a long journey that paid off.

Sisters by Lucille Clifton

I and you be sisters.

We be the same.

me and you
coming from the same place.

I and you
be greasing our legs
touching up our edges.

Me and you
be scared of rats
be stepping on roaches.

I and you
come running high down Purdy Street one time
and mama laugh and shake her head at
me and you.

Me and you
got babies
got thirty-five
got black
let our hair go back
be loving ourselves
be loving ourselves
be sisters.

Only where you sing,

I poet.

There is something about the black culture that unifies us spiritually as women. In the poem, Sisters, Lucille Clifton presents a positive image of black women. What Lucille says in her poem, we can all identify with it. This poem could have been written about a friend or family, because it is our cultural traits that we can relate to in the poem. I grew up in the ghetto so I feel I understand the message she is conveying. My Mother always told me to take pride in who I am. It is good educate to look good. Black women do not like their skin ashy, so we use grease to keep our skin soft and to have a radiant glow. To black women nappy hair is bad hair and good hair is straight hair, and so, black women love to straighten the edges of their course hair.

In the ghetto, the housing is poor and clean. I grew up scared of roaches and rats. We were scared of rats killing us with their bite, but we would step on roaches to get rid of them from spreading germs. How I took care of myself is what made my Mom proud that I have nothing to be ashamed of. When Lucille speaks of 'Purdy Street' I think is an analogy for the pride within her in raising fine kids. I can see her mom proud at 35, with children and black and feeling comfortable in her own skin. Singing a song is a form of spirituality that transcends from the beauty within the lines of this poem.

Refusal by Maya Angelou

Beloved,
in what other lives or lands
have I known your lips
you're Hands
Your Laughter brave
Irreverent.
Those sweet excesses that
I do adore.
What surety is there
that we will meet again,
on other worlds some
Future time undated?
I defy my body's haste.
Without the promise
of one sweeter encounter
I will not deign to die.

Maya Angelou is a poet whose poems ask its audience to carefully listen to the words being said. She speaks in the words of her poems of hope and inspiration. Angelou focuses on playful words using figurative speech. Her poems are a source of theoretic politics. The words in the poems are used to unify the struggle of black culture. Angelou use of analogies of life compare and contrast ideas from beginning to end. Angelou writes using a rhyme scheme pattern with meter. The lines of the poem are stressed and unstressed words that describe a common theme. The voice of the poet is subjective. She writes from experience. Angelou poems have a beginning, a middle and end that is relative and meaningful.

Heart to Heart by Rita Dove

It's neither read
nor sweet.
It doesn't melt
or turn over,
break or harden,
so it can't feel
pain,
yearning,
regret.

It doesn't have
a tip to spin on,
it isn't even
shapely—
just a thick clutch
of muscle,
lopsided,
mute. Still,
I feel it inside
its cage sounding
a dull tattoo:
I want, I want—

but I can't open it:
 there's no key.
 I can't wear it
 on my sleeve,
 or tell you from
 the bottom of it
 how I feel. Here,
 it's all yours, now—
 but you'll have
 to take me,
 too.

Rita Dove's poetic response re-invents history with an authentic form using free verse. Dove use of rhyme and meter sets the tone of the poem. Each line of the poem continues to one word to the next using words that are grouped into small phrases. Each phrase is a complete thought. Dove use of adjective and adverbs combined, which expresses the tone of the poem. One single word adds emphasis to each line to stress an emotional response. Each word is a form of expression. The placements of the words in each line of poem uses a synergy of imagination. Dove likes to use consonance, the repetition of consonant sounds that expresses the mood of what is being said. Dove's poems reveal individual details from one word to a group of words that are uniform with the poem's analogy for life.

Sisters by Angela Brown

We are all alike underneath this skin
 I am afraid to share the mask within
 I am hurt and confused about racial friction
 It divides us amongst bias tensions
 I am happy, I cry and I regret history's past
 I am not different than most folks underneath this mask
 I wear the mask to cover up the pain within
 The mask covers where the anger begins
 Sometimes I feel I can't go on
 But the voice within tells me to be strong
 We are alike in so many ways
 You are the words behind my thoughts
 And I, the poet

As women, we are alike in many ways. We share so much in common we are like family. We feel passionate about who we are. We feel good about what we have become. We feel good about our success. We feel sad about our loss. We regret the history of sexism and racism. We feel uncomfortable about our painful past that has divided us with the insecurity of regret. We wear the mask of indifference that is used to motivate us by making us more secure of who we are as women. There are barriers in the past that divide us. We fail to understand why we create barriers. We are afraid to speak why race and sex matters. We have not yet come to understand why it is important to talk about what matters most, and so, we hide behind a mask of fear. We must learn to find comfort within defining meaning behind our actions that calls us to be strong. It is important that we, as women, find common interest to speak out of what we are passionate about so we become the voice behind wisdom.

Images of the Five Senses

Fall leaves swiftly whispered peacefully in the wind
 The shifting ice cones shattered into pieces pocketing the bare ground
 The taste of cold ice slowly melts away into water quenching my thirst
 The ocean waves welcomed me with a warm, wet and trepid surprise
 Rain left the air smell fresh and clean

I feel that Langston Hughes is one of the greatest jazz poets in American history. I value his repetition of sounds and his usage of meter and I think his poems are written beautifully. I have also read poems for the Harlem Renaissance, the Black Arts movement to the great work from the Hip Hop movement. I feel that spoken word poems are the spiritual narrative of American culture.

The influence of modern poetry has inspired me to want to write poems. I hope that my poems may someday make a favorable imprint on society. A poet utilizes words to express contemporary ideas into poetic verse. A poet's words are used to convey a message for the reader to interpret and feel a sense of completion. The words in a poem can be remembered by how the ideas are presented. It is from the sentimental value of words that make the poem beautifully written.

Way Back When, Poem by Angela Brown

Do you remember when? Back in the day...
Playing spin the bottle, stick ball and freeze tag
I remember way back then
Braiding hair, slam books and dance offs on the streets
I remember way back then
Playing house, water balloon fights and playing truth or dare
I remember way back then
Our first kiss, hanging out and holding hands
I wish we were kids again
I remember fast cars, dream houses with pools
Kango hats, bamboo ear rings, jelly bean shoes
GQ fashion, Stacy Adams and an ear ring in the left ear
I remember break dancing, pop locking and new school moves
I remember having fun on the dance team breaking records
And starting new trends, what I remember most is having fun
Ill-in to the hip hop grooves of DMC, Salt and Pepper and Moe Dee
'Are you feeling' me?'
We did as kids do, making the most out of little
When we were kids things were different
It did not matter about the color of my skin
Because we were alike and what mattered most,
Came from inside our hearts
We used to like each other's company
We'd spend time reminiscing memories
About how we got along and did things as friends
We were in it together, through thick and thin
We shared dreams of becoming somebody some day
We wanted to make this a better world to live in
You like I, felt the same, lived the same lives
Made the same mistakes and when I needed a shoulder to cry on
You were on your way, you told me to be strong
In that I was never alone, because you cared
Nobody else cared and we were a team
It nearly scared me, the lupus and diabetes
But I was too young, too scared to understand
That some things don't change
I have to live the hand God gave me
Time is passing and I alone with memories
Staring back at the future
Stumbling at the present
Asking "Why do you put yourself in harm's way?"
Clasping my head in my hands, I cry, looking back
I replied, "I remember"
Until you feel pain
Until you regret the hurt
Until you mourn with empathy;
For love, life, and happiness

Reflects with every word,
 Touches your heart with every line
 Makes you passionate within every phrase,
 We are in this journey together
 We remember...
 Let's not change the past
 Let us re-invent the future,
 Let us make things better,
 Together, we can make a difference,
 For all of us
 We are in this together
 Just because
 Forever yours
 Forever in your memories
 Until you feel pain
 Until you regret the hurt
 Until you morn with empathy;
 For love, life, and happiness
 Reflects with every word,
 Touches your heart with every line
 Makes you passionate within every phrase,
 We are in this journey together
 We remember...
 Let's not change the past
 Let us re-invent the future,
 Let us make things better,
 Together, we can make a difference,
 For all of us
 We are in this together
 Just because
 Forever in our memories
 Derick Gilbert lives

To Be In Love, By Angela Brown (**To Be In Love**, Gwendolyn Brooks)

He is near and I feel his presence,
 He is staring at me from a distance.
 He admires my looks theatrically
 The fire in his eyes,
 Left words unspoken.
 His stair gives me a hint of pleasure.
 Racy thoughts, racy space, racing time
 Fluttering eyes, silently seeing,
 Whispering, he breathes trust into our hearts.
 Staring into space, gazing from afar,
 As one window opens, one window closes
 Whispering signs within meaning,
 The images of purple passion flutters my heart.
 Silently beating thumps of soft
 Sounds vibrating in the wind of time.
 The hint of words left unspoken;
 Yet, sentimental meaning is un-kept
 Remembering him and his stair,
 I took one last look as if it were our last.

One Last Look, Poem by Angela Brown

I since his presence, he is near
I found him staring at a distance
Only if our eyes met theatrically
The enchantment of his stare was a sign
I felt fire in his eyes that welcomed me
With so much pleasure and passion
I sensed his stare startle me
Silently our eyes embraced
As we withheld our last words
We said our last goodbyes
And we parted
We parted, one last look
Love at first sight would be
For the last time

Dream Deferred, by Angela Brown (**Dream Deferred**, by Langston Hughes)

To dream the impossible dream
To be better than who you are
Hating that you are different
And not making it very far.
To take risk at great expense
To dream of the impossible dream
To set your goals so high
And to never make a difference.
That no expectations are met
To go beyond your call to duty
And find the debt you'll always regret.
To make promises you can't keep
And dread the lies you've told.
To look back at your life
To find your dreams deferred.

Life and Death, Poem by Angela Brown

When
You've
Lost everything
Nothing to go by,
No one's support,
No one to care,
And realize
You are on your own
Alone
With nothing
To go by, except
A dream

Sisters, by Angela Brown (**sisters**, by Lucille Clifton)

You like me, alike
We're from the same culture
You like me, alike
We are from the same community

You like me, alike
Think the same thoughts
Share the same beliefs

You like me, alike
Hold our heads up high
And feel comfortable in our skin

You like me, alike
Speak about good times back in the day,
Making Momma a proud race of
You and me, the same

You like me, alike
Raise our nieces
Got 46
Got dark skinned
Wear our hair natural
Loving who we are
Representing who we be
Because we are alike

You are the notes that I sing
And I, the lyrics.

Sisters, Poem by Angela Brown

A sister
Will always
Be there
To turn to
To listen
To love
Just
Because

War and Peace - Poem by Angela Brown

We need a resolution,
Must free our minds, free our souls
We need a resolution, a revolution to stay free
Don't hate me cause I'm different
Don't be hasten cause I'm a Niger
I've been struggling since the time I existed
I'd been designated to make a difference
It was not me who forged re-inference
Who abandoned my white brothers ignorance
Broken promises unpaid reparations
Spreading hate from broken promises kept
Poising our minds with lies and regret
Save me the embarrassment of distress
Powered by the arrogance of being misunderstood
By an instrument of change of illusion
The mind wonders and is easily entertained
Crying lines from the pain, always the same
The system created, exploited our self-esteem
Over our heads with regret and envy'
Tear the walls down that divide us with pity
Cut out the rhetoric of war

Provide us with room to grow
Stop all the bullshit haters terror sing our nation
cause we too busy trying, dying of starvation
Voices of power a cross generation evolution
And the aunt no damn game of seasons of delusion
A torch blazing sparks of madness
Stealing the future of the masses
Drug dealers become prophets
the homeless become carpet baggers
Black power became a heroin addiction
As if I'm blinded, my minds playing trick on my affliction
I can't move from the bitter arrogance
Wake up and watch my back, must remain conscience
There is a rude awakening and murder in our streets
The image of darkness has opened up at our feet
Cycles of poverty and child neglect
History has crippled our minds with poison
We shall all vote for a resolution to free our minds
from destitution, wind back the tape of time
swallow our pride, ponder our thoughts, free our minds
understand why we are where we are today
Fight the violence, end the destruction, abomination
we want peace, war and peace
we want to be free

[Angela Brown](#)

Tis is Hot – Poem by Angela Brown

I am not got long
I am not playing
You got it going on
Cause luv burns
What's up with us
It's all in good time
I can't stop thinking of us
Got cha luv bug within my soul
Lost and found
You know what I mean
Can't get enough
Hit and run, war and peace
You and me
I want to be there for you
To stand by you
Not ashamed of sexing you
Check one check two
Down for you
Cause I got you
And yo mamma yo, I got you
I got you good
On the run
I'm blinded for your loving
I like kicking with your style
Cause you blow kind of cool
I took it, bent it, licked it, kicked it
I own it and will bone it

You pieced it marked it claimed it
Cause we ride it right
Our luv is tight
I hunger for your trust
Cause I got it like that
I am not got long
I am not playing
You got it going on
Cause luv burns
it's like this, It's like that
Your words and dialect
Blow my mind
I want to give it one more try
In this life as your wife
To bring down walls that divide us time
To create our peace
Make our peace
Cause I thought you made me a woman
And I made you into a man
Our luv is on fire
One two one two
Someone call 911
Our love is hot
And I'm burning with desire
Dial 911
My heart is on fire

Empty Heart - Poem by Angela Brown

What do you do with an empty heart?
Would you die at this moment?
Would you break down and cry out, for the one you love?
Would you change your ways, to make him happy?
Would you drop everything, to be with the man you love?
Ideas, dreams, fantasies
drifting within space
Silenced, I
longing to be held
longing to be touched
longing to be admired
what would you do with an empty heart?
To what extent would you go, to have him back in your life?
Would you jump out a plane?
Would you bend over backwards to win his love?
Would you give him all your worldly possessions, to be with your only true love?
Hands, skin, lips, tongue
Silenced, I am
Wanting, needing, desiring
To be told I am loved
To be cared for
That he respects my needs
That he encourages my dreams
Love hurts in many places
In darkness and light,

It has many phases.
We break up to make up
We take chances
Words go spinning inside
Of an empty heart and
Closed a mind
An empty heart

Honestly - Poem by Angela Brown

Honestly, honestly rhetoric, honestly
Because I love black men
Don't make me weak
I loves a black man who is upfront
Who speaks his mind
Who is strong, gentle and kind
Because I love a black man
Don't make me weak
For all his
Sugar and spice
And everything nice
Is the reason I am a freak
Because I love a black man
And strong as black coffee
Because he got me like that
And is all of that
And a bag a tricks to match
Because I love black men
He makes me whole
Is down for whatever
At a drop of a dime
He can be my lover
Or he can be a friend
He is the one I run to
Because I need a real man
Because I love a black man
I love a black man
For his bag of words that move
For his devotion to me is true
He is the reason to live
A black man's loving is passionate
And one of a kind
I could have his love
No other way
Because when he rocks my world
He gives the dip in my hip
The sway in my walk
The smile on my face
Makes my body talk
I love a black man
I chose him for who he is
Because I choose a choice
By choice I am free
To love a black man freely
Because I love a black man

Honestly, I choose to love only him
 or nothing at all
 U C I'm no ho
 Because I have respect
 To love a man for who he is
 Honestly, I love my black men
 Honestly, I do love a black man
 Honestly, honest rhetoric, honestly
 I do

I'm Sorry - Poem by Angela Brown

There is a man I call on
 I'm drawn to answer my calls
 A man, I'm drawn to his loving
 Kisses, Tis man, my soul
 Partner in life, is cool to have
 Him talk to, laugh to, To
 Answer my senses I'm drawn
 to this kind of man love lyrics.
 Tis man has the crazy, cool, loving
 Flesh ripe skin tight finger licking
 Good, Oh has so fine He got me
 liken his intellectual skills words
 blowing my mind Tis cool cat got
 me he got me tongue twisted
 hung over his lips I'm fallen deeper
 hung over drunken love so sweet
 it's so sweet to have a man kind of
 twisted for my she- t Kind of want him
 for myself but to me it seems
 has afraid has hooked and we not
 seen but temptation has it going
 down like that and if he asked
 I'd go deeper into his mind
 And do him again I could not do
 it alone not with myself but with
 a guy like that caught in the habit
 I got to have it in for him and he
 had done me the same we eventually
 I want him around more often to
 create our peace, make our peace
 make the heat sustain got to have it
 got to want it got to luv it the same
 me you he and his aunt no - - I can do bad
 all by myself cause I'm a woman with needs
 in need of a man - Tis am not no she- this time
 I'm for real

It's Over - Poem by Angela Brown

Baby, what's up with us
 Things used to be different
 You'd hold me in your arms
 And tell me sweet nothings
 Baby, what's up with this
 I kept my body tight

You would hug my hips
And rock me all night
Baby, tell me what's wrong
You used to mac me down
And tell me I'm fine
That you could not live without me
You were the king of the castle
And I was your queen
Whose boots are you knocked now
Your future sister?
What is it now, you played me
I'm not good enough
You can't rise above your ghetto queen
By being the man of my dreams
But I always thought we were better than that
This is a bridge, I dare not cross
Don't leave me hanging in the streets
Broken bottles, skeletons, reapers in the night
I'm afraid of what is underneath this bridge
We used to be real tight
Open the window and let the light shine through
I see you got that eye twinkle you had once
The same look when we made love
The dark heat caressing strokes
Our bodies compressed as one
I afraid of losing you
My only one true love
I've come to know
Does not choose to luv me no more
I'm not for you
But what do you mean?
I cried many nights things were different
But it is what it seems
It is as it seems
you told me to walk
I left
It's over now
and I'm not over you

My Last Goodbye - Poem by Angela Brown

I thought I'll never come to this
I thought I gave my heart to you
Not like this, we come to part
Too close, too far, the river is deep
I thought, as far inside, in the worst way
I'd drop in for at last, far passed, to see eye to eye
I yearned, I learned, to hear. my last cry
I yearned, I learned I swallowed my pride
A blank stare, a beam of light in the night
I held the gun close, pressed against my heart
Broken by your image, holding me for the last time
Our love was raw, straight up and kind
I listened, you cheated on me for the last time
The gun cocked, pointed, ready to die
To kill the poisonous lies you told

For the last time
 Oh, baby this, oh baby that
 Please baby, please. stuck in my mind
 My mind is playing trick on me
 When I gave you my heart
 For death do we part
 I cried my last cry,
 I said my last good bye
 You look me in the eye
 And tell me we're through
 And it does not me I'm played
 One shut eye, open lips, twisted tongue
 Was last hug the kiss of death
 You were all I got, got nothing left to give
 The touch of your hands
 The curve of your lips
 Your soft spoken words
 Have come to this
 The tense grip of how you hold me near
 Is the grip of hate when I pulled the trigger
 My last moan, my last sigh, my last groan
 The kiss of death, we see eye to eye
 No love don't love nobody no more

Food for Thought

I know no thirst, behind this peace of mind
 No familiar faces, behind this peace of mind
 Abandoned trust, behind this peace of mind
 Broken, death will come someday
 Alone in the night
 Ill-exposed by all the lies told
 Words of informality ill-imagined delusions
 There must be a better place in this world
 To heal the pain I now feel inside
 A place where solitude solicits my tears
 Solicits my fears of being touched
 Not by thoughts, I felt I loved once inside
 Deeply hidden rage holds a place dear to my heart
 I am crazy for your love
 Alone in the night
 My innocence exercises,
 The pain, the fears, the tears I share
 Holds a dangerous place inside
 Ready to explode...
 Alone in the night
 I know no thirst, behind this peace of mind
 No familiar faces, behind this peace of mind
 Abandoned trust, behind this peace of mind
 Broken, death will come someday
 Hit by the bearer of my roots
 No way, Alone
 It came unexpected, an intrusion
 I never wanted to hide
 I never invited you to walk on the idea

I wanted you to have me
No not this, not like this
The memory of your breath
The heat from inside
Scatter thoughts of dead faces
Moldering imprints in my mind...
Alone in the night
your voice
your laugh
your love for me
Have become the stones of sin...
Alone in the night.
The memories of love
Are of naked dreams
that wiped away my innocence
what was of us
does not matter, of love...
Alone in the night
nothing to do, but take my morning pill
And when sunrise comes
I'll be going another direction
without meaning, words have said its last good bye...
Alone, lonely, All alone,
Crazy 'bout you
I hide the pain
the pain in my heart
Invested inside of me, Alone
Alone in the night

What Tomorrow Means

I'm not crying
No, not this time
I've swallowed my pride
Behind my tears
I'm in a better place
And when tomorrow comes
It'll be a new day
I'm trying, crying, defining me
An intended purpose, I will lead
Happy within my skin
I can breathe
I'm not crying
No, not this time
I've swallowed my pride
Behind my tears
I'm in a better place
And when tomorrow comes
It'll be a new day
Each step I take I stride, with pride
One day I take in time, it'll be a new day
I'm wanting, needing, defying
the negativity held inside
hiding the pain of regret
Inflicted doubt of reality
weighing down the hardship

of a broken love
I'm not crying
No, not this time
I've swallowed my pride
Behind my tears
I'm in a better place
And when tomorrow comes
It'll be a new day
But no, not this time
You won't break me
Hiding pain with a smile
Laughing loudly, I stand tall
Shunning doubt with great pride
For being me
One day at a time
It'll be a new day
Brighter days lie ahead
A new script I'll write
Unknowing of
What tomorrow brings
And when tomorrow comes
I'll be better off
without you

Love me the Last Time

I am not got long
I am not playing
You got it going on
Cause luv burns
What's up with us
It's all in good time
I can't stop thinking of us
Got cha luv bug within my soul
Lost and found
You know what I mean
Can't get enough
Hit and run, war and peace
You and me
I want to be there for you
To stand by you
Not ashamed of fucking you
Check one check two
Down for you
Cause I got you
And yo mamma yo, I got you
Chorus:
I am not got long
I am not playing
You got it going on
Cause luv burns
I got you good
On the run
I'm blinded for your loving
I like kicking with your style
Cause you blow kind of cool

I took it, bent it, licked it, kicked it
I own it and will bone it
You pieced it marked it claimed it
I peed on it
Cause we ride it right
Our luv is tight
I hunger for your trust
Cause I got it like that
I am not got long
I am not playing
You got it going on
Cause luv burns
it's like this, It's like that
Your words and dialect
Blow my mind
I want to give it one more try
In this life as your wife
To bring down walls that divide us time
To create our peace
Make our peace
Cause I thought you made me a woman
And I made you into a man
I am not got long
I am not playing
No not like this
Not like this
Our luv is on fire
One two one two
Someone call 911
It's hot

Dial 911 - Poem by Angela Brown

I am not got long
I am not playing
You got it going on
Cause luv burns
What's up with us
It's all in good time
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To stand by you
Not ashamed of sexing you
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To create our peace
Make our peace
Cause I thought you made me a woman
And I made you into a man
Our luv is on fire
One two one two
Someone call 911
Our love is hot
And I'm burning with desire
Dial 911
My heart is on fire

Empty Heart - Poem by Angela Brown

What do you do with an empty heart?
Would you die at this moment?
Would you break down and cry out, for the one you love?
Would you change your ways, to make him happy?
Would you drop everything, to be with the man you love?
Ideas, dreams, fantasies
drifting within space
Silenced, I
longing to be held
longing to be touched
longing to be admired
what would you do with an empty heart?
To what extent would you go, to have him back in your life?
Would you jump out a plane?
Would you bend over backwards to win his love?
Would you give him all your worldly possessions, to be with your only true love?
Hands, skin, lips, tongue
Silenced, I am
Wanting, needing, desiring
To be told I am loved
To be cared for
That he respects my needs

That he encourages my dreams
Love hurts in many places
In darkness and light,
It has many phases.
We break up to make up
We take chances
Words go spinning inside
Of an empty heart and
Closed a mind
An empty heart

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Because when he rocks my world
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The smile on my face
Makes my body talk
I love a black man
I chose him for who he is
Because I choose a choice

By choice I am free
 To love a black man freely
 Because I love a black man
 Honestly, I choose to love only him
 or nothing at all
 U C I'm no ho
 Because I have respect
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 seen but temptation has it going
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 I'd go deeper into his mind
 And do him again I could not do
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 a guy like that caught in the habit
 I got to have it in for him and he
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You used to mac me down
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That you could not live without me
You were the king of the castle
And I was your queen
Whose boots are you knocked now
Your future sister?
What is it now, you played me
I'm not good enough
You can't rise above your ghetto queen
By being the man of my dreams
But I always thought we were better than that
This is a bridge, I dare not cross
Don't leave me hanging in the streets
Broken bottles, skeletons, reapers in the night
I'm afraid of what is underneath this bridge
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Open the window and let the light shine through
I see you got that eye twinkle you had once
The same look when we made love
The dark heat caressing strokes
Our bodies compressed as one
I afraid of losing you
My only one true love
I've come to know
Does not choose to luv me no more
I'm not for you
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I cried many nights things were different
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It is as it seems
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Broken by your image, holding me for the last time
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 The gun cocked, pointed, ready to die
 To kill the poisonous lies you told
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 Please baby, please. stuck in my mind
 My mind is playing trick on me
 When I gave you my heart
 For death do we part
 I cried my last cry,
 I said my last good bye
 You look me in the eye
 And tell me we're through
 And it does not me I'm played
 One shut eye, open lips, twisted tongue
 Was last hug the kiss of death
 You were all I got, got nothing left to give
 The touch of your hands
 The curve of your lips
 Your soft spoken words
 Have come to this
 The tense grip of how you hold me near
 Is the grip of hate when I pulled the trigger
 My last moan, my last sigh, my last groan
 The kiss of death, we see eye to eye
 No love don't love nobody no more

Food for Thought

I know no thirst, behind this peace of mind
 No familiar faces, behind this peace of mind
 Abandoned trust, behind this peace of mind
 Broken, death will come someday
 Alone in the night
 Ill-exposed by all the lies told
 Words of informality ill-imagined delusions
 There must be a better place in this world
 To heal the pain I now feel inside
 A place where solitude solicits my tears
 Solicits my fears of being touched
 Not by thoughts, I felt I loved once inside
 Deeply hidden rage holds a place dear to my heart
 I am crazy for your love
 Alone in the night
 My innocence exercises,
 The pain, the fears, the tears I share
 Holds a dangerous place inside
 Ready to explode...
 Alone in the night
 I know no thirst, behind this peace of mind
 No familiar faces, behind this peace of mind
 Abandoned trust, behind this peace of mind
 Broken, death will come someday
 Hit by the bearer of my roots
 No way, Alone

It came unexpected, an intrusion
I never wanted to hide
I never invited you to walk on the idea
I wanted you to have me
No not this, not like this
The memory of your breath
The heat from inside
Scatter thoughts of dead faces
Moldering imprints in my mind...
Alone in the night
your voice
your laugh
your love for me
Have become the stones of sin...
Alone in the night.
The memories of love
Are of naked dreams
that wiped away my innocence
what was of us
does not matter, of love...
Alone in the night
nothing to do, but take my morning pill
And when sunrise comes
I'll be going another direction
without meaning, words have said its last good bye...
Alone, lonely, All alone,
Crazy 'bout you
I hide the pain
the pain in my heart
Invested inside of me, Alone
Alone in the night

What Tomorrow Means

I'm not crying
No, not this time
I've swallowed my pride
Behind my tears
I'm in a better place
And when tomorrow comes
It'll be a new day
I'm trying, crying, defining me
An intended purpose, I will lead
Happy within my skin
I can breathe
I'm not crying
No, not this time
I've swallowed my pride
Behind my tears
I'm in a better place
And when tomorrow comes
It'll be a new day
Each step I take I stride, with pride
One day I take in time, it'll be a new day

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the negativity held inside
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Inflicted doubt of reality
weighing down the hardship
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You won't break me
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Laughing loudly, I stand tall
Shunning doubt with great pride
For being me
One day at a time
It'll be a new day
Brighter days lie ahead
A new script I'll write
Unknowing of
What tomorrow brings
And when tomorrow comes
I'll be better off
without you

Love me the Last Time

I am not got long
I am not playing
You got it going on
Cause luv burns
What's up with us
It's all in good time
I can't stop thinking of us
Got cha luv bug within my soul
Lost and found
You know what I mean
Can't get enough
Hit and run, war and peace
You and me
I want to be there for you
To stand by you
Not ashamed of fucking you
Check one check two
Down for you
Cause I got you
And yo mamma yo, I got you
Chorus:
I am not got long
I am not playing
You got it going on
Cause luv burns

I got you good
On the run
I'm blinded for your loving
I like kicking with your style
Cause you blow kind of cool
I took it, bent it, licked it, kicked it
I own it and will bone it
You pieced it marked it claimed it
I peed on it
Cause we ride it right
Our luv is tight
I hunger for your trust
Cause I got it like that
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it's like this, It's like that
Your words and dialect
Blow my mind
I want to give it one more try
In this life as your wife
To bring down walls that divide us time
To create our peace
Make our peace
Cause I thought you made me a woman
And I made you into a man
I am not got long
I am not playing
No not like this
Not like this
Our luv is on fire
One two one two
Someone call 911
It's hot

The Black Hope

Coming together to unite.
A black family is a need
and a reservation.
To the tired black men,
From a confused race.
Men, the inexperienced fathers,
Whose voice carries the
Weight. An energy source
Needed to sort through
The anger, tears and
hope is needed
to heal the worries of
thier innocent children.

In His Memory

When will, the clan of
tireless black men come to

Realised the difference
of being a father and
Deserting a child. Making
a promise is internal. Having a
Relationship takes practice.
How we socialize ponders
Inside and makes us laugh.

The Men we Reap

My house, empty
of the harmony.
Full of anger, his eyes, red
Met my eyes in disgust
As he reached out to hit
His son. His words, slured
with disgust from drinking
alcohol. The bitter cry of
Dispair filtered our home,
to realize we did not have
a home, without a father's
care and a mother to execute
a family's love.

Black Man Under Crisis

How can a child stand their ground,
While facing obstacles in life? A
Challenge will make them or break them
From bad habbit. A broken child
inspired by hope, will vision opportunity
from the stones he faces, with his father's
guidence.

Black Heroin

A boy died when he could not relate
to his father's purpose to chose life.
It was too late to respond to gunfire,
That motivated his death. His father
failed to teach his son the courage to fight,
the wisdom to challenge, and the insight
to spirituality that could have saved his son.

The Right of Passage: On Becoming a Man

His father's death became the source
he feared. He feared his father's presence,
afraid of being alone. His greatest stregnth
was his passion of love, from which he was cursed,
became his seed to carry on.

The Shadow Time

Sunset burns orange and gold
As mauve and indigo creep around
The day creatures begin to settle themselves
As the twilight insects fill the air with their song
Stars wait patiently to be seen
As they wink faintly in the distance
Muted light in homes and on the street
As families gather for the evening meal

Retelling of the day's events
As plans are made and calendars rearranged
Quiet steals in on silent feet
As whispers are heard carried by the wind

Fallen Angel

There was a get whose life it seemed,
to always have been cursed.
She felt germ suffering began,
the moment if her birth.
\Although they named her Angel,
She lived a life from hell.
And no matter just how hard she tried,
She knees she'd always fail.
\She asked God please to help her,
Find some easier way.
To find her way back to Him,
so in heaven she could stay.
\He spoke His words compassionately;
Then He took her in His arms.
And from that day forward His fallen angel,
Was forever safe from harm.

Unfaithful Lover

A constant rhythmic beat,
the pounding of the rain...
Distant thunder rolls.
A storm in the night,
Lightning clash...
A chiming clocks toll.
Panting of a lover's breath,
her sighs of pleasure...
Echoing in the night.
Her glowing image,
a brief shining glance...
In the birth of a lightning strike.
Our lover's bed,
tainting memories...
Of a once beautiful love made.
One stormy night of passion,
our hearts...
left in trade.

Setting You Free

My heart had been in search of you so long.
It waited even though it had been used.
And when the time had come, love was so strong.
A promised dream come true, two souls infused.
But now you're gone.
I tried to find a way to live the dream.
But the darkness of confusion was my guide.
For a moment in infinity was mine, or so it seemed.
Now the sorrows of my heart I cannot hide.
For now you're gone.
Within my soul, I finally found a way to set you free.
It was before me all along the way.

And so I realized, what's not to be
I loved you though, is all that I can say.
And now you're gone.

God's Greatest Gift, a Mother

Sometimes I sit and wonder just how you
might feel. You are always so happy even
when you're tired and ill. You are so full
of life and your face always glows. You
have so much love inside, through your life
it shows. You give so much of yourself and
expect nothing in return. I often wish
there was something that I could give in
turn. My love for you is deep from the
heart, and with that love I will never
part. For you is my Mother and have always
been from the start.

Something

There is something in ur smile,
that makes me wonder for miles
There is something that makes me think
and at night is can't sleep a wink
when we fight it makes us stronger
and is know we will last much longer
there is something in ur eyes
that keeps me hypnotized
u can see the way is flirt
u know I'll never make u hurt
there's something that makes me never want to leave u
and baby u know my love is true
there is something in that giggle
that makes my heart wiggle
there is something between us
that brigs much stronger trust
there is something that says is love u
and baby u know its true.

The Invisible Children

At night the invisible children are creeping.
Countless, soundless souls beseeching.
Pitching and drifting -- a sea of imploring eyes,
Stuck by fate in an endless pit of sorrow and lies.
I awaken as the invisible children are creeping.
I hear their spoiled souls desperately pleading.
Neglect breeds indifference and despair;
Abuse creates wounds beyond repair.
I cannot escape when they come creeping.
On Diana's silver chariot, I hear them weeping.
In their tears are reflections of pain and injustice.
Suffering surfacing in poverty, anguish and prejudice.
On a dying storm's breath, they come creeping?
A ship's free sail grasping for wind - retreating.
Floating above the hostile battlefields of conflict
trying to rise above the pain that others inflict.
Can you hear the invisible children creeping?

Longing for sustenance but receiving nothing.
Their hungry minds and bodies are burning.
Or do you pray they won't be returning?
You must listen when they come creeping
or they may sink into a watery tomb -life is fleeting.
Teach them not to repeat sins of their fathers
and imprint their pain upon their sons and daughters.

Faith

May your soul be filled with God's wisdom
To become an apprentice of faith
May your heart be touched by nature,
To live by God's words of hope
To not be perturbed of evil to become enriched in fate
May you become a PR actioner of faith
Where hate is abandoned in fear of God
Where young minds can understand God's leadership
For religious purposes of a spiritual creed
That defends the nation against wrongful deeds of hate
Where fate in God leadership to promote world peace
May God protect the female holy veil for equality
Open her eyes, Open her soul to the covenant of God
May men be teachers, May men be leaders
Of the family, of the community, of the church
May man think of Church as an audacity of hope of the family
To anticipate the love and guidance of social freedoms
God is my Shepard I shall not want
As I walk through the valley of fire I shall fear no evil
For God is my temperament

I remember

Today is breathe and remember that breath.
It was hard remembering the best part of me.
The last memory of the best part of me eats cherries from the cherry tree.
Today I breathe and remember that breath.
It was hard remembering the picnics on the beach the throwing of the sand.
I breathe today and remember the smile and holding your hand.
Today is breathe and remember that breath.
I remember the joys of you; is remember the laughter and the twinkling of your eyes.
Today is breathe and is remember leaving and the pain in your cries.
Today is breathing and it was hard because every memory of you surfaced.
Today is breathing and you are still with me. Today is remembered the softness of your voice and the gentleness
of your touch.
Today is remembered we played tongue twister.
Today was hard to remember my sister.
I breathe and remember too well the secrets and laughter in that one room.
Today is breathe and remember that breath, is sigh too soon.
Today is breathing and my lungs blow up like a glove.
Today is remembering a sibling's love.

My People

Hundred years of struggle, yet your minds
still boggle
in shame, shaking like the game, my people.
Underline railroad we run with heavy load
now we pledge with an oath yet stunt our growth, my people.

How could we authorize to be terrorized,
hijacked plane, making us insane, and my people?
Reach my people reach, think of Raking's
speech "free at last, free at last, I have
a dream", and don't forget you're past my people.
Jews, Blacks, Whites, Hispanics all hated
Indian, Korean, Japan still segregated my
people.
Unite as one that's not wrong my people.
Feel abundant love that flows from above;
lose the strain, marijuana, needles and
cocaine.
Why are we still putting ourselves in chain
my people?

An American Epic, By Angela Khristin Brown

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., By Angela Khristin Brown

His leadership is authentic.
His voice, a thrust, of personal conviction.
His voice, a prophet, with a vision.
His leadership is unperil.
A theorist in motion.
A theologian, whose words or morality
healed, comforted prejudice tradition.
An epic of unyielding sight.

Booker T. Washington, By Angela Khristin Brown

Born a slave from the back woods of Virginia,
From an abandoned father, one time removed.
He, an educated black man, a free slave,
Would found an educational institution, of workforce education.
A vocation, an evolution, which provided skill to the black man,
Tuskegee, Alabama university, the permanence of a new era.

W. E. B. Du Bois, By Angela Khristin Brown

Foremost, in the hearts of the nation,
Known as the talented tenth, An
African American served his purpose.
He, a leader in the black community,
Implicated radicalism in the black community.
A relationship of origin, whose path, became
a blue print of democracy.

Malcom X, By Angela Khristin Brown

To the colored world, Malcom, arrived.
And when he arrived he removed the hate
that fosters in our souls. Malcom, a pillar
of the black community, taught all how to
delegate our race with pride, through faith.
Malcom, of moral character, taught all the
importance of matter. Malcom asserted race
with a since of direction, that made a presence,
that he died in envy.

Rosa Parks, By Angela Khristin Brown

It was a historic day,
The clouds were dark and heavy

It was a day of apithamy.
Blacks were second class
Citizens. You read it. The signs said
No blacks allowed. Blacks were not
Permitted in public domains. The law
Read separate; not equal. Blacks
Were to give up their seat for whites
To sit at the back of the bus. Rosa
May have heard the voices in her
Head, when it served her time to say
“No.” ‘Not today.’ Rosa took a chance
That led a revolution to equal rights.
The police were waiting for to put her
In jail. Rosa broke the law. How can
A country is free, without just cause?

We are not truly free.

In the seventies in Las Vegas, a young
Boy told his sister that blacks out of respect
Must sit in the back of the bus. This girl
Too refused to give up her seat and
Realizing the just cause is an absolute right .

Shriley Chism, By Angela Khristin Brown

Chism, raised the bar on race, when she
ran for presidency. Chism, affectionatly,
denied sexism as she reformed American
progress state of mind. Chism, a black female,
defined service as a responsibility to American
culture. Chism, led a generation of revelation, in
a journey from American's taboo past.

The Flag and What It Means To Me

By Sharyn Angela Brown

The stars symbolizing fifty states.
A potential dream of a bright shining star among many.
The red symbolizing bloodshed.
The wars are many and don't always occur on the battlefield.
To me the red also symbolizes evil and the choices we make.
The white symbolizes the thirteen original colonies.
Symbolizes a dream within a diversity of families working together.
A common goal of serenity within the nations of the world.
To me the white also symbolizes that goodness and purity.
Our choices determine the color within.
To stand and salute is to respect,
To offer silence is to submit,
To stand still is to honor,
To remain standing until home is to pass on what is to others.

My Philosophy of Education/As seen by a Teacher/Advocate

By Sharyn Angela Brown

Education is a life long process.
All children have a basic right to an appropriate education.
This needs to be in the least restrictive environment possible.
Each can be taught, and it is our job as teachers to find out how.
I do not believe that education begins or ends in the classroom.
Instead, education needs a lifelong team approach.

Roadblocks to learning are simply temporary walls.
 With education these walls will be knocked down.
 Useful tools taught in order to find a path ahead.
 It needs to be taught that roadblocks are not dead ends.
 Quitting should never be seen as an acceptable alternative.
 The 3 R's alone do not meet the responsibility of teaching.
 Teaching needs to have a team approach between home and school.
 A successful teacher insures sequential skill mastery.
 Such a teacher sets no limits for success.
 Successful collaboration implements a plan.
 A plan to develop the potential for every student.
 In order that they may learn to obtain their goals.
 And at the same time be able to live a functional and productive life.

The Unwritten Psalm "An Adoptive Mother's Prayer to Her Chosen Child

By Angela Brown

Conceived by your birthmother, you grew under her heart
 She loved you enough to give you your start
 God was the parent that made you grow
 Feeding you, loving you and telling you so.
 Regardless of how you became legally free
 To me you would come of that God would see
 He wrote for sure in his great book of life
 He spoke his sacred word with all of his might.
 She may have given you your precious sweet start
 But you grow deep inside me, in a place called my heart.
 Please never doubt that you are so very much loved,
 God made sure you were from heaven above.
 I am so very blessed I could choose you for my child
 You sweet precious one so carefree and mild.
 I will love you forever know this to be true
 I am so blessed that God allowed me to choose you

More like a Sister than a Friend

By Angela M. Brown

Once we were strangers but now we are friends,
 A wish of love and thanks to your way I send.
 \Thank you for being there when the nights were so long,
 And thank you for making me feel like with you I belong.
 \Others don't know the friend they gave up in you,
 But I'm glad they did because I've found a friend that's true.
 \No one can know the pain of a friend turning their back,
 But you were right there for me, taking up their slack.
 \You carried my load when I couldn't bear,
 You've always carried so much more than your share.
 \You were there, at times, when you didn't even know it,
 Somehow you knew I was hurting when I couldn't even show it.
 \You gave me a shoulder to cry on when the pain cut so deep,
 And you cried those tears for me when I hadn't anymore to weep.
 \You've changed my life in such a special way,
 For your kindness and love, no sum of money could ever repay.
 \So today I say thank you for all that you have done,
 And a special place in my heart you certainly have won!
 \I LOVE YOU dear friend and will 'til the end
 Just because you're you and more like a sister than a friend!

**I Am Poet
Protest Poems
Poet Angela Brown**

Abstract:

I will attempt to compare and contrast the work of different poets and their writing styles. I will define each poet's purpose in writing. I will identify with the poets voice in their poems. I will analyze each poem and tell what makes the poem significant to me. I will detail the context of each poem and tell why the poet's words are meaningful. I will go through the lines of poetry to attempt to define the voice of the poet.

Key Words: African American Poetry, Modern African American Poetry, American Culture

Imagination is what builds character amongst the fictional world and contemporary world. The purpose of fiction is relative to fantasy. It is how society dictates its values and interprets its dreams so visually we can imagine what is relative to social values. The One Who Walk Away from Omegas is a fiction story that travels through time. The theme of the story is built on the real world and the imaginary world. Metaphorically, the story walks away from the imagination to face the real world. The story is a euphoric for the imagination creates a surreal world of allusion where everything is happy. The imagination is an exterior of hope. The setting is in a utopia where there is forest where everything is green and plush. It is from imagination that becomes invention. We as humans become beside ourselves through dreams that place us in an atmosphere where life is external to our own. It is not intentional. Imagination is a measurement of purpose. It is okay to dream.

How the poems are interpreted by the wording of each poem. The language of words is passionate and kind to the reader. The words of the poem differs in context, the punctuation, the syntax, the structure, the content and the tone is what makes the poem valuable. The choice of words, the dialect, the meaning of symbolism may be used to express a feeling or attitude to the reader that goes beyond meaning. The attitude of the poet can set the tone of the poem. The message of the first poem states that I am beautiful because of who I am. The second poem is more possessive. It claims that beauty is in the eyes of the beholder. I feel beauty is how you interpret its meaning. The beauty of a poem is meaningful to a person by how the words in the poem is valued and it is how it is valued that the meaning is remembered eternally.

There is a difference from reading a poem for pleasure and writing a poem. When someone reads a poem, the reader is reading a piece for entertainment. The reader reads for pleasure. They read something they are interested in that is rewarding and they can say if they like or dislike it. Writing a poem has to deal with evaluating it. While writing a poem a poet might look at word choice. Finding the reason why the poet used those particular words for expressing an idea. The words can be used to set meaning to a poem. The way the poem is written can tell the mood of the poem. It can tell how the poem is read. I consider myself a novice poet. When I read a poem I read to discover the essence of what the poem is stating. I write poems for pleasure. I read poetry a lot because it is something I enjoy doing on my spare time. I have become the poet behind the poet just by enjoying what I read. There is a difference from reading a poem for pleasure and writing a poem. When someone reads a poem, the reader is reading a piece for entertainment. The reader reads for pleasure. They read something they are interested in that is rewarding and they can say if they like or dislike it. Writing a poem has to deal with evaluating it. While writing a poem a poet might look at word choice. Finding the reason why the poet used those particular words for expressing an idea. The words can be used to set meaning to a poem. The way the poem is written can tell the mood of the poem. It can tell how the poem is read. I consider myself a novice poet. When I read a poem I read to discover the essence of what the poem is stating. I write poems for pleasure. I read poetry a lot because it is something I enjoy doing on my spare time. I have become the poet behind the poet just by enjoying what I read.

The two poems I have selected for this exercise on character is, "Warming of Her Pearls" and "The Last Ditches." The Warming of Her Pearls is an enchanting poem that the speaker voices his admiration for his friend lover. The poem speaks diligently in how he compares his friend to a deliciously. It is a classic poem that entails the social norms of how women are thought of by men in society. In society women are thought of highly and love is much to be admired. The Last Ditches is another classic poem that possesses the political and social attributes of society. The poem is written in first person. The Last Ditches is a narrative poems that tells the political story of anarchy relationship that occurs in the eighteenth century.

The voice of the writer speaks of the sequential tell of how a mistress is bought after losing his wife. In society women in America were second class citizens and a women's marriage could be bought or replaced and was thought to be acceptable by everyone. The voice of the poet suggest that women possession did not matter more than money. How a woman looked on a man's arm became a status symbol. Men were more prominent than women. Marriage was a status symbol. Women were distanced than men in making decisions.

The voice of the poem reveals a character tone in the poem. The voice is very important in a poem because it is important in revealing the continuity of the poem. The voice reasons with an audience creating affection to the reader to make a colorful response or attitude toward who the poet is speaking about. In the Warming of Her Pearls, I wish I were the female in the poem, because I want to be admired and adored as much as she is. In the Last Ditches, I yearn to possess the power behind authority to making powerful decision. I want to speak out for the the ditches. I want to change history of how women are treated. Each poem were written in two different periods that distance in time. In one time period, they cared for women and the other they don't. When I listen to rap music today, women are undervalued in voice of the rapper. Having a wife is more valued than a loosed women who is disrespected. The voice of the character is important in dictating who trains the point of thought of dialog impertinent to telling the point the poet is trying to make.

Every writer has their own set of ideas which are used to set the tone of a story being told. There is a beginning, a middle and an end to every work. A writer masters his own style of writing by the format of of words in using his theory. A writer conveys meaning to his story by how he gets his point across to the reader. Every writer is different because he has his own way of conveying a story to his reader. A writer may find words an effective way of sending a message to a reader. It is the message that sets the tone or mood in relaying the message.

Words can be a powerful resource in getting an idea across. A word that is carefully placed in a line or phrase can be used to describe the five senses. Words can be used to jump across a page to give direction to the point you are trying to get at. A simple phrase can set the mood of the story. Words are used in a setting to create an emotional response to the reader. How the words are used are elements that evoke an attitude towards how the story is told. Words lead to the path of word patterns that make the story more interested. Words become the focal point for reason.

The writing styles may vary. A formal form of writing may be a subjective style, while an informal writing is an objective style. The subjective style of writing is more confirmative than an informal writing style which is personal style of writing. The tone of the story is determined by the usage of words, phrases or tone of the story is written. Contemporary writing is a form of modern writing from this generation, while a classic writing style uses style from primitive decade. Some forms of writing is more elevated meaning the use of fancy words is common in the paper. An equated writing style is more formal style of writing.

I like to write a contemporary piece of poetry, because of the writing style is modern. The word choice I use is selective combination of adjectives and adverbs used to set the tone of the poem. The words can be grouped together to fit the description of what I am trying to convey. This may be done through using symbolism or by using sensory clichés, so that my readers can find, relate to and identify with something they can relate to. The word choice are used in figures of speech. The patterns of repetitions and comparisons are used to create a melody using poetic verse or lyrical poetry from the hip hop era of writing. Most of my poems are written in free verse. There is no rhyme scheme, but, there is pattern of rhythm. Each line contains the same amount of beats per measure in a line. The theme of my poems are about the social conventions faced in this generation and they are protest poems. The point I try to get across is for the reader to understand that we all have problems that we must address. We face these same problems in one way of the other. Let us find a solution to our problems by understanding and having empathy to the things we don't understand and I try to discuss a solution to resolve these issues. I write about love, regret, hurt, pain, survival, family or any social problem. I write poems on Civil Rights, social conventions and I write about progress. The message in my poems is do not give up and we can rise above our problems. The poems I write about is something everyone can relate to whether it is on women's issues, we find reasons for our struggles. I believe that together we can make a difference if we tried. It is my intention when I write to get my voice heard to create insight or awareness to the reader on how we can make things different.

I chose to write about two contemporary forms of literature. Both forms of writing tell the state of being. It is about the natural order of things is present in our lives. Its presence is functional in how we exist.

"The First Person Fabulous" is a narrative poem written in first person. The structure of the poem is informal form of writing. The first person is written about a relationship between a couple that one is contingent on the other. The form of poetry is a riddle of twist and turns that life is built on having a relationship. There are a lot of metaphors used in this poem. The words are grouped into a mathematical pattern of phrases that a needs B and B cannot live without A. When I read this poem, I realize the importance of having people in my life.

"Living Like a Weasels" are is a narrative essay. The story compares the life of a weasel to a human life. The author tries to reveal the life of a weasel is as precious as human life itself. One must realize that if nature were extinct, the world would be losing one of its great treasures of existence itself. An end result would be to preserve nature by granting it respect. Would it not be great to reach in the life of a weasel and see its daily functions is much prevalent like our own existence? The jargon of fancy word phrases throughout the story gives a visual of natural habitat. It is with the wording of phrases that creates the essence of how the story is told. The voice of the writer is third person while describing nature. After reading this story, I want to protest against destroying our forest. This essay is that powerful.

I have an appreciation of life. There is nothing more precious than life itself. One cannot bargain with life resources. One is contingent on the other. If we all took the time doing something with each other, this would be the ideal life to live by.

Jamaica Kinkaid's poem, *Girl* is a contemporary poem which speaks in first voice. The poem is written like the "Diary of Ann Frank," that list details of events that happen within one day. The poem is a blank verse poem, that the speaker narrates their daily routine. The poem separates each thought with punctuation. A blank verse poem writes in reputation without stopping until the end. This is a confirmative form of writing a poem.

Andrew Marvel poem, "Dialog between Soul and Body," is written in the form of dramatic monologue, because one stanza is a voice for the next stanza to recall. The poem is written like an alternating skit from a play. There are two voices in the poem, the body and the soul. The wording of the poem is classical. It uses a narrator discourse representation. The meaning of the poem is to determine the relativity between body and soul. In essence as the body hurts the soul begins to die. The poem has an alternating rhyme scheme in completes of aa/bb/cc/did eel/off/gg/he/ii juju/kaki/all/mm/nan of/pp/qi/err/ss.

Imagination is what builds character amongst the fictional world and contemporary world. The purpose of fiction is relative to fantasy. It is how society dictates its values and interprets its dreams so visually we can imagine what is relative to social values. The *One Who Walk Away from Omegas* is a fiction story that travels through time. The theme of the story is built on the real world and the imaginary world. Metaphorically, the story walks away from the imagination to face the real world. The story is a euphoric for the imagination creates a surreal world of allusion where everything is happy. The imagination is an exterior of hope. The setting is in a utopia where there is forest where everything is green and plush. It is from imagination that becomes invention. We as humans become beside ourselves through dreams that place us in an atmosphere where life is external to our own. It is not intentional. Imagination is a measurement of purpose. It is okay to dream.

Clifton, Brooks and Hughes are very talented poets whose poetic artistry is out spoken. Their form of poetry has given added hope and respect that everyone can relate to. The poets have a poetic form that is both profound and noble. These poets come from different backgrounds Clifton from being shy, Brooks from being an extravert and Hughes came from an upper-class status. Each poet has influenced their form of writing that tells stories from personal influence. Whether self-motivated like Hughes or peer motivated like Clifton and Brooks, each poet was encouraged to pursue their dreams.

Brooks' mother discovered her daughter had a natural talent for writing. Brooks always loved to read and write. Her mother always encouraged her to write. Brooks graduated from college and soon after she married her first books was published. It was after she discovered the 'New Black Revolution of Writing' that Brooks sample writing, she 'woke up' and discovered that she is not alone. She discovered that during the 'black revolution' to be aware of others feelings. She found in her primary writing that white people loved her and blacks were cold to her poetry and so Brooks changed her form of writing so everyone can relate to it. Brooks wrote in the form of poetic free verse.

Clifton had developed her ability to write when she was in college. Clifton's talent was influenced by peers who were also writers. Clifton was a college graduate. After her marriage her career in writing launched because she surrounded herself by people who had common interest.

In college she began to experiment with writing poetry and writing drama. Clifton had a gift which had granted her many awards for her talent. She taught college where she discovered her passion for writing on 'everyday things'. Clifton is known as anotarypoet.

Hughes' discovered he had a talent for writing in the 8th grade. Hughes father did not support his writing because it was not something one could make a living doing. Hughes majored in Engineering in college, but dropped out of school. He continued writing where he published essays, plays and short stories. Hughes considered himself to be a poet 'not afraid of being himself'. He continued as an editor for a newspaper. Hughes was a self-motivated writer. Hughes never gave up on his dream. He decided to go back to college and he graduated with two degrees in English. Hughes studied jazz and blues music decided to sample writing lyrical poetry. Hughes writing gave people hope. Hughes was noted as one of the most prolific writers in American literature.

Reviewing a poem is a means of reading beyond the words and finding meaning into the character. A poem can have a hidden meaning that everyone can relate to in one form or another. This group of writer's tell a story within the lines of their poetry from personal experience. They share their stories in how they relate to their environment whether it be Clifton's free verse or Hough's lyrical poetry. To follow their career and see their struggle is a vision of inspiration, because, no matter what obstacle they never gave up on their dreams of becoming a writer. Developing their craft in writing had been a long journey that paid off.

Sisters by Lucille Clifton

I and you be sisters.
We be the same.

Me and you
coming from the same place.

I and you
be greasing our legs
touching up our edges.

Me and you
be scared of rats
be stepping on roaches.

I and you
come running high down Purdy Street one time
and mama laugh and shake her head at
me and you.

Me and you
got babies
got thirty-five
got black
let our hair go back
be loving ourselves
be loving ourselves
be sisters.

Only where you sing,
I poet.

There is something about the black culture that unifies us spiritually as women. In the poem, Sisters, Lucille Clifton presents a positive image of black women. What Lucille says in her poem, we can all identify with it. This poem could have been written about a friend or family, because it is our cultural traits that we can relate to in the poem. I grew up in the ghetto so I feel I understand the message she is conveying. My Mother always told me to take pride in who I am. It is good educate to look good. Black women do not like their skin ashy, so we use grease to keep our skin soft and to have a radiant glow. To black women nappy hair is bad hair and good hair is straight hair, and so, black women love to straighten the edges of their course hair. In the ghetto, the housing is poor and clean. I grew up scared of roaches and rats. We were scared of rats killing us with their bite, but we would step on roaches to get rid of them from spreading germs.

How I took care of myself is what made my Mom proud that I have nothing to be ashamed of. When Lucille speaks of 'Purdy Street' I think is an analogy for the pride within her in raising fine kids. I can see her mom proud at 35, with children and black and feeling comfortable in her own skin. Singing a song is a form of spirituality that transcends from the beauty within the lines of this poem.

Refusal by Maya Angelou

Beloved,
in what other lives or lands
have I known your lips
you're Hands
Your Laughter brave
Irreverent.
Those sweet excesses that
I do adore.
What surety is there
that we will meet again,
on other worlds some
Future time undated?
I defy my body's haste.
Without the promise
of one sweeter encounter
I will not deign to die.

Maya Angelou is a poet whose poems ask its audience to carefully listen to the words being said. She speaks in the words of her poems of hope and inspiration. Angelou focuses on playful words using figurative speech. Her poems are a source of theoretic politics. The words in the poems are used to unify the struggle of black culture. Angelou use of analogies of life compare and contrast ideas from beginning to end. Angelou writes using a rhyme scheme pattern with meter. The lines of the poem are stressed and unstressed words that describe a common theme. The voice of the poet is subjective. She writes from experience. Angelou poems have a beginning, a middle and end that is relative and meaningful.

Heart to Heart by Rita Dove

It's neither read
nor sweet.
It doesn't melt
or turn over,
break or harden,
so it can't feel
pain,
yearning,
regret.

It doesn't have
a tip to spin on,
it isn't even
shapely—
just a thick clutch
of muscle,
lopsided,
mute. Still,
I feel it inside
its cage sounding
a dull tattoo:
I want, I want—
but I can't open it:
there's no key.

I can't wear it
 on my sleeve,
 or tell you from
 the bottom of it
 how I feel. Here,
 it's all yours, now—
 but you'll have
 to take me,
 too.

Rita Dove's poetic response re-invents history with an authentic form using free verse. Dove use of rhyme and meter sets the tone of the poem. Each line of the poem continues to one word to the next using words that are grouped into small phrases. Each phrase is a complete thought. Dove use of adjective and adverbs combined, which expresses the tone of the poem. One single word adds emphasis to each line to stress an emotional response. Each word is a form of expression. The placements of the words in each line of poem uses a synergy of imagination. Dove likes to use consonance, the repetition of consonant sounds that expresses the mood of what is being said. Dove's poems reveal individual details from one word to a group of words that are uniform with the poem's analogy for life.

Sisters by Angela Brown

We are all alike underneath this skin
 I am afraid to share the mask within
 I am hurt and confused about racial friction
 It divides us amongst bias tensions
 I am happy, I cry and I regret history's past
 I am not different than most folks underneath this mask
 I wear the mask to cover up the pain within
 The mask covers where the anger begins
 Sometimes I feel I can't go on
 But the voice within tells me to be strong
 We are alike in so many ways
 You are the words behind my thoughts
 And I, the poet

As women, we are a like in many ways. We share so much in common we are like family. We feel passionate about who we are. We feel good about what we have become. We feel good about our success. We feel sad about our loss. We regret the history of sexism and racism. We feel uncomfortable about our painful past that has divided us with the insecurity of regret. We wear the mask of indifference that is used to motivate us by making us more secure of who we are as women. There are barriers in the past that divide us. We fail to understand why we create barriers. We are afraid to speak why race and sex matters. We have not yet come to understand why it is important to talk about what matters most, and so, we hide behind a mask of fear. We must learn to find comfort within defining meaning behind our actions that calls us to be strong. It is important that we, as women, find common interest to speak out of what we are passionate about so we become the voice behind wisdom.

Images of the Five Senses

Fall leaves swiftly whispered peacefully in the wind
 The shifting ice cones shattered into pieces pocketing the bare ground
 The taste of cold ice slowly melts away into water quenching my thirst
 The ocean waves welcomed me with a warm, wet and trepid surprise
 Rain left the air smell fresh and clean

I feel that Langston Hughes is one of the greatest jazz poets in American history. I value his repetition of sounds and his usage of meter and I think his poems are written beautifully. I have also read poems for the Harlem Renaissance, the Black Arts movement to the great work from the Hip Hop movement. I feel that spoken word poems are the spiritual narrative of American culture. The influence of modern poetry has inspired me to want to write poems. I hope that my poems may someday make a favorable imprint on society.

A poet utilizes words to express contemporary ideas into poetic verse. A poet's words are used to convey a message for the reader to interpret and feel a sense of completion. The words in a poem can be remembered by how the ideas are presented. It is from the sentimental value of words that make the poem beautifully written.

**THE BEAUTY OF 2016 President Debate
POEM BY ANGELA BROWN**

Poetry is beautiful, in my eyes.
Its words are old with wisdom.
A poet's tear burns words, to vanish
As eternal as silence is sincere.

A sphinx pressed against the sky, is
As pure as an angel's virginity.
The words of a poet articulates sound
Nor tears, nor laughter prohibits meaning.

Poets who speak wisely with conceit,
Interpret words beyond reason.
To consume the hour with extensive study;
Is admired for its esthetic beauty.

Poetry, the mirror image of perfection:
Meaningful text, burns words internally!
— *Angela Khristin Brown*

**The Metro, POEM BY ANGELA BROWN
In Memory of Nancy Reagan**

The white picket arches,
Opens from within,
The metro at Penn station
Etches along its sidewalk a colorful tune,
As pedestrian angels embrace, love from their hearts.
Men and women, with suit pockets drop coins
In the wishing well of life.
A harp plays a genuine jazz ensemble,
With the grace of letting go;
The grace of calling out;
A soul yearning to be free,
To embrace love with a promise
Of letting go and forgiving.
In darkness, as in light,
Life becomes a devotion to God
The keeper of lost souls.

Black Momma-faces, POEM BY ANGELA BROWN

She lies, brown skin down in the moist dirt,
the canebrake rustling with whispers of leaves,
the loud longing of hounds and the ransack
of hunters crackling the near branches.
She mutters, lifting her head,
I shall not be moved.
She gathers her babies, their tears slick as oil
on black faces, their young eyes canvassing

the mornings of madness. Their lives will soon
 be upon the killing floor unless they match
 their mother's heart and words.

I shall not be moved.

Not in Virginia tobacco fields, along the roads
 in Arkansas or upon the reddened hills of Georgia.

Into the palms of her chained hands, she cries
 against calamity, her universe collapsing
 by one black body falling from the tree
 to her feet. She hears the names swirling
 as ribbons in the wind of history: *nigger, bitch,*
baboon, whore... but those descriptions do not
 fit their tongues. She has a way of being:

I shall not be moved.

No angel stretches wings above her children,
 none to protect, none flutter and urge the winds
 of reason. Nor can she. They sprout like young
 weeds, vulnerable to uncaring cutting blades
 of ignorance. She pulls them out
 and sends them away—shoeless—underground.

When you learn, teach. When you get, give.

She stands mid ocean, seeking dry land.
 She's clothed in the finery of faith. Searches
 for God's face. On the altar, places her fire
 of service. When she appears at the temple door,
 there's no sign to welcome her. She only hears
 the thrashing sound of wickedness, she cries,
 "No one dare deny me God!"

But then she sees upon her right, The Divine,
 who impels her to pull forever at the latch
 on freedom's gate. His Holy Spirit on her left
 leads her into the camp of the righteous,
 into the tents of the free. She sees
 the momma-faces—lemon-yellow, plum-purple,
 honey-brown—grimaced and twisted down.
 Their names are Sheba the Sojourner, Harriet
 and Zora, Mary Bethune and Angela, and all
 the Annies to Zenobias.

They stand:

In front of abortion clinics, confounded.
 In Welfare lines for the pity of handouts.
 In pulpits, yet shielded by mysteries.
 In the operating rooms, husbanding life.
 In the choir lofts, holding God in their throats.
 On street corners, hawking worn-out bodies.
 In classrooms, loving children, hating ignorance.
 Centered on world's stage, they each sing
 to their loves and beloveds, and to their foes,
 these words: "However I'm perceived,
 however great my deficiency or conceit,
 lay aside your fears that I may become undone,
 I shall not be moved."

—Angela Brown

9 Year Old Shot Chicago - Poem by Angela Brown

Black lives matter
And another ones gone
And another ones gone
Another one bites the dust
Do you know what its like
A victim of assault
Withholding silence
Enabled to talk
It is how it is
To be brought up in the streets
A gang is your family you trust
With your sons life
Not to repeat secrets
Is no way of life, ending lives
Your boy who wanted to live in your image
Dead under false pretences
YOur little boys dream
Was to overcome obsticles with success
No not like this, not like this
To rise above this, 'tis be different
Different this time, next time, sometimes
'Cause we got options, to go and I walk
For the walking souls that die before us
Can not turn our backs, for once in time
To see eye to eye before one of our own dies
Because the price of life is more than its users
Another life is waisted, with out blame
I feel the pain I fear evry time I leave the house
Hopen next time tis'll be different
And not another statistic
As God is our witness

A Child's View On War - Poem by Angela Brown

Daddy went off to war one day
To play the big boy games
And fight the countless enemies
Who also have no names.
While I sat and played outside
And mommy baked her pies
I said to my little playmates
'My daddy will not die.
He'll fight the ones who want to take
Our freedoms and our dreams
He's gonna blast those commies,
Though I don't know what that means.'
But Daddy's strong, he'll survive,
My Mommy told me so.
So I was brave and did not cry
When he said he had to go.
My mother told me once again,
That Daddy would not die,
So I gave him a smile to carry

When we had to say goodbye.
 I was right, but oh, so wrong,
 To think he would not die
 Because although he still walks and talks
 There's nothing in his eyes.
 When Daddy came back, he looked the same
 And hugged and kissed my head
 But soon I knew his heart was gone
 His love for me was dead.
 This Vietnam, that he went to
 Was oh, so far away
 And while he did his duty there
 I learned how to pray.
 "Lord, please bring my daddy home,
 And keep him safe at night,
 And if it's dark and cold outside
 Give him warmth and light."
 What I should have prayed instead was this:
 "Lord, protect my Daddy's heart,
 And don't let the war he's fighting
 Tear his soul apart."
 Yes, Daddy went off to war one day
 Mommy said he would not die
 But that was not completely true,
 'Cause now he's dead inside.

A Right To Petition - Poem by Angela Brown

A commuter of sufferers
 In the injustice of inequality.
 Nations of women stand up
 For equal pay, for equal work.
 An immoral democracy
 Suffers, universally
 and in temperance.
 Society suffers within
 Their state of mind, suppressed,
 In their deeds, not by words.
 A women's place
 Is a natural role
 That will not be discouraged.
 A women's vote will be heard,
 A women's voice for action
 Calling to the social ills of the world
 From ill-circumstance, to reform
 And challenge an ideology.
 Men and women enacting as equals-
 To have their right to act freely
 In an open society
 With the right to vote.

A Slained Preacher - Poem by Angela Brown

Everyday is a eulogy on race
 Every hour we face fear,
 as we pray and cope...

Another pale day we face, our race
Word have become a cold mystery of fate
Words now hide behind its meaning
Dreams hide behind a cloud of mist
Brewed by the water boiling over
Every word lived is not promised
Every word tasted is savored
Words have become ideas
That emanated mixed feeling of bondage
Hidden words lie behind faux meaning
Words lost in meaning fading afar
Invisible to reason
My last words act freely
Time is darkness that feeds an addiction
To be loved and cared
Beyond my last request
Beyond this long journey
It is the hand that feeds my strength to carry on
It is the hand that has slain the star of death
Everyday is a eulogy of race
Asking God to free our lost souls
With the wisdom to know better
With the heart to preach love
Everyday is a eulogy on race
Every hour we face fear as we pray and cope another pale day
Words have become a cold mystery
Words lost hide behind meaning
Dreams hide behind a cloud of menagerie
That drift and disappear in fear
Every word lived is not what it seems
Every word is borrowed time
Words are ideas alive
As you feel them finding
Hiding secrets behind the lies
Invisible to reason
My last words hold my fate
Having lost all meaning
Time is the dark that feeds
Behind your last request
That feeds the slain star of death

A Used Book - Poem by Angela Brown

Forever and ever, their arrogance
of repressed thoughts
Disappearing in
And out of insanity
No one cares to understand
the poverty of words
A line, a phrase, or expression
Symbols turn unto stone
Stones turn unto ashes
Ashes turn unto dust
Words vanish and reappear
Amongst the wells of thought

Smoke signals self destruct for decades
 While isolated from inclusion
 Words die quietly of starvation
 From the very wisdom
 That control our lives
 And the knowledge
 We need to unify our souls
 From the familiar words
 I used to know

Back In The Day - Poem by Angela Brown

Do you remember when? Back in the day...
 When we were kids things were different
 It did not matter about the color of my skin
 Because we were alike and what mattered most,
 came from inside our hearts
 We used to like each others company
 We'd spend time reminiscing memories
 about how we got along and did things as friends
 We were in it together, through thick and thin
 We shared dreams of becoming somebody some day
 We wanted to make this a better world to live in
 You like I, felt the same, lived the same lives
 Made the same mistakes and when I needed a shoulder to cry on
 You were on your way, You told me to be strong
 In that I was never alone, because you cared
 Nobody else cared and we were a team
 It nearly scared me, the lupus and diabetes
 But I was too young, too scared to understand
 That some things don't change
 I have to live the hand God gave me
 Time is passing and I alone with memories
 Staring back at the future
 Stumbling at the present
 Asking 'Why do you put yourself in harms way? '
 Clasp my head in my hands, I cry, looking back
 I replied, 'I was always young in spirit and kid at heart'

Black Lives Matter - Poem by Angela Brown

And another ones gone
 And another ones gone
 Another one bites the dust
 Do you know what its like
 A victim of assault
 Withholding silence
 Enabled to talk
 It is how it is
 To be brought up in the streets
 A gang is your family you trust
 With your sons life
 Not to repeat secrets
 Is no way of life, ending lives
 Your boy who wanted to live in your image
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YOur little boys dream
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No not like this, not like this
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Different this time, next time, sometimes
'Cause we got options, to go and I walk
For the walking souls that die before us
Can not turn our backs, for once in time
To see eye to eye before one of our own dies
Because the price of life is more than its users
Another life is waisted, with out blame
I feel the pain I fear evry time I leave the house
Hopen next time tis'll be different
And not another statistic
As God is our witness

Bloody Sunday - Poem by Angela Brown

It was the bloodiest day in history
The winter's cold was as hot as the summer's heat.
And the deadliest mark in American history was foretold
It is from fear, that must have quenched God's thirst
That answered their call to freedom.
No hate nor pain could deter their fate
For they walked for freedom.
They were descendants of bandage
And marterers for faith
Answering their ancestor's cry for mercy.
Racism pierced the dark corners of their mind,
'Will the right to have democracy be protected? '
And so they marched in the name of God's glory
To have their voices heard.
Virtue was the cause that could not wait
For discrimination is an extension of division.
It is a matter of time before chaos breaks
And the balance of interest become the voice of power.
Love is what surrenders in time
And forgiveness is with the heart of the people.
And so their march had cost many lives
But it is from their faith that redefined history.

Broken Promises - Poem by Angela Brown

I am 46 years old and I have yet lived out my dreams
In my thoughts of suicide, life is not as it seems
I've been harassed, and I've been sent to prison
I've lived on welfare and I lived a life sentence
And as a result; I've been told that I don't belong
I feel, access to freedom had been prolonged
I cried out, I could not be the person I dreamed
I settled for less than what life seemed
I prayed to God, as if my life had mattered
My life torn into pieces and was shattered
I lived a lie of the American dream
I cannot support myself, for the life of me
I found out things are not what is out to mean

Broken promises blotted out and covered up
Mistaken words for what life could have been

Censorship - Poem by Angela Brown

Advocating Speech
Is life itself
Life is difficult without words
The presence of a voice
Carries on as a reminder
Of emerging thoughts
Thought remains unpinned
From aggression
I am the voice of
Advocating hope
From restriction
I am the voice of
Promoting peace
My voice demands justice
To be respected
My voice demands justice
To want dignity
I act in
Defiance to unkind difference
I act in
Response to unkempt change
My voice is a criminal of self-thought
Darkness is the impunity of silence
Speaking up is a right
I have something to say
Speaking out is a right
I have something to say
My voice can not be wasted
I have the right to be heard
Bombing

Church Bombing - Poem by Angela Brown

Four Colored Girls
of Montgomery church
You whisper before dawn
The silence of visible light
Singing God's hymn infinitely in time.
Your words are a reflection of mourning
Not knowing foreshadowing history
We share your agony
We share your pain
A mirror image of your journey.
Nothing is eternal
Only decades stand amongst our wound.
We stand, we bond, we pledge words of hope
Every second, every minuet,
Every hour in your memory
Each moment underlies our journey
And it is your voice that carries
Vocariiously towards freedom.

Eulogy Of Race - Poem by Angela Brown

Everyday is a eulogy of race
Asking God to free our lost souls
With the wisdom to know better
With the heart to preach love
Everyday is a eulogy on race
Every hour we face fear as we pray and cope another pale day
Words have become a cold mystery
Words lost hide behind meaning
Dreams hide behind a cloud of menagerie
That drift and disappear in fear
Every word lived is not what it seems
Every word is borrowed time
Words are ideas alive
As you feel them finding
Hiding secrets behind the lies
Invisible to reason
My last words hold my fate
Having lost all meaning
Time is the dark that feeds
Behind your last request
That feeds the slain star of death

Flags Over South - Poem by Angela Brown

Oh, Confederate flag
Flying guanine winds,
Rooted in shame
Beyond all reasons
Out of pity and pain
A flag that cries
In the broken air
Flown shamefully
Out of sorrow and deceit
It represents memories of terror
Stones of unmarked graves
Unforgotten memories of our past
Once removed from blame
The time has changed
The anger remains
With unsought questions asked
For its vein purpose
Of painful ignorance
Thought I should change
Of deception and of tiery
Of American values
Thought I would change
The hate and regret
Thought I could change
American values
The Confederate flag flies
In history in vein
History must not be
Taken for granted
For all its worth

One by one
Against the odds
One on one
Against the odds
They come by the dozens
One by one
Me and you against the odds
Flags over south

Gang Violence - Poem by Angela Brown

We wear the masks of blue violets
Hidden behind two colors
That mark the streets
Blind the alleys
That scar their dreams
With broken speech
No one understands
Every day is a new round
Every second is on the clock
But our outcome
Is a choice
We live together
We die together
The spirit must live
We wear the masks of broken roses
Walking stones into ashes
Scattered dust in the wind
Skeleton bones led to carry on
Vulnerable and weak masks
Die
Without reason
Every day is a new round
Every second is on the clock
But our outcome
Is a choice
We live together
We die together
And we must forgive
Red and blue fight
Without the waking pain
Confused and forgiven
No one is to blame
A blank stare
Staring back at us
As if we care
Every day is a new round
Every second is on the clock
But our outcome
Is a choice
I fell down
But I got up

Give Them The Reason - Poem by Angela Brown

In Memory of Julian Bond, Civil Rights Activist

Give 'em the Reason
Give me the reason, to free my mind
And in my heart, I want to be free
I want to be free, free, free
Lets Rock and roll
You took the best of me
Every second, every minuet,
The best time of our lives
The joy of warm memories remain inside
The times of missing knowing grieving love
Words lost eternally remain deep in my mind
When time becomes a bitter distance
Words follow our hearts with meaning
The best time of our lives
Give me the will, to follow my heart
I want to be free, I want to be free
To drift away, free, free, free
Bring back the rhythem of Rock and Roll
And drift away
Free every minuet, every second,
Every moment shared
Your blank stair was not fair
The times our eyes met
The feel of your warm touch
The sweetness of your breath
I deserve, I want to be free, free, free
Bring back the rhythem of Rock and Roll
And drift away
Needing you, wanting you,
The moment, our time, the passion inside
The memories won't let go, Us holding hands
The best time of our lives, holding on
The best time of our lives
Give me the reason, to free my soul
I don't want to let go, of letting go
I want to hold on, to free my soul
Let love drift away
I want to be free, free, free
Bring back the rythem of Rock and Roll
And drift away, and drift away
Want to drift away, away, free, free, free
Julian Bond gave us the reason to be free
by Angela Khristin Brown, poet activist August 2015

Having A Voice - Poem by Angela Brown

Speaking out, a reflection of expression
Life is difficult without words
The presence of a voice
Carries on as a reminder
Of emerging thoughts
Thought remains unpinned
From aggression

I am the voice of
Advocating hope
From restriction
I am the voice of
Promoting peace
My voice demands justice
To be respected
My voice demands justice
To want dignity
I act in
Defiance to unkind indifference
I act in
Response to unkempt change
My voice is a criminal of self-thought
Darkness is the impademy of silence
Inequality

Inequality - Poem by Angela Brown

Indiscriminate
Of self-ignorance
I you we
Are profiled
Deviant to existence
Letting history unfold
An adulteration of inclusion
Terror and pain
Scorned from within
Hidden from the retribution
Of enslavement
Hidden from the anger
Of being incarcerated
Hidden from the confusion
Of being trapped
Confined in the walls
Of pain and regret
Complacent
I You Me
Are victims of our
Self-hate of our
Self-denial
Not understanding
Our fears
Our desires
Our loneliness
Not wanting
Conflict
We show hatred
Through suicide
Through isolation
Pelting the pain
That rests inside
A heart fistled in
Anger a grudge

Trying to voice
The words of
Litany
That thirst
Our addictions
Our drug habits
The tyranny of gang wars
Our adulteration
Of the labels
That define
The essence
Of our race
And deny
What we have
Become
Within our own
Litany of the voice within
Of Self-doubt
Of Self-pity
And of Self-shame

March On Selma - Poem by Angela Brown

It was the bloodiest day in history
The winter's cold was as hot as the summer's heat.
And the deadliest mark in American history was foretold
It is from fear, that must have quenched God's thirst
That answered their call to freedom.
No hate nor pain could deter their fate
For they walked for freedom.
They were descendants of bandage
And marterers for faith
Answering their ancestor's cry for mercy.
Racism pierced the dark corners of their mind,
'Will the right to have democracy be protected? '
And so they marched in the name of God's glory
To have their voices heard.
Virtue was the cause that could not wait
For discrimination is an extension of division.
It is a matter of time before chaos breaks
And the balance of interest become the voice of power.
Love is what surrenders in time
And forgiveness is with the heart of the people.
And so their march had cost many lives
But it is from their faith that redefined history.

Movement To End Modern Slavery - Poem by Angela Brown

Walk with me
Walk with me
Walk with me
Walk free
An irony of resistance
A monotony understanding
A litany of silence
Fighting fragments of arrest

In testimony against injustices
 Laboring hate for fear
 Wanting to escape
 Conscience failing to let go
 Memories of being punished
 Time and time again
 Claiming a case against morality
 Barely escaping, fighting back
 Refusing to give up
 Body parts disconnect
 Images of abuse
 falling apart
 Igniting confused voices
 Wearing masked spirits
 Nature call to passage
 Making enough noise
 My voice to be heard
 To be heard
 To escape the charges
 of in-justice
 of ill-mortality
 Facing what we are fighting
 Afraid of what is right
 To feel its words in broken silence
 A needle irritating the wounds
 of injustice, of a self-inflicting wound
 Walk with me
 Walk free

Nwa - Poem by Angela Brown

It depends on how you see it
 How you view it, how you perceive it
 It is what you make of it
 The reality of the truth in it
 Is it the means of how it is partaken
 Or maybe it is how an identity is mistaken
 In how it is viewed in the media
 Profiled to profanity
 Reasons of insanity
 That dictate immortality for death
 And the surreal images of sobriety
 In reality people are dying
 People are crying
 People are denying the truth
 Of racial profiling is killing our race
 People are protesting
 Against police brutality
 Of man slaughtering
 Within decades in our communities
 Some see it
 Some don't believe in it
 Some deny it as just cause
 But to be perceived as a movement
 Of immorality, a formality of reasons

To be recognized with negative sobriety
Of judgment that is deterrent of reasons
To be misunderstood for what some conceive
Labeled as ignorance in our streets
NWA of ignorance if you know the difference
It's no different then on the streets than now
Same protest, but its all good
As we know it as incognizant to relevance
The life of a black man on the streets
Is a procurement to industrialized slavery
Words learned before our time

Oral Tradition - Poem by Angela Brown

Gather my ten cents, my defenses, my senses
To defend the cause by the prayers of hope
Rescue me from the harsh winds of Katrina
Its breath did not care if you were black, white or Latino
Its breath did not care if you were rich or poor
For man to escape its evil path of death
Could not be avoided nor ignored.
But one of America's most remarkable cities
Will not be forgotten as a voice in the wind.
I pray on the idea, the violations to build won't be neglected
From the evil tactics, the schemes, and the rude attacks
Hope that the notions of morality will come into effect
And the unethical practices will not enact.
Fate will explore the city, as generations of legacies remembered
And the beauty, the cuisine, the music, will be restored
And Louisiana culture will fight back to survive
Its tradition will be remembered as part of American way of life

Oregegon Umpqua Prayer - Poem by Angela Brown

inequality of changes, effects us all
hiding behind, within the cast shadow of indifference
we channel our behavior, driven troubled and confused emotions
unexplained, questioning whose to blame
but ourselves, responds to question its purpose
they are, you are we all are here, there, here
opening our hearts, our ears listen, our minds open to explain
our loss, our grief, our pain is shared amongst us all
as we pray in silence that a voice is heard

Planned Parenthood - Poem by Angela Brown

Having rights
I choose to life
My Choice
A right to do
As I choose
A right to choose
Choose who as I am
Choose who I be
Choose how I feel
With who I will be
I have the right to will

To choose to be free
Free from denial
From will of hating
Killing without needs
Is not me
No one has the right
To tell me to create
I speaking freely, upon
Wanting, willing, needing
one, single, unison
To hold the right vocation
Freely feeling free
To bond with the one I love
To escape from being alone
To choose life, I am free
To choose life
To refute death
It's no right, not a right, not right
But a just right to choose life
My choice, to choose
To be a right, not to deny
Choices freely
because, just cause
To be removed does not
follow the rules and
Gives me cause to act
I choose life

Pope Francis Call To Mercy - Poem by Angela Brown

Love is not visible to the human eye
But the power of love is touched by the heart
Nations have fought wars and declared peace
By faith, we are connected
No matter what walk of life
The poor, the ill, the disenfranchised
We serve within our hearts with conviction
The fate of our economy,
Our state of health,
The protection of the environment we live in
We open our hearts to God's invitation to love freely
For the victims of poverty,
The immigrants of war,
To those imprisoned facing death,
Rich in faith and free from sin
The Spirit lies within our hearts
America, a pulpit of hope
Prays on its cry to mercy

Pro Life - Poem by Angela Brown

Having rights
I choose to life
My Choice
A right to do
As I choose

A right to choose
Choose who as I am
Choose who I be
Choose how I feel
With who I will be
I have the right to will
To choose to be free
Free from denial
From will of hating
Killing without needs
Is not me
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It's no right, not a right, not right
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My choice, to choose
To be a right, not to deny
Choices freely
because, just cause
To be removed does not
follow the rules and
Gives me cause to act
I choose life

The People's Voice - Poem by Angela Brown

It depends on how you see it
How you view it, how you perceive it
It is what you make of it
The reality of the truth in it
Is it the means of how it is partaken
Or maybe it is how an identity is mistaken
In how it is viewed in the media
Profiled to profanity
Reasons of insanity
That dictate immortality for death
And the surreal images of sobriety
In reality people are dying
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 To be recognized with negative sobriety
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 To be misunderstood for what some conceive
 Labeled as ignorance in our streets
 NWA of ignorance if you know the difference
 It's no different then on the streets than now
 Same protest, but its all good
 As we know it as incognizant to relevance
 The life of a black man on the streets
 Is a procurement to industrialized slavery

The Right To Vote Defined - Poem by Angela Brown

The right to vote
 Granted me the right to petition
 It gave me a voice
 To making an important decision
 Voting granted me the right to decide
 The best man for the position
 To govern the laws rules removed in forition
 Voting is a powerful voice that carries
 That appoints who supports the cause
 That matter most in my community
 I respect that many have died
 So I can exercise the right to vote
 And in the view of eyes that watch
 And try to invoke the lessons taught
 By history of a painful past
 My race had endured the hateful mass
 Of regret in that we must not forget
 With the right to vote
 I must not neglect the right petition
 That whose laws that govern us
 Which needs to be addressed

Valuing An Education - Poem by Angela Brown

A Child's day begins with
 Finding a Solution
 Finding a Solution
 They want to learn
 And be great things
 But we fail to understand their cries
 Because we failed our children
 From pursuing their dreams
 We as their parents have deprived our child
 From funding their education
 With the tools they deserved
 Scarcity, the madness
 Startling, the sadness
 And the test scores are low

Our students are dropping out
With no room for hope
Our government is insecure
But students' passion to learn is high
They all want to earn the power
We must not hear their cries
In honesty we are not true to ourselves
In reality we aren't being fair to our children
We are ignoring the root of our problems
Starts from the person within
The whisper before dawn
The silence of visible light
Singing God's hymn infinitely in time.
Their words are a reflection of mourning
Not knowing foreshadowing history
We share their agony
We share their pain
A mirror image of their journey.
Nothing is eternal
Only decades stand amongst our wound.
We stand, we bond, and we pledge words of hope
Every second, every minuet,
Every hour in their memory
Each moment underlies our journey
And it is your voice that carries
Vicariously towards freedom.
A mind is a terrible thing to waste.

Voting Rights Act - Poem by Angela Brown

The right to vote
Granted me the right to petition
It gave me a voice
To making an important decision
Voting granted me the right to decide
The best man for the position
To govern the laws rules removed in forition
Voting is a powerful voice that carries
That appoints who supports the cause
That matter most in my community
I respect that many have died
So I can exercise the right to vote
And in the view of eyes that watch
And try to invoke the lessons taught
By history of a painful past
My race had endured the hateful mass
Of regret in that we must not forget
With the right to vote
I must not neglect the right petition
That whose laws that govern us
Needs to be addressed

War And Peace - Poem by Angela Brown

I've been struggling since the time I existed
I'd been designated to make a difference

It was not me who forged re-inference
 Who abandoned my white brothers ignorance
 Broken promises unpaid reparations
 Spreading hate from broken promises kept
 Poisoning our minds with lies and regret
 Save me the embarrassment of distress
 Powered by the arrogance of being misunderstood
 By an instrument of change of illusion
 The mind wonders and is easily entertained
 Crying lines from the pain, always the same
 The system created, exploited our self-esteem
 Over our heads with regret and envy'
 Tear the walls down that divide us with pity

We Remember - Poem by Angela Brown

Until you feel pain
 Until you regret the hurt
 Until you morn with empathy;
 For love, life, and happiness
 Reflects with every word,
 Touches your heart with every line
 Makes you passionate within every phrase,
 We are in this journey together
 We remember...
 Let's not change the past
 Let us re-invent the future,
 Let us make things better,
 Together, we can make a difference,
 For all of us
 We are in this together
 Just because
 Forever in our memories
 Derick Gilbert lives

Angela Brown, B.S. Workforce Education, UNLV

https://www.researchgate.net/profile/Angela_Brown22

UCLA Master of English Creative Writing – Poetry emphasis 2015

UNLV Master of Education 2016

UNLV Phd Business Administration Juris Law Casino Management Emphasis 2016

SNHU Master of English Creative Writing – Poetry emphasis 2016

Thesis: African American Diaspora; University of Berkley, California

Research Experience

Aug 1998 – present **Administrative Faculty**

College of Southern Nevada, Hospitality Management Las Vegas, NV. USA

Associate of General Studies degree; Clark County Community College (1990)

Post Secondary Workforce Education; University of Nevada, Las Vegas (2010)

Doctor of Humanities from University of Berkley, California (2011).

2011 - present University of Berkley, Doctorate of Humanities, United States

Statistics

RG Score 9.24

Publications 116

Total Impact Points 5.08

Reads 548

Citations 3

Awards & Grants

Skills & Activities

Skills Poetic Voice, Poetry Writing, lyrical poetry, Poetic verse, poetry slam, Poetry
Languages
Scientific Academic Journals, Who's Who in Science and Math
Memberships
Interests Biography of Angela Brown

Poetry Hall of Fame (1998): Who's Who in Poetry (1995): Poet Laureatte (1995): Wrtier's Digest Book Award (1995): NAACP Award in Literature (2014): Who's Who in American Literature (2014): Pomosco Pulitzer Remix Award (2015): International Who's Who in Poetry (2015)

Publication Highlights

Books

Angela Brown: *Unsung*. 11/2015; Amazon Kindle Ebooks., ISBN: B018R29JWM

Angela Brown: *I SHALL NOT BE MOVED*, By Angela Brown. 06/2015; Amazon Kindle Ebooks.

Angela Brown: *Diary*. 05/2015; Amazon Kindle Ebooks.

Angela Brown: *I AM Somebody*. 05/2015; Amazon Kindle Ebooks.

Journal Publications

Angela Brown: *I Am Somebody*.

Angela Brown: *I Am Someone*.

Angela Brown: *Collection of Poetry*.

Angela Brown: *African American Culture*.

Angela Brown: *An Idea on Cultural Sustainability and Education*.

Angela Brown: *An Idea on Cultural Sustainability and Education*.

Angela Khristin Brown: *Tomorrow Words Today: A Spiritual Awakening*. 03/2015; 3(2):279.

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Angela Brown: *The Voice Within*.

Angela Brown: *Divinity*.

Angela Brown: *The Passion*.

Angela Brown: *Diaspora*.

Angela Brown: *African American Voices*.

Angela Brown: *Document*.

Angela Brown: *Within My Soul*.

Angela Brown: *Poetry Series I*.

Angela Brown: *Forever in my Memory*.

Angela Brown: *An Idea*.

Angela Brown: *The Shadow Time*.

Angela Brown: *Sexting*.

Angela Brown: *Negratude*.

Angela Brown: *Emil Davis*.

Angela Brown: *Forever in my Memory*.

Angela Brown: *White Rose*.

Angela Brown: *White Lady*.

Angela Brown: *Ubiquitace*.

Angela Brown: *Tupac Shakur*.

Angela Brown: *The Color Purple*.

Angela Brown: *Civil Liberty*.

Angela Brown: *Article III*.
 Angela Brown: *Poetry Series II*.
 Angela Brown: *For the Life I Love*.
 Angela Brown: *The Bible*.
 Angela Brown: *Our Grandmothers*.
 Angela Brown: *Insolvency*.
 Angela Brown: *Global Environment*.
 Angela Brown: *America*.
 Angela Brown: *Article I*.
 Angela Brown: *An American Epic*.
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 Angela Brown: *Article II*.
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 Angela Khristin Brown: *Poetry Diaspora*. 02/2015; 3(1):219. DOI:10.17722/jell.v3i1.95
 Angela Brown: *Sacrafice*.
 Angela Brown: *Sacrifce*.
 Angela Brown: *Open Communication*.
 Angela Brown: *Problem Solving Skills*.
 Angela Brown: *The Voice Within*.
 Angela Brown: *Merit Pay Rubric*.
 Angela Brown: *Craps*.
 Angela Brown: *HOW HUMAN LIFE IS RARE: THE COLOR PURPLE, BY ANGELA BROWN*.
 Angela Brown: *Speak Out*.
 Angela Brown: *INSOLVENCY [Poetry/ Fiction]*.
 Angela Khristin Brown: *American Culture*.
 Angela Brown: *Poetry Series Angela K Brown -44 poems*.
 Angela khristin Brown: *Angela Brown Biography*.
 Angela khristin Brown: *Butterfly*.
 Angela khristin Brown: *A Walk to Remember*.
 Angela khristin Brown: *White Rose*.
 Angela khristin Brown: *Short Fiction*.
 Angela khristin Brown: *The History of Our Culture*.
 Angela khristin Brown: *Poems*.
 Angela khristin Brown: *Love written by, Angela Brown*.
 Angela khristin Brown: *The Cost of Sugar*.
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 Angela khristin Brown: *Water Runs Deep: A Collection of Essays*.
 Angela Brown: *Reap & Sow A mind Consist of Opinions Waiting to Emerge from Rejection*.
 Angela Brown: *Why Am I Alone? [A Short Communication]*.
 Angela Khristin Brown: *Inspiring Words*.
 Angela K. Brown: *The Value Over Human Rights*. 04/2014; 5(2):10-11. DOI:10.7575/aiac.all.v.5n.2p.10
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angela khristin Brown: *CIVIL LIBERTY*.

Angela Khristin Brown: *Ontology of World Politics*. 03/2014; 3(3):73-75. DOI:10.7575/aiac.ijalel.v.3n.3p.73

angela khristin Brown: *Hurricane Katrina Sociological Assessment*.

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angela khristin Brown: *African American Diaspora*.

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