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THE VOICE WITHIN MY SOUL



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THE VOICE WITHIN MY SOUL

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. Women 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.

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 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.

Stay with Me

Stay with me
Stay with me

Hey baby,
I wanta know what's on your mind
I wanta know
If I'm worth your time

I'm worth the stars and the moon
You're worth the sun, all the planets
Together, we make the universe
Traveling in the speed of light

We're the stars and the moon and the galaxy above
We're two in common creating the meaning of love
We're the commits and the galaxy of stars

Please don't go
Stay with me
Don't go, baby please don't go

Hey baby,
Do you have the time to spend with me
Tell me what I mean to you
You are what happiness brings

I'm happy, just having you around
I enjoy having you near
I feel so at ease
Knowing you care

Hey baby,
Can't keep my eyes off you
And with the way you stare at me
I'm going to keep it true

Please, understand
Just how I feel
The heat we make together
Gets hotter and hotter
Burning and burning
Deeper and deeper
Hotter and hotter
Our body's burn eternally
The passion inside
Won't go away
Forever and ever
Till be this way
Forever and ever
Forever and ever, baby
Make it always be this way
As love burns

Shifting Afternoon

Every day I find myself trapped into a daily routine;
Time is beside its real, a dissident passage of

Oppression; contemplating the importance of matter;
Decision of hard work and discipline
Occupy, my dependence, to alter my sense of
Competency; a frustration of getting it done
Relies on my ability to sustain a work ethic of
Resilience; mind over matter
A formality; often the invention of
The shifting day and a postulate time.

Morning

The day emerges
A magnetic prism of light
Piercing rays at near distance
Filtering beams into the sky.

A shallow haze of grey smoke filled sky
Hovers over the ragged topped peak
A mass of mystic beauty reveals
A white hallow to heaven.

Two meekly, poor white and grey birds
Swaying through traffic watches
Pedestrian objects move in, in and out at a distance
Afar a tall, gaping light.

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.
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

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 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

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.

Only in Vegas

I grew up in Vegas, the city that never sleeps. Where its soul vegetation is the dry desert clay and is surrounded by hard Rocky Mountains. The shrubbery is dense with the hard pink rocks which surround cactus, pine trees and wild bushes with a hint of breezes that creates a warm pleasant atmosphere. The desert oasis brought to my attention the dry hot heat of the summer which makes the body wet and sweaty. It is said one could fry an egg and watch its appearance sizzle on the asphalt to eat for breakfast. It is hot. While in the winter, one could bundle up in layers of sweaters to avoid the chilly cold weather. The bite of the cold air of winter. The spring and fall are the most pleasant and cool leftover food in vacant parking lots, where they come in multiples of ten claiming their places in their nest called home. Wild lizards and wild squirrels inhabit shelter outside our homes. Sin city stands crowded with tourist bunking in hotel suites. Tourist gamble in the big city lights of elaborate places to win money and for fine dining and elaborate shows. Vegas pleasantness is sheltered with glitz and glimmer an invisible commercial form of identity separate from the sound, mystical landscape surrounding its essence. The Grand Canyon, Red Rock, Mount Charleston, Lake Mead and Hoover Dam falter its entourage that captures the better of two places from a man who calls Vegas his home to the man who places his hat anywhere in Vegas and calls its house his home. What stays in Vegas, stays in Vegas.

Reinventing Words

The sex trade in African is sexting, the sex trade around the world is....Sexting is when young girls are sexually abducted and the ones who become victimized for money that is mistaken for love and they lose their sense of reality. Today, in rap songs women are disregarded by using names that the white man wanted to call black women in the past. Where rap music today talks about hating other blacks, killing other blacks and hating women. In the past music focused on the struggle of blacks while having black pride. Stop the Violence of women being victims of mental violence by vulgar names used in rap songs. Where music from old school talked about loving women. Originally rap music called women prostitutes for the women who did prostitute amongst gangster using them to buy them things or to trap men with their babies. Music today is going nowhere with violent lyrics and with the use of acoustics replacing the band. While rap music speak in gangster language only the black youth understand. James Brown represented black culture in his music, especially when he proclaimed to all black race about having pride in themselves to dark skinned people who were so wrongfully ashamed. Why the Caged Bird Sings when blacks share a dark past so readily ignored in mainstream America afraid of becoming a victim of what whites might think or hurt with the

memory of the black past ever happened. Farewell to Maya Angelou, may she always be noted for her verse of wisdom...

Farewell

There is so much time and many things to see;
 So many deeds to do and so many task to complete.
 As time passes and you continue to age,
 May you confront worries with laughter in an untimely way?
 You made a difference in the lives of others that you've touched
 The time has come to quiet your soul to a more peaceful journey.

Sexting

It was the red tape hidden with muddled vision
 Persistently a condition of monetary pleasure
 A measurement an instrument an object of desire used to
 A calling a selection a submission of abuse
 Girls by example sexting a label a condition a translation
 More money more problems
 More money spent meant the more the girl felt loved
 A value dollar all too often misunderstood

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

Love

I felt love for him in my heart only because he showed he cared
My heart was broken many times by the ones I trusted most
He 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
He taught me how to set aside my anger by expressing my true feelings
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 about being in love, while our actions act freely?

Holler Back

Every time I needed support, you threatened me
Every time I asked for your opinion, you said bad things about me
Every time I needed your company, you ignored me
Every time I cried out loud, you laughed at me
Every time I asked for forgiveness, your action never cared
Every time I asked for help, you told me off in blank stare
Every time in every need in every situation, you were never a true friend
I lived in fear of my life
I felt all alone, living in poverty, failing, suicidal thoughts
I was alone shut out absent from life not knowing my purpose
I felt alone as if I never existed
Back at you

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 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.

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.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

Biography

Angela Brown earned a doctorate of Humanities from Berkley University and a doctorate of Fine Arts and Communication from the International Biographical Institute. She has published over 20 books of poetry. She is a cultural activist involved in writing all genres. She is an ambassador of poetry, poet fellow and poet laureate. She shares her poems in her latest book - The Voice Within my Soul.