

The Voice Within

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Abstract

Love and loss is facing the truth behind the facts that bears deep in our hearts. A child is not born a racist. Racism is something taught through words and actions. The fight against hate begins by demonstrating love and acts of kindness. The difference between love and hate is within the context of the idea of inherent expression conducted through actions.

Keywords: Relationships, love, loss, pain, regret

I have faced conflict, sorrow and defeat and some people have analyzed my life; but I always felt happy with who I am and good about my life. Look beyond your image and you will find the purpose in your life. If you have a God given talent use it by sharing it with others inspiring others to have an appreciation for what you do. Never forget where you came from. It is from those who touched your life that helped make you into the person you are today. If you have a talent, use it by sharing your gift with others giving back to the community from the person you have become. The relationship between men is based upon valuing his self-worth. There are a few diversity conflict when confronting your level of success. There are the people who support you. There are the people who think you are the right person for the job. There are those who will try to prove you are not as good as them. There are those who will try to take success away from you. There are those who will try to prove there is something mentally wrong with you because most people don't do things like that or never made it that far. You always treat everyone with respect because you do not what personality of influence they have. Not everyone can be an idealist. Don't let anyone define who you are. Anything is possible that underlines truth. Expression has developed the course of history. Expression is a voice in defining cultural identity. Expression is the passion for respecting others.

I am a middle aged female who has a need to having her voice heard. I want to touch other's lives with the words I speak. I ask to close your eyes and open up to what is being said. You may not understand, but you will relate to what is said in my lines of poetry. I feel pain, love and loss. These are the words I write in my lines of poetry. Memories sustain holding you near my heart will always remain.

I have frequently explored the principals of theoretical criticism. The study is aimed at exploring the structured of the mind and deviation of cultural expression through personal experience. Cultural expression is defined through the social convictions of society. Expression exhibits the scheme of elements of ideas.

Word Power

there is something I wanted to say,
if only you listen to my thoughts,
words are confusing me, can't rest my mind on what I feel,
my emotions twist my words around,
I can't think back, it is not what it was supposed to be,
why did you not respond to my actions,
actions speak in gestures,
words speak in symbols,
the matter of truth is misspelled,
let us speak in honesty,
you cannot begin to understand,
what I am trying to say is...

I can benefit from the exposure.
I write poetry as a form of expression
and I feel I have a need to have
my voice heard. I use personal experience
to communicate with the audience
through the images of expressing
metaphors, analogies and emotions
I reflect on cultural experience

to explicate meaning to passionate words
 that describe a state of being
 found poems using words
 taken from text
 analogies, poetic themes used poems
 words based on personal experiences
 translate words from other languages
 compared from Shakespeare analytical antidotes.
 my voice to tell a story to create images
 to create emotions that give life
 knowledge in relating a message
 about personal conviction
 about how I relate to life
 to my struggle.
 I use talent to address problems
 of the people behind it
 that make others understand me
 I am poet
 I make a difference
 in my voice

Poetry is the mirror image of perfection:
 Its meaningful text, burns words for eternity.

Our Grandmothers

She lay, skin down in the moist dirt,
 the canebrake rustling
 with the whispers of leaves, and
 loud longing of hounds and
 the ransack of hunters crackling the near
 branches.

She muttered, lifting her head a nod toward
 freedom,
 I shall not, I shall not be moved.

She gathered her babies,
 their tears slick as oil on black faces,
 their young eyes canvassing mornings of madness.
 Momma, is Master going to sell you
 from us tomorrow?

Yes.
 Unless you keep walking more
 and talking less.
 Yes.
 Unless the keeper of our lives
 releases me from all commandments.
 Yes.
 And your lives,
 never mine to live,
 will be executed upon the killing floor of
 innocents.
 Unless you match my heart and words,
 saying with me,

I shall not be moved.

In Virginia tobacco fields,
 leaning into the curve
 of Steinway
 pianos, along Arkansas roads,

in the red hills of Georgia,
 into the palms of her chained hands, she
 cried against calamity,
 You have tried to destroy me
 and though I perish daily,

I shall not be moved.

Her universe, often
 summarized into one black body
 falling finally from the tree to her feet,
 made her cry each time into a new voice.
 All my past hastens to defeat,
 and strangers claim the glory of my love,
 Iniquity has bound me to his bed.

Yet, I must not be moved.

She heard the names,
 swirling ribbons in the wind of history:
 nigger, nigger bitch, heifer,
 mammy, property, creature, ape, baboon,
 whore, hot tail, thing, it.
 She said, but my description cannot
 fit your tongue, for
 I have a certain way of being in this world,

And I shall not, I shall not be moved.

No angel stretched protecting wings
 above the heads of her children,
 fluttering and urging the winds of reason
 into the confusions of their lives.
 The sprouted like young weeds,
 but she could not shield their growth
 from the grinding blades of ignorance, nor
 shape them into symbolic topiaries.
 She sent them away,
 underground, overland, in coaches and
 shoeless.

When you learn, teach.
 When you get, give.
 As for me,

I shall not be moved.

She stood in midocean, seeking dry land.
 She searched God's face.
 Assured,
 she placed her fire of service
 on the altar, and though
 clothed in the finery of faith,
 when she appeared at the temple door,
 no sign welcomed
 Black Grandmother, Enter here.

Into the crashing sound,
 into wickedness, she cried,
 No one, no, nor no one million

ones dare deny me God, I go forth
along, and stand as ten thousand.

The Divine upon my right
impels me to pull forever
at the latch on Freedom's gate.

The Holy Spirit upon my left leads my
feet without ceasing into the camp of the
righteous and into the tents of the free.

These momma faces, lemon-yellow, plum-purple,
honey-brown, have grimaced and twisted
down a pyramid for years.
She is Sheba the Sojourner,
Harriet and Zora,
Mary Bethune and Angela,
Annie to Zenobia.

She stands
before the abortion clinic,
confounded by the lack of choices.
In the Welfare line,
reduced to the pity of handouts.
Ordained in the pulpit, shielded
by the mysteries.
In the operating room,
husbanding life.
In the choir loft,
holding God in her throat.
On lonely street corners,
hawking her body.
In the classroom, loving the
children to understanding.

Centered on the world's stage,
she sings to her loves and beloveds,
to her foes and detractors:
However I am perceived and deceived,
however my ignorance and conceits,
lay aside your fears that I will be undone,

For I shall not be moved.

Dance of Death

Mourning is hell
A rusted hand reaching out
Into discovery.
Dead upon arrival
Heavy breath whispering
Into dawn.
The winter cold
Presses its roots
Into the surface of my heart.
Blood drips from a palate
Of forgotten silence
The dark bitter past.
Part of being removed
Part of being replaced
Part of being used,

Of imaging your presence
 Negating my life
 Emerging from death
 Engaging death's strength
 Into a cavity of fire.
 Death has pierced my soul
 Had death danced its last word
 Smiling, fading, smiling
 Gasping for life within
 The arms of serenity
 Quietly purging hope
 Of no return.
 The hole in my heart bleeds
 Not knowing your presence
 Not knowing your return.

What a Wonderful World

What a Wonderful World

The spacious sky is clear,
 Like heaven above is pure
 Hugs and kisses from Mom,
 Is worth all her love
 What a glorious feeling
 God has made for me

What a wonderful world this must be

Raindrops shelter tears,
 From white angelic wings of praise
 Rainbows the color of unity,
 Become learned lessons of the day
 What a glorious feeling
 God has made for me

What a wonderful world this must be

Images of good health,
 Become imprints in my mind
 People, places and things
 Are worth all my time
 What a glorious feeling
 God has made for me

What a wonderful world this must be

As the imprint of their smiles,
 Bring prayer to my days,
 Love has touched a special part of me
 In so many ways
 It's the air I breathe
 It's the food I eat
 It's the clothes I wear
 It's the people I meet
 Thank God for many things
 Here is the human nature
 Ere to healthy living
 I am blessed
 God watches over me

What a wonderful world indeed

Love from the Heart

Believe in your heart when I told you I love you, baby
 Believe in your heart when I say it is true
 I love you, I really do

I've grown fond of you lying here beside me
 Love kindly creeps upon me when you're around
 All my life I sacrificed ecstasy
 Your lips, your hands, your gentle touch
 Has brought tears to my heart
 Forever yours

Believe in your heart when I told you I love you, baby
 Believe in your heart when I say it is true
 Oh baby, baby, baby ah baby I love you
 Yes, I really do

You are a vision come true
 Your fingers strum my soul
 Each touch a melody
 Wantonly tingling against my skin
 Chanting sounds of harmony

Don't you believe in your heart when I told you I love you, baby
 Don't you believe in your heart when I say it is true
 Don't you know deep in my heart baby
 I only feel this way for you
 Oh baby, baby, baby ah baby
 I love you
 I really do

I lie down smiling
 With my face on your chest
 you should know
 my entire life is determined
 With your words that you express when you

Believe in your heart when I told you I loved you, baby
 Believe in your heart when I tell you this time it is true
 Believe in your heart there is no other like you
 Who has come close to my soul as you

I love you

Song of Solomon

The Song of Solomon echoes passes of faith
 A mother's fate has grown fond of.
 Her son's voice, soft spoken, remembered, sorrowfully.
 The winter chills purge throughout her body, timidly in regret.
 With the wretched pain, unwinding anger to let go
 The burden of self-doubt, questioning the death of her son.

Grace of God

I felt love for God in my heart only because God showed he cared
 My heart was broken many times by the ones I trusted most
 God talked me through the hurt and pain and showed me what I am worth
 Through all my frustrations hatred of being deceived I learned to shut out the world
 God taught me how to set aside my anger by expressing my true love
 I had learned to open up and trust through what was once was broken

I was able to speak openly for the first time by sharing my emotions
 I learned I am best being who I am and not no imitation
 I have learned to speak my mind and not from altercations
 I feel better with who I am and not from others expectations
 If only I had spoken what I feel now it would be a start to a new beginning
 Why do I feel so guilty to trust, acting out of curiosity?
 While I have so much to be thankful for God
 Has brought me many blessings
 God gave me the gift to love

The Blues

My heart is all mucky
 Down, trodden-blue.
 My mind is filled in Harlem
 Dreary days are doomed.
 Day after day I'm trapped inside this maze.
 I'm dying, dying trying to escape
 My soul trapped in phases.
 Longing to come out
 I'm crying, crying trying to escape.
 The discord of my future
 Won't go away.
 Locked inside my mind
 All passion held inside.
 Many tears have shed
 Have long wasted aside.
 Misery gone, gone blown away.
 I'm fighting, fighting riding out the pain.
 The color of my heart is blue.
 Mucky, down-trodden blue.

The Seed that Bloomed

(my biography)

A voice silenced in fear
 Of being questioned.
 Conflicting words, misguided speech -
 The wrong words
 The wrong attitude
 A disposition
 Mistaken for impartiality of the
 Emotionally disturbed.
 A romantic altercation
 Developed this personality into a rose,
 That bloomed into a
 Beautiful image of expression.
 An articulate voice
 Once silence, was heard.

Opulent

Nubian sky
 Black as night
 Black misty dawn
 Black blue black dawn
 Black radiant dawn
 As radiant as black space
 Empty of presence
 The sun changes into day
 The moon settles into dawn
 Blue black sky
 A radiant reflection
 of flowing light
 Through the eyes of God
 Watching over me

World Terrorism

Terror standing idol
 Clear eyed
 Touching watching staring
 In the eyes of fate
 Its escape
 Its flow
 Its fire
 Waiting
 The memory of waking stones
 Recognizes promise
 Death does not say
 Speechless stones
 Cover ashes scattering
 In the air
 Weeping tears
 Counting ghosts
 The dark whispers for
 Instructions
 Lessons learned have gone gone goodbye
 Without notice without consent
 Weeping eyes
 Have wept meaning
 Speechless for words
 Cold unspoken words

For the Life I Love

I cry I morn for the life
 I had let go many tears
 held suicidal thoughts not wanting to let go
 There is not a time that goes by
 in thought in memory in prayer
 that I kept you on my mind
 Memories sustain holding you near
 my heart will wrongfully remain

Can't let go of letting go
knowing that you exist
the need the want of having you
shall persist
When you came into my life
I opened up
To release eternal hope
I travel many miles
To come to this
With a promise
To give love
One more try
To embrace my love
With sanctity
Stay with me
Without you
I walk low head bowed down
hurt in an epitome of shame
I live in the poverty of resentment
for the life I loosed I am the blame
I confess I lived in sin
the host of sin
I lived a white lie
tales of darkness
infidelity and lust
must soul lead to die
It was for this secret
God had changed my life
in Chasity a decision
an idea a legacy to strive
When you came into my life
I opened up
To release eternal hope
I travel many miles
To come to this
With a promise
To give love
One more try
To embrace my love
With sanctity
I wish you were here with me now