

I Am Aye!

Revision

A Collection of Poetry

By

Aye

Forealsister Designs
1448 Kevin Court
Columbus, GA 31907
www.Forealsister.webs.com

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Dedication

I dedicate this book to my Mother, Ella and My Sister, Samia. We don't always make the right choices in life, but if we are lucky we will learn a lesson from the choices we make. Ummy I learned much from your choices, good and bad. The most important lesson that you have taught me is to live FREE! Samia you taught me to be strong, you always said that you weren't strong like me never realizing that I got my strength from you. Perhaps that is why you felt weak, because you gave all your strength to me. I thank you both for the many lessons that I have learned from the two of you. In my heart you will live until my return.

Introduction

I decided to separate my physical poetry from my spiritual poetry. As in my life I was unable to find the balance between the two. In these pages reflect my emotional growth. I believe that in life the emotional pain that we experience has the power to bring forth growth.

Unfortunately we don't always grow from our experience. Most times we are consumed by it. It becomes a part of who we are and what we expect. The result being repeated choices bringing forth the same or similar experiences. If we wish to change our experience we must first change our perspective. If our perspective is to change we must learn from our life's experiences, from the choices that we make be they "good or bad". I am forty years old and I am tired of not having anyone to share the special moments in my life with. I love my children and they are always supportive of me, even when I don't make the best decisions. But it is not the same as having that one special person who loves you just as you are. The one person to share your triumphs and failures. The person that grows with you. The problem that I see is that men are for the most part are damaged goods, as are women. I am sick and tired of listening to women complain about the black man. Here is something that all women

need to consider before we open up our mouths to down talk black men. If there are no good black men then who is to blame? The black woman!!!! After all who is the first teacher of the black man? The mother! It is time to stop complaining and take responsibility black woman. This is my opinion on the condition of human relationships and a few of the reasons why. Some women have replaced the men in their lives with there sons. Some women have no respect for themselves and teach their sons that women don't deserve respect. Some women don't respect their children and teach them disrespect. Women who have not known love are unable to teach or express love. Women who lie to their children teach them to be deceitful. There are deep seeded issues that have gone un addressed for far too long. While the black woman is strong she is because of the long suffering that she has endured and continues to endure mainly because the abuse of the past was never addressed and there fore never healed. We bury our pain and call it strength. We neglect our kids and call it survival.

Take a good look at your brothers and your sisters. Take a good look at yourself, how have you been abused, misused, and lead astray? How did you deal with the pain? How did the pain affect you? How did you resolve the issue? Most

times unfortunately, the issue is never resolved. It is the 'baggage' that we carry around with us. I say that the women, who are successful in raising good black men, have been undermined by those of us who have failed. Because the daughters of these women have mistreated and abused the good man. And vice versa. We have to stop looking at each other and judging one another. Who gave us that authority? The only one we can judge is self. We have to look at ourselves and try to address our own issues. We have the power to do so. But first we have to be honest because the only one you lie to at this point is yourself. I believe that is a great sin. We can not always change life's circumstances but we can control how we allow them to affect our lives and who we are, and what we expect. This world is full of negative energy, we can choose to conform to it, or we can choose to transcend it. The way a person is raised, what they learn or experience as a child has everything to do with how they perceive the world around them. If you have a child, male or female who is raised in a violent environment, it does not mean that the child will grow up to be violent, in some cases it can be quite the opposite. But it does mean that the child may accept violence as a normal part of life. Violence can become an expectation of the child. And if the universe is designed to respond to our expectations, which I

believe it is. Then violence will find its way into the child's life. If a child is raised surrounded by deceit, he will learn to deceive, to expect deception, the child will grow up unable to trust. If someone is unable to trust, then I think it is safe to say that person will be unable to form any true connection to another person. My point is that there are many different forms of abuse that we have all experienced. How we choose to deal with the abuse determines how we will abuse. We are all victims and we are all offenders. Because not one of us is perfect. We have to accept responsibility for the abuse that we have caused and forgive those who have abused us. This is the only way to heal and drop the 'baggage'. My great grand mother, Mercer Curry, sent me a bible a few years before she went to the other side. In this bible she highlighted a passage for me: Proverbs 4:20

“Listen, daughter of mine, to what I say. Listen carefully. Keep these thoughts forever in mind; let them penetrate deep within your heart, for they will mean real life for you, and radiant health. Above all else, guard your affections! For they influence everything else in your life.”

If only she had bought this to my attention sooner.....

Revision of I Am Aye

After much self examination and meditation on the reason why Love did not work out for Aye. I have come to a few conclusions that may help you in your quest for true love. My poetry in I Am Aye is based on my emotional experience in my life long quest for true love.

There are a lot of adults walking around who have not grown emotionally, they are stuck in an adolescent emotional rut so to speak. Some call it baggage. I call it emotional retardation.

This is a very deep subject matter, overstanding love. In my last book I spoke of the love of my life. In my attempt to overstand why we could not stay together. While I can not discern his thoughts and feelings other than what he expressed to me. I will discern my feelings. With him I never questioned weather or not he loved me. I know he loves me. So why aren't we together if I love him and he loves me? This is the question that I will attempt to answer in this revision of I Am Aye.

The answer to this question is as complicated as it is simple. But isn't that way the life is? Human beings have managed to complicate the simplest thing we think we know, LOVE. After many of years of emotional torment and the lack of funds for therapy, I knew I had to heal me. So Love..... What is love? Is it possible that I don't know what love is? Do I really love him? How does Love feel? How do

you know if love is real? Why do we love some and the love is not returned? These are the questions that I asked myself in order to overstand why I was in pain over love, which is supposed to be bliss. Is bliss painful? This is the next question that occurred to me. Love has been perceived by the majority as painful and untrue because we have not been taught true love. From the moment we are born conditions are placed on love. 'Love can not be bought or sold. Love is not control. Love comes from the soul. Love is unconditional. Love is universal. Love has no beginning. Love has no END. Love is infinity. Love has no expectations. Love is acceptance. Love is forgiveness. Love does not hinder. Love heals. Where darkness once reigned Love can bring light and start all over again. There is no fear in Love. Fear is the opposite of Love. Fear breeds hatred.' If love is all these things, why does it cause so much pain? Not just emotional and psychological pain but actual physical pain. Love does not cause any of this pain. Our lack of overstanding of love causes this pain. Our inability to truly conceive of love, our misconceptions of love, and that wonderful invention called TV has humanity's perception of reality nothing more than a fantasy. I Am Aye is a book of my emotional poetry but I have to get spiritual on this issue of Love. Because it comes from above. Love is not a physical issue, it is a spiritual issue. In order to overstand as much as we Earth humans can we have to go to the Source which the majority of us know as God. Anyone who has a true relationship with God knows the answer to all of my questions. Any reporter will tell you if you want answers, go to the source.

Mind you, I said the Source, not his would be, could be, wanna be messenger. That is what Jesus came to teach us and they killed him for it, called it blasphemy. When He clearly stated worship the Father not me. That is why he is called the Son. That is another misconceived page in His Story.

So to the Source I went. I asked Him because He is the only one who knows me better than me. Is my love true or was this just not meant to be? Why am I in so much pain? Why is it taking so long to heal? Why can I not stop loving this man?

And as only God can He showed me all that I needed to see, based in my own experience. How I do love His Mercy. From beginning to end He showed me that it wasn't love that failed me. To my surprise it was none other than Aye.

'Love can not be bought or sold. Love is not control. Love comes from the soul. Love is unconditional. Love is universal. Love has no beginning. Love has no END. Love is infinite. Love has no expectations. Love is acceptance. Love is forgiveness. Love does not hinder. Love heals. Where darkness once reigned Love can bring light and start all over again. There is no fear in Love. Fear is the opposite of Love. Fear breeds hatred.' This is what God told me. It was only then did I realize that I had placed expectations, conditions, time limits, no acceptance, very little forgiveness, and I tried to control love and in doing so caused myself years of pain and emotional torment. The man I loved simply asked me to accept his

love as is and love him still and I refused to because it did not meet my expectations of what love should be. So I proceeded to attempt to kill the feelings I had for him to no avail. This was the main source of my pain, trying to kill what I felt and make sure I never felt it again, (baggage). 'Love has no beginning, love has no end, Love is infinite'.

You can not kill it! I didn't overstand then, but Honey I do now. So after close to 22 years the man that I tried to kill my love for still lives in my heart. We might not make it together this lifetime, but there is always the next. Taking what I have learned from this trip into the next I hope for a more balanced experience. If you seek to overstand love you have to go to The Man above. He is the architect of Love, The Master Chemist, and despite what religion will tell you there is no reason to fear Him. Revere Him, Honor Him, Respect Him, Love Him, of fear there is no need from HIM.

To be quite honest this knowledge helped me heal from the pain that I causes myself. But the next time love approached me, my fear caused me caused me not to believe and I pushed love away. By the time I realized it was true, loved walked away for his sake. Now that it is too late I realize my mistake. I have learned much from this journey called life & love. Through pain comes growth if you are willing to do the work. That which does not kill you will only strengthen you. So this time I will let the love flow. I will not try to kill it. I continue to embrace it, and I know that the One who can appreciate all that Aye has to offer will find his way to my heart, with no fear, no expectations, no conditions, all the acceptance &

forgiveness that is required. Third time is a charm. In next pages you will find the story of my emotional journey searching for love. This is the very heart of Aye and it is all raw.

Fear will build for you many of prisons it is the RAGE in Courage that will set you free.

Foreword

In my quest for love I have run into many different men. All with different perceptions. My x-husband was what a lot of women might call a good man. That is what I thought when I married him. While I can be honest and say that I did not marry this man because of my deep love for him. I married him mainly because I was pregnant and as I stated earlier I believed him to be a good man and thought that he would be a good father. While I was not in love with him there were moments in time when I was in love. I had a deep respect for him. He wanted to do the right thing as far as taking care of his family. He worked and did his best or what I believe he thought his best was. I saw in him a great man, and thought that in time that man would emerge. He never did. In fact I think that man was an image of my husband that I had created. During our 15 year marriage we had three of the most beautiful human beings. Three different yet equally loving, caring, and wise children. They are my reason for living. I call them, Lord Jahmal, King Malik, and Queen Jahmilah. If you ask me today why I married a man that I was not in love with and stayed for 10 years before asking for a divorce I will tell you that I stayed for the children. Which is mostly true. But the main reason that I stayed is because I believed in the image of my husband that I had created. He was younger than men I was used to dating, so I figured if I gave him time he would grow. That we would grow. But we just seemed to grow apart. I have often said that

when I left him in Germany, he was replaced by a clone or pod person.

Not only had he put on about 25 pounds during the 2 months since I had returned to the states and he stayed in Germany. But communication was almost non existent. We stayed in Atlanta with his aunt until we went on to Fort Benning, Ga where he was stationed. During those weeks in fact the day we got married I was barely speaking to him. I blamed myself for this because I was nearly 6 months pregnant and I was an evil pregnant lady. But I no longer felt any connection to this man I was about to marry and whose child I was carrying. He couldn't even seem to remember my name. During our time in Atlanta I became Bev, Sue, and occasionally he would get my name right and I was Esha. Later in our marriage I would realize that when ever we were around his family my name became every woman's name in is family. He could never seem to remember my name when ever we were around the women in his family. He said that it was love.

I busied myself with the role of wife and mother. As my mother and I were not in contact, I had no one to seek advice from. So I cooked, cleaned, and enjoyed being a mother to my new love Jahmal. He was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. He amazed me everyday. I wanted him to have everything that I did not have growing up. A stable and secure childhood. I wanted him to have both his parents with him. I wanted him to know that we loved him and that love was unconditional. I wanted to raise him to know self, trust self and love

self. I wanted this for all of my kids.

By the time my new love Malik arrived I realized that my husband and I were not growing. Communication between us non existent. This is when I first began to think that we were not going to make it. But still I thought we can do this. There were moments when I thought we were communicating it was in these moments I found the strength to keep trying. It was also during this time that I began to study again. When I say 'study' I am referring to religious studies. In fact Malik's first name is Jeremiah, because I was reading the book of Jeremiah in the bible during the last months of my pregnancy. As I continued to study I started going to church, my husband refused to attend service most of the time. I did not force the issue. Once in a while he would attend service. Or sit in on a meeting with Jehovah's witnesses. My study was not a problem in our marriage as far as I could see. The more I studied, the more enlightened I became. I would share my knowledge with my husband if he received any of it I can not say. But I remember the day that I knew I could not stay married to him. I had asked him if he ever thought that God might be a woman. His response made chills go up my spine, and a nuclear bomb went off in my womb. He said that he would rather believe there was no God than to believe that God was a woman. It was at this moment that I realized all the years we had been married I had felt as if I was nothing more than a piece of meat to this man. And he had just confirmed this for me. As far as I can see if you would rather believe that there is no God than

to conceive of the possibility that God could be a woman, says to me nothing less than you hate women. It was after that I decided I could not stay with this man if I wanted to continue to grow. Shortly after this conversation I told him that I wanted a divorce.

Which leads me to the next type of man. The wolf in sheep's clothing: This man was a friend of my husband. I was intrigued by this man the first time we met. I wanted to talk to him, explore his mind. As it turned out he only wanted to explore my body.

He is what I call a wanta be Ratsa. He talks the talk but don't walk the walk. I have admitted that I was intrigued by this man from the very beginning. But I was married. I had come very close cheating on my husband once before. I had allowed another man to kiss me. I could go into all the reasons why I think I did it or why he thinks I did it but I had allowed myself to be in a situation that as a married woman I had no business in. When I began studying again and as my relationship with God grew. As I prayed for my relationship with my husband the spirit told me to confess my sin to my husband. So I called my husband home from work and confessed. I thought that if he was willing to forgive that we would grow stronger and perhaps closer. While I am glad that I confessed I don't think it helped our relationship in the least. Well that was my first confession.

Because of this previous incident I kept my distance from this person. This went on for a few years. At this point I had begun to write and I was marketing my work framed art work featuring my

poetry. This person shared some of his writing with me. His words were filled with such wisdom, passion and love for God and humanity. They touched my soul and I found myself now on the verge of divorce not caring anymore. I wanted to know this man. I found myself spending more and time with him, talking to him on the phone, becoming more and more infatuated with him. At this point I had not let him know how or what I was feeling. One day this wolf calls me ask to come over there is some one he wants me to meet. When I arrive at his apartment There is a woman there that I have never seen before and he informs me that she is his girlfriend from New York. Imagine how I felt! Ok I can deal with this. Thank God I never acted on my feelings. So she and I become 'friends' I show her around town. Recommend a doctor when she became pregnant. It is at this time the he wants to tell me that he loves me and all the other bullshit. I resisted, he persisted.....

Now sisters before you all go calling me that bitch, which to some extent I am, let me explain; One day she called me and asked me to come over. When I arrived she was crying, telling me how he was never there for her and the baby. She was feeling insecure, lonely, and I can't imagine what else. I wanted to tell her so badly that yes girl he is a dog! I wanted to tell her how he had waited for her to come down here and encouraged us to be friends and then started to hit on me. But instead I hugged her and told her that if she felt that leaving was best for her and her son than she should. I had been in a situation before when a friend's man hit on me and I went straight to her and told her, I will never forget the pain on her face. A true

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