

**An outstanding collection of poems used to entice the reader with dialog about culture and society which is a true inspiration of work about folk poetry. It is the voice within us that important data is no longer over looked or ignored. Poems are created upon racial, ethnic and domestic themes. The nature of the poems is the ideas that circulate within our minds.**

### **April 1: Incest**

Silence. sh -  
are you here sh;  
sh, silent cry.  
my hip. hush. hush  
mercy, don't tell.  
my lips cry out. no!  
the anger. like a scaple.  
the pain. am i alone?  
or am i half dead?  
the pain that lies within.

### **April 2: Innocence**

*A green caterpillar*  
Etches along  
Pacing slowly  
Suddenly he arrives  
In the wake of dawn  
Yearning life  
Marking its hobbit nest  
Dangling freely in air

On a yellow tree leaf  
Expanding each life's breath  
Diligently poised beginning  
A beautiful transformation  
Has given a new formation  
Wings weaved of orchid  
Purple and violet threads  
Silvery lining contour  
Emerges flight  
Unto the belly of the sun

### **April 3: Optimism**

i am scared to look a man in the eye.  
my flesh begins to die.  
to look a man straight in the eye,  
i ball up afraid of his shadow.  
i am afraid to be beaten with lies.  
men make me stronger.  
he winked, back at him.  
i am an attractive woman.  
i see a mirror image of me in strong women.  
i am afraid of wrongfully doing.  
i am emotionally gay -  
when it comes to confronting abusive men.

#### **April 4: Guilt**

i am beautiful,  
i wear a mask underneath  
this face. mother beats  
me because i get all  
his attention from her.  
the humble ones  
get married because  
they are wise. punishment  
inflicts pain, while  
the inside absorbs guilt.

#### **April 5: The darkness of this hour**

I cannot deny the uncertainty of love,  
In how you make me feel.

With each token of a touch and enchanted breath  
I treasure with a kiss.

I have fallen deeper in love  
In how I befriended you.

I yearn for the meaning of love  
As we engage and move.

I feel compassion in our relationship  
That has allowed me to trust.

I gather memories as I heal  
As I proclaim true love.

### **April 6: Blood Runs Deep**

Blood is the color of crushed terrain  
It is a prisoner that tortures the eyes  
As fire surrenders down in flames...

Blood is the passionate, liniment sky  
Which is dead, flames of frozen air  
Fire is a black night in disguise...

Blood is a will of decedent tears  
A sapphire, naked youth to hold  
Fire is a frightening, bitter fear...

Blood is a fierce mold  
Too hot to touch the flesh  
Fire, an infectious gold...

A deep, circling desire.

## **April 7: Family**

Can I forget the way you made me hiss,  
With your caress, of your enchanted breath -  
As I inhaled the moisture of our passionate kiss,  
With each deep spell, of each full lips gaped and in depth.

I long for the warmth of our bodies pressed  
With good intentions we connect,  
I quiver with emotion, my heart, my chest  
With each embrace our bodies nest.

I yearn to hold you in my arms  
As I gaze into your eyes.  
I feel no danger or no harm  
Enchanted words, broken lies.

I dream of one day, for you to return  
For you to take me in your arms, to reunite family.

## **April 8: What America Means to Me**

America is my country,  
because I don't know any other place;  
It gave me freedom to speak.

I'm talking about how America taught me  
how to survive. Being a strong  
black woman. Enslaved in a containment  
glass ceiling. I'm talking about how America  
reminds me the pain and devastation  
Born of winds harsh sapling in pride.

Because I do not know any feeling of terror  
of the darkness from the river of  
death. llame a mi casa de América.

### **April 9: A Blessing**

Deep down dirty south I am feeling,  
Past ritual virtues in time.  
Time captures thoughts into being,  
Barmistuic dandelions of rhyme.  
Scandalous words of treason,  
Onto the hidden, mystic honoree minds -  
Deep down south with good reason,  
Somber drafts of blue and grey.  
The south hornets to every reason,

Imminent meaning of disarray.

**April 10: Resilience**

I am so in love with you

I am not the same.

My feelings for you is new

My emotions feel pain.

What have I become

To find the meaning of love.

Love is bitter to some

My love is created above.

Love is a pleasure I grasp

It is something of my own.

My soul is its clasp

Alive for what it is known.

Love is how I feel.

**April 11: A Child's Memory**

...you are gone without knowing,

a sentimental token of sincerity wasted

without good reason. the words

i chose not to say, are a moment of  
resistance letting you go from the  
horrid pain from not remembering. i

could only pardon the curiosity of telling  
lies that i wanted you to leave.  
you left your imprint on my soul

as a token of generosity. forever in my memory,  
i can never forget the pain. you have gone  
and words that will never

be heard, for the words are between us.  
i fear the built up emotions, i am nothing without you,  
i am everything within your presence.

forever in mother's memory...

### **April 12: Lesbian Lover**

Should I regret the way I longed for you?  
or to deny the way I craved your fingers grasped in mine,  
or to deny the naked way I hollered after you  
that day you turned your back and cut the line?

Could I regret the morning sun shine on sheets,  
with your strand of hair, I smoothed away,

the way you lay so light in heavy sleep,  
your body firm and touchable as clay.

Must I forget the way we basked like snakes  
and slid into the shady grass at noon,  
could I remember this as a mistake –  
the way I shone beside you like a moon.

No I won't cut these memories, these things,  
but keep them warm as pearls beneath my skin brings.

### **April 13: What I have come to Know**

he never mentioned my family -

i watched him hide as i

took the razor to give him a shave,

gumming the razor, as blood

fell down his cheek. carefully, the knife

is sharp. I blame momma for my

guilt. i am at peace now. as tears

run down my cheek, i can hardly

smile. what happened to love?

have I forgotten.

### **April 14: A Wilted Rose**

A secret admirer gave me a rose  
It was said he is the inferno of love  
He was out to win a women's heart  
He would serenade and sang  
Never broke his bond of being on time  
And never collected any foe.

Clairvoyance he would woe  
To each women he gave a rose  
Never broke his bond of being on time  
For he boasted his kind inferno of love  
He would serenade and sing  
Whose love with touch a gentle heart.

It is with his love he had a heart  
With money he had lots of dough  
Out of veins he came to be  
The darkness of the gentle rose  
Noted for his prolific love  
And crowned for his punctual time.

This in time would by just fine  
For his love comes from his heart  
To all the same in war and love  
Admits the storm of enemy of foe  
To those who morn for the loss of the rose  
Whose hearts he lost and left them hang.

For Mary, he did sing  
With his heart so fine  
For he gave her a scented rose  
God bless, for his kind mind and his gentle heart  
To those who morn for the loss of the rose  
And sealed the nuptial with lots of love.

He had a type of in factual love  
the kind of the caged bird sang  
the jealous enemy the heightened foe  
He was on borrowed time

that took effort to part  
it started with a scented rose

in love or loss, he gave his time  
the lover had a passionate heart  
we have seen the pain of a worn rose.

### **April 15: Searching for Truth**

I asked for Strength..... And God gave me Difficulties to make me strong.  
I asked for Wisdom..... And God gave me Problems to solve.  
I asked for Prosperity..... And God gave me Brain and Brawn to work.  
I asked for Courage..... And God gave me Danger to overcome.  
I asked for Love..... And God gave me troubled people to help.  
I asked for Favors..... And God gave me Opportunities.  
I received nothing I wanted..... I received everything I needed!

### **April 16: Tennessee**

Love is what surrounds us, when you protect my innocence with your heart.

When you failed to understand that love is blind.

Through the harsh times I regret you not being there,  
when I needed you most. I witness scornful mistrust to return to this.

My family is aging as a result of broken relationships.

I feel violated through concepts I fail to understand.

We rely on nature to build our culture. Outcast in society,  
is how we distance ourselves from the things we do not understand.

The result is from an innocent child is taken from a self-infecting wound.

Fate sounds promising, and yet, our feelings are over looked.

We long to touch our differences to change what we cannot control.

This is the land I know. This is the land I love.

### **April 17: Crossing that Bridge**

I cry many tears of endearment -  
Many sleepless nights...  
I speak loudly in anger;  
Bitter harsh feelings of denial.  
Confusion asking for respect,  
When emotions lost its meaning ...  
I cry many tears of rejection;  
Their words speak louder than words.  
I whisper words of wisdom.  
A freedom of expression -  
Pondering in fear

I cry many years for forgiveness.

I have wrongfully sinned.

I pray for the strength to protect my soul  
For my fate to determine its keeper...

### **April 18: Invalid**

*I am afraid of this inquisition I am in,  
I fear for delinquency of a child.*

To be born into invasion,  
I cannot bore the fruit of acquisition.

To inherit the cruel world that lies ahead,  
I will not hold a child accountable for my deeds.

For the pain that stirs within innocence lies in fear  
of a man's race, who challenges a female's will.

### **April 19: Conceived**

Should you ever sing a hymn?  
Should you ever read a psalm?  
Should you understand my fate?  
Should you mourn when I'm gone?  
Should you ever here my prayers?  
Should you doubt my grace?  
Should you live for the common good,  
And pardon my mistakes?  
Should you live in envy?  
Shall your desire release the pain?  
Shall your heart feel faint?  
Or shall my state of mind, remain the same?

### **April 20: Social Change**

...to the young women of the universe searching to find her soul, her true identity and her heart. She has been abandoned from love.. It happened expectantly when she lost her true love for her abandoned child within when she lost touched of reality of being neglected by her father...

...to the young women searching to find her soul... She has been abandoned from love.. It happens when your spirituality escapes from being different, by wanting to voice your opinion in a closed climate of losing child to a miscarriage of irreconcilable differences victimized by spousal abuse that repetition...his heart is with another and not you... of reality of being neglected...

...to the young women searching for her true identity... She has been abandoned from love.. To manipulate play by manhandling unspoken challenges to ratify the female status with vague restrictions...to trust the voices in her head that deny everything she tried to accomplish is refutable...

relationship with her inner self to tell her to quit or die... of reality of being neglected ...to the young women of the universe searching to find her heart... She has been abandoned from love.. To suicide because she felt she has no reason to try irresponsible reasoning because her children left her for maturation to move on, her baby's daddy died when he went to prison and her friends moved on...her heart still cares to listen to her vocation, the only reason she stays in good health... of reality of being neglected...in keeping it real the father is God...God who left her with no faith after her lost...She has been abandoned from love...the reason for her loss is she neglected to believe others cared, God cares...the reason she lost reality is how she neglected to pray asking for God to carry her for she was not alone...she neglected to listen to God's voice

encouraging her fate...searching for her soul, searching for her identity... searching for her heart...the reality of being neglected left when she lost touch with her God.. a reality of being neglected...

### **April 21: The Foundation**

The rock is a foundation used to bond a  
community of children to ignite change in the soil  
of redemption, where no one dared to go.

The rock, the foundation, calls for salvation. A rock listens to the  
children who acknowledge change in the roots of despair,  
where temptation questioned taboo.

Upon this rock, was built a nation  
of modest people whose faith  
has brought freedom.

### **April 22: In God's Hand**

As I rest, I wonder in my sleep, anticipating time  
I stay in contact with a dream, as I reminisce on my past  
The moon inhibits the earth, yearning the equinox of spring  
The imprint of water touches my face, cold and freezing  
A puddle of leaves rustle in the wind, like a child playing chase  
Cornering the heart, saddened by will, like the elderly facing death

### **April 23: Oppression**

One must understand...that when you are contained, your inability to freedom is bitter in darkness. A free man can appreciate the ability to do as he pleases.....I believe that not all man are truly free in a society crippled by an ailing condition of hatred. Freedom is a symbolic condition which allows man the opportunity to live in a secure environment. A caged bird is not free because its captivity cripples its ability to fly. ...

### **April 24: Southern Girl**

Dear Nettie,

I am waiting for your return. Often I am reminded of you. All the years I have gone on laughing at our mistakes. It is mature when one can laugh at their own mistakes. You made me realize how valuable you are in my Life. I never doubted family. You made me realize the importance of having someone in my life. I imagine the unexpected. You did not leave. Your presence is forever in my memory. I admit it is my fault to question the validity of our love. As I grow older, I respect you more. You never said I was right to without our feelings. Learning to cry is meaningful. I do not hold it against you. It is the idea that makes our love true. Instead you touch my life with kind words and a gentle heart. I lie still nourishing my mind with spirituality of your presence in my life. I am grateful for your love. The idea of "love" is in question. I ask God for your return. I lie busy in starvation of the desire of having family back in my life once more...Sisterly Love,

Celie

### **April 25: Sophia's Cage**

...An image of a storm perturbs warm waters

A shadow emerges an overcast of hope

Hovering over in silence, embracing for peace...

...Time's client is an admittance stare

Ghostly hands deplete death entrapment,

of being raped, beaten and verbally abused

has given a sign to escape insanity,

Trying to vacate this cage of unsought welcome...

... If tears could speak, it speaks of fear

And the new born will never speak in silence ...

### **April 26: Souls of the People**

*Women when confronted by life's inquiry*

They challenge the economy of the world...

Women grasp morality with a fist

And shun disparity with fear...

A sphere of hardship and doubt

Love is perseverance...

To define the meaning of her fate

To define common ground...

### **April 27: Anxiety**

An annoying fly

Buzzing inside my head

Whispering, rumors

Making mockery sounds,

Whirling away pinned-up emotions,

Afraid of built-up frustration.

Grasping anger within one fist -

Coming, going, building anxiety and stress -

Conscience ready to explode.

### **April 28: Reflection**

Underneath the crescent moon,

Hidden under the celestial sky.

Fallen movement into a cerebral world,

Thirsty eyes which quicken, sleep.

Emotional silence, fed by tears.

The collapsed horizon, then the stars.

## **April 29: Georgia Blues**

I hurt my baby

Just the other day

Play the harmonic sounds

Wishing the blues away

The blues that got me moping around

The blues that got me crying hounds.

I broke his heart,

It was not smart,

To lose him from the start,

We had to part from the blues.

The blues that got me was moping down.

The blues that got me was dancing now.

I hurt my baby

Playing the harmonic sounds.

Playing the harmonic sounds.

Wishing the blues away.

Blues got me, singing the blues today.

Got me singing the blues today.

Don't go baby. Don't go.

### **April 30: Analogy**

Old age has caught up on me,  
Wisdom is patiently counting down.

I am the person who coached you and supported you through your journey. Others see me as bitter and cold. I am the one who obeyed orders and completed good deeds. Others find me helpless. I am the one who followed orders and went beyond call and duty. Others find my faults. I am the one to follow and protect and test the waters while others cannot. Others don't respect this. I am the one God made strong enough to follow in His path in this journey to be heard?

I walk like I am disabled, I carry the load of intolerance, I may be used, I may be abused, I have been lied on, I have been beaten, I may be lonely, I may be seduced, and in my prayers and dreams, Shattered the truth...I am weak, but, I don't feel old at all. Amen.