INTRODUCTION

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’s 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.

Title: A RESOLUTION

Yet deterred, by fate alone
Many questionable conclusions, theories, details
Yet to determine who is the blame
A resolution, only to retroact an opposition
Yet to insist the muddied possibility for change
**Title: AMERICA**

If I die, let it not be in vein. 
For whom I am, I am not ashamed. 
For what I’m not, for who is to blame? 
For praise and glory, I have yet claimed. 
For all the sins, indebted to my name, 
For bitter hatred, cries and pain, 
I made my choice, withsovereign reigns, 
For my fate deterred, its meaning estranged.

**Title: A MILESTONE**

Look not on what you have succumbed; yet seek to determine your destiny. 
Know not the tolerance failure brings; but, to measure your ability.

Listen to emotions softly unfold; to quietly defuse self-hate. 
Inhale love within grasp; for life encounters many mistakes.

Cherish the need to be loved; for you only have one chance. 
Develop who you are, and what you lose becomes circumstance.

**Title: SILENT RIVALRY**

_Dedicated to my niece_

Silently, nature calls out 
The scent of pine cones filter the air 
The sweet smell from grass cover the ground 
Trees whistle in the wind 
Another Christmas passes 
The winter chills through the home 
Snow covers the land with frost 
A child has passed another season in prayer 
“God bless, my family”

All she has is her mother’s love

**Title: WORD PRACTITIONER**

_Dedicated to Maya Angelou_

Give me your hand 
Let me interpret words of wisdom 
Guide me to communicate phrases 
To develop the freedom of expression 
Nurture my passion to listen 
To remediate music through meter 
Grant me the ability to interpret 
The language of humiliation 
Guide my mind to escape imagination 
To feel a dream of compassion
Title: BROTHERLY LOVE

In dedication to my brother and all other brothers

It only takes a blank sign to question
A kind heart with a one word phrase
A vivid imagination with a quick nod
A mad mind to sear a gentle conversation
A blank stare to act a simple gesture
An eager need for mediation
A question is the final query to recognize
My need for love

Title: BIRD IN HAND

In dedication to the love of my life

My gift to you is circumstance
A pondering of psalm
I speak with truth and somber thoughts
To dictate essence of songs
I speak with grand fertility
To have you to myself
I light a candle to give you praise
Under what faith was built
And with God’s consent
The choice is ours to make
Save the hideous mistakes
From our past, I ask of fate
To rancor our innocence

Title: A FATAL ATTRACTION

In loving memory of my first lover

Where did it all start?
We fell between sins
We were fools in love
Why did it end?
Our love was naïve
To have thought
We fell in love
From the very start.
Love is not the same
There were missing parts
A mere misunderstanding
We had to part.
The deed is done
A mere mistake
We must learn from loss
To know our fate.
Title: A MOTHER’S RELATIONSHIP

Touched by an angelic figurine,
Mother’s soul will travel in space.
The intimacy of our relationship is unfounded.
The fluid that slithers in water underneath my feet
Is the energy generated from a Mother’s love.
It is the love that surpasses time.
My love for her will clasp the sun, while
The weight of life measures toexist within the galaxy above.
Our relationship will always remain with good reason,
For she is the pendulum of hope, I aspire.

Title: DAD’S GUITAR

Dad’s a shadow, a ghastly spirit,
I have yet, come to know.
The cold, moist air aroused his temperament,
In which he hung his hat, we call home.
An authentic office, provided support
Each etching that made a difference.
He flicks his fist out of anger,
Demanding respect, to mark his territory.
A guitar picks his last note,
A quarter note, a flat note, a rest note,
As he thumbs away into uncertain space -
Now silence.

Title: A RELATIONSHIP WITH TIME

Our youth is trying
to escape time,
Running, running
before time is out.
Stumbling amongst obstacles of redemption.
Failing to understand what is circumstance.
There is no schedule,
no plan,
no strategy.
Their fate is based
on a map,
Sketched in their minds in a language
They cannot read.
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