

## **In My Own Little World**

By Angela Kristin Brown

I lie hidden  
 underneath this mass  
 ovations trickling high  
 consumed within my own world  
 a metaphor for an alibi  
 I lie hidden  
 underneath this mask  
 identify a hidden past  
 muddled confusion; a simile  
 of failed accomplishments  
 to be misunderstood  
 in a world full of progress

## **To Dream**

By Angela Kristin Brown

is hope an infringement of life  
 where as an inspired metaphor  
 depleted a reason to grow  
 \Is hope so defile in life  
 that a dream is deferred  
 upon the wish to succeed  
 is only a dream  
 \Is hope so denied  
 that every time you try  
 you trying, trying again  
 to start all over again?  
 \Is hope so bitter  
 that your dreams are over looked  
 because no one understood you?

## **Hate Poem**

By Angela Kristin Brown

the narcissism in color an addiction  
 quota of being lynched  
 no one cares to pay attention  
 no one trust a basket case  
 and as the color exists  
 white sheets, black painted faces

a mere reflection of being whipped  
 nobody's perfect until caught  
 it is difficult to speculate the risk involved  
 the general, values of this imposition  
 is irrelative to pain

### **A Man Crying**

By Angela Kristin Brown

Vicious white sheets  
 hovering hoods  
 in darkness  
 bow admittedly  
 speaking hate  
 adamant controversy  
 praising glory and  
 \a burning body  
 agile hanging  
 from a tree  
 crying murder

### **A Dream Deferred**

By Angela Kristin Brown

• is hope an infringement of life  
 where as an inspired metaphor  
 depleted a reason to grow  
 Is hope so defile in life  
 that a dream is deferred  
 upon the wish to succeed  
 is only a dream  
 Is hope so denied  
 that every time you try  
 you trying, trying again  
 to start all over again?  
 Is hope so bitter  
 that your dreams are over looked  
 because no one understood you?  
 Is hope a simile to believe  
 in all hope, life and maturity  
 to succeed  
 is hope the dream you believed  
 that dream and it became true

## **Hair is an Emblem**

By Angela Kristin Brown

my hair  
 the imagery of me  
 representing wigs  
 that make me  
 my hair  
 the vulgar, hip style weave  
 that others recognize the women in me  
 my hair  
 go natural go curly afro  
 fits the need to be bold  
 my hair  
 one day long, the other day short  
 or maybe one day I will wear it bald  
 my hair  
 is what makes me, my personality  
 my hair is a status symbol to go freely

## **I Pledge Elegance to Our Flag**

By Angela Kristin Brown

The thirteen stripes for valor  
 the original colonies fought for  
 red they died and white for peace  
 the fifty one stars united we stand  
 a trilogy to sustain one common belief  
 for freedom, world peace and honor  
 my allegiance to the American flag

## **Day Hypo**

By Angela Kristin Brown

Full moon arisen  
 sunlight dances between time  
 full moon resending  
 \My happiness at day break  
 amending sleepy a dreams

## **Memorial of Tony**

By Angela Kristin Brown

I wonder I always wondered  
 where life is after death  
 my brother I bother to wonder  
 is he safe in heaven  
 what are his interest  
 who are his friends there  
 I wonder I always wondered  
 if he is ok with God  
 if so if he could send a sign  
 I wonder I always wondered  
 how to make peace with him above  
 to say I am sorry he is not with me  
 I wonder I always wondered  
 if I could trust his ambitions to leave  
 that he trusted God his soul  
 aloft in a better place  
 and will he wait for me  
 I wondered always wondered, wondered, wondered

### **Say My Name, Lover**

By Angela Kristin Brown

a word  
 has so much meaning  
 just call out my name  
 and ask me again  
 and tell me who it belongs to  
 and repeat it over and over again  
 just call out my name  
 make it purr when you say it  
 repeat it until you mean what you say  
 like you enjoy it connotation  
 do not make me a pet name  
 call out my real name  
 until you not want no other  
 like you mean you need me  
 I remind you of your mom  
 we have the same name  
 so do not forget the word in my name  
 has potential meaning  
 it is not only a word  
 it becomes a moratorium

### **The Gospel Music**

By Angela Kristin Brown

I heard a song  
just the other day  
that made me feel  
the other way  
the song had sound  
the song had meaning  
it captured my heart  
left it just a beating  
the drums were so compelling  
it made my feet thump  
my hands clap  
my soul rejoiced  
I began to laugh  
the song was so good  
it moved me so much  
I had to play it again  
to reach my soul  
so gospel has it

### **Daily Routine**

By Angela Kristin Brown

I awoke at five  
the everyday routine  
I prepared for work  
I fixed lunch, ate breakfast  
and rushed for traffic  
I drove at 35 miles per hour  
a forty-five minute drive to work  
I paced myself to my office  
and coned to morning coffee  
I read my email, the news  
and peddled to do work  
I greeted my students with a smile  
and at the end of day  
I met evening traffic  
pacing myself home  
to study homework  
to eat dinner and go to bed  
my daily routine

### **My Love**

By Angela Kristin Brown

I miss your touch  
the caress that made me smile  
gave me chills down my spine  
I miss the kiss  
that made me gasp  
the memory of your tender lips  
pressed warm against mine  
I miss your stare  
our eyes met as one whole  
the thought I felt true love  
I miss your empathy  
towards my immaturity  
that made me strong  
I miss saying our last good by  
enchanted, I sigh  
I love you

### **Suicide Thoughts**

By Angela Kristin Brown

I do not like quiet  
my thoughts race of suicide  
it is my inability to conceive thoughts  
process, progress denial in quiet  
I lie still mortified in frustration  
I pop pills to inflict pain  
so my body cries pain  
the pain that subsides in memory of being hurt  
I lie quiet still till death becomes me inside  
quiet I hear voices chanting in my mind  
at my moment of peace I lie still quite  
a moment of silence I drift in dreams  
of being far off not here in paradise  
I lie still quiet I lie still

### **The Legacy**

By Angela Kristin Brown

we grew through sound  
at an early age  
popping the dance beats  
on the radio, through the streets

words through mellow tunes  
 a passages and a historic relic  
 Mao legendary pop artist  
 the notes flutter time

## **I Have a Dream**

By Angela Kristin Brown

It is a world where technology was possible to every man  
 \I once dreamed of human mobility  
 \It is a world where education did not discriminate  
 \Where the state of man was comparable  
 \It is a world where health care is inevitable  
 \I once dreamed of peace  
 Have a Dream  
 \I once dreamed of human evolution  
 \It is a world that created opportunity for man  
 \Where equality of every man was probable  
 \It is a world where we solved problems through minds not killing  
 \Where is a world ridden of poverty  
 \It is a world free of hatred and denial  
 \A world free of sin

## **On Being Black**

By Angela Kristin Brown

On Being Black  
 As I pass by all the smears of betrayal  
 As I stand you, clutch your bags in fear  
 As I shop, you say I steal  
 As I greet you, you ask if it is a con game  
 As I socialize, you think I am gay  
 As I test in school, you wait for me to fail  
 As I interview for a job, you check my background  
 As I go to the doctor, you test for drugs  
 As I pray at church, you say I am not religious  
 As I speak, you are in disbelief  
 As I achieve, I pose a threat  
 As I willfully do, you monitor my strange behavior  
 As I live day by day, you call the police  
 As I try my best, you show I am inferior

## **Crush**

By Angela Kristin Brown

How I love thee  
 As enchanted as time passes  
 You are forever in my memory  
 \Through every sentiment sigh of retrieval  
 Compassion expels happiness  
 Valued in each kiss  
 \I yearn for your warm caress  
 Missing the sentimental token  
 An epiphany of treasure unspoken  
 \In captivated by words of choice  
 That persuade meaning  
 In how I conceive you  
 \My heart thrust compassion  
 Consumed in lust  
 In dire need of every mood  
 \My soul craves harmony  
 In unity of a companion  
 Who cares for me  
 \Failing to meet your desires  
 You beat me with your fist  
 You curse me with your anger  
 You train my mind to obey  
 I cannot handle my fate  
 Before I lie dead in your possession

### **Poor Volvo No Venire**

By Angela Kristin Brown

Des pies de venire  
 Hacky ulna pregunta  
 Espier venire

### **Faith**

By Angela Kristin Brown

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 encourage others to be followers of God  
 Where hate is abandoned in fear of God  
 To be a protectorate from evil



To defend the belief of the Church  
 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, May men be role models  
 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  
 May God guide me from sin, As I live this journal to heaven.

## **Disappear**

By Angela Brown

I'm gone disappear  
 Vanish in the clear  
 Float on a breeze  
 Glide over countries with ease  
 I have the slightest of anything  
 But the challenge...the uncertainty is so bitter-sweet, so enticing  
 Hopefully, I'll find what has been calling me  
 My hearing full of water and my peripheral clouded, and I just can't  
 see  
 I know it's great, it has to be, to call to me for ages  
 Through puberty, through yearnings, and through love, the sound of the  
 call has never faded.  
 It's not easy  
 Believe me  
 to leave known precious and stable fruits, in search of my own  
 unknown fruits and treasures  
 Will my experience or my education qualify me? Will they measure?  
 Will arithmetic calculate the steps it takes to lead my parched body  
 to the purest of streams?  
 My thirst unbearable. Where I see thousands of ripples of coolness and  
 shimmering sparkles as they beckon and reach for me, yet madness  
 is my dream  
 Maybe my light will shine  
 And maybe...just maybe, I'll follow this time  
 I'll never know when my calling will cease to call, whether the time  
 is far or near all I know is, I'm gone disappear.

## **The Children**

By Angela Brown

The faces in the picture smile  
 Hurt shines in their eyes  
 Pain and agony hidden deep  
 Years of regret kept secret  
 A true story that is never told  
 The past hidden so well  
 Hearts that cried each day  
 With no protection from the hate  
 Tiptoeing on broken glass  
 While trying to stay invisible

### **The Search for Truth**

By Angela Brown

When was the last time...?  
 Our big, black fist grappled over the fear of losing something,  
 something... still the pendulums of time scantily flings sand.  
 The times continue.  
 When was the last time...  
 \Our strong scarlet red groped for the apathy of losing  
 something, something... yet, still the drums pound from the  
 desserts of Africa at Verbatim?  
 And are not herd.  
 When was the last time...  
 \Our feeble minds and our weak souls had spoken distorted truths  
 about our people's past and of who are and what we believe  
 fatefully.  
 Oh... how the soul parts.

### **Amore, Prayer of Succession**

By Angela Brown

Once more,  
 Give me the chance to follow  
 And I'll let Him lead.  
 Break me from my faith  
 And I'll entice you with his words  
 Withdraw me from pride  
 I will tender you with kindness  
 Forbade me from all truths  
 my mind will forbade you to induce

For Almighty God, is the  
precursor of succession.

### **America Prosperity**

By Angela Brown

Like a turtle in its hollow shell  
Like a bird soaring over the heavens  
My soul wants to escape into  
hopes and dreams  
in a journey away from sin  
I will never be alone  
I will never be alone  
I will run with your love,  
God, Leading the way from sin  
and I shall follow,  
You understand,  
your presence means a lot to me.

### **America Speaks**

By Angela Brown

I remember my struggle  
defending who I am  
I felt all alone, with no purpose  
You made me faithful with your  
heart and your love, all-powerful God  
you entered my soul and made me whole  
in my sickly mind, your Spirit prepares me  
for the future, I rejoice  
for you to judge my life  
with the lives of others,  
your Spirit faithfully  
reigns over the world.

### **Walking with God**

By Angela Brown

I will be there to the end. O Lord  
Because you were there for me in  
My times of needs  
You protected me, guided me  
Raised me from sin in your honor

You drew me near to love  
 tall in nature  
 of you recreation let me be  
 redeemed eternally with your  
 permission I will rise  
 I will shine in your presence, O Lord  
 I will be there to the end.

## **American Patriotism**

By Angela Brown

Faith...  
 is enveloped in aspiring dreams  
 through fate alone; a purpose  
 a republic committed to principles...  
 Which question fear?  
 Democracy guidance...  
 For a government - to call to freedom  
 Ask for Trust in which the government stands  
 for the constitution speaks of holy guidance.

## **What a Word Implies**

By Angela Brown

Civil Rights are when...  
 \A word is a symbol that can be used out of context.  
 To define a word is to emphasize meaning.  
 \A word can be a metaphor or simile or a gesture.  
 A word can be used to describe.  
 \The fights for equality means equal access.  
 To define equality means to inherit opportunity:  
 Opportunity to value a good education.  
 \Opportunity to have a good foundation.  
 Opportunity to have the freedom once denied.  
 \Such words display hatred and degradation.  
 We should not call each other a "Niger."

## **The Legacy Continues**

By Angela Brown

One day African Americans  
 Will become Physician Assistants  
 \One day Coloreds

Will become Teachers  
 \One day Negros  
 Will become politicians  
 and school Administrators  
 \A Promise that one day Black people  
 Will be noted later for  
 their level of success

## **Prayer**

By Angela Brown

Never been on drugs  
 Never done weed  
 Never got drunk  
 Never had extract  
 Never been to prison  
 Never been with a man  
 Nor Women the temptation  
 Never exists  
 '40 and a virgin  
 Never had kids  
 Never wanted an abortion  
 Never had sinned  
 Never has stolen  
 Never has cheated  
 Never got chased  
 To live in paranoia  
 One thing I ever wanted  
 Is to live in prayer

## **Pray for a Reason**

By Angela Brown

Pray, say a prayer  
 Pray for the light of God  
 To shine, shine through you  
 It does not matter who or what you are  
 Just thank heaven for life  
 And another life, a life,  
 Express your song, just pray  
 Pray for the reason the good granted by God  
 Pray, say a prayer for your condition  
 To shine, shine through you a plan  
 To give love, to share love, the meaning of love

Just pray, say a prayer  
 Prayer for the light of God  
 To come through to you  
 It does not matter if you are not good enough  
 Praise, thank heaven for life you live  
 Pray, just pray and pray again for a chance  
 Live it over and over, to pray  
 Pray a song of light

## **My Soul**

By Angela Brown

All the years of suffering that happened and my life my soul stays strong and helps me fight the good fight. Free to wonder like the wind that's tell god comes and free us from sin. Only your soul knows who you really are Couse you are it and your body is a shell holding it and.it doesn't matter what things you have most seal there soul to on the things they have. Are souls are here to see how much we can bear the pain. Tell the lord comes to see us again. A true test of time how long will we last I ask? Four ever Couse a life lost is a life reborn

## **Love**

By Angela Brown

love is wonderful love is sweet love cannot be beat ones you're in love its forever in your heart it is like the summer sky in the night is like music to your heart it makes your heart quiver it makes your shiver all over it will take your breath away love is so wonderful love.

## **When you find that one**

By Angela Brown

When you find that one you know that's the one when you find that one you feel it in your heart when you find that one your heart quivers like a chill when you find that one its always and forever when you find that one you won't let that fish go when you find that one hold on and don't let go until death do you part it's that love you know it so when you find that one always hold that soul mate close to your heart

because your heart and the one above sent that one true love  
to you.

Poem, Written by Angela Khristin Brown

The world is a quilt and each patch is a nation  
Bound by a thread since the days of creation  
Adorned with great color and radiant splendor  
Though divided by race and religion and gender  
In some eyes, it is handsome, in others canto rated  
The patches are different, unmatched and unsorted  
Incongruous in pattern, in shape and in color  
Not one is much similar to any other  
So some try to imagine one great design  
But in truth our uniqueness is really just fine  
Nations and patches of all kinds and all sorts  
Customs, religions, languages, sports  
This is okay if each patch has its space  
And on the quilt of the world, each nation has its place  
But the stitches that bind us are easily shed  
By the wars that are fought and the words that are said  
We must realize the appearance of no patch is inferior  
And the ways of no nation can make it superior  
Divided by oceans, united by a dream  
The world is a quilt and our love is its seam

Blacks in American History

Old age has caught up on me

Where wisdom is patiently counting dawn

Who am I? Am I the person who bathed you, played with you and read you bed time stories  
until the wee hours of the night? Am I the person who coached you and supported you through your  
journey? Others see me as bitter and cold.

And aint I an American?

Who am I? Am I the one that cooked you dinner and cleaned the house while you were away? Am I the one that nursed you while you were sick? Am I the one who obeyed orders and completed good deeds? Others find me helpless.

And aint I an American?

Who am I? Was I your right hand man that made sure everything was in order? Was I the one who followed orders and went beyond call and duty? Was I the one who went beyond adversity? Others find my faults.

And aint I an American?

Who am I? Am I the one to respond to duty? It is my patronage to follow and protect and test the waters while others cannot. Others don't respect this.

And aint I an American?

Who am I? Am I the one God made strong enough to follow in His path in this journey to be heard? I am an auntie. I am a child. I am a teacher. I am a soldier. I am a child of God.

And aint I an American?

I walk like I am disabled

There is a monkey on my back

I carry the load of intolerance

I may be used

I may be abused

I have been lied on

I have been beaten

I may be lonely

I may be seduced

And my prayers and dreams

Shattered the truth

But I am still here

American pursues a state of war that affected the lives of the people. The war satin has changed this nation. Let support innovative solutions to our problems:



- Let's find solution to not end what we need such as social security and Medicare. Let us raise the bar on healthcare that will help everyone.
- Let's not increase the debt ceiling.
- Let's educate to create insight and occupational skills for jobs tomorrow
- Let's create technology to invent itself
- Let's let research create venues for a healthy state
- Let's not make our imports maximize our outposts
- Let's create jobs in the US where we can become external consumers of trade
- Let's determine the differences between religion and morality to challenge issues such as laws for gays, abortion, civil rights, and immigration

Let's make history. Let's get our nation back on track.

***Four Colored Girls***, by Angela Khristin Brown

I cry many tears of endearment

Many sleepless nights

I speak loudly in anger

Bitter harsh feelings of denial

Confusion asking for respect

When emotions lost its meaning

I cry many tears of rejection

Their words speak louder than words

I whisper, I whisper, I whisper words of wisdom

A freedom of expression

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