

Poetry Series

Akili Amina
- poems -

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Akili Amina()

Akili Amina has a poet's heart and her lover is the Arts. She has recently written a book titled, "African Heritage, American Experience" soon to be released. Her work has been featured in three literary magazines, including Main Channel Voices and Budzushammer.

Affluent Nightmares

In panic, drenched chest in sweat
Life under the sun's canopy of have not's
Banks beg for money, accounts in neglect
Loan sharks plead, as we sign on the dot

To snatch deeds bought with blood
Absent or the lack of cash flow in fountains
Bills rising, sweep currents torrential flood
Collector's bounty, hide on debts mountain

Leave needs behind in grocer stores
Walk on by, window shopping for baby milk
Panting quickly, awake to vast images of gore
Your dreams of poverty, wet sheets made of silk

My everyday living, well being, welfare
The Affluent, these are their Nightmares

Akili Amina

Blues And The Muse

The poets, intellect and heart are exposed
Dissected, spliced and pumping it bleeds thought,
Perception, opinions thumping out, melodic flows
Wordsmith fire blazes high, verses steeled, wrought
The versifier, has a mission of great untold
aid subscriber's pass through the tunnels of percept
bring mystic's visions in sight, release guards parole
their power rest in words key, wizards are the adept

The muse, never speak of their silent blues
mute pangs, drown in tasks given, poems overmaster
tireless, efforts to reach masses, universe sends news
with heads down they write, scrutiny of schoolmaster

No blues within the two, engagement infused
Come into the days of old, handed to the muse

Akili Amina

Brown Girl

Hey Little brown girl, how's the weather today?
When the rain comes, you can hide your tears
When the sun shines, angels listened as you prayed
They told him all he hears, they gave him all your fears

Hey you! Brown girl, who grew up so strong
Made your own path, walked away from those untrue
Don't look back, eyes ahead, you get there before long
And when you took off, chile' they said you flew!

Hey there! Brown Lady, heard you got a good man
Nice family too, someone up there looking out for you!
Cause you got a good heart and its all in his plan
I talked to an angel who told me to tell you. She loves you!

Hey Brown Lady, you are truly out of this world!
I will always remember when you were just, a Brown Girl

Akili Amina

Candles That Like Wine

Wine stalks and watch my candle's faint flicker
Soothe my misery, crest waves its breach point
Death to spouts, dead are bouts high in bicker
Appoint this ending, break bonds at their joint

Wine in all mute silence, warms love's cold chill
Unclothed, black strap dress lie on wooden floor
Exposed toes kick heels, date mate dressed to kill
Call back dear's smell, dear's last kiss at the door

Wine spent, leave candles with love's sole reject
Jazz notes shriek, squealing, they sweep the ceiling
Sum adds the pain, tone, wine; now a drunk wreck
Tears in fits, blab out speak, talk brings healing

Calm brings real sane, time brings another to pine
Not sure about the fate of Candles that like Wine

Akili Amina

Deeper Than Love

What is love, when its deeper than love?
There are no words for it in the dictionary
It cant be described in songs or in my poetry

What is love, when its deeper than love?
In your arms I close my eyes and I hold on tight
My husband, my inspiration for when I write

What is love, when its deeper and wider than love?
When I am afraid, I reach for your hand
How can a world be changed, by just One man

How is this love, more greater than love?
Did you know? That with you, its more than I ever imagined
Funny, for years we were only two people who became, Friends

Thank you for your Love, that's much deeper, more wider, more greater than
Love.

Akili Amina

I Was A Graceful Angel

In my dream, I was a graceful Angel
Whispering words, that flutter, halt offense
Members of their branch, stunt growth, they strangle
Immense debates fallen, hence, are past tense

In my dream, I was a wrathful Angel
Unwelcomed visitor of my high school
Vocalized, blasting air, ears all mangled
Papers flew, wind blew, Avenge the un-cool!

In my dream, I was a stunning Angel
My wings path, all things disintegrated
Roofs gave, walls covered in awe, they angle
Winged creature, pure, their race I integrate

Over mountainous views and seas, I dangle
In my dream, I was a Graceful Angel

Akili Amina

Journey Of, The Diasporian Souls

The seeds of Sub-Saharan descendants
Globe heavy in weight, their percentage, great
Continent African, population ascendant
Sewn, seeds are strewn. God's hand he blast. He spate.

Spreading their origins, across his globe
Sending those, the Diasporian souls
Spirits of migration, are children of, Job
Ship's belly they rode. Cargo list: Black Gold

Middle passing, through our growth transition
Ancestors wailing, they pray, in all tongues
Those in search of their God's, acquisition
Pass amazement on to those next. The young.

They hold their heads up, as they walk or stroll
Journey of, The Diasporian Souls

Akili Amina

Quietus Me

Work called for your presence, until twilight
One-half the whole, lone in my bedchamber
One sea mile, our bed sheets waver, they blight
Fixed, by time in my overnight chamber

Sleep became my companion, my company
Bedcovering within my cocoon's spin
Ends the undertaking, quietus me
Bed begins quiver, shaking, halts my resting

I grab my headboard, my frame of iron wrought
Trips, electrical energy quaking
Charging my person, static snippets brought
Flicker stations, head's high definition

Shrieking, jerk myself from the death called sleep
Eternal resting or Quietus Me

Akili Amina

Steel Birds

The entire world's bosom thumped as one,
as eyes watched the sight of the collision
when Steel Birds with outstretched wings
commenced attacking cities, American
its blue skies became the battleground
contrasted positions of sacred religions
fighting children of the man named, Abraham
opposing latitudes, unparalleled in traditions
US invented, now propelled as weapons
ninth month of year, day of the eleventh
all trading stopped, about the ninth hour
unforecast weather, raining business letters
tailored suits, unequipped with feathers
desperation's decision, closed his breath
in street's they ran, from clouds of death
breathed through nostrils also their lungs
hatred's emit and power, in collapsed buildings
failed to plan on resistance, by its citizens
and heroes, who saw to an abrupt landing
no success, in reshaping of the pentagon
or in our country's hopes and dreams
it is our lives changed, but our honor remains in
families' who sacrificed members, true Americans

Amina, Akili. African Heritage, American Experience. Baltimore, MD: Publish America, 2008.

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This Air Is Stiff

This air seems stiff to me with pain and hurt
Feels rigid, while temps are falling below, frigid
Those who bear the air, with death they flirt
Compassion is needed if only by, a smidgen

This air is so stiff with faces of children
Who need love and hugs by the dozen
And guidance, from those called brethren
That wont come from their blood, or their cousins

This air that is so stiff to me, it reeks in disease
Riddled bodies, lining up for their meds
Claiming numbers, leaving only puffs of their essence
Thread through masses, it snakes while it spreads

If you take a moment to notice, get a whiff
Feel the heaviness, of This Air that is so Stiff

Akili Amina

This Letter

Hello, I thought of you so I wrote this letter
You wont ever read it or hold it in your hands
I don't know the address of the park or shelter
Sleeping inside, should be the rights of those, human
I pray for you, because the Winter is coming
Worry, hoping that you own a jacket or coat
Where are you holding your stuff, your belongings?
I think of all of you so with my words, I dote
Last year, in the woods a tent you kept pitching
I know that in the shelter, they wrote you up
For something that you dare not speak or mention
Off the streets, one by one you should be ushered up
Given warm drinks to sip and nice warm sweaters
Your burden I share, which is why I wrote, This Letter

Akili Amina

Violet Welts

This tub is full, it doesn't need her tears
Has no time for shouting, over crying
Alcohol baths, when violet welts appear
Stinging, shaking body, flinching, flinching

Siblings sit close, no words, eyes so sincere
Bringing dollies, her heart and skin drenching
Alcohol baths, when violet welts appear
Play quietly, this horror, respecting

Brood of anger, she was their cross point, steer
Fear breathing, fear nearing, land straps searing
Alcohol baths, when violet welts appear
"Shh! Secrets are meant for holding, keeping."

Music box of family thoughts, in revere
Alcohol baths, when violet welts, appear

Akili Amina

Zafur's Prophetic Dream

She stands, poised under the heavens of Planet Aeon
Zafur's squad besieged, as aircraft aviate skies agleam
Unafraid, foreseen by gods. This day! A war would spawn.
"We seek no defeat." This is Zafur's prophetic dream.

Zafur's squad besieged, as aircraft aviate skies agleam
Hearing, the loud sonic bursts and shrill whine of airships
"We seek no defeat." This is Zafur's prophetic dream.
With quick speed the missile blasters depart from air strips

Hearing, the loud sonic bursts and shrill whine of airships
Pilot's fly craft, lethal path over jagged rock peaks
With quick speed the missile blasters depart from air strips
She cursed their elders, demigods who speak their fate, bleak

Pilot's fly craft, lethal path over jagged rock peaks
If they be captured, we will make them useful captives
She cursed their elders, demigods who speak their fate, bleak
No quiet surrender. We will fight! not yield our life, inactive

If they be captured, we will make them useful captives
With icy eyes, crests warships through dark nebulous mist
No quiet surrender. We will fight! not yield our life, inactive
Unaware, the enlist, those sure to bring a slight twist

With icy eyes, crests warships through dark nebulous mist
Blazes, etched in the psyche of those epic victories
Unaware, the enlist, those sure to bring a slight twist
Their aid in your fleet's defeat will help tell our story

Blazes, etched in the psyche of those epic victories
Zafur's squad besieged, as aircraft aviate skies agleam
Unaware, the enlist, those sure to bring a slight twist
"We seek no defeat." This is Zafur's prophetic dream.

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