INSOLVENCY [Poetry/ Fiction]

Angela Brown
E-mail: brownlas6@aol.com

Doi:10.7575/aiac.allsv.5n.5p.10
URL: http://dx.doi.org/10.7575/aiac.allsv.5n.5p.10

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 croclets 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 schackled
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.