



Insolvency

The greatest defender of truth shall remain in the eye of a poet.

By,

Angela Brown

Abstract: It has been created within the larger realm culture, in that "Black methodology differs from most colonial differences by members of a minority community who reside within a nation of cultural biases."

Keywords: Philosophy; Poetry; Mental Illness; Disability; Poet.



Council for Innovative Research

Peer Review Research Publishing System

Journal: Journal of Advances in Linguistics

Vol 4, No. 1

editor@cirjal.com

www.cirjal.com, www.cirworld.com



I write about my cultural experience on cultural diversity and social conventions in society. I feel I have a lot of anger inside that I want to come to understand my purpose. I grew up poor and the students teased me about this. I had an abusive mom who made me feel suicidal. I feel mom took her anger out on me because my parents were going to get a divorce. She wanted me to stay with my dad and my brother to stay with her once they were separated. I was sexually abducted by my brother at a young age. I resented it; but I loved my family. Out of alienation, I grew up angry at God and myself for not understanding my purpose in life. I was a loner in school. I knew people and had no friends. I did not grow up racist. I could cope and get along with everyone. I was being told off and made fun of. This hurt. Morally it was wrong. Being suicidal I lost every friend I had known in college and was making more enemies because of my grades. At this point, I wanted to know what it meant to be black and so each research paper in college was about my race. I had seen a psychiatrist for several reasons. One of them was because they denied I had an ability to write. The other reasons were because I needed someone to talk to, because, I felt suicidal because I was going to flunk out of school. I always loved school because, my parents were educators. It was when I had my first poetry class that I realized I wanted to write poetry. I started to read great poets such as Dickenson, Plath, Frost, Browning, Angelou, Hughes, and Giovanni and fell for their craft. It a teacher and psychiatrist wanted me to fail because of my writing, I wanted to pursue writing poetry. My first group of poems which were published were about black pride. There was a need for me to not be ashamed of being black, but being proud of who I am. I became a cultural activist who wrote about racism during my generation in how I reflect on images which society dictates.

It became a time when I wanted to reach an audience to feel the struggle of my race in this generation. This generation where blacks thought it is cool to go to jail. It is a generation where lot of boys and girls who get locked in prison. It is a generation of a large population of aids victims. It is a generation where single women have to raise a family alone. It is a generation of the poverty gap is large amongst blacks. It is a generation of high drop-out rates in school. It is a generation of girl prostitution. High rate of gays and lesbian women who live privately outside the church. I am reflective to our troubled youth that a black poor person can become an educated poet as an inspiration to young readers

I was tested for Schizophrenia in 1986. Shortly after I graduated from Bishop Gorman High School, I was hospitalized in a mental home for one week of educational evaluations. I was the first in my family to earn an Associate degree from the Community College of Southern Nevada on August 1990. Based on my writing skills, I was encouraged by my instructors to pursue an undergraduate degree. I worked in the college bookstore as the first African American cashier. I took interest in the Mirage Dealing program and I was named a leader in the community for completing the program. Its program would allow African Americans to deal on the strip at Steve Wynn's casino. I later went on to graduate with a Bachelor of Science degree from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas on August 2010. It was then that I decided to pursue interest in teaching. I was the first African American female to major in the Post-Secondary Workforce Education program. I became amongst the first African Americans to work as an educator and the only African American female to work for the Gaming and Resorts program at the College of Southern Nevada in 1998. I am currently an applicant for graduate assistant program in Creative Writing dissertation.

My education has played a significant role in the Las Vegas African American community. With my commitment, through opposition, I raised the bar for others to follow. For years, I faced discrimination by the student's complaints inquiring my ability to do well in school and at work. My integrity favored my appearance of being qualified to sustain my position.

Discrimination will discredit black women by finding an excuse to disqualify you from going to school and maintaining your job. I was called names while in college. Students complained to lower my grades because my background of being poor from the ghetto. I was tested harder to prove I did not know how to answer the test questions. Every student got a curve on the exam, but me. There were protest about expelling me from college based on my skin tone. At the book store, I witnessed being blamed for others mistakes on the cash register. I witnessed a Caucasian female, who lied about her application as myself, being promoted to Assistant Manager, within a few weeks while I had been there for two years. I would do a display which was knocked down by students. People will take advantage of you if you let them discredit your value. There are a lot of back stabber in the politics of work. People will lie and persecute your reputation in order to get you fired. I am a virgin and they told my boss I was a whore to get rid of me. Students will say things to trap you into leaving.

In all discourse, I wanted to prove that I have arrived. I wanted to prove that I overcame those obstacles and because of it I am a better person than them. I did not let them defame what I believe in. For all purpose, I have overcome hate and learned to cope in a higher degree. I can now walk with my head held high, knowing that I am not afraid, knowing I can accept opposition, knowing I had the courage to face my worst fear – the fear of failing.

Writing is my passion. I learned to articulate words of emotion to express my feelings. When I write, I voice my opinion towards a relationship I can identify with. Each poem tells a story about the harsh treatment I have undergone in my life. It tells a story of state of being. Each poem allows the reader to understand the message of discrimination the poet is trying to describe through detail or imagery. The message the poet is trying to convey is the pain one feels when discriminated against, the state of mind one goes through when being mistreated, how discrimination is defined by the poet, and to let the reader know that discrimination is not right.

I noticed that I do not include a beginning, a middle and an end to my poems, but, do I need one? This is when I begin to explain my emotions through writing poems. I feel more confident explaining my position through emotions. I am trying to explain more so you can understand my poems better. I am attempting to identify with racism and discrimination. I can always tell a story:



I went to parochial school all my life. I was a good student. I always completed my assignments on time. I never cheated in school. The students teased me for being smart. I was a class nerd that students hated me for trying my best in school. Friends thought I was trying to be better than them at everything. I wanted to be a high achiever. I aspired to become a lawyer someday. I was an honor student in junior high school. I had a 2.95 grade point average my first year of high school.

I decided to go to public school, where I began to fail, because of how the students mistreated me there. In fact I should have failed the first quarter of my second year of high school. As my grades got worse, I became more and more suicidal. I took an overdose of medication with a lot of water and urinated on the classroom chair in English class. I was humiliated. I continued to have problems in school. I never got to sink in with my classmates. I isolated myself to spend more time on my studies and less time with others. I always loved school because my parents were educators and I scored well at learning. I was accused of ditching a lot, of stinking the classroom when I was on my menstrual period, of not grooming myself properly and talking back to teachers, yelling during mass. I did not aculeate with my environment and the students gave me a hard time. Students were stealing my homework and turning it in for themselves. No one wanted to be in my group for a group project. There were students who would do things purposely to get me into trouble with my teachers. They would not accept my homework as I passed it to the teacher. They spilled water in my chair and demanded I sit in it. They started a food fight in the cafeteria and continually blamed me for the bad things they did. Teachers began to think I was unhealthy, because, I was different. I could not sit in my assigned seat, the student would refuse to let me sit there and I was only marked down for not sitting in the right place. It was then I was sent to a psychiatrist. I graduated from high school with an average of 2.12 grade point average.

Part of my mental problem is that I was a victim of incest. When I was eight years old, I saw my brother naked. All the boys he knew wanted to have sex with me at an early age. It is my Catholic belief to not have sex until after marriage. The boys swore all the girls were doing it and questioned why I could not. My education was always more important to me than having sex, having kids as a single mom and getting married. I have experienced relationships with boys and men and it did not work out. I have moved on. Most of the men I knew are all married now.

I was sent to a mental home for one week. The therapist thought it was an emergency because I woke up screaming. I had problems with boys kicking in my front door and throwing eggs at my house calling me a whore. I would pace back and forth talking to myself. I heard voices in my head from people gossiping false and vengeful rumors that disturbed me.

I studied twice as hard in college. I stayed focused on my college education and I graduated. During this time, I was seeking therapy to help me cope with life. I faced the reality that I was alone. I had to go through college not knowing or talking to anyone. I studied hard in college and I graduated in three years with an Associate degree. Later I got a Bachelor of Science degree. In college, I experienced delusions of my test answers changing to lower scores, the wording of my papers changed its meaning, my test answers had been switched, the instructor read my answers out loud that was different on the test was returned, that other students turned in my essays and tests, etcetera. I felt I should have done better by making better grades. No matter how hard I studied I failed the test with an F or D- and my final grade reflected the actual scores of my real tests. I was in a hostile environment where I was not well liked in school. People always teased me and talked low of me. I had a hard time with coping; but I did.

I was put on disability, because, my parents were too poor to pay for my college education and health insurance. I decided to attend a college to pursue my dream of finishing an upper level degree that would enable my foundation to find a good job. I paid for most of my college education. I worked 2 to 3 jobs and went to school part-time in college. I feel that I learned a lot from my experience to coping skills and learning to adapt to change. When the opposition changes, a bar is raised and I overcame obstacles which is very important in life. I had issues. I could have flunked out of school in high school. I was on academic probation twice in college. Though I was too embarrassed about my failing grades, I never gave up and I completed my college education. I proved to myself that I could do it and no one can take this from me.

I started writing because I wanted to tell my story through writing poetry. I have not been able to express it in words of a poem, but I would like to tell my story in poetry someday.

I am a civil rights activist. I believe in democracy where the people help elect officials who will determine their outcome. A democracy run government allows the people to mitigate principles that will affect the community.

I am a cultural activist. I believe in socialism type government. A socialist government is determined by social aspects that affect running the government. A socialist type government governs the people.

A republic type government the people elects officials who will enforce laws of propaganda that will help focus groups.

A Marxist society the power is mandated by the government and the military power. All decisions from the government are dictated by a ruler or anarchist government.

I am a modernist who believes that religion has to have a part in controlling the government influenced by the morals of society or faith.

An anarchist believes in anti-semitist society where the government fate is determined by demeaning antics to get what is necessary to run things their way.

Women have been in the government for years.



As a result of my research, I will adapt empathy towards cultural identity. I will enhance in providing helpful solutions to why we have problems in our community. I will be able to create a resource of data that can be used as a model to dictate society's social norm. I will be able to write an affective paper on cultural awareness. I may be able to reach out to others on issues they do not normally talk about and understand so they can find solutions to their own communities. I will develop a plan of resources that can be used in changing society by providing helpful information to solve their problems. I would want others to understand that we have problems in society that are often disregarded as hopeless and are ignored. We can change the whole dichotomy of how racism affects the community. I can create awareness of social conventions of the twentieth century. Think about change; think about hope think about the youth. The youth are an important part of the community of leaders that will make changes in society in the near future. It was the youth that protested during the civil rights era. Making change is the responsibility of all Americans and of all adults.

Too many of us reflect on democracy as an outlet to resolve social issues in the community. It may reflect on environmental issues or solve social issues within a community. It is important to recognize the importance of the community at large. These issues may reflect finding jobs for the unemployed, making projects within a jurisdiction of the community, providing the education needed in the workforce to train students how to become a productive citizen within the community. This may mean to help women protect their rights against rape or abortion. It may mean to resolve social issues where black men are being harassed by police officers, beaten and killed like Traven Martin case. It may reflect on racism to determine why women are paid less than men. It may change the dictum of why there are more black women and men in prison. It may determine to change the outcome to becoming responsible adults and raising their kids in two parent homes. It may determine the outcome of racism in the classroom where blacks are still being graded lower than any other race where their work is not good enough to pass and the reason why they drop out of school at an early stage in their lives to turn to committing crimes.

I am a poet. I have been writing poems for over 20 years. Writing is my passion. When I write, it becomes therapy for me. I write about social issues faced in society today. I write about the problems I encountered as an African American female in the twenty first century. I write about hope and spirituality. I believe that everyone can be their best if they meditate and kept their faith in God. I believe the most important aspect in life is to help others solve problems. It is important for us as a people to make the most out of life. The only way we can become true achievers is by helping others understand their own faults and find effective solutions to change. It is important in my writing journal to write how I reflect to social issues in society to help others understand who they are and what they are dealing with in life. I would want to allow others to use insight to radiate elements of hope or elements to change. I write about controversial issues faced in our community. Writing poetry is my way of giving back to the community. It is a form of therapy to release those positive tensions that counterparts in how society works. I hope to help others who read my work to relate to what I write and to find comfort there is someone out there who feels their pain, love and hope. If one person were to read my poem, and liked it, I would have served the purpose of the reason that I write.

I was born in Meridian, Mississippi. I am a native of Las Vegas, Nevada. I have won awards for my literature: Poet Scholar, Poet Fellow, Poet Ambassador and Poet of Merit. I have been recognized for my poetry as: Poet Hall of Fame, Poet Laureate, and Who's Who in Poetry from the Library of Poetry. I have won awards for my theatrical work from: Skyfest, The National Black Theatre Association, Hollywood, and Fade on Line. I was given two book awards for poetry from Writer's Digest. I have published over 3 books of poetry.

I would receive amiable contributor to the world of literature. I would become an effective advocate to change democracy. I would be an advocate to policy change. I would help the community with insightful dialog and hope within cultures. I would create cultural awareness of all people to note there is hope and there are solutions that will help everyone.

As I began writing, I was reminded how hope, love and spirituality has touched my life. My poems are a reflection on life experiences. My poems speak about traditional social conditions face in society today. One must discover the significance of our identity to aluminate our past and reflect on the present. Poetry is the root of hope. It is the heart of the street where ideas become cultural experiences.

Poetry is a symbol of optimism share by tradition. My poems are a vision in progress...

Discussion: It became a time when I wanted to reach an audience to feel the struggle of my race in this generation. This generation where blacks thought it is cool to go to jail. It is a generation where lot of boys and girls who get locked in prison. It is a generation of a large population of aids victims. It is a generation where single women have to raise a family alone. It is a generation of the poverty gap is large amongst blacks. It is a generation of high drop-out rates in school. It is a generation of girl prostitution. High rate of gays and lesbian women who live privately outside the church. I am reflective to our troubled youth that a black poor person can become an educated poet as an inspiration to young readers.

Conclusion: I like to read poetry and short fiction. The types of poems I like to read are from the Harlem Renaissance. My favorite poets are Nikki Giovanni, Maya Angelou and Langston Hughes. I also like to read other famous poets modern poem anthologies. I read poetry every week to study the poet's style and craft. My favorite poem by Nikki is Cotton Candy on a Rainy Day. My favorite poem by Angelou is Why the Caged Bird Sings. My favorite poem by Langston is America. I like Gwendolyn Brooks' poem Kitchenette. I also like Browning, Frost, Plath and Emily Dickenson. I find myself writing once a week. I pressure my thought process to think, read and to write poetry. Poetry is like therapy for me. I write about cultural issues reflected of my Las Vegas culture in how I relate to having mental illness. Some African American instructors consider my form of writing like Civil Rights poem. A Resolution is a poem written about the social conventions of African American struggle for cultural diversity. America is a poem written about the struggle for African



Americans in our conquest to having equality. When I write I am happy for others to reflect on my ideas and relate to them in their own way. My short term goals is to express myself with clarity in my poems. My long term goal is to develop a quality poem to get my poems published.

On Occasions, By Angela Brown

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



Color, By Angela Brown

Is our purpose in life?
To reinterpret the given labels
Of being ignorant, dumb and ugly?

Is there a possibility of redefining our identity
Of darkness and confusion as an inaccurate primacy,
As an insult to our intelligence?

Culture is the grace that we ensemble -
As we reinvent history in defining



In how we are disengaged from the truth.

There is a connection we find
Within personal conviction
That is mirrored and imagined.

Racial discrimination is perceived
As an external threat of denial,
Used to immobilize a race.

Racial words
That break you,
That make you weak.

From river to stone,
From rock to stick.
Love crosses over.

The Problem, By Angela Brown

You are the source –
I am the problem.

My skin color is an intrusion
Of consequences.
My Hue of skin is a black evidence
Of my existence to my race.
Olive skin dictates a pedigree
Suggesting reason of intrusion
To misguided hate.
Ebony, the ingredient
Of difficulty
Of the existence that alienates
A relationship.
Color is the geometry
Of symmetry that inquires
Perception.

I am as,
Black as ink –
Black as tar –
Black as night –
A hint of a black pebble,



Sobering of graves,
Indulgence of passion...

I am what you make of me.

Dreams do not Discriminate, By Angela Brown

I, mentally disabled
Could not read
Could not write
Could not speak
Was invisible to self-restraint
Self-reliance was my vision
1975 a segregated west
Opposing conflict
Of being incompetent
Amongst my peers
I, a pragmatist
Dominating racism
Had dared to be different
By challenging history
A minority, who understands
A discipline
Would persevere the challenges
From having a learning disability
By making learning
A primary choice
I, the first black inducted
Into the honor society
At a precordial elementary school
I, a class nerd, graduated valedictorian
Of my eighth grade class
I, deeply, earnestly devoted
Hard work and discipline
Had earned my keep

The Ability of a Generation, By Angela Brown

Dance is the core of discipline
Of expression
Dance is
Poised movements
Of perfection
In the formation of street dance.



Dance is a discipline
Of team work.
You knew the routine,
To demand respect
From being a rookie team.
Self-reliance kept you focused
Of newbie performers
Before their time.
Dance represented protest
As a reflection of gestures
In a divided society
Identifying with controversy
Of race.
Dance, an ensemble of movements,
Used to strengthen strong hearts
To feel passionately about an art.
Making admirers proud
Of their state of being.
An important movement
Expressing emotions through
Celebrating diversity
Whose presence, unquestioned.

Schizophrenia, By Angela Brown

I am a factor of illusion
Whose vision is an inherent mark through time.

Quietly, I withhold an emotion of intrusion
Whom has paced each step, silently...

The voice within, somberly calling,
Negating insecure thoughts of self-hate and denial.

An inclusion from compromise,
Negating motivation...

A state of mind.

Allusion, By Angela Brown

I am the mirror image of discrimination.



When opportunity opens,
I become an invisible element of hope,
Whose figures cannot hold loose sand.

I am the image of discrimination.

I cannot contain my emotions,
I withhold the pain of being denied,
I secure the label of reservation.

Within the image of discrimination,
Is a menagerie of discontent.

My fears lie desolate of broken promises,
Being accepted is always denied.

Circumstance, By Angela Brown

You curse me with your unkind words,
You cut me with your vulgar lies.
You deny me from achieving my goals,
With reasons for negating alibies.

You take me down with your bitter ways,
You punish me with unjust laws.
You thwart hatred with your false accusations,
You belittle me by misnaming government flaws.

When you took away my right to vote,
You did so with unjust cause.
When you took away my right to petition,
You took away just cause.

On Occasions, By Angela Brown

The internal excuse
That undermines
Our presence
Defines us.
We rage wars,
We fight poverty
We experience loneliness.



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

Color, By Angela Brown

Is our purpose in life
To reinterpret the given labels
Of being ignorant, dumb and ugly?

Is there a possibility of redefining our identity
Of darkness and confusion as an inaccurate primacy,
As an insult to our intelligence?

Culture is the grace that we ensemble -
As we reinvent history in defining
In how we are disengaged from the truth.

There is a connection we find
Within personal conviction
That is mirrored and imagined.

Racial discrimination is perceived
As an external threat of denial,
Used to immobilize a race.

Racial words
That break you,



That make you weak.

From river to stone,
From rock to stick.
Love crosses over.

The Problem, By Angela Brown

You are the source –
I am the problem.

My skin color is an intrusion
Of consequences.
My Hue of skin is a black evidence
Of my existence to my race.
Olive skin dictates a pedigree
Suggesting reason of intrusion
To misguided hate.
Ebony, the ingredient
Of difficulty
Of the existence that alienates
A relationship.
Color is the geometry
Of symmetry that inquires
Perception.

I am as,
Black as ink –
Black as tar –
Black as night –
A hint of a black pebble,
Sobering of graves,
Indulgence of passion...

I am what you make of me.

Mental Illness, By Angela Brown

Voices echoing, muttering sounds
Like a black hawk calling its mate.
Crying out, searching, crying out,
No response.



Pain will pierce the heart,
Sorrow will be a hollow shell,
Memories will be broken,
Words of the mentally ill.

Difficulty is the prisoner of self-thought,
Voices die within a glass shield.
Words have become a vacant lot,
Racy thoughts ready to explode.

Words pulled from my lips
Recognizes forbidden truth
Dangling in the spoken absence of confusion.

A delusional mind wanders across the page
Infinitely desponding madness.

Dance, By Angela Brown
I, feel movement
Passionate movement.
I leap with emotion
Expelling with conviction.
I, surrender expression
Of agility and grace.
I, am a beam of light
Flowing through gravity.

I am the universe in motion.
I am the expression of response.

Mental Illness

I am afraid to live
The voices scare me
It is hard for me to communicate
With people who don't care
And I don't try to listen
I lie wasting my life away

I am afraid to feel
I am invisible when I hold emotions back
My emotions get in the way
I feel incompetent
Relationships are binding



I am afraid of forgiving
I feel hopeless
No one understands
Nothing will ever change
In fear of too many burdens

I have a disability
I confront a challenge
Of being incompetent
To break down barriers
Making life difficult

Mental Illness II

I am afraid to live
The voices scare me
I lie wasting my life away

I am afraid to feel
My emotions get in the way
Relationships are binding

I am afraid of forgiving
Nothing will ever change
In fear of too many burdens

I am afraid to die
Their threats scare me
I contemplate suicide

And when I die
I would have given up
And my troubles will go away

Dance is an Art form

Dance is
An expression
of formation
A communication
Of stoic poses
An proficiency
of distance





A kinesthetic ability
of action
An expression
Of human response
That communicates
With an audience with
Emotional spontaity

Mental Illness, by Angela Brown

I am tired of being stupid
Of not knowing the right words to say.
I am mentally ill and disabled
I am incapable to voice a word.
I am mentally disturbed
I am incapable to determine reality.
I have a learning disability
I am immature
I act like a child.
The absurdity of emotional outburst
The lunacy of it all is mad.
I try to reason with ill intentions
I am a victim of doubt.
My inner voice is with good reason
I speak with an irrational mind.
I am at the point of no return
A voice, trying to cope with a sick mind.

Mental Illness, By Angela Brown

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

Pain will pierce the heart,
Sorrow will burn the soul,
Memories will be broken,
Words glue the paper
Still my words are ignored.

I am a victim of self-thought
Voices lie upon a ceiling of deception.
Words have become an empty lot,



Racy thoughts ready to explode.

Words which pull from my lips
Recognize the unforgotten truth.
Dangling words absent from its meaning
Words are an understatement of reason.

A delusional mind mediates feeling across the page
Infinitely desponding madness.

A Poet, by Angela Brown

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

A Poet, By Angela Brown

I am a poet
I, feel movement
Passionate movement -
Leaping words of emotion across the page.
I expel gestures with conviction.
I, surrender expression of joy
Geeing meaning of agility and grace.

I am a poet,
Writing verse in a beam of light
Flowing lines of text through gravity.
My poems are the universe in motion.
Whose words add meaning
Centered on universal thought.

Mental Illness

Voices climb effortlessly
through this gate of thorns
I become another
wasted suicide.

I become prisoner to stolen voices
empty hearts letting go



Relationships pierce the glass ceiling of my heart
i cry for all the life I love.

I become the disabled poet
singing words into a barren sky
Voices sing my name backwards
lead me into a dance of death.

Invisible wings
cover my fears
Invisible wings
cover my scars.

I pray for a river of love
where my feet dance joy
I cry for a river of love
where my soul flows.

I am the old poet
of pain regret burden
I am the new poet
writing life back into my breath.

Dance

I am kinesthetic ability of action
alive, communicating, receiving
I am the poised expression of
proficient distance.

I am this dance of life
soaring into a sky of surrender
I am this dance of life
leaping oceans of love and grace.

I dance the distance
between stoic formations
I dance arms legs hips
beyond a sky of loneliness and aloneness.

I Remember Him, by Angela Brown

A beautiful smile
A plush lips
A light eyes
A button nose
A dumpy ears
A rugged go-tee
A fine strands of hair
A buff body
A rippling muscles
Your soft skin
A sly love
A deep voice
A corny laugh
A masculinity



A ironed shirt
A shiny shoes
A stylish tie
A heavenly scent
A kind heart
A gentile insecurity
A caring ways
A empathetic charm
I, remember...

My Love, By Angela Brown

The way you hold me
When I am sad
When I am lonely and depressed
I wanted to dance

You are amazing
Being there to talk to
A friend I trust
I could not live alone

Having multiple personalities
From everyone one I know
I could never walk away
I am missing you

I could always count on you
To cheer me up when I am down
You made my life complete
It has been a pleasure to know

I have never met a man like you
I am afraid of being alone
Nothing will come between us

I can not live without you
You have the key to my heart
I am not the same person
After you touched my heart

Photo, Angela Brown

Your skin is amazing





Your face glows
I admire your masculinity
Your body is appetizing
Your appearance is rich
You are very cute
I am always thinking of you

Forever in My Memories, By Angela Brown

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

You are an imprint in my memories...

Angela

Forever Yours, By Angela Brown

From the day I met you
I knew from the start
That there was no other man
Who could win my heart

As I got to know you
I put hate aside
I learned to trust my feelings
Love grew from inside

Your kind heart
Your sweet embrace
Your gentle touch
I felt I needed space

The moment I longed for
For true love to come
I would not let go
I knew you were the one
I began to question my actions
Could this love be true
I thought I found what I longed for
When I found the friend in you

A Nieces Love, by Angela Brown



Behold creature tenderly I've spoken
More precious than any worldly possession
Your beauty is as angelic as a fairy
Watching you soar above the heaven

Thoughts of joy, nurtures my soul
You are the light that radiates life
Seeing you mature, makes me very proud
As you adapt to the challenges in life

You are a pantomime of eulogy
And a procurer of life
I have a lot to learn from your innocence
You are the reason love has touched my heart

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

Pandora's Box, By Angela Brown

Pandora's Box is a trinket of truth
That holds a place in my heart.
It is an invisible plastic box of indignation
Whose ghost is a wondering spirit.

The trinket is of virtuous thoughts
That speaks silent words of passion.
Hidden colors of grey and blue,
Have explored its journey of wisdom.

My love for it holds a special clasp,
In care of love found and lossed.
Within this trinket is a token,
To earn the right of passage.

A trinket lies within my heart,
That embraces reservation.
Though emotional tensions do subside,
In pain neglect and devastation.



Within this trinket embraces life,
Disclosing a familiar inclusion.
No love could hold a grain of sand,
Sorting grandiose thoughts of delusions.

Within its clasp holds a majestic beauty,
Of an interment box of prayers.

An Old Photograph

the light reflects
soft shadows
cascading life to her face

aging youthful maturation
letting go
her inner beauty

her outer glow
absorbs warmth
smooth lines of grace

a timeless aging
depicting
a lovely appearance

fairly
collecting
dust



Memory of Depression

Remembering signs
Passed life
Warning interruption.

Withholding anger
Trapped confusion
Surrendering faith
Contemplating suicide.



Feeling of loss
Pressure mounting
Mitigating actions
Another statistic.

Pool Party

Summertime sizzles
The pavement frying an egg
At a breakfast meal.

The sun blazing
Coppertone tan
Peeling my skin.

Water squirt wars

Forever Yours, By Angela Brown

From the day I met you
I knew from the start
That there was no other man
Who could win my heart

As I got to know you
I put hate aside
I learned to trust my feelings
Love grew from inside

Your kind heart
Your sweet embrace
Your gentle touch
I felt I needed space

The moment I longed for
For true love to come
I would not let go
I knew you were the one

I began to question my actions
Could this love be true
I thought I found what I longed for
When I found the friend in you



A Nieces Love, by Angela Brown

Behold creature tenderly I've spoken
More precious than any worldly possession
Your beauty is as angelic as a fairy
Watching you soar above the heaven

Thoughts of joy, nurtures my soul
You are the light that radiates life
Seeing you mature, makes me very proud
As you adapt to the challenges in life

You are a pantomime of eulogy
And a procurer of life
I have a lot to learn from your innocence
You are the reason love has touched my heart

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

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

Loss, By Angela Brown

We'd sometimes fuss and fight



To break up, to make up
To find love inside

We'd take the time to care
Spending time, doing things
We had something in common

It was a bond we shared

We talked for hours at a time
Consoling how we felt
We would always come together
That is how family is built

You will be remembered
For all the good times we shared
No one can replace our love
Losing you was so unfair

Memory: Baby Picture

The light
Cast shadows
Of grey and bronze
Extracting tints and tones
Where white and peach
Perfectly meet
Casting images
Noting qualities
Of youth

Memory of Depression

Disappointments and regrets
Is the target of my
Frustrations

Butterflies and bees
Swarm my mind
With anxiety

Withholding dreams
Surmounts in
pressure



Empty
And
Ignored

Memory: Baby Picture

The light
Cast shadows
Of grey and bronze
Extracting tints and tones
Where white and peach
Perfectly meet
Casting images
Noting qualities
Of youth

Memory of Depression

Disappointments and regrets
Is the target of my
Frustrations

Butterflies and bees
Swarm my mind
With anxiety

Withholding dreams
Surmounts under
pressure

The Brisk Wind

From dawn to dusk
The clouds move
High winds desolate sky
Broken from uncertainty

Father's anger
Would stir silence at home
Many years I prayed
An ambivalent cry

Dreams of silence remain
Emotionally broken



A dead-beat father worked beyond
A lonely place of regret

An anxious feeling
Distant and delusional
Not knowing what tomorrow brings
I question his authority

A Place Called Home

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

And now I pretend
He confronts me
Willfully neglected
And he barely knows my name

I reconcile the steps he took
And the measurement he served
Dead conversations die
Time lapsed within matter

I waited to give him one more try
Blinded by a light
That he was always there for me
If only he had the time

Dad's absence was
Belittled with guilt
He hid an optimistic pain
Unaware of his sacrifice

Resilience

I eagerly awoke
Excited and anxious
In the comfort of my own home
I'd greet Dad with a kiss
Dad, tired and weak
Yet nothing could distract his love
He worked 24/7 with pride



Giving back
Making contributions
Kept a roof over our heads
Clothes on our backs
And it kept our bellies full
He was never resilient
Never bitter or angry
And never asked for anything in return
Dad was a person who would give so much
His love was unexpected
And welcome

Where I Stand

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

Human Dominance

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

In Disbelief

I may not have all the glory
And my reputation is not clean
I have contributed nothing to society
I am a washed out dream
I have never got involved with any activity
I never stood out in a crowd



I always was afraid and insecure about life
I disrespected my surroundings
And I had no goals for the future
I was out of touch with reality
I lived a delusional past
I would never make a difference
I never thought much of life
Never faced the truth
Most of my time I lived in disbelief
I made a mockery of my future

