Poetry Series

Jamal Brown - poems -

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Jamal Brown(01/12/93)

A young handsome 19 year old man trying to make it in today's society. I've had a passion for writing poetry for a long time. I just started collecting all of my poetry the begining of the 2009 year.

2012 Defense

People judge us and there is only one thing to do. Let it be. Let it be and remind yourself that Yesterday is the history, and we can't change it. What's happened has happened, so we have to live with it. Tomorrow is a mystery, we must face it. We never can tell what will happen before time, we can never anticipate what will be. The only thing I know is that the past is part of me. As much as I would love to rid myself of the blemishes of my past, I do understand, and face the reality that what I've done will cage me in my shame and hate until time indefinite. But tomorrow, we can work to make sure that we stand up for what we believe in. We make this revolution every year, That we'll start defending what means important to us.

A Negro Poet And Painter

I am a lonesome dove and a free spirit eagle. If you knew who I was, how would you view me? I'll give you a chance. Someone approached me on the street last night and asked me 'Are you the rebellious Negro poet who has been well known for several years? ' I simply responded by saying 'At one time, maybe. However, I am now a poet. No. I'm an artist.' He scoffed and said 'An artist? I've never seen any of your works.' I chuckled and said 'I am an artist of words. My pencil is my paint brush. The paper is my canvas. And most important of all, my words are my various painting colors.' Then he asked me a question unexpected. 'Who are you, then? ' I told him 'I am the struggling Negro artist. The Homosexual poet, who's parents kicked him out, because they didn't understand. The most educated black guy in the neighborhood, but is considered

ignorant because I'm gay. That's who I am' Now how do you view me?

A Rant Worth Listening To

People respond faster to a lie than to the truth. Shame. What have we, as humans become? What type of world do we live in, where people don't want to hear what's really real? Disney movies, and Chick flicks have warped our reality. WAKE UP PEOPLE!!!!!!!

We don't have much time left. I'm soo sick and tired of everyone saying 'Let's change the world!

Let's make it a better place for everyone! 'If you still want to change the world, you only have a very very very short time left. As a matter of fact, if you want to change the world, for the better, start by changing the person who looks back at you in the mirror. How are you gonna change a whole planet, when you can't even change yourself? And another thing is, if you fix your attitude, or behavior, would the problem be solved? I had to get it off of my chest.

A Soldier's Homegoing

It could't wait another day She'd already finished her test. She'd found the road, she'd paved the way. God knew he had chosen the best. To be born of his spirit, wash in his blood. She stood like a peranent statue in the flood. She's in the army of the Lord now, her blood nolonger flowing. And that's how I know it was a soldier's homegoing. This poem is dedicated to: Mrs. Sarah J. Brown. (R.I.P) Jamal Brown

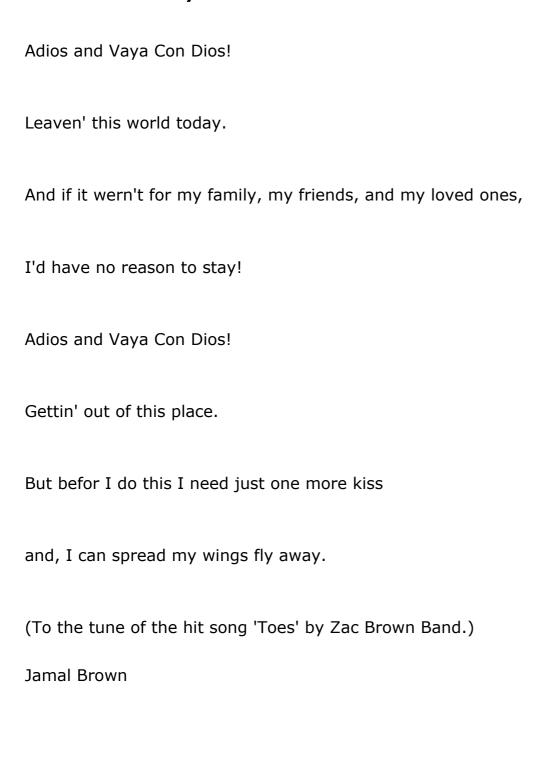
Acrosstic Poem Part 1

Live ya' life Overcome your fears Various blessings Eat, sleep, and watch TV

Awesome GOD Never give up Defeat the anti-Christ

Face the facts
Angels we have heard on high
Inner- prayer
Talk to GOD
Hosana

Adios And Vaya Con Dios!



An Inside Monster

There is a creature who thrives within me. He lives just below the surface. He is rude, vindictive, prideful, Headstrong, selfcentered, and blasphemus. I feel him awaken as he tears through my skin laughing maliciously like the monster, the Demon, the villan that he is. As he ascends, my skin tears in various directions. Smoke fills the room and a repugnant, foul stinch fill the air like forty thousand year old garbage. A liquidy black poison secreats. He looks into my eyes. 'Hello, ' the says in the most spine-tingling way. 'Welcome to the end.'

An Ode To High School

The things that you have taught me over the years in this Correctional Facility are inevitable. The Rats, the Roaches, the Critters that NEVER stop crawling and the flies that never stop flying. I thank you O' High School, For teaching me New Things Such As: New Exterminating Techniques, New Racial Slurs, and sooo Much More! For refreshing my memory on the things I learned in 4 year old kindergarten. With THe Education That you have given me over the years, I'm sure to succeed. So Good Riddens High School!!!!!!!!!!

Angelic Plans

Things happen in the world that we don't understand. Things that make us question the will of the divine celestial judge. We ask: 'Why does this have to happen to me? What is God's reason for this? Does he really love me? Why does he allow me to suffer so much? ' among so many others. Among the worst of these sufferings is loosing a wonderful person. Our hearts are heavy, and our minds are full. It happens so fast, so unexpectedly. Almost make our head spin. But rejoice. They are now in paradise. Now we should focus on getting there. To see them, hold them, hug and kiss them again. What could be more rewarding? Remember: Anything that Satan does to us is only temporary. The worst that he can do is kill us, and God has the power to bring us back. When times see the hardest, God gives us people who suffer with us. So smile, and remember that you are not alone.

Arosstic Poem Part 2

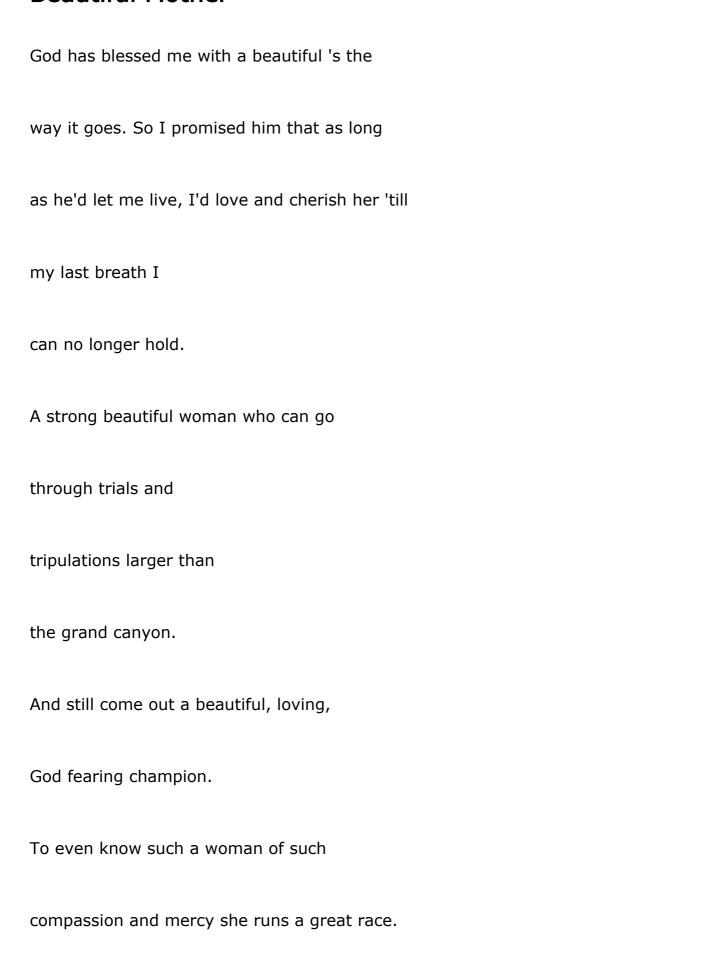
Angels Reminece Embrace

Touched Wizardry Orion's belt

Woe Amazing Grace Y.P.D. Solder's of the cross

Tambur Obama

Beautiful Mother



God Knows she will forever run it with a beautiful, majestic style and grace. So to whoever's reading this, cherish the mother you love. And even if she is physically gone, cherish her legacy, know that she's with Jesus and she will live on and on and on. Jamal Brown

Beautiful Wings

I saw you last night. I all of your radience and beauty. Hard to believe, but even more beautiful than the last time I saw you. I knew it was you, by the way you smiled. I thought that I may have been going crazy, but there you were right in front of me. I could help but cry. I've counted the days until I would see you again, never reasoning that it would be this soon. I looked at you, as you stared back at me. Then, it happened. As you opened your arms, I ran towards you, and we hugged. It felt like an eternity standing there, but it was not long enough. I wanted to hold you in my arms forever. I never wanted this moment to end. I looked into your beautiful face, as I took a step back. I stepped back just in time, as you spread your beautiful wings. Tears profusly streamed down my face. Joy. That's the only way I can explain it. You hushed my tears as you said 'Everything is going to be all right. I love you.' And just as quickly as you appeared, you were gone. It still doesn't seem, but I accept that it was a dream. A dream that I never wanted to wake up from. A dream of you, and your beautiful wings.

This poem is dedicated to the loving memory of Crystal Torres. Rest in peace, my sweet Angel.
1995-2011

Because Of You

Because of you, I go home smiling Because of you, I realize my dream Because of you, I know that someone Loves me and cares Because of you, I fear nothing Because of you, I found my voice Beause of you, I have laughed more than ever Because of you just being you, I love you

Born This Way

Stop critisizing me just because I don't fit into any of your stereotypes. So what I'm different. What authority do you have to change me? I am who I am. And yea, I'm bisexual, so what now? Remember this one thing: You will NEVER be able to change me. Heaven forbid if my life is ever cut short, put this on my grave: 'Here lies the kid we couldn't change.' To every kid out there who is like me, who is afraid to have a voice because of what others might think, live freely, have your voice, be happy. Hey baby, we were born this way! ! And to our haters, don't let the door hit you where the good lord split you, and the dog should've bit you.

Broken Mirror

I look through this jagged glass; this broken mirror. All I see is a sinner. I see all the hours everyone waisted trying to love me. I see the hours I've waisted away lusting after some poor girls flesh. Wanting what wasn't, isn't, never will be, and was never meant to be mine. The day's and the week's thrown away in jealousy because another man had what I wanted. I wasn't right. I see all those people who tried to help me, and I stepped on them. Standing in the way of my own progress. How could they love me, when I hated myself. How could they forgive me, when I couldn't forgive myself? How could they need me, when I don't even need myself? I think about Jesus 'The One, who died so that I could live'. Why would He do that for someone like me? Someone so despicable. So disgusting. So disappointing. I remember that I'm seeing myself through a broken mirror. This is not who I am. Not anymore. Not since Jesus released me from the prison I built around myself. I've been washed clean. I don't have to hide anymore. I see myself through this beautiful glass; this healed mirror. I am beautiful. I am absolutely wonderful. I am lovable and I'm learning how to love others. I am needed. I am not perfect, but I am forgiven. My past, if you can bare to look at it, is tarnished, damaged, ruined, and full of ugly black smudges that test me and tempt me day in and day out. My present is not perfect, but no where near my past. And my future? Crystal clear.

Bullying

Please stop. It hurts so much. Do you not know the pain? The despair? You must not. Because if you did, You wouldn't do this. Why Do you do this anyway? It can't be because of me because I just met you. Are you reaching out for attention? Are you reaching out for love? Are you so lost, and alone, that you have to get your pleasure from other people's pain? It's sad, and pathetic. Put yourself in there shoes. Look at the world through there eyes. See there pain, there depression, there sadness. All because you feel the need to disrespect, abuse, lie to, and hurt them. You are part of the reason that so many young today people commit suicide. How does that make you feel? To know that someone ended their own journey in life, because you wanted to make them feel unwelcome. So very sad. If only you knew what real love is, and how it feels. You should feel less than the scum on the earth. Sickening. You foul, loathsome, evil, little cockroach. How would you feel, is you were bullied in the same way that you bully them? Think about that sometimes.

Crossfire

I remember a time, when I thought
That was I happy. I remember when
I thought it was alright to lead a double
Life. I tried to convince myself that no one
Would ever find out. Then I saw a light.
I stepped into that light and became drowned
In an ocean of love and happiness. I stepped
Into a paradise. It was the greatest thing
I'd ever experienced.

Moving up in the world I just found, Was like tasting the sweetest piece of Chocolate Cake.

Now, I'm being pulled between The world I knew and the world That I know now. I'm caught in the Crossfire

Between two worlds that I love.

But the question is: which

World do I love more?

I feel like a tennis ball being

Tossed between two rackets.

A bird who has to decide which

Way to fly.

I get the feeling that heaven is brurning, And I'm the reason.

Or maybe I'm like hamlet 'To be, or not to be, That is the question...'

Either way, I need help to know where I stand.

So I'm calling out to everyone who cares,

And asking the same question:

Will you be there?

Dear God,

As I close my eyes and bow my head, forgive me for all of the terrible things that I've said.

Forgive me for all of the people that I have hurt today and the people I have hurt in days past away. I apoligize for not living by your life every waking moment of mine.

I am a fallen saint, and to get back-up it's taking a little time. I just want to say, thank you for this day, so that I may praise your name with style and grace like a gentle fallen rain.

I want you to know that even though alot of things don't go as I planned,
I thank you for being on my side when I get I trouble.

I thank you for taking a stand. I pray that you

know you are everything in my life from the begining to the end.
I would give you everything I have, but I have nothing. I can only give my heart to

live in.

Dear GOD, I'm so sorry for losing faith when things go wrong. I know I'm young and not out on my own yet, but still somethings make it hard for me to stay strong. So thanks to you I still love everyone and I still have a heart that cares. Dear GOD, I love you, for this is my goodnight prayer.

Death Of A Family

Drinking and fighting. Fighting and drinking. When does it ever end? What ever happened to the word 'Family'? Does it exist any more? Mother against daughter. Daughter against Mother. How can you hate your own blood? When the Matriarch of our family died, the beautiful rug that was our family unraveled with her. Now, I feel as if the family rug has unraveled down to me. I am now left to mourn the tragic death of my great grandmother and my family. Is there anybody out there who can save me from this ocean of despair?

Don'T Cry For Me

Even though I'm gone from you physically, I'm still with you. Please don't cry, just because I'm out of sight, I am always with you morning Noon and night. Do me this favor, since you really Love me, when you go to my funeral, don't cry for Me. Hey, cheer up! I may be gone, but you're Still here, and I know that you're thinking of me 365 Days a year. I understand that you're sad, and I expect You to cry at first, but I want the tears to stop when they Put me in the hurse. God saw that I was tired, and Needed some rest so he made me take a nap. So I'll just Be sleeping, until God says 'Wake up.' Can't you see? I'm Not gone forever. I'm certainly not going to heaven, and I Know I'm not going to hell. But I look forward to Jehovah's Wake up call, when he brings me back to live forever on a Paradise e, have the hope and the faith that I Do, because this hope is true. I want to see you again, and I know you want to see me too. Hey do me a favor have a Great party after my funeral; I want you to have fun! That's Not a request, that's an order. There's one more thing, I must tell you, see you in a little while, and by the way, I love you.

Don'T Tell Me

Don't tell me that I can't because I know that I can. Don't tell me to give up, because I'm a winner, and we don't quit. Don't tell me that I'm a nobody, because I'm destined to be somebody. Don't tell me I'm stupid, because I probably know more that you in some things. Don't say I'm smarter than that, because I still make mistakes. Don't tell me to go home, because this is only a temporary home. Don't tell me that it's impossible, because I know a man who can make it happen. And don't tell me that the sky is the limit, because there are footsteps on the moon.

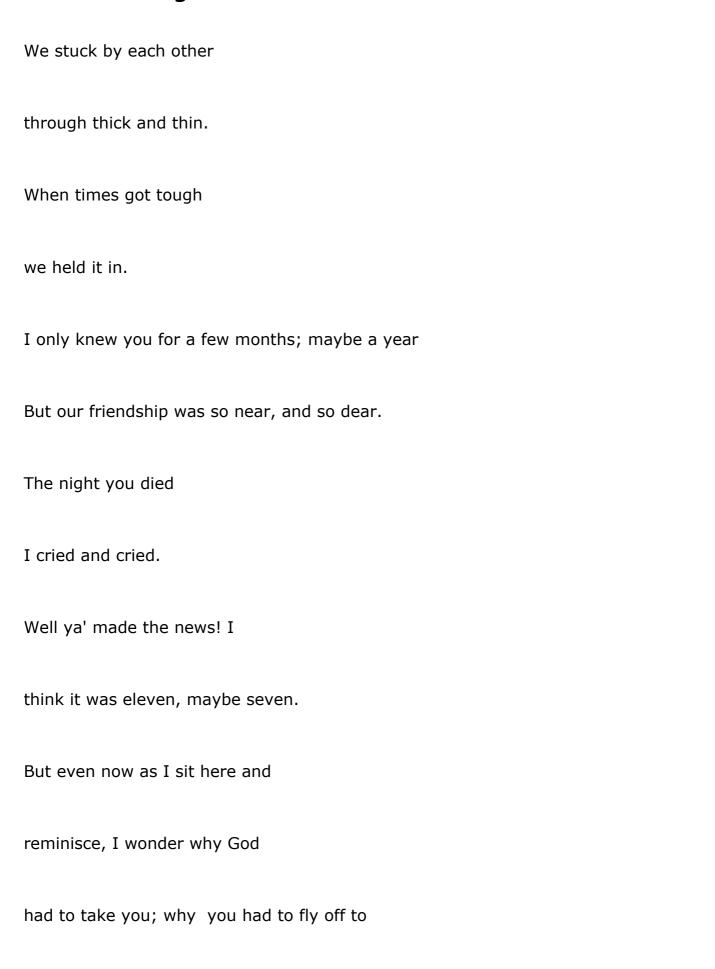
Fool's Love

We were so close. We almost had everything. We were almost the greatest. But then, we took a U turn, right into destruction. Were did we go wrong? What should have been different? It seems like forever and a day, that I blamed myself for our failed attempt at romanticism. Like a fool, I genuinely loved you. Then again, you wouldn't know anything about genuine love, would you. I never regret meeting you, but I do regret dating you. I hated myself after we broke up. I would tell myself 'It's all my fault. My heart has forgotten how to love.' I wanted to be your Superman. I wanted to save you. Until I realized, that no matter what I do, I can't save you. No one can. I wish we never dated, because now, we can never be friends, again. You hurt me to the point of no return. I used to trust so easily, now I don't trust anyone. Not even myself. I had to learn how to love again. How to love myself. How to love life. How to love God. I gave up on everything. I hate that I gave you that much power over my life. Never again. Never again will I give anyone as much power over me, than I gave you. Never again will I play the fool. Never again will I love anyone. At least not the way I loved you.

Freedom

By our words, we say that we are free, but this is not the case in reality. Every human has a secret, 'A skeleton in the closet' as some would say. No matter how honest and open we may be, we still carry things to our graves. For some, it may be their true identity. For others, their heart's desire. For some, it's their sexuality. Some die without knowing who they are. Real freedom comes when our biggest fears and secrets become known to the world, and we are satisfied, even happy. A boulder will be lifted of our shoulders, and we feel like the world is ours for the taking. This is what it means to be free. We may not be in physical chains, but as long as we are afraid to express ourselves, it's all the same.

Gaurdian Angel



I know you are always here for me

on every turn, whicha way and angle.

I know you'll always protect me

because you're my gaurdian

Angel.

Jamal Brown

Goodbye

Whether you're right next to me or far across the sky we are a part of one another you and I I never deserved you But you were everything to me there are better men out there and you'll find one Just know that my heart will cease Our hearts will beat in a perfect harmony Yours and mine Our hearts will beat in a perfect harmony and I'll be there until the end of time I wish I could say more but there's nothing left to say But Goodbye Hope you have a blessed life and a blessed day. Jamal Brown

Grace Like A River

Sweet as honey dew
A love like no other
Kisses that shine like the sun
A smile that lights up the night sky
Hugs warmer than heaters
Eyes that burn out stars
A soul that makes the arctic melt
If anyone ever asks me,
This is how I describe you

Great Expectations

Everyone wants me to be everything they've ever wanted me to be. Yet, they don't understand that I'm only one man, I'm gonna need help. I've always been the type of person who, I never like to see anyone disappointed, especially if I know it's probably my fault, or if I could've avoided them being upset. It's like I have nowhere to turn now. Everyone's taking control of me. Seems like the world's got a role for me. Even though on the outside, I smile, laugh, joke, and act crazy with everyone, I hide behind a mask. I feel like a mirror, everyone sees a bit of themselves in me, but no one thinks of asking me what I think, no one ever takes the time to see to understand the real me the man behind the mask. I feel invisible. Even when I say 'Hello world, this is me!!' No one hears me. I try to remember that I am above those who hate me, and talk about me, and abuse me, because I know that there ignorance has become greater than who they have become. Even as I keep that in mind, and my sinful human body still feels emotional Despair

Guarded Hearts.

How can I love you, with a guarded heart?
Break the chains, tear the walls apart.
How can you trust me, when it's easy to see,
That you don't trust yourself
How can you love me?
You cry on the inside, but hide it with
a smile.

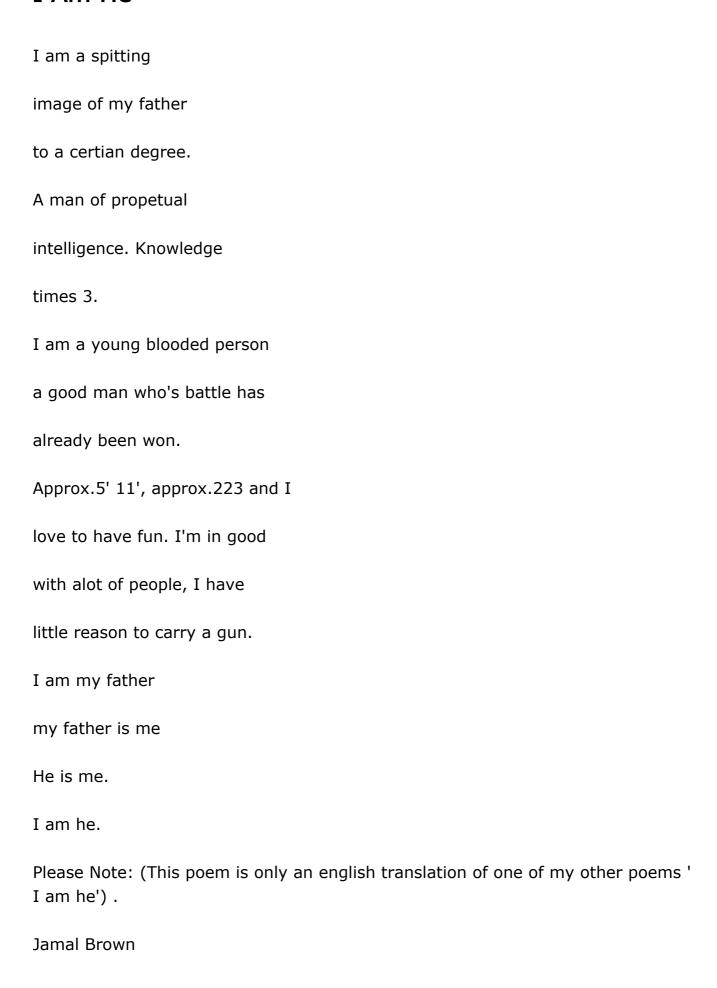
Am I the only one who sees them?

Am I the only one who sees them?
Your tears go on for miles.
Everyone is gonna hurt me. of this, I'm sure.
Are you someone worth suffering for?
For you I'd walk through hell.
I would give you my life.
Not smile in your face,
then stab you in strife.
I've made my love known
after so many years.
Let's face the world together,
And break through our fears.

Hollowman

Do you know what it means to Be honest? How could you, when Everything about you is a lie. Your Soul is a dark as a moonless, Starless night. So pretentious Are your lies, unrelenting disguise Creating tears in your eyes, your Mind withers and you die. Pretending to be something you Are not, somewhere in the middle you Are now caught. You've never seen Who you really are. You hide behind an invisible mask, Because everyone but you sees through it. The name given to you by your mother Is not the name bestowed upon you by God. You are doomed to forever be 'Hollowman'. I can't remember the last time you cared About anything or the last time you allowed Yourself to be seen. My heart goes out to you Even for the simple fact that you life is a hollow shell

I Am He



I Forgive You

You see me as

A drunkard.

A looser.

A sorry excuse.

Abomination

Is what you call

Me as I walk by

You everyday.

You curse my

Very name

Both to my face

And behind my

Back. I have heard you

With my own ears curse

The day of my conception.

Yet, you have never known

My past. You have never

Heard my cries. Never seen

What my own eyes have

Witnessed. You judge

Me by what I wear.

How I act.

Who I surround

Myself with.

Where I'm from.

Your reasoning is

Ludicrous and

Disregardable.

Yet, I feel as if

It is my Christian

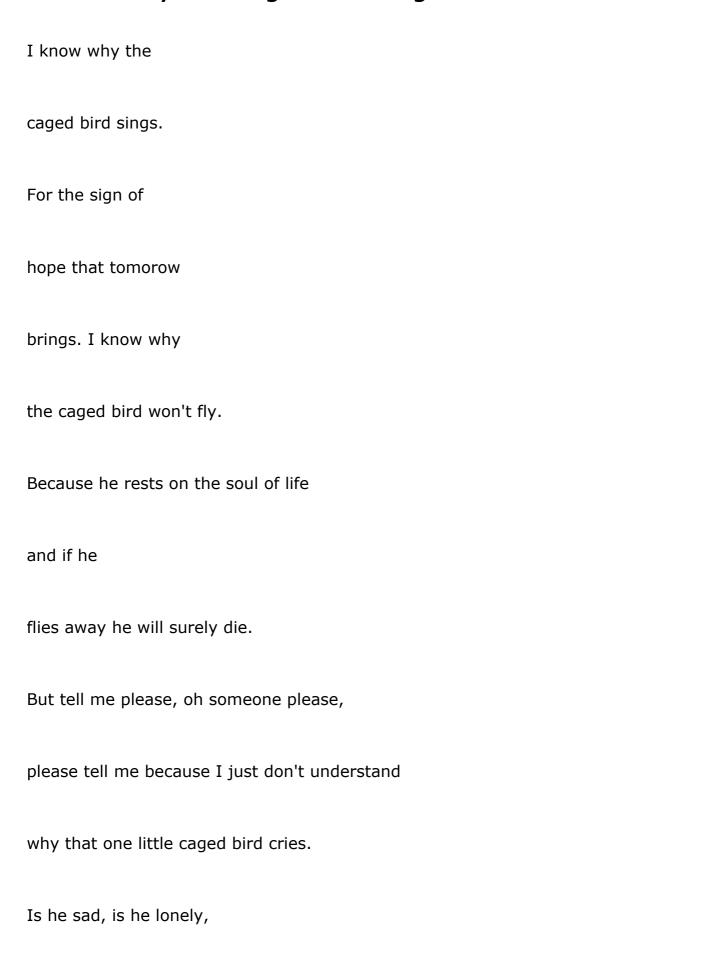
Duty to forgive you,

But never forget. I

Know how it feels

To be alone.

I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings



is he discombobulated? That poor little caged bird is lost on the road. Would someone please show him wich way to go. I know why the caged bird sings. For a sign of faith that tomorrow brings. Jamal Brown

I Love My Beautiful Body

I love my arms, because I use them for hugs, and to reach for the sky.

I love my feet, because the waves and sand run through my toes at the beach.

I love my lips, because they let me blow kisses.

I love my spine, because it let's me stand tall and proud.

I love my legs, because they keep me grounded.

I love my face, because it lights up when I smile.

I love my butt, because it will always be the perfect backup.

I love my ribs, because the keep my heart safe.

I love my fingers, because the entangle in yours.

I love my stomach, because it nourishes me.

I love my back, because I can turn it on things I don't like.

I love my lungs, because they let me breath in the beauty of this world.

I love my knees, because the help me get down.

I love myself, because I'm beautiful, just like you.

I Promise

</>To love you.

To hold you.

To keep you.

To try to understand you.

To support you.

To be honest.

To carry you.

To make you feel like you're the only one.

To handle you with care.

To give you a high whenever you touch me.

To love you like no one has ever loved you.

To protect you.

To make you laugh.

To value you.

To make you smile.

To give you my shoulder to cry on.

To cry with you.

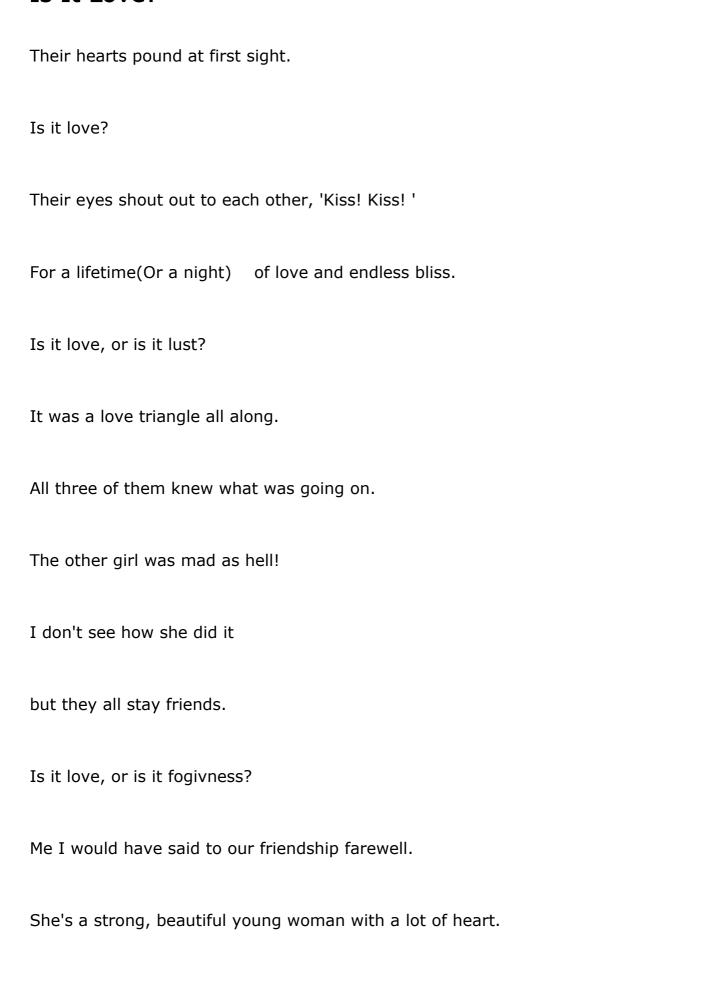
I can't...

give you the finer things in life,

but I promise...

to give you these little things.

Is It Love?



I had a crush on her at one time.Interesting, But I'm still trying to decide if that was smart.(L.O.L) .

Is it love, or is it Happiness?

I just want her to be happy.

Inspired by a true story.

Island Of Lost Immortal Souls

Dark, depressing, lonely, deep. A winter's cold until hell's lava begins To leak. Souls wandering here and there. Death lurking everywhere. The nights are hot and the days are cold, Here on the island of lost immortal souls. On this island you have no friends. Your only companion is the wind. The only positive thing is that time doesn't exist, so you can't get old, Here on the island of lost immortal souls. This is my utopia of hell. A demon's home. A satanic realm. Kill and be killed. Steal and Be stolen. Doesn't matter to me, my life Is already broken. Torn, ripped, shredded. To walk this place You must be bold. So come on. You must arrive alone,

Here on the island of lost Immortal souls.

Jondolas

Just

One

Nation

Delivers

Only

Life

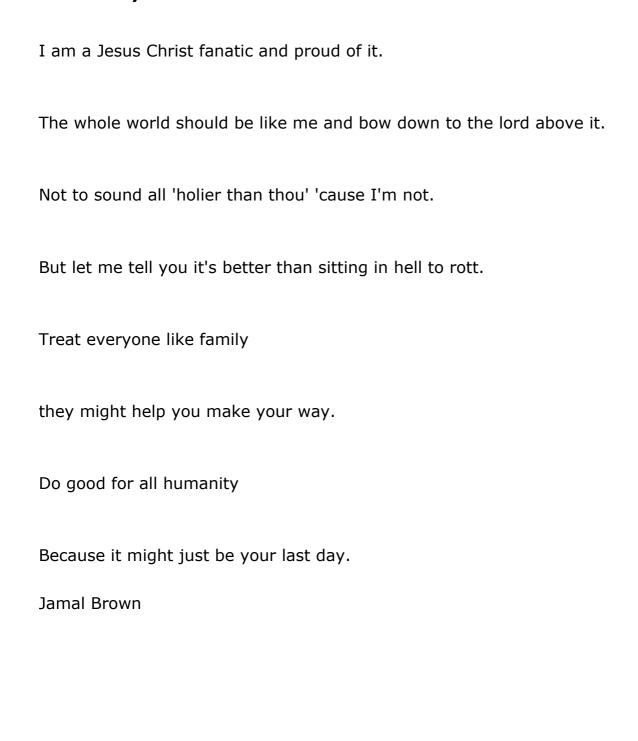
After

Soldiers of GOD

Land Of The Free

You tell me that america is a free country,
but I ask you, 'What is free about America?' If America
were a free country, we would have no religious intolerence. We
would have no racial or interracial discrimination. Language
would not be a barrier of separation. America can never be
a free country, because no matter how diverse we
become, there will always be hatered and segregation
Somewhere in this country.

Last Day



May We Always Be

The last time I saw you we were saying goodbye. We hugged, we kissed, I looked into your eyes. I fought back my tears like I have for all theese years. Hell had unleished all of my fears.

Now we're standing here hand in hand,
And girl I promise You that I'm a better man.
But now that's history.
I'm replacing the old with the new,
There is nothing in the world I wouldn't
give just to hold you.

You make me laugh,
you're the reason I breathe.
So, this is way I'm on my knees.
Will you give me this special honor
And be my wife.
I can promise you contentment for the
rest of your life.

Jehovah sent you from heaven above, and may you always be my love.

Mommy, Where Do Angels Live?

(Before reading this, please note that I'm portraying a 4 or 5 year old boy in this poem.)

Mommy, where do angels live?

I heaven with Jesus.

Mommy, how fast deos it take to gt to heaven?

Ain't nobody still livin' that knows the answer to that.

Mommy, why does Jesus love us and he deosen't know us?

Because he is the son of GOD, and he is destined to do so. That's why he let them nail him to that old wooden cross.

Mommy, didn't Jesus die like 100,000 years ago?

No. It has'nt been even 2,000 yet. Plus he's only dead physically. Spiritually he's still with us.

Mommy, were you an angel once?

No, but one day I hope I might.

Mommy, I have an off question. What does DNA mean?

(Mama laughs) . It means deoxyribonucleic acid.

Mommy, what deoes it take to be an angel?

I wish I could tell you honey, but I can't.

Mommy, I have one more thing to say.

And what's that?

I love you.

I love you too baby.(Mama hugs him and giggles.)

My Name



My Perfect Insanity

You have driven me to the very brink of Hell with your ludicrous desires, and your Never ending speaking. I have heard the Very monotoned voice of Satan Whispering my name. All because of the Misery that you pull me through each And every day. I would rather eat through an Old rusted chain, than to sit there and Listen to you blabber on, and on, and on, and on and on, about NOTHING!

But, I still love you Sweetheart!;)

My Testimony

Some of you may not believe it, but it's true. This is my one true story:

It was June 17th,2014. That's when my entire life changed in just seconds. I remember that I had been feeling sick on my stomach for a couple of days. I had no idea what was going on at the time. I was drinking a lot of water. Like I couldn't quench my thirst. But it was the summer, so I blamed it all on heat. Anyways, by Tuesday I was feeling even worse.

My Uncle

You fought for my freedom and i am eternally grateful to you. But it's more than that you where my godfather. You bought me my first pair of shoes. I cant say that I remember you much at all because I don't. But there isn't a day that goes by that we don't miss you. And there will never be a day that we won't. I used to aspire to be just like you and in some ways I still do. Like how you settled down an moved out of state. Might even rise a family to. So in closing this poem I have to say one more thing. I love you uncle and I still think of you as a king.

(Dedicated in loving memory of Sargent Patrick L. Brown. Rest In Peace.)

Nobody To Me

Another day Another rain. More sorrow More pain.

The tears on my face match
the sky so blue
Who am I but nobody to you?
At night to the LORD I cry and I plea,
I ask the world with anger, who are you but
nobody to me?

Another day Another rain. No more sorrow No more pain.

I won't have it.

Poor Lil' Jessie

</>Disrespected and abused

hated and misused.

Though he did every thing he was told

to do all throughout school.

Poor Lil' Jessie.

But his luck never changes

in bed at night when he cries.

Until one tragic night

the house catches on fire and Jessie

he dies.

Poor Lil'Jessie.

They sill talk aout him

after he dies and Jessie's phantom is furious.

He's upset, angry, and a rage that he's never known before,

Jessie feels murderous.

They now say that he wears

a pure black mask

his eye show up like flames with a touch of white

and carries a boomerang with blades.

That he cut off your head.

And then burn your heart before you can scream or put up a fight.

They say he wanders the streets,

looking for somebody to talk about him.

He will kill anyone.

He has no friends.

If you're really quiet

you can hear him in the whisper.

And if you're lucky and brave enough you might see

the flames in his burning eyes

flicker and flicker.

Prayer

Dear Jehovah,

I'm coming to you in behalf of all humankind. As a dear, faithful servant to you, I understand that time and unforeseen occurrence play a big role in our day to day life. Jehovah I know that sometimes we get down in our faith, because we just don't understand why things are the way they are. We ask you 'Why do you allow us to suffer so much, if you say you love us? ' Jehovah only a select few of your human creation know the answer to that. We know that it's not you causing all the pain. We know that Satan the Devil has control over this world, and that it hurts you even more than us, to see us in pain. Jehovah, we know that soon your great day will be here, and we don't wanna rush it, but please Jehovah, don't make us suffer for too much long. We're barely holding on. So Jehovah, I can't speak for everyone else, I'm gonna put all my trust in you, because I love you. I know that since we're living in the last days, things are gonna be harder than ever, but you are the almighty, and with you, anything is possible. So with that I ask you to please forgive us for our sins and shortcomings. I Christ Jesus name I do pray these things to you. Amen.

Ragg Doll

What have I done to upset you this time?

Why do you always insist to take your anger out on me?

Please tell me, what must I do to make you see.

You shake me up and throw me around like a ragg doll, without concern for how I feel.

I don't understand what you want from me. You were'nt like this when we got married.

Why must you take your anger out on me?

Why must you drink yourself to death?

Why must you throw me against a wall?

Why?

Why?

Why?

Remember

Sandy beaches and rocky road ice cream.

Do you remember that?

The way the night felt when you were with me.

Do you remember that?

Silky bedding and bare skin

Smiles on our faces were mile long grins.

Then, night fell, and I died within.

Do you remember that?

I stay by the phone, waiting for you to call.

My faded heart surrounded by empty packs of

Newport, Seneca, and Paul Mall. My lungs flooded

with straight gin and fine wine.

Our love sinks through the quick sands of

time.

Do you remember that?

You said you'd always be there for me.

Your hand, I could always hold.

So why am I leaving this world, so lonely

and so cold?

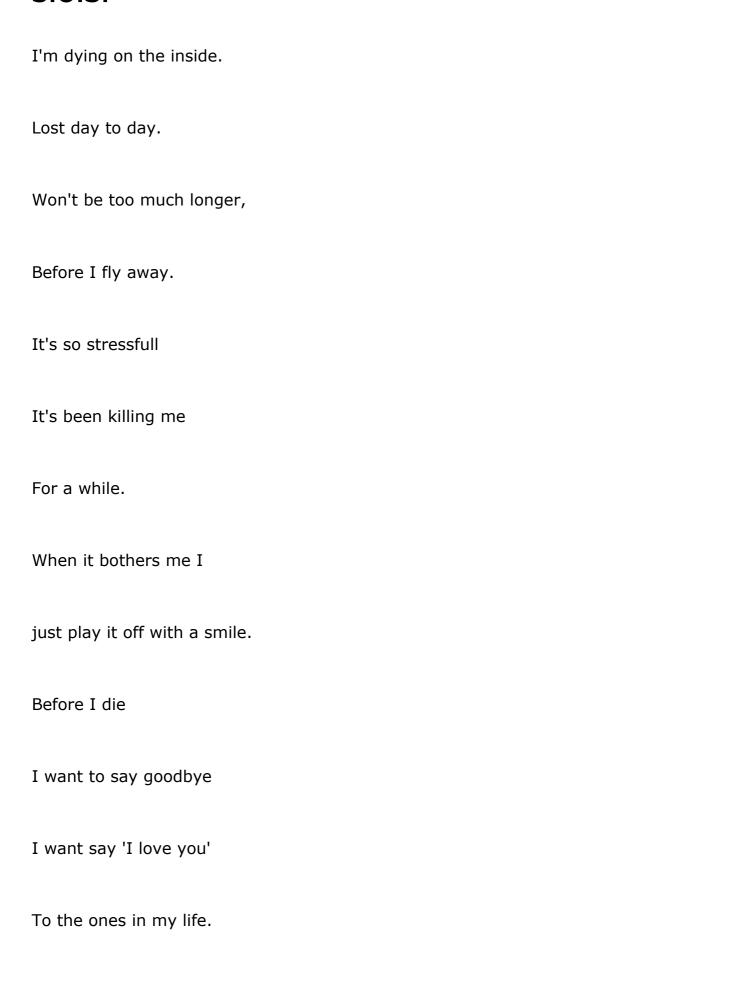
Will you remember this?

Sweet love and hope is what we

once knew, but since there's no more we, it's

all over and threw.

S.O.S.



I want to kiss my family and my friends
One more time.
One more time, before I die.
(I'm not really dying as far as I know)
Jamal Brown

Safety From Suicide

I have heard of you. I know where you live. I share your thoughts, intrests, And like-mindedness. Yet, I could not save you. I tried my absolute best, to make you feel loved and wanted. I have cared for you since the time of conception. My love for you has since grown. Yet, I did not hear your last cry, or watch you take your last breath. Now, my deepest emotions and regrets prove true. I love you, but the heart alone knows its bitterness, and no outsider can share in its joy.

Scars

We had everything. We were the perfect couple.

Until... that fateful day. It was a cold and lonely, rainy night, with no hope of forever in sight.

I wanted you. I begged you. I cried for you.

I cried for the loss of us, of we, of you and me.

We both blew things way out of proportions.

You hit me, and I hit you, until we're both

bleeding. Knives were flying, and unmeant words were

said. Then you walked out of the house, and out of my life.

You grabbed the car keys before I could stop you, and you sped off.

It was cold.

It was dark.

It was lonely.

It was raining.

You were doing 60 in a 25.

The car swerved, going airborne over the railing.

Somehow, you were still alive.

You made to the hospital,

in and out,

in and out

in and out of consciousness.

I will never forget the fear in your sisters voice,

when she called me and told me what had happened.

I stepped into your hospital room, and cried.

seeing you in those bandages, casts, wire, tubes, and IV's

of every sort was unbearable.

I saw the heart monitor. Those little lines so spread out.

I couldn't say anything. Then, just a moment later, you went flat-line.

I stopped breathing. I couldn't even say I'm sorry.

We laid you down next to a beautiful oak tree.

The very same oak tree that we carved our initials into.

I still couldn't say I'm sorry. So I'm saying it now.

I'm sorry for not believing you.

I'm sorry for doubting you.

I'm sorry for not trusting you.

I'm sorry for even fighting with you.

I hope that even though you're gone for now,

you still know that I love you until

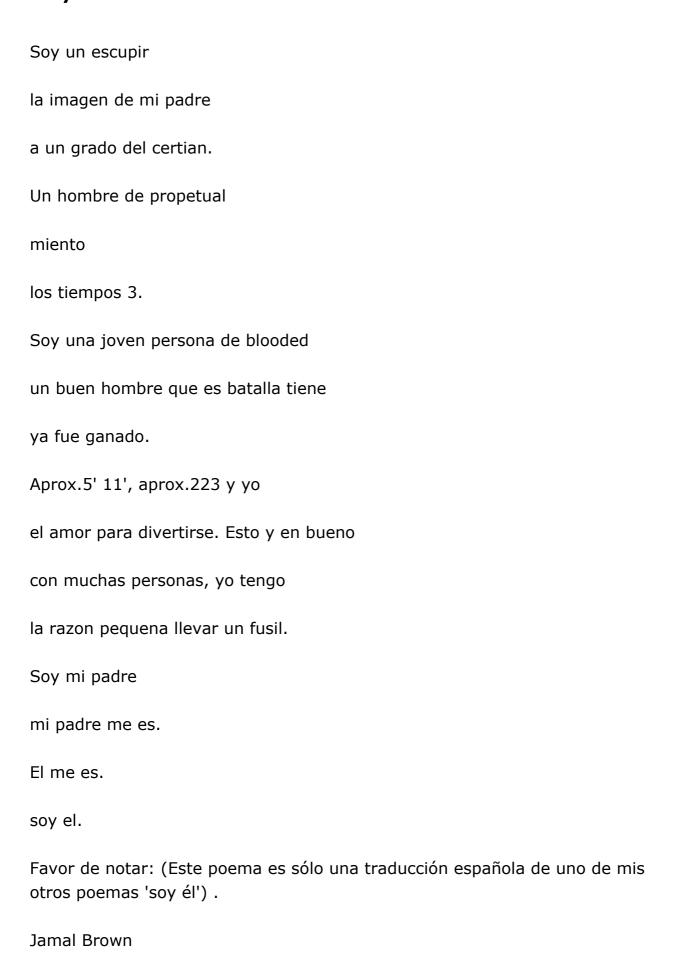
a rainbow burns the stars out of the sky.

Until the rivers cover mountain peaks up high.
Until the rain becomes the sun, and sun becomes the rain.
Until the gray becomes the white, and white becomes the gray.
I will always love you.

Smile

I know things aren't looking up for you right now, but cheer up. Even though it hurts, just smile. No matter what has you down, you are still a champion. If anyone tells you that you are are worthless, or a looser, laugh in their face and kill them with kindness. I promise you, things are giong to get better. You really do look so much better when you smile. I swear, the sun will shine, because you have people who love you (including me) .

Soy El



Submissive

It often takes me by great surprise, how often we as Christians claim to, be fully submissive to the will of God. We often say 'What ever it is you want me to do Lord, I am willing.' But how often do we really mean that? And is it really necessary to verbalize such willing submission? Now, please understand that

Sweet Lily's Lies

All alone, in a hell she used to call home, sweet Lily tells her lies. In an empty room, nothing more than a hole in the wall, sweet Lily wonders why. She wonders why she's never met her family? Why is she black and her brother is white? But possibly the heaviest question on Lily's ten year old mind is, 'Will I ever find true happiness? 'Tears are a constant companion to Lily. They join Lily as she becomes entranced by the cold, lifeless, bloodthirsty life that she has known. In ten years, Lily has grown from a delightful baby, to a depressed adolescent. Her 'Parents'climb into the little wall and see her crying. They decide to 'give her something to cry about.' Unforgivably, they beat her, at one point taking turns. Time seems to be her enemy as it goes no where. Finally, her ten year old body can't handle the Abuse any longer. One last time, Lily looks up at her adoptive householders and asks 'Why did I run to you? ' They knew exactly what she meant. She shuts her eyes and ends her story.

In loving Memory of:
Lily Nicole
April 1981- February 1992
Rest in peace, sweet Angel. Gone too soon

Synchronized Heartbeats

Just like a poem, with a simple rhyme, our hearts beat together in synchronized time. Like a scheduled train going down the line, we move together in synchronized time.

Together we laugh.
Together we sleep.
Our hearts beat together,
in synchronized beats.

Synchronized Heartbeats, synchronized time.
Together we live, together we die.

Thanks

For making me smile

For trusting me

For smacking sense into me

For being Honest

For giving me your shoulder, when I need it most

For not caring what others said about me

For speaking your mind

For making me laugh

For caring for me when I was alone

For being patient with me

For being a true friend

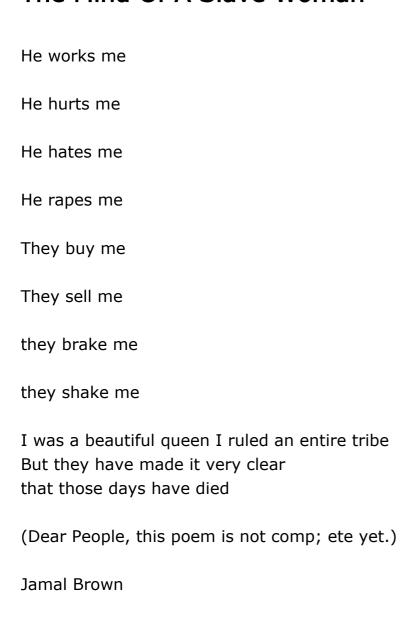
For loving me

But most important... Thanks

For just being you.

These are just a few things I can think of off the top of my head. Love you

The Mind Of A Slave Woman



The Unforgiven

A young boy travels, with no place to go.

A sad young girl slaves unethically for her abbusive father.

A single teenage mother tries to overcome and forget her past.

A single teenage father tries to raise a child with no help.

A depressed teenager, who doesn't think that life is worth living anymore.

A broken hearted mother who's child has become a memory.

A sad teenage girl, who's boyfriend is a ghost of yesterday.

A young teen, who has found himself/herself in homosexuality, and who's family can't seem to except that.

A lonely alchoholic father, who doesn't know what to do anymore.

A pitiful child who was brought up in abuse.

A person who is looking for answers.

A bitter sickness of hatred has poisoned this system that was once love.

What do all of these stories have in common?

Why are they important?

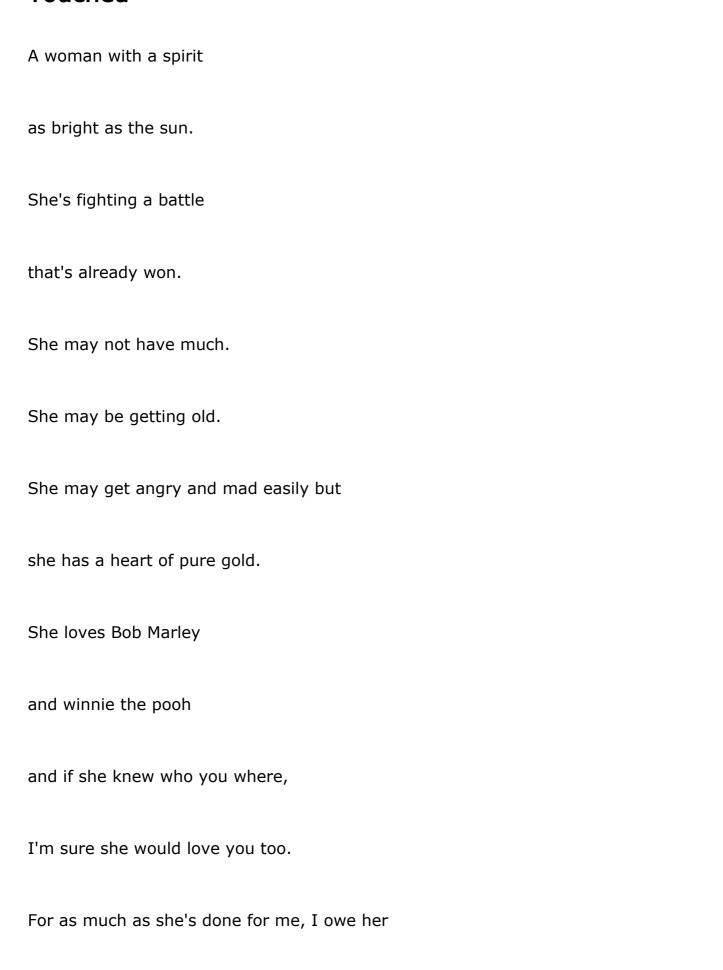
These, have been casted away from society.

These, are the unforgiven.

Time

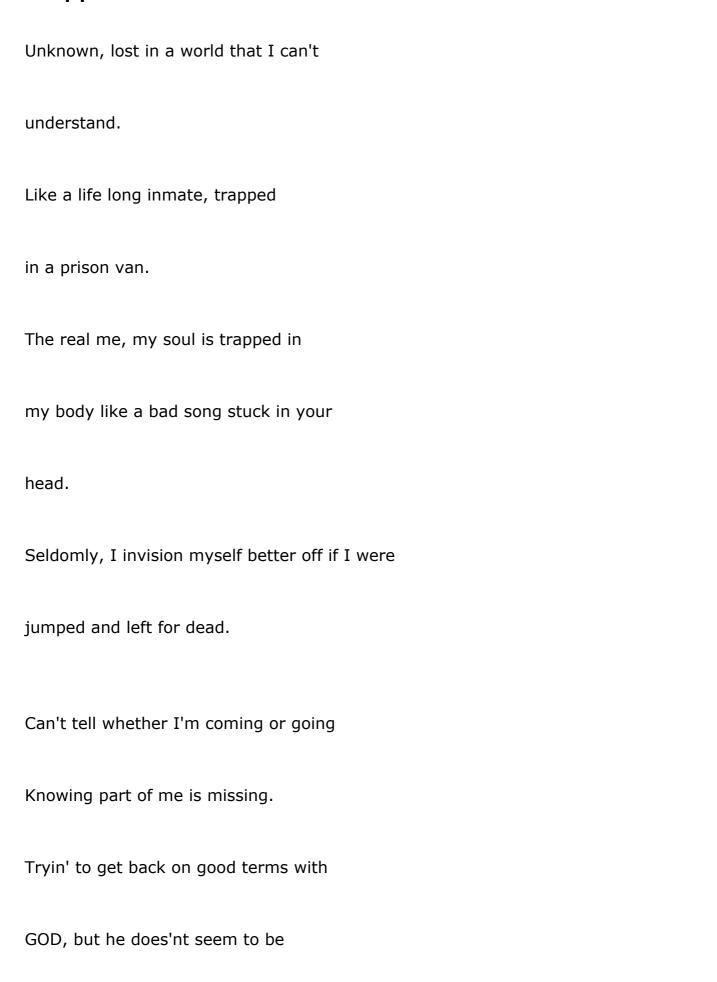
If I could turn back
the hands of time, the
question is, would I?
What would I change?
What would remain the same?
Which parts of my life would I accept?
Which parts would I find others to blame?
If I could create a way to freeze
time in its place,
and take a walk into space
and even answer some of life's deepest questions,
would I want to?
Would you?

Touched



my life. In all the years I been here on earth, she Gave me the hope and courage to give my wings flight. So whether just chillaxing at home or at an amusement park getting a brain rush, I know she's my angel and I've been touched. Jamal Brown

Trapped



listening. Trapped behind an invisible door, no possible way out. Wanting and needing my blessings to flood but instead my blessings are in drought. So discombobulated, want to talk with family but it's like they don't even know who I treat me like a child and refuse to see that I am a man. I know they want what's best for me and I appreciate that but when I try to get a few things my way I get fussed at and called a 'brat.' I want better for myself. I want to

look in someone's face and

honestly say 'everything's fine.' It's like I'm walking on cloud 7, But I'm seeing cloud 9. So if there's anybody out there that feels me, that knows what I'm going through. If you think that you're in the boat alone, trust me I'm right there with you. Jamal Brown

Ubi Caritas

Where love and loving-kindness are together, God is always there Since Christ's love has gathered us all together in one company, Let us rejoice and take delight n Him, now and forever, Let us now without any reserve or deception love one another.

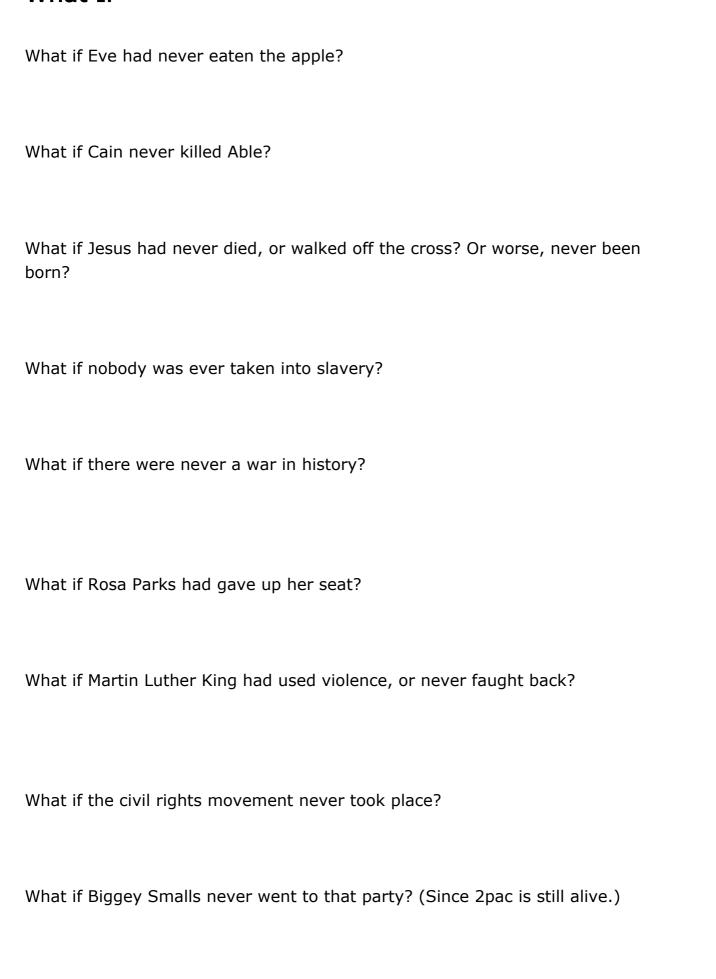
Where love and loving-kindness are together, God is always there, Therefore, whenever we are together, Let us not be divided from each other in our feelings; Let spite, quarreling and strife cease among us, and may Christ, who is God, be in our midst.

Where love and loving-kindness are together, God is always there

Bring us, in the company of the blessed, to behold Your great beauty, To see Your face in glory, Christ our God, There to possess heaven's peace and joy, Your truth and love, Happiness of immeasurable excellence.

Amen

What If



What If Big Pun were still here?

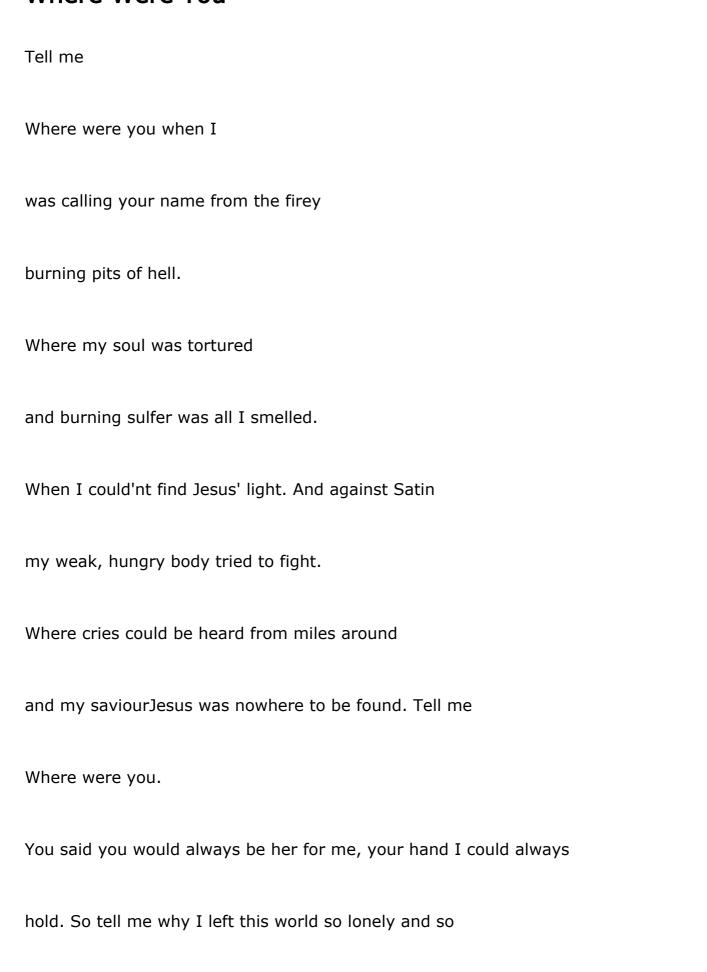
What if GOD was one of us?

What if?

When Will You Ever Learn

When will you ever learn, that only one man can judge me? When will you ever learn, that I am satisfied with the man I have become? When will you ever learn, that the ignorance that resides so fondly in you, will not change my opinion of myself. I wish this had always been true. There was a time, when I wasn't happy with me. There was a time when your ignorance would change me. This part of my life has officially ended. One thing that I have realized over the years, but more over the last few months, is that everyone is going to judge me. I realize that. I accept that. However, if God is happy with me, and I am happy with me, I see no reason to change.

Where Were You



cold.

Why

Was is not enough for you to place your hands on me?

Rather, you have to make me go and feel worthless because of your insecurities.

Now, you sit here, in my face and ask

'What is it that I have done to make you feel worthless?'

When you very well know exactly what it was.

You sit there, with that crooked little grin on your face like everythingthing is all gung ho when you know it's not.

You very well know:

- 1. I trusted you, and you lied to me.
- 2. I needed you, and you weren't there for me.
- 3. I loved you. and you hated me.
- 4. I got up the courage to say ' I'm sorry', and you coward out with 'I've always known'.

You appoligize now, knowing that words can never fill this empty black hole that once was my heart.

And yet, I still forgive you.

Because I know that your insecurities, and your imperfections, and not to forget your blissful ignorence, have become greater than you.

Within A Stone's Throw Of A Miricle

The heartache in my head is why I can't sleep at night. Why I toss and turn in bed and, why I wake up in the middle of the night. people always looking down on me is a brden in my life. That burden begining to feel unbearable. Hoping, praying, wishing to be within a stonestones thow of a miricle. Jamal Brown

You Are

You are the highest of the high. You are the sun in every sky. You are the reason flowers bloom. You are the footsteps on the moon. You are the sign that shows the way. You are the brightness in my day. And now, all I want to do is grow ol and die with you. You should, know that this is true: my dreams, without you won't come true.

. Me

You say I am less than a human. An animal. A cannibal. I say I am a friend. A lover. A brother. You say I'm a fake. A puppet. Pinocchio. I say I'm real. The master. Gepetto. You say I'm evil. A looser. A wannabe. I say I'm kind. I'm awesome. I say I'm just me.

You'Re Always There

When I need someone to talk to

You're always there.

When I need to cry about something

You're always there.

When life gets me to the point of suicide

You're always there.

When I get into trouble

You're always there.

When I have a secret that I need to tell

You're always there.

When I'm paranoid

You're always there.

When I need to know that everything is alright

You're always there.

When I need someone to reason with me

You're always there.

When I just need to feel loved

You're always there.

I love you, best friend!!!

Dedicated to Erin Collett.