

INSOLVENCY [Poetry/ Fiction]

Angela Brown

E-mail: brownlas6@aol.com

Doi:10.7575/aiac.all.v.5n.5p.10

Received: 13/06/2014

URL: <http://dx.doi.org/10.7575/aiac.all.v.5n.5p.10>

Accepted: 11/08/2014

Abstract

It has been created within the larger realm culture, in that "Black methodology differs from most colonial differences by members of a minority community who reside within a nation of cultural biases."

Keywords: Black Scholar, Black Methodology, Blackness Theory

Introduction

Brown poems are inspired by her aesthetic beauty keying messages of liberty, desponding meaning through dance, expelling reason through sound, desponding language through hymns as she uplifts her audience through an American epic reflective of the social conditions of American culture.

Expansion

Voices echoing, muttering sounds

Like a black hawk calling its mate.

Crying out, searching, crying out,

No response.

Pain will pierce the heart,

Sorrow will be a hallow shell,

Memories will be broken,

Words of the mentally ill.

Difficulty is the prisoner of self-thought,

Voices die within a glass shield.

Words have become a vacant lot,

Racy thoughts ready to explode.

Words pulled from my lips

Recognizes forbidden truth

Dangling in the spoken absence of confusion.

A delusional mind wonders across the page

Infinitely desponding madness.

Indulgence

Voices climb effortlessly

through this gate of thorns

I become another

wasted suicide.

I become prisoner to 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 river 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.

Love Burns

You failed to understand
 True love is a bind

I will love you when you're down
 I will hold true for eternity
 For our love holds no boundary
 Keeping our fate until serenity
 Joyful tears of regret
 If I could take it all away

Our love is true
 Love is about you

Love is what burns
 Within my heart
 You carry my soul
 Our fate for serenity
 When you left me alone
 I felt empty inside
 Love full blown
 Love denied
 Our love burns
 It burns, it burns, it burns...

For what I hoped was true
 Our feelings were bare
 Love is how I feel
 For all I know is real
 Someday
 Love burns

The lesson lovers learn

Real love burns

Love burns inside...oh it burns, it burns, and it burns

Of what my heart reveals

The importance of youth

Of what our heart conceals

Let it burn, let it burn, let true love burn

Rain

Chorus:

Rain, rain falling

Rain falling down

Let it rain

Let it rain

Let it rain

Trying to find a piece of mind

The meaning to love

Been meaning to explain

The way I'm feeling

Deep my emotions

The words I been meaning to say

Love, and it ends in silence...

With this feeling

I cannot keep running away

Chorus

I got it bad

I, alone and confused

Knowing there aren't no love

Like the love I am feeling now

Silence is so cold

Let it rain, rain, rain down, down down

With you I cannot live without

The pain that passes

Wondering if it's worth while

The possibility of hope

Dwindling through time

Right now my choice is to be with you

I am nothing without you

You are the motions, fantasies, desire

The erupts passion inside
 This feeling is the meaning
 Why love happens to

Chorus

Let it rain, rain
 Let it pour rain, rain
 Rain
 Rain
 I feel you feel it too

The meaning of love...just happens
 Waiting for you to respond...

To the rain?

All of Me

Chorus:

You are all of me
 I am all of you
 Kept inside
 For so long
 Memories of you

Crazy love, crazy love
 I be all night thinking of you
 Crazy love, crazy love
 My memories of you
 Memories, my memories
 Crazy love

For too long baby
 I been tempering your looks
 I been craven your touch
 I been talking to myself
 You've been gone for too long
 Crazy love, wanting you, feeling you
 I'm missing you, crazy love

Chorus

Crazy love, crazy love
 I be all night thinking of you
 Crazy love, crazy love
 My memories of you
 Memories, my memories
 Crazy love

I cannot believe this happened to us
 When you were all I got
 Without you, babe, in my life
 All my dreams, I am not the same
 I get on my knees, praying for your return
 My life is not complete without you apart of my dreams
 My memories of you, my first true love
 I cannot stop thinking of you, my friend
 The memories are so real,
 Your sensitive touch
 Your sincere embrace
 Into tears of affection
 The memories we shared

Chorus

Crazy love, crazy love
 I be all night thinking of you
 Crazy love, crazy love
 My memories of you
 Memories, my memories
 Crazy love

Broken Love

Chorus:

I believe in miracles
 I believe in dreams
 I believe I have a voice to be heard
 I believe I can fly
 I believe
 I believe

I believe in celestial stars
 Dancing in heaven above
 I believe in rain falling from the sky
 Is a sign of love, a sign of love?
 I believe

Chorus

I believe in family
 Present the times in need
 I believe friends who support me
 I believe in you and me

Chorus

I believe in the Lord
 Is there when I call
 Delivering me with just cause
 To surrender love
 And when I'm in doubt
 I feel the pain, is a special healing
 A prayer of hope that delivers
 I pray and he answers my calls
 He is a caring God
 Never in doubt, am I not alone

Chorus

Not knowing what is promised tomorrow
 I believe in miracles of life
 He promised me he would deliver
 And it's enough for me
 To believe...

Sorry, I never took the time
 Sorry, I never said well by
 Sorry, I never made the time
 Broken love

Sorry I was not there when you needed me
 Sorry, I never tried to understand
 Wishing the pain away
 Sorry for the times I failed to speak
 What was on my mind?
 I found an excuse, excuses turn
 Into tears, falling, wishing, thinking
 Sorry for the times I missed
 The pain burns

Sorry, I never took the time
 Sorry, I never said well by
 Sorry, I never made the time
 Broken love

What words, emotions say...Sorry
 Tears falling, falling, falling down
 Broken love

I abandoned you
 With humility of being alone

Shattering the trust we had
 The love within our hearts...searching time
 In fear of passion
 In fear of pain

Abandoning love

Sorry, I never took the time
 Sorry, I never said well by
 Sorry, I never made the time
 Broken love

My Grandmother, by Angela Brown

Na Na's journey was a long walk
 From many cracked walls of opened eyes
 With a bond that kept her family together
 Because she always cared.
 No Na kept scores of memories
 Behind the lessons taught
 She planted the seeds that nurtured dreams
 Her family was a blessing to her
 Of many generations pleaded to be free.
 Never had she walked alone
 Never did she regret her own
 A child fallen in love or fallen astray
 Through the dark, heavy night.
 Her weight was the source of connection
 That breathed life with family tradition
 Through her scared and battered hands
 That built the walls behind the pain.
 Na Na's lips, empty of emotion
 Unspoken words, hidden pride
 Not knowing what would become of her children
 She instilled the ability, her children, to learn.
 She never taught me how to hate
 To feel the weight at my waist
 And to shy away the narrowed truth of the sun
 But to melt away tempted desire
 Finding hope and faith to love.
 Like patience comes with virtue
 Solace comes from pain
 Na Na fed me many words of wisdom
 A guided source to reign.

I am Woman

I am a wide bowl
 With a warm, wet opening

Waiting for the storm to rain

Inside of my love channel

Asking her man for a refill

I am the empty jar

Whose hips are wide and vein

Asking to be held, grasped and cradled

Already demanding attention from her man

I am the plastic bottle

Whose small lips ask

To be pulled, squeezed, stretched and molded

Into a firm round melon

Yearning to be cupped by her man

I am a book

Whose source ask to be

Scanned, read and analyzed for comprehension

Because she likes to be noticed by her man

I am a woman

Not your bitch, yo ho, yo thing

I have moral values to withhold a relationship

And I ask to be needed, trusted and loved

I demand respect in a relationship

From the man she chose

I am a bowl, waiting to be drenched

I am a jar, waiting to be held

I am a bottle, waiting to be touched

I am a book, waiting to be opened

I am woman, waiting to exhale...

Dark Skin

I touched the black crow lips as black as my skin is dark I am the black African princess respected by black men as I am a black strong Nubian goddess who has been through hell in my black skin my black race has retired many disguises of invisible black words I a black celestial queen invisible to the clouds and the stars who wears a mask of black pride of black culture of black existence I speak of black hope every tear I have shed into the black sea of black melted ice hidden the signs of black hope enchanted by my black spirit black spirit that soars through light through the heavenly winds of night I yearn beautiful experiences of energy the speed of light black life through the age of birth I kissed life into the black souls of fate that speak in many tongues with the promise between our black souls would remain as a sign of black hope I am the black womb the black poem the black child the black female who asks to exist within this black mask because my dark skin needs to breath

For the colored girl

I am a black sister a black soul sister a black right on time sister a black give me five sister a black no fooling sister a black I just got to have it sister a black you better not play me sister a black try me sister a black give me a dime sister a black scared of that sister a black is you for real sister a black you better watch your back sister a black show you right sister a black I'm all that sister a black 24/7 sister a black I'm so good sister a black slap me because I am too good sister a black gotcha sister a black penny for your thought sister a black you so cool sister a black bad dressing sister a black cool cat sister a black you better respect sister a black sister with class sister a black representing sister a black you better recognize sister a black no playing sister a beautiful black motivated educated free spoken sister a black sister who don't play.

Gran-ma's cooking

She milked the cow
 She churned the butter
 She squeezed the juice
 She sifted the flour
 She kneaded the dough
 She shed the peas
 She snapped the beans
 She shucked corn
 She washed the greens
 She plucked the hen
 She scaled the fish
 She canned fresh fruit
 She fried fish in a skillet
 She stir-fried cream corn
 She steamed the cabbage
 Cooked hot-water corn bread
 Fried green tomatoes
 With skillet spaghetti to burn
 She made home-made syrup
 Fresh butter-milk biscuits
 Fried salmon crockets deer and rabbit
 And boiled freshly-picked brown eggs
 She made home-made turnovers
 Picked with fresh apples and peaches from the garden
 Four-layered jelly coconut or caramel cake from scratch
 Bread pudding blackberry cobbler or peach pie
 My gran-ma was the best cook I've ever had
 She put her cat in her food
 She kept our bellies full
 And Gran-ma's kitchen was always clean

Grandma's Hands

Her spewed
 Weak
 Tired
 Poor
 Hands
 Stitched embroidered crocheted
 Wary
 Prudent
 Nuzzled
 Yarn string thread
 Carefully
 Weaved
 Knitted
 Sewn

Reattached
 Through loops
 Patterns
 Shapes
 Scraps of cloth
 Pieced
 Matched
 Sorted
 Through secrets
 Customs
 Heritage
 A quilt
 A blanket
 An afghan
 Her sacred hands
 Emanated a cultural tradition

Where I Stand

I, am woman
 I hold universal thought
 My hands grasp life
 Palms together
 Releasing truth
 To be told
 In many tongues
 I celebrate revelation over irony
 It is how I stand my ground

Death has passed me
 I am invisible
 I am a child of God
 I feel solace
 With reality
 I explore
 Controversy
 I celebrate purpose
 With the courage to forgive
 I am full of life
 I live peacefully

Dance

I, feel movement
 Passionate movement.

I leap with emotion
Expelling with conviction.
I, surrender expression
Of agility and grace.
I, am a beam of light
Flowing through gravity.

I am the universe in motion.
I am the expression of response.

A Poets Craft

A poet speaks of wisdom
From the mad voice within.
Words that burn each page with rage
Conversing feeling through metaphors.
A poet's passionate desire conveys a lust
Of having her voice heard.
A poet may choose to define hidden meaning
To demand reasons to be understood.

Dance

I am kinesthetic ability of action
alive, communicating, receiving
I am the poised expression of
proficient distance.

I am this dance of life
soaring into a sky of surrender
I am this dance of life
leaping oceans of love and grace.

I dance the distance
between stoic formations
I dance arms legs hips
beyond a sky of loneliness and aloneness.

1969

a city is free
fire blazes unfurled
1969
the angry tired souls
a riot sprung
a protest launched
a last hope redeemed
red, grey colored sky
marked barron streets
hate, denial, betrayal
in West Las Vegas
a broken, separate, drought passage

from a dark, scary past
rusted and shackled
a hideous, hidden fear revealed
the day voices were heard
the day our leader died
we all cried
even in Vegas

Discussion

It became a time when I wanted to reach an audience to feel the struggle of my race in this generation. This generation where blacks thought it is cool to go to jail. It is a generation where lot of boys and girls who get locked in prison. It is a generation of a large population of aids victims. It is a generation where single women have to raise a family alone. It is a generation of the poverty gap is large amongst blacks. It is a generation of high drop-out rates in school. It is a generation of girl prostitution. High rate of gays and lesbian women who live privately outside the church. I am reflective to our troubled youth that a black poor person can become an educated poet as an inspiration to young readers.

Conclusion

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' 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.