

Poetry Diaspora

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1. Art of Letting Go

When I fell in love with you
I could not love another
I was willing to sacrifice my life
To my one and only lover
For the love and the intimacy,
I was willing to take the risk
I was committed to a relationship
The one possession I admitted
Fate was our relationship
This one, you one, I
Would make us
As one, in unison
Chancing odds against time
My heart had broken
Into many pieces
When you said we're threw
I thought I'd die
And go to hell
Until I got over you
Now I am at peace with God
My heart has grown as one
Knowing that I had found
A place in my heart
With the art of letting go

2. Black or White

I neglected the feelings
I never expressed
Hurt by your rumors
Concerned and depressed
I felt sad and concerned
About the rumors you spread
Unkind words and gestures
Spit, Speck, Croon, Mongrole
Can do harm
There are days gone by
I wanted to say
I am sorry that you neglected my feelings
And treated me this way
If I could take back the anger
Deep inside my heart
I would say I am sorry
And try a fresh start
Instead
I was the idiot who cared
You would be more sincere

When you never gave a damn
About me and the kind person
I am
If we only tried to talk
'bout the good in what all I do
Just to think you would ever try
to get to know
Me better

3. 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 discourse 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.

4. Coa Coa Eyes

Coa Coa Eyes
Our eyes gaze with desire,
The radiant glow.
Stars piercing rays of light,
Our eyes stared, affectionately.
Emotions faded tears of sorrow,
Fell from the corner of my eye.
Compassion, our eyes met,
That cold winter night.
As our eyes embraced
With romance.
Inhaling with devotion,
Eternally engulfed with passion.
The desire, the moment,
The emotion,
Surrendering affection.
Hey baby,

Can't keep my eyes off you
And with the way you stare at me
I'm going to keep it true
Coa Coa Eyes
Last night
Felt good inside
Its just the simplest things
You say and do
You blow my mind
Made me laugh again
Longing in desire
Touched by the affection
Of your intellect
Nurtured my heart
A sure beginning
Of making ends meet
A fresh start
Partially
In agreement
On occasions
I desire
To recognize
The love
We made last night
Was worth my time
Hey baby,
Do you have the time to spend with me
Tell me what I mean to you
You are what happiness brings
Coa Coa Eyes
When I first met you
A thousand thoughts
raced through my mind
I could not contain my grace
Your voice opened the doorway
To my heart
Scared in the moment
I'll get it one more try
Hey baby,
I wanta know what's on your mind
I wanta know
What's on your mind
Coa Coa Eyes

5. Courage

Cowardly and ashamed, guilt
Has poisoned my eyes
As I walk through
The fiery blaze of death
I yearn for peace
Blinded I cannot hide
By the dark, my pride
Demands for respect
I ask, is this the end
It is my calling
I am holding on
Stirring through frustration

I yearn to embrace
A sign
I wait in disparity to survive
I will not be discouraged
Wondering meeting
Time is no barrier
I have sacrificed
My legacy
With mercy
Afraid I must
Move on

6. 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.

7. 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

8. I Speak of Rivers

I know rivers
Dry, salty rivers
Of the Congo, Euphrates
And Nile rivers
Deep rivers
Deeply rooted
Flowing blood, bleeding
Through my veins
Rivers soiled with
Bloody rivers
I know rivers
Deep severity rivers
Of the Mississippi river
That embodies the lives lost
In the slave trade
Flowing deeply invested
In painful rivers
Bloody rivers
Cold blooded
Rivers
I know rivers
That runs so deep, once removed
From the Atlantic, racy thoughts
Suicidal, lost, forbidden truth
Overboard I once lay in the ocean
Of anxiety, the fear of dying
Calling out, searching,
Wanting to escape
To be free, free
Flowing from captivity
Flowing for my life
Flowing within my soul
Crying rivers
Flowing rivers
Severity rivers
I know rivers
That flow deep
They are seeing rivers
Who tell the stories
Lying mercifully
Deep social
Rivers
I too

Know of
Rivers

9. Inequality

Indiscriminate
Of self-ignorance
I you we
Are profiled
Deviant to existence
Letting history unfold
An adulteration of inclusion
Terror and pain
Scorned from within
Hidden from the retribution
Of enslavement
Hidden from the anger
Of being incarcerated
Hidden from the confusion
Of being trapped
Confined in the walls
Of pain and regret
Complacent
I You Me
Are victims of our
Self-hate of our
Self-denial
Not understanding
Our fears
Our desires
Our loneliness
Not wanting
Conflict
We show hatred
Through suicide
Through isolation
Pelting the pain
That rests inside
A heart fisted in
Anger a grudge
Trying to voice
The words of
Litany
That thirst
Our addictions
Our drug habits
The tyranny of gang wars
Our adulteration
Of the labels
That define
The essence
Of our race
And deny
What we have
Become
Within our own
Litany of the voice within
Of Self-doubt

Of Self-pitty
And of self-shame

10. Onipulant

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

11. 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 mid ocean, 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.

12. Poetess

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 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.

13. Poetry Writer

Voices climb effortlessly
Through this gate of thorns
I become another
Wasted suicide
I become a prisoner of 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 rive 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.

14. Sacrifice

I watch time wondering,
Phasing in and out
Contemplating thought.
Doubt, empty of holding reason;
But still remains confused.
With movement
To walk, to run, to crawl
Is a struggle
Bending, stretching, fainting,
Pushing for discovery,
Dancing for life.
Growing weak,
Failing, alluding strength,
Rested on mediation,
As time sleeps.
In deep sleep,
Sleeping, time rests
From reality
Unaware of non-existence.
Time's anger
Demonstrates pride.
As if life so complacent
With time,
Mediating space
Feeling loved has become
Obedient to nature.
Is the ordinance of time
A means of human error?
Is life so consumed
With certainty of pain
That desire, a need, a want, a hope,
A prayer is insolvent
Of any imposition?
Is our purpose in life
Chasing dreams of uncertainty,
Misguided in direction
And incongruent matter?
We live in the disparity
Of doubt, of reason, of hope,
That has taught us to be
Indifferent to opinion,
Insubordinate to change,
Defiant to order,
Incognizant of reason,
We fight, we plead, we cry
We challenge our fate,
Valuing the life

That has taught us all to pray.

15. 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

16. 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 silenced, was heard.

17. To My Stolen Child

Stolen 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
As long as I know you in my heart I fear I am to blame
stolen from my womb,
Unaware, my life won't be the same
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
Envy 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
If only I had the will to fight for what is mine I owe my
child an oath to whose
Will has defined my purpose
I wish you were here with me now, we parted for good
reason

18. 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

19. 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.

20. 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
Old unspoken words