The Voice Within
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Abstract
Love and loss is facing the truth behind the facts that bears deep in our hearts. A child is not born a racist. Racism is something taught through words and actions. The fight against hate begins by demonstrating love and acts of kindness. The difference between love and hate is within the context of the idea of inherent expression conducted through actions.

Keywords: Relationships, love, loss, pain, regret

I have faced conflict, sorrow and defeat and some people have analyzed my life; but I always felt happy with who I am and good about my life. Look beyond your image and you will find the purpose in your life. If you have a God given talent use it by sharing it with others inspiring others to have an appreciation for what you do. Never forget where you came from. It is from those who touched your life that helped make you into the person you are today. If you have a talent, use it by sharing your gift with others giving back to the community from the person you have become. The relationship between men is based upon valuing his self-worth. There are a few diversity conflict when confronting your level of success. There are the people who support you. There are the people who think you are the right person for the job. There are those who will try to prove you are not as good as them. There are those who will try to take success away from you. There are those who will try to prove there is something mentally wrong with you because most people don't do things like that or never made it that far. You always treat everyone with respect because you do not what personality of influence they have. Not everyone can be an idealist. Don't let anyone define who you are. Anything is possible that underlines truth. Expression has developed the course of history. Expression is a voice in defining cultural identity. Expression is the passion for respecting others.

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. I 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.

I have frequently explored the principals of theoretical criticism. The study is aimed at exploring the structured of the mind and deviation of cultural expression through personal experience. Cultural expression is defined through the social convictions of society. Expression exhibits the scheme of elements of ideas.

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 midocean, 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.

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
Gaspind 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.

**What a Wonderful World**

What a Wonderful World

The spacious ski 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

What a wonderful world this must be

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

What a wonderful world this must be

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

What a wonderful world this must be

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

What a wonderful world indeed
Love from the Heart

Believe in your heart when I told you I love you, baby
Believe in your heart when I say it is true
I love you, I really do

I’ve grown fond of you lying here beside me
Love kindly creeps upon me when you’re around
All my life I sacrificed ecstasy
Your lips, your hands, your gentle touch
Has brought tears to my heart
Forever yours

Believe in your heart when I told you I love you, baby
Believe in your heart when I say it is true
Oh baby, baby, baby ah baby I love you
Yes, I really do

You are a vision come true
Your fingers strum my soul
Each touch a melody
Wantonly tingling against my skin
Chanting sounds of harmony

Don’t you believe in your heart when I told you I love you, baby
Don’t you believe in your heart when I say is true
Don’t you know deep in my heart baby
I only feel this way for you
Oh baby, baby, baby ah baby
I love you
I really do

I lie down smiling
With my face on your chest
you should know
my entire life is determined
With your words that you express when you

Believe in your heart when I told you I loved you, baby
Believe in your heart when I tell you this time it is true
Believe in your heart there is no other like you
Who has come close to my soul as you

I love you

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.

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

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 discord 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 silence, was heard.
Opulent
Nubian sky
Black as night
Black misty dawn
Black blue black dawn
Black radiant dawn
As radiant as black space
Empty of presence
The sun changes into day
The moon settles into dawn
Blue black sky
A radiant reflection
of flowing light
Through the eyes of God
Watching over me

World Terrorism
Terror standing idol
Clear eyed
Touching watching staring
In the eyes of fate
Its escape
Its flow
Its fire
Waiting
The memory of waking stones
Recognizes promise
Death does not say
Speechless stones
Cover ashes scattering
In the air
Weeping tears
Counting ghosts
The dark whispers for
Instructions
Lessons learned have gone gone goodbye
Without notice without consent
Weeping eyes
Have wept meaning
Speechless for words
Cold unspoken words

For the Life I Love
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
When you came into my life
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
Stay with me
Without you
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
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
When you came into my life
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
I wish you were here with me now