Poetry Series

Ms. Anika Martinez

- poems -

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Ms. Anika Martinez (Feb 16,1973)

35 year black mother. daughter, sister and friend to some who lives to express herself on the world around her and the people she will meet along the way..

Am I?

Have you ever said, “Why are they helping me? ”
Am I a skeptic?
“What do they want from me? ”
Am I skeptic?
Do you say things such as “You must been bored.”
When someone offers to help you.
Am I skeptic?
Are you?
Has this world caused you to wonder the motives of other, ever step of their way?
Am I skeptic?
They couldn’t possible being lending a hand to a fellow survivor of life.
Am I skeptic?
Mankind has become skeptics of kindness of others.
Am I skeptic?
We are surrounded by hatred and selfishness daily in life, that we as people can’t grasp the idea that life could grace us with kindness.
Am I skeptic?
We ask, “What do I have to do? ”
It’s sad that the world that we live in has birth a butch of skeptics.
Lend a hand to someone today. Just so you will know that kindness does exist in self.
So my question to you brothers and sister are realist or we skeptics?

Ms. Anika Martinez

American Vision

Determination to be, exactly, who he, made to be. They try to tell me who I am by rejecting my credit. They incarcerate us minorities. They label us non-black or African American.

Why to fit into their statistics? It all boils down to the currency current of the all mighty dollars.

They label the poor middle class, and the rich poor. Dismiss an overlook the poverty of the American minorities.

The elder should just bow down and wither way, because the disrespect that the nation shows them is worst then any death.

The children of this nation have no real understanding of what is expected of them. With all the inconsistency that they are face on, any given day.

With the help of media, and lets not forget, us parents who leave the raising to the schoolteacher, which are leading our children into a fog out of the Red Sea.

They have no guides just a two week paycheck that says “keep on screwing up the nations future, we will get with you sooner or never.”

Are society has ignore the down spiral that, we as a whole nation has find ourselves in.

Wake up!

Smell the depression and the turmoil in the air. We want survive, if we don’t come together for a common goal to survive, as the leading nation of hope.

Thank you America!

Ms. Anika Martinez

Can you understand?

Can you understand?
Where I have been?
Can you close your eyes and image the humilation I have put myself through?
Can you understand?
The depth of my shame and guilty that plagued my life from birth
Can you understand?
I am new
Can you understand?
The struggle to stay in my serenity
Can you understand?
My faith
Can you understand?
I am me who I have dreamed of being
Can you understand?

Ms. Anika Martinez

Dear Dope Dealer,

Dearest Dope Dealers,

Thank for being there for me. Whenever I needed to self-destruct. I knew you would be there to lend a helping hand to drown myself into desperation and despair.

I was grieving for the child ones lost. You were there on the corner waiting to give your condolences and the twenty that was due.

On many occasion you offered me a place to lay my head, even if it was between your legs.

You called many late nights to tell me you just re-up and to let me know you'll be up. "Stop by anytime", you'll say. I would answer you back with "Ok! "

You were always available to me to lend me credit with interest a course, you knew how much you meant to me just as I knew you would never sign for a divorce.

Dope dealer had to tell, "Keep up the great job of causing the dismantling of the family dynamic." Don't forget the decay of morals and ethnical beliefs.

You know those values mean nothing to you. You alone are valued as the leading financer of the total destruction of America and the children who live in it.

Your Truly

Your Wife Addiction

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Do Not Blame Me...

Do not blame me
For your failure
Do not blame me
For your desires
Do not blame me
For your pass, present or future
Do not blame me
When you wake up alone
Do not blame me
When you have know one to talk too
Do not blame me
For your shame and guilt of self
Do not blame me
For walking away from you
Do not blame me
When you look into the mirror and cry
Do not blame me
For not knowing the person you see
Do not blame me
For putting self first
Do not blame me
For walking away with my head held high
Do not blame me
For seeing the light ahead
Do not blame me
For following a different path
Do not blame me
For all the broken pieces in your life
Do not blame me
For you!

Ms. Anika Martinez

Drop In Emotions...

My Right To Be Where I Need To Be…

Disappoint leads to my anger and hostility.
Hostile leads to my danger zone.
Rejection is my enemy.
Embarrassment is goes back to disappoint.
Never ending cycle of lost 0 tolerances.
Patience is virtue.
I feel like leashing out.
I will act as if, and be adult.
Life over varies events.
Respect is due to the life I live.
I need to find my way back home.
Everything around me is turning red
I being pulled in the darkness that I am use too
It feels comfortable
That is never good
I am trying hard to respond differently
Then the way I use to.
People are who they say they are
It is up to me differ ate
What is acceptable to me
What is unacceptable.
My boundaries will not be cross
Only if I allow them to be crossed over
The victim in me wants me to wallow in the self-pity
She is use to swimming in the shallow waters
I will not allow her to bring me down
I am a woman with much to offer
Anyone who has the ability to appreciate a woman like myself
If not I want beg or borrow anyone
I understand the fact that people get caught up
But have the right to choose.
My right to be where I want to be

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Family Love...

The love of the family is so sweet
Very unique
The love of the family holds a special bond of concern for the unknown
The love of the family strengthen as the years past from birth to adulthood
The love of the family is mine to have
The love of the is my family love
Pure love
My love of the family is known to me
How appreciate my love of my family

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Here I Am...

Here I am.
I am woman I have always played to be.
I am powerful in the words I speak.
In the way I walk.
I am a woman who encourage the positive in each one of us.
We are graceful and adored.
It is time that we adore ourselves.
Exhale!
We are alive.
We are woman who carry the worlds image of us
Here I am Woman
Of my on image
Who and what I want to be
I will tell how I feel
I will tell you how I need to be treated.
I respect me and you will too
I am woman
With attitude of a diva.
Am a woman of my higher power beliefs.
I am Woman.

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I Am Not that Girl...

I am not that girl
You once new
I am not that girl that
Ran every time life gave her troubles
I am not that girl
That needed a boost of courage from a line or drink
I am not that girl
Who cried every time you said goodbye to her
I am not that girl
Held on every word you said to her
I am not that girl
Who begged for your approval
I am not that girl
Who did not know right from wrong
I am not that girl.
Who mind was cloudy with shame of the past
I am not that girl
Doped up
I am not that girl
Who walked around with eyes closed
I am not that girl

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I Can’t See Pass The Bull-.

I can’t see.

I am blinded by the bull- in my eye.

The lies that are spoken hold me down.

My pass decision allows me to continue to wreck.

My future seem blink from where I am right now.

I can’t see

The road ahead is treacherous.

The forecast says, “It will be the worst days ever seen.”

I laugh because the worst days are everyday from me.

I can’t see

All the rationalization and justification makes me sick.

I say he say

It is what is, k.

“See! I can’t see! ”

I minimize and hop over all the events.

They say, “ I can’t see.”

Am I stuck in my mind?

I can’t see pass all the bull-…….

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I Hate You!

I hate you.
You make me sick.
The way you breathe.
They way you smile at me.
I hate you
The way you send chills up my spine.
With the words you speak.
I hate you
Your beautiful smile and nice body.
I hate you.
When you call my name it sounds so good coming off your lips.
I hate you.
How you make me shiver from your kiss.
I hate you

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I Love You To Death...

Hey baby, I was at my boys' house last night. Sorry, I didn't call you, I pass out on the couch.

You know I love you to death!

Girl you know that I would be with anyone else but you cause I love you to death!

Boo why would I cheat on you? When I got you.

You know I love you death!

That's you lips stick, you remember when you kiss me as I was leaving out with the boys.

I love you to death!

Stop tripping.

I love you to death!

Your girls just jealous, because they don't have a man like me.

I love you to death!

It was not me in car with that hoe.

I love you to death!

That's just my home girl.

I love you to death!

I don't know why those girls call your phone.

I love you death!

That not my rubber on the car floor, must be my boy.

I love you to death!

That's not my baby.

I love you to death!

Damn girl, Rest In Peace "I am glad I left when I did."

I loved her to death!

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Just A Thought...

I believe that we as people have a greater purpose to life then sitting in bewilderment of the world around us.
I believe that life is about lessons that we have learnt
Failed to learn.
I believe that there is more to us then we know
It takes other to show us what that is
I have gain respect for people as whole
As I sit
And listen
To the many obstacles that have been crossed through out our lives
I believe that we will prosper with love and understanding of one another
I too believe

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Let Me Breath...

Let me breath
Take the mask off
I can breath on my own
Take the mask off
It no longer needed
I can breath
I no longer grasp for air
I can breath
I feel the cool winds on my skin
I feel the touch of life in me
I can breath
I no longer stumble at every step I take
I feel everything
I can breath
I see clearly
I no longer need the crouch
I am so familiar with
I can breath
I throw away all my garbage I found
I know it is more around here
I will find it in time
I can breath
I have started cleaning out my house
I can see
I can feel
All my thoughts
All my desires
All my pain
I can breath

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Lost In Darkness...

Lost in on a dark and rainy road. Trying to feel my way through the rain and fog. Lost in the dark. Lonely there's no one insight. Frighten of the wolves that hear howlling in the distance fog. I just want to go home. Lost and desperate for mankind words speech. Anger welling inside, from the fear that festers within me. Lost in the dark. Is anyone out there looking for me? Do anyone know I am lost in this wilderness? Trapped.

I scream for help. The only sound of others is the echo of my own voice.
No feed back. Just my own thoughts, the take me deeper into the wilderness.
My compass lost many years ago.
Lost in the darkness.
Fear moves me to going. If I stop I know the wolves will catch up to me and I will devoured by their massive fangs.
Never to be find.
Lost in darkness.
I have to find my way back to a place I can rest.
Where I will be out of reach of becoming another, there and gone.
Lost in darkness.

Ms. Anika Martinez

Mind Wilderness...

Lost on a dark and rainy road. Trying to feel my way through the rain and fog.

Lost in the dark.

Lonely there's no one insight.

Frighten of the wolves that hear howlling, in the distance fog.
I just want to go home.

Lost and desperate for mankind words speech.
Anger welling inside, from the fear that festers within me.

Lost in the dark.

Is anyone out there looking for me? Does any one know I am lost in this wilderness, and trapped?

I scream for help.

The only sound of others is the echo of my own voice.

No feed back.

Just my own thoughts that take me deeper into the wilderness.

My compass was lost long ago.

Lost in the darkness.

Fear moves me to go on.

If I stop, I know the wolves will catch up to me and their massive fangs will devour me.
Never to be found again.

Lost in darkness.

I have to find my way back to a place I can rest.
Where I will be out of reach of becoming another, there and gone.

Lost in darkness.

Ms. Anika Martinez

Misery And I

Is there a new I or is the old just waiting to appear? Why do I cause so much hurt? My misery is lonely she's searching for others for companionship. They say I am not as unique as I thought us to be. Little did they know, that very theory intrigued her! Others felt exactly the way she felt? We would not have not to be in our own misery alone.

Our dark cloud would be shared with others, just as, or more miserable then us. All we had to do was speak to one of them, one at a time. Before they could recognize that she had brought them all back home with us. To endure all the suffering, and confusion that she felt.

Our road has been long and treachous. She's tired of being alone. As stranger pass her by she attempt to make contact but no one answer her back. Their faces are painted in red and gray masks. The foundation surrounded us is covered with slime and damp walls.

I notice that she tries to reach out to touch a passerby, but before she touches the little girl with the red mask, the shadows grabs us and swept us up into the sky. The height that they brought us to makes her dizzy and as she looks down at the people with the mask they become smaller and she blacks out. She wakes up in a new and darker pit.

It is now occupied by even more shadows inside my abyss.

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Momma's seed...

Momma you are so dear to me
Momma I have missed your loving words

Your soft touches
Your warm embrace

Momma you are the bone to my back
Momma I love you

You!

Your words have been heard
Momma my actions are nothing of what was taught to me by you

Change is coming ahead of us
Momma

You are my core belief
You are my conscious of what is right and all that is wrong

Momma your love is as no other

He has heard all your prays for me

I know of all your sleepless nights wake for me
I hear you

Watch me grow

Your prays are being put to action

Can you see?

Momma I love your present when your not present

You walk with me because of my core value you planted in me
Long before the day I was born into the world that is me

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My Special Interest...

My special interest is to see you happy.
You are my special interest dedicated to be all that you image us to be.
To love you as know other will love you.
Teach you to express all your concerns and needs.
To develop a better understand of who and what we are to be.
You are my special interest.
I hope that your special interest is the same.
You are the most important person in life and no other.
Your dreams are the same as mine.
Your beliefs are my beliefs.
We connect on higher level other than, verbal communication.
You understand my humor without speaking.
You smile I smile, because we both know the secret of life that know one else knows.

Smile.

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Peace of Mind...

Peace of mind is found in my everyday activities.
Peace of mind is the mind I us to make my own decisions.
Peace of mind is the mind of a sober mind
Peace of mind is mine to have
Peace of mind is the mind of someone doing there best
Peace of mind is my mind that I wake up doing what is right for me
Peace of mind is you’re to have
Peace of mind is found in you
Have a peace of mind

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Reminding Fear...

Fear reminds me of what I left behind me.
I look back I am surprise of the destruction I left behind

I keep stepping and watching every step I step in front of me
Yes fear reminds me where I came from and the soil in which kept me dirty

Cleaned up now and facing forward keeping one foot ahead of the other

No stepping backward
Staying focus on the present
Looking forward to the future

Fear reminds me

Where I am going
Where I was
I keep moving forward
One step in front of the other

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Set Me Free...

Let me be
Who I want to be
It is no disrespect of you and me
I do not carry any envy of the pass of you and me
Let me be
Set me free
It is no disrespect of what use to be
Let me be
Spread my wings
I am sure I will return with purity
Let me be who I want to be
Clear mind and no envy
Let me be
Set me free
I will always love you freely
I will remember the pass
Grasp the present
Embrace the future
Let me be
So set me free
To be whom I want to be freely

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The Describtion Of A Womachild.....

Description of Womachild!

I was in the mist of destructive lifestyle that was killing me slowly and oh so softly! I had become the image of sin in its astonishing form. I no longer knew compassion, understanding or tolerance. I was no longer the bright future of an intelligent mother and career bound businesswoman. I was now the scene off the Jerry Springer show. I was now the degradation and dereliction of a woman that fell from the grace of self worth.

I had nowhere to run nowhere hide. The person I most wanted to abandon was self. I cared nothing for my image of self. I loathed, the way I looked, the way I talked and the way I behaved. I created a monster that made a home within me. I continuously begged for forgiveness for the dishonesty and resentment that dwelled in me.

I had no faith or hope of any kind. I knew I was dying. There was no known cure for me, which I knew of. I open my bible many of times praying for some sign of human feelings. The connection to God that I once knew. Nothing prevailed. So off I went, to find the only connection I knew that would give me the feelings that I was on the hunt for.It was find in a bottle of vodka, line of coke and the green pill that balance all my affairs.

Life was a waking nightmare for me. The days and nights rolled into one. Most times, I didn't really know where one began and the other ended. I was just there, here and everywhere. I periodically, popped up from the death of my depression, the dark pit of my own despair gasping for air.

Many occasions people came in and out who claimed to know me. How could they know who I was? I didn't know who I was. That intrigued me…

How did they know me? Where did they know me from? They would say things like, "I love you mommie" or " Daughter what's going on? " They always looked as though they were in pain. I wanted to tell them the person they knew was not home. However, I am sure if she could be anywhere she would have preferred to be there with them. Hugging loving each one of them, with the all the love that one person could give to another.The hurt in their eyes kept me in awe, who was this person that they loved and adore so much. I needed to find her!

What admiration they had for this lady. I heard several them refer to her as mom, daughter, sister and friend.I knew they were mistaken when they approached me with love in their eyes, and care and concern in their hearts. Why in the world would they think I was she? How odd I thought this. But it kept me from having to spend so much time in that dark place I lived in called self.

However, the shadows would come and get me when I stayed away to long. I always new when they were near. I would tremble in fear. My stomach would tighten, my heart would race and my hands would become clammy. My thoughts would become foggy. That's how I would know they were near and she had woken!

The beast in me beckoned them on. She would scream from them to find her. I would try to quiet her but her scream echoed so loudly that my ears would ring.

I would wrestle with her to turn off the lights. I knew they were coming. She would not stop struggling with me to keep the lights on. I too would not let up. I hated the beast that lived in me. She's so nasty and her heart beats off beat. It made it hard for me to breath, at times. My battle with her and the shadows always ended in my defeat. Anger would well in me, "how could I be so weak? " " I should have fought harder! "

Those were the words spoken to me, by me. There I would sit in the dark, dampen shack wondering what damaged had the beast and the shadows caused. Self -loathing would appear with a face of a child, whom abuses left her wounded and bleeding from her secret spot. Then hatred would come knocking, asking to come in. I would always invite her to stay longer then intended. She and I had lots in common. We comforted one another on many occasions.

It was always a trail of destruction left behind from their visit of

My Life the Description of Womachild!

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The Road Is Long...

The road was long.
I have reached a new starting point
My road is even longer now
I will enjoy this road
There are many bumps in this road
I am ok with it
I am of a clear mind and soul
I have repented and confessed by sins
I am ready to begin my new journey with the new me
I have no delusions of mystical life ahead
I will traveled this new road with open eyes and a clear mind
It is my road to walk and I will walk it
With new thoughts
I will meant new people
With new thoughts
New ideas
The journey will look different
Taste sweet and bitter at times
I will walk it with honesty
My learning experience will be welcomed with open arms and a open mind
Will you walk with me?

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The WHOA

There have been many roads in my life.
All lead to dead ends.
Filled with weeds and dead dreams.

Until one day I was sent to a place called the WHO-A.
I fought the process.
Until this bulldozer came through and created a path
Off road for me to walk through.

I then was able to see ahead a future.
I was able to deal with the pass.
I was told to stay in the present.
So I stayed focus on the ground in front of me.

With that, idea occurred to me,
Build your own road!

That is the day, the dreams I had, long ago thought dead.
Appeared in full color with life breathing from them.

I no longer looked for roads are paths built by others.
I started setting my own foundation for highways and byways for my self.

Once the tools were given to me, I dreamed of new dreams.

A recreated life was in the making.
I am heading home now, to build
A new structure for the family
I left behind long ago.

With hope and faith that his will, will guide me to new brighter life,

Made in HIS image, and not mine.

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There Is Nothing...

He kisses me on my neck and
There is nothing.
He moves up my neck
There is nothing.
He kisses my lips
Still there isn’t thing
He touches me everywhere
There is nothing
How I wish there were something
There is nothing
He says his goodbyes
There is nothing
He walks out the door
There is nothing
He knows I don’t love him anymore
I wish there were something.
There is nothing
Ooh I wish it were something
But there is nothing

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Woman I Am...

Woman I am
I am meant to be loved and adored.
Here I sit in disbelief
That someone will love me for me
We can be loved
For who and what we are
Once we figure out
Who that is
I hope the people I come across on a daily
Will understand me
Even if it doesn’t happen to day or tomorrow
I know my higher power and I love me
Understanding of me
Will always be with me
Understanding self first
Woman I am

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Wrapped In Chocolate

I love the way the chocolate taste when enter into my mouth.

It covers my body with silkiness around my temple.
This chocolate feels warm when it enters into the body.

I feel the chocolate stirring up inside.
Causing my body to shiver.

This chocolate doesn’t melt in your mouth it because harden.
It strengthens the deeper goes and it grows.

The chocolate wraps me with whites of cream I ever seen.
I don’t want to share my chocolate.

I have become enchanted with the way this chocolate makes me feel.
This chocolate it’s made for one.

That one is I…

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You Say No!

Changing for the best I say
You say no!
Changing for my independence
You say no!
Changing for my family and self
You say no!
Changing to live
You say no!
Changing to be release of the chain that bond me to you
You say no!
Changing to make a change for a common goal
You say no!
I am making a change
You stay the same
Make a change!

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