Poetry Series

Angela Khristin Brown
- poems -

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A Different Love

I remember when u were LOST
and your soul was in the wind
It was at this awkward moment
that u and I became friends
But then your soul was found
and u discovered celibacy
But with this u forgot about me
and our bond was a memory
And now I c u felt it
the bond we made before
I pray 2 God it stands
and severs never more

Angela Khristin Brown

A Dream Becomes A Nightmare

Young beautiful black boy
Gifted black boy
Innocent black boy

When does race become a crime?

At the wrong time
At the wrong place
At the mercy of God

Maybe I identify their death as a senseless act
As victims of retribution and misfortune
Murdered by the police
Like chains clasping at his feat
His death plea
An Insurrection into haven
Where freedom ain't so free

Where poverty covets needs
Where hustling quenches thirst
Where addiction covets desire

The root of our problem is where
We fail to understand
The black man carries his weight
Like Dog tags
Because he becomes accountable
For his own actions

It is disappointing to see
Black men carry torches

Where nooses covets want
Where lashes covets thirst
Where shackles covets hunger

And silence becomes
Our greatest misfortune
Because we fail to raise our boys

To become men due to lack of confidence
In our system that failed us

Angela Khristin Brown

A Heavey Rap

i can run faster than any gazelle
last time I had a race i left him
on the inside corner of the indy 500
i can outswim any old fish
give a dolphin a half-hour start
and still beat him across the ocean
i mean I'm so bad i gave a falcon
a half-mile lead and beat him to the top
of the mountain
i roared so loud the lion hung his head
in shame and his wife came and asked me to
please
leave that part of the jungle as her husband's
feelings
were so hurt by my together thing

i had a jumping contest with a kangaroo and
jumped clear outa Australia and passes the
astronauts
on their way hack down
i can rap so hard Rap Brown hates to be
in the same town with me
and I'm only ten
this year cominghat failed us

Angela Khristin Brown

A River

[Danny Glover - over singing]
When your hero falls from grace, all fairy tales are uncovered
Myth exposed and pain magnified, the grace pays uncovered
He told me to be strong, but I confused to see you so weak
You say never to give up, and it hurts to see you welcome defeat
When your hero falls so league the stars, and so does the perception of tomorrow
Without my hero, there's only me alone, to deal with my sorrow
Your heart ceases to work, and your soul is not happy at all
What are you expected to do, when your only hero falls

[Afeni Shakur - over singing]
As long as some suffer, the river flows forever
As long as there is pain, the river flows forever
As strong as a smile can be, the river will flow forever
And as long as you are with me, we'll ride the river together..
..And as long as you are with me, we'll ride the river together

[Singing - over chanting]
We'll ride.. the river together, as long as.. you are with me
The river.. will flow forever, as long as.. you are with me
The river.. will flow forever, as long as.. you are with me

Angela Khristin Brown

A Rose

* Poems written by Shakur as ~ interpreted by other artists

[Intro: 2Pac]
You try to plant somethin in the conrete, y'knowhatImean?
If it GROW, and the and the rose petal got all kind of
Scratches and marks, you not gon' say, "Damn, look at
All the scratches and marks on the rose that grew from concrete"
You gon' be like, "Damn! A rose grew from the concrete? ! "
Same thing with me, y'knahmean? I grew out of all of this
Instead of sayin, "Damn, he did this, he did this, "

Just be like, "DAMN! He grew out of that? He came out of that? "
That's what they should say, y'knowhatImean?
All the trouble to survive and make good out of the dirty, nasty
Y'knowhahatImean unbelievable lifestyle they gave me
I'm just tryin to make somethin..

[Refrain 1: Nikki Giovanni]
When no one even cared
The rose it grew from concrete
Keepin all these dreams
Provin nature's laws wrong
It learned how to walk without havin feet
It came from concrete

[Verse 2: Spoken part]
Did you hear about the rose that grew from a crack in the concrete?
Provin nature's laws wrong it learned how to walk without havin feet
Funny it seems but, by keepin its dreams
It, learned to breathe FRESH air
Long live the rose that grew from concrete
When no one else even cared
No one else even cared..
The rose that grew from concrete

[Verse 3: Spoken part]
Did you hear..

Did you hear about the rose that grew from a crack in the concrete?
Provin nature's laws wrong
It learned to walk without having feet
Funny it seems but by keeping its dreams
It learned to breathe FRESH air
Long live the rose that grew from concrete
When no one else, even cared

[Refrain 2: Nikki Giovanni]
Keepin all these dreams
Provin nature's laws wrong
It learned how to walk without havin feet (to breathe the fresh air)
It came from concrete (to breathe the fresh air)
(to breathe the fresh air, to breathe the fresh air)

[Outro: 2Pac]
You see you wouldn't ask why the rose that grew from the concrete
Had damaged petals. On the contrary, we would all celebrate its
Tenacity. We would all love it's will to reach the sun
Well, we are the roses - this is the concrete - and these are
My damaged petals. Don't ask me why, thank God n*gga, ask me how!
Hahahaha..

Angela Khristin Brown

Adulthood

I usta wonder who I'd be
when I was a little girl in indianapolis
sitting on doctors' porches with post-dawn pre-debs
(wondering would my aunt drag me to church sunday)
i was meaningless
and i wondered if life
would give me a chance to mean

i found a new life in the withdrawal from all things
not like my image

when I was a teen-ager i usta sit
on front steps conversing
the gym teacher's son with embryonic eyes
about the essential essence of the universe
(and other bullsh*t stuff)
recognizing the basic powerlessness of me

but then I went to college where i learned
that just because everything i was was unreal
i could be real and not just real through withdrawal
into emotional crosshairs of colored bourgeois
intellectual pretensions
but from involvement with things approaching reality
i could possibly have a life

so catatonic emotions and time wasting sex games
were replaced with functioning commitments to logic
and
necessity and the gray area was slowly darkened into
a Black thing

for a while progress was being made along with a certain
degree
of happiness cause i wrote a book and found a love
and organized a theatre and even gave some lectures on
Black history
and began to believe all good people could get
together and win without bloodshed

then
hammarskjold was killed
and lumumba was killed
and diem was killed
and kennedy was killed
and malcolm was killed
and evers was killed
and schwerner, chaney and goodman were killed
and liuzzo was killed
and stokely fled the country
and le roi was arrested
and rap was arrested
and pollard, thompson and cooper were killed
and king was killed
and kennedy was killed
and i sometimes wonder why i didn't become a
debutante
sitting on porches, going to church all the time,
wondering
is my eye make-up on straight
or a withdrawn discoursing on the stars and moon
instead of a for real Black person who must now feel
and inflict
pain

Angela Khristin Brown

Baby Shoes Never Worn

In this journey
I am blessed
to see you smile
to feel loved
to be held
Are the tears of hope
To bring joy
to find happiness
to celebrate life
Are the tears that flow
The glow in your eyes
the warmth of your smile
the grace of your beauty
to give life
to have a child
is the gift you bring
And to give birth to a child
in my life
is a true blessing

Angela Khristin Brown

Black Power

To the young porter who's names not George
Pullman who started the revolution of equality
Of fair representation
Through a court decision of Plusy vs. Ferguson
Started a union of black lives matter
And porters had their rights too
Blacks Underrepresented in education
Brown vs. the board of education
Gave blacks the foundation
For Green to be the first in Alabama to graduate from an all white school
Underated separation of state segregated
Unjust laws of Jim Crow
Segregated the south
Bus transportation where blacks had to give up their seat to whites
Until Rosa Parks refused and was escorted off the bus by police
Martin Luther King led the protest for the boycotts
Four collard girls were slain to rest at the bombing of an Alabama Ebineezer Baptist church
Martin led the way to Civil Rights in the legacy of Gandhi
Martin stole the vision of Pullman protest
And fought for voting rights, boycotts and the sanitation union
Bloody Sunday was the turning point of the Civil Rights struggle
Three courageous men tried to register blacks the right to vote
In the heart of Mississippi
And lost their lives
A young boy loss his life to a horrible death for whistling at a white woman
Merger Evers the first black to graduate at Mississippi state, the president of NAACP
Lost his life fighting for equality
Unjust laws of a Woolworth store in North Carolina
Separate but equal denied blacks
To sit at a lunch counter
Where the laws were unjustified
Four college students protest would remodify
Racial ties allowing blacks equal access in public domains
The freedom riders protest against segregation remediate laws of separation
Malcolm X led the way, preaching against racial hate
To end racism By all means to free the mind by all extremes
The black panthers and the black power movement

Where men carried guns, protested against poverty
By assisting the needs of the poor, with food, education and providing health care

Angela Khristin Brown

Black-Mamma Faces

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:
n*gger, n*gger b*tch, 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.

Angela Khristin Brown

Brown Skin Girls

Brown skin you are beautiful in every way
With the way you carry yourself
Your perfect in every way
Brown skin your color is more precious
From the time you brought life
The beauty within who you are
Shows pride on the outside
Brown skin you are an African queen
Having dark skin is a beautiful thing
Brown skin your natural tan
Glows with the kiss of the sun
The warmth of your beauty
Radiates with love
Those people who judge you
For the color of your skin
Are blinded with envy
Take pride in your skin your in

Angela Khristin Brown

But Still

I don't have everything
As a matter of fact I don't have anything,
except a dream of a better day
And you, to help me find my way
Being a man I am sure to make mistakes
But to keep you, I would do all it takes
and if it meant my love was really true
I'd gladly die and watch over you
I wish you knew how much I cared
You'd see my love is true. By the life we'd share
Even if you changed your mind and said our love was thru
I'd want to die, continuously cry and still I'd love you

Angela Khristin Brown

Chances Are

The chances are I'd be illen
I'd be out on my own chillen
Without a father
Who loved me
A single mother
With no moral support
Chances are my child taken
Away after birth
By child protective services
Chances are my kids flunk out
Of school roaming the streets
Murdered by the police
For dealing drugs
Or thrown in prison
Without a chance
Three strikes your out
Chances are they be
Caught up in street wars
Dying because of a color
He wore outside his jurisdiction
Chances are my girl
Be pregnant at twelve
Her body up for sale
And ends up as a stripper
Chances are my son
Lives in a mental facility
Living gay on cocain
Hustlin stollen items
For security

Angela Khristin Brown

Derek Walcott

Derek Walcott died and left behind a trilogy, to remember
His act of grasping, reaching poetry, a disturbing intellect.
Born in 1930 in what used to be called a "colonial backwater"
By the center of power, he inherited the psychic deluge
Many flailed under. That he triumphed was testimony
To his genius and an unusual industry,
Contradicting the order of the times.
He had a natural gift for understanding. He contributed
To the arrogance of elegance, speaking for the tensions
He fled in life. He defined terror for beauty with
Duress and depravity, dignity with dialect for the islands
He undermined reasons for living in the island as
A spiritual oasis.

Angela Khristin Brown

Derik Wilcott

An actor who used meter to compose sound and diction;

A blind man who sculpted images from his imagination;

A musician who listened carefully for the notes through sound.

He was an activist who spoke wisely on the pain of containment;

Derek used his voice to paint the image of delusion;

He wisely opposed the media with provoking thoughts of allusion.

A strayed by bondage, he died a stranger to his homeland

For his vision of the world economy was carefully foretold the truth,

Derek Walcott was a poet activist who followed all the rules.

Angela Khristin Brown

Detroit Conference Of Unity And Art

Detroit Conference of Unity and Art
(For HRB)

We went there to confer
On the possibility of
Blackness
And the inevitability of
Revolution

We talked about
Black leaders
And
Black Love

We talked about
Women
And Black men

No doubt many important
Resolutions
Were passed
As we climbed Malcolm's ladder

But the most
Valid of them
All was that
Rap chose me

Angela Khristin Brown

Ego Tripping

I was born in the Congo
I walked to the Fertile Crescent and built
The Sphinx
I designed a pyramid so tough that a star
That only glows every one hundred years falls
Into the center giving divine perfect light
I am bad

I sat on the throne
Drinking nectar with Allah
I got hot and sent an ice age to Europe
To cool my thirst
My oldest daughter is Nefertiti
The tears from my birth pains
Created the Nile
I am a beautiful woman

I gazed on the forest and burned
Out the Sahara desert
With a packet of goat's meat
And a change of clothes
I crossed it in two hours
I am a gazelle so swift
So swift you can't catch me

For a birthday present when he was three
I gave my son Hannibal an elephant
He gave me Rome for mother's day
My strength flows ever on

My son Noah built New/Ark and
I stood proudly at the helm
As we sailed on a soft summer day
I turned myself into myself and was
Jesus
Men intone my loving name
All praises All praises
I am the one who would save

I sowed diamonds in my back yard
My bowels deliver uranium
The filings from my fingernails are
Semi-precious jewels
On a trip north
I caught a cold and blew
My nose giving oil to the Arab world
I am so hip even my errors are correct
I sailed west to reach east and had to round off
The earth as I went
The hair from my head thinned and gold was laid
Across three continents

I am so perfect so divine so ethereal so surreal
I cannot be comprehended except by my permission

I mean...I...can fly
Like a bird in the sky

Angela Khristin Brown

Elegy Of Death

Elegy of Death Imagery
- Written by Angela Brown
A youthful spirit retracts,
A reflection of sun light piercing
Through cast shadows of death.

A silver crescent moon
Dangling in the dark, empty sky
Amongst a galaxy of stars.

Tears dropping downward
From the sky of desolate gray clouds
Wanting to have you near.

Day by day I overcome loss
Isolated from disparity
Subsuming the struggle of uncertainty.

The world is spinning inside my mind
Losing sight of the scent of sweet flowers
Blowing in the wind of frozen time.

Saluting sorrow in an apron of pain
Hoping someday to return
Sustaining time underneath the calm sea.

Waiting and yearning for a spirit to return
To feel the cool air pierce my skin
With the sign from a spring breeze.

Angela Khristin Brown

Failure

If in my quest 2 achieve my goals
I stumble or crumble and lose my soul
Those that knew me would easily co-sign
There was never a life as hard as mine
No father - no money - no chance and no guide
I only follow my voice inside
If it guides me wrong and I do not win
I'll learn from mistakes and try 2 achieve again.

Angela Khristin Brown

Family

Because we all spring from different trees
Does not mean we are not created equally
Is the true beauty in the tree
Or in the vast forest in which it breathes?

I find greatness in the tree, that grows against all odds
It blossoms in darkness, and gives birth to promising pods

I was that tree that grew from the weeds and wasn't meant to be
Ashamed I'm not, in fact I am proud, of my thriving - family - tree

[Singing]
The rose that grew from concrete, yeah
The tree that wasn't meant to be
Though I.. struggle in my life, I never give up
And you.. know that I, will always be by your side
My family tree.. yeah a family tree
Yeah, my family tree.. my fam-i-ly tree

I find, greatness in the tree that grows against all odds
It blossoms in.. darkness, and gives birth to a promising pod
You'll never see me give up

I will press on.. never hold my head alone
Never no.. my family tree.. my family tree yeahhh
My family treeeee.. family treeeee..

[Speaking]
Because we all spring from different trees
Does not mean we are not created equally
Is the true beauty in the tree
Or in the vast forest in which it breathes?

The tree must fight to breathe
Among the evils of the weeds

I find greatness in the tree, that grows against all odds

Ashamed I'm not, in fact I am proud, of my thriving - family - tree

Angela Khristin Brown

Fear

One two..
Dedicated, dedicated..
Yo I remember, it musta been about, ninety-one, ninety-two
Somethin like that..
We had did a show, in San Fran', and 'Pac ran up on stage with us
We was doin "Check the Rhime"
And after he got up with us, went to the back
And he asked me if I saw "Juice" - figure it just came out
I remember givin him love
We always had that respect for each other heh, y'knahmsayin?
I guess uh.. we was enjoined kinda on the same path of truth
Or whatever whatever
But he still here though
I know uhm ahh ahh ahh ahh ahh I know it, y'knahmsayin?
I feel him right here
Yeah, I just feel him right here
Hah, hmm, I just feel him right here
Huh, I'ma take my time, I'ma do this joint
Ha ha ha, ha ha
The fear, in the heart, of a man
Dedicated to my heart, my ha-ha-heart
The fear, in the heart, of a man
Dedicated to my heart..

Against an attacker, I will boldly take my stand
Because my heart will show, fear for no man
Before a broken heart, I run with fright
Scared to be blind in the vulnerable night
Uhh, I believe this fear is in every man
Some will acknowledge it, others will fail to understand
Uhh uhh uhh uhh, there's no fear in a shallow heart

Angela Khristin Brown

For Saundra

I wanted to write
a poem
that rhymes
but revolution doesn't lend
itself to be-bopping

then my neighbor
who thinks i hate
asked - do you ever write
tree poems - i like trees
so i thought
i'll write a beautiful green tree poem
peeked from my window
to check the image
noticed that the school yard was covered
with asphalt
no green - no trees grow
in manhattan

then, well, i thought the sky
i'll do a big blue sky poem
but all the clouds have winged
low since no-di*k was elected

so i thought again
and it occurred to me
maybe i shouldn't write
at all
but clean my gun
and check my kerosene supply

perhaps these are not poetic
times
at all

For Terresa

and when i was all alone
facing my adolescence
looking forward
to cleaning house
and reading books
and maybe learning bridge
so that i could fit
into acceptable society
acceptably
you came along
and loved me
for being black and b*tchy
hateful and scared
and you came along
and cared that i got
all the things necessary
to adulthood
and even made sure
i wouldn't hate
my mother
or father
and you even understood
that i should love
peppe
but not too much
and give to gary
but not all of me
and keep on moving
'til i found me
and now you're sick
and have been hurt
for some time
and i've felt guilty
and impotent
for not being able'
to give yourself
to you
as you gave
yourself

to me

Angela Khristin Brown

For Women

A strong woman is a woman at work
Cleaning out the cesspool of the ages
And while she shovels, she talks about
How she doesn't mind crying, because it opens up
The ducts of her eyes, while throwing up, but
She goes on shoveling with tears of hope
Her head is a manhole cover
Trying To butt her way through a steel wall
She is not as strong as a stone but as a wolf
Suckling her young
A strong woman
Is a mass of scar tissue that aches
When it rains her wounds bleed
As past memories subside
She paces her steps
In the night quietly to and from
Her journey home
A strong woman is a woman making
Herself strong every morning while her teeth
Loosen and her back throbs. Every baby
Every tooth, midwives used to say, and now
Every battle a scar carries her legacy
A strong woman is a woman who craves love
Like oxygen or she'll turn blue while Choking

Angela Khristin Brown

Forever

U say that u'll love me forever but what about today
As the dusks become dawns and the years pass on will u love me the same way
If so let us rejoice and bathe in constant pleasure
If not spare my heart today and I shall recover before forever
And if my doubts and? 's upset u, forgive my fragile heart
I just wanted 2 know if you'd love me forever
Before Today would START!

Angela Khristin Brown

Freedom

Sometimes I wonder about this race
Because we must be blind as Hell
2 think we live in equality
while Nelson Mandela rots in a jail cell
Where the shores of Howard Beach
are full of Afrikan corpses
And those that do live 2 be 18
Bumrush 2 join the Armed Forces
This so called "Home of the Brave"
why isn't anybody Backing us up!
When they c these crooked ass Redneck cops
constantly Jacking us up
Now I bet some punk will say I'm racist
I can tell by the way you smile at me
then I remember George Jackson, Huey Newton
and Geronimo 2 hell with Lady Liberty

Angela Khristin Brown

Gentrification

It's unrealistic to think denial
Indangers disbelief
We're losing our freedom
Unaware where it's taking us
We're caught up in a struggle
Treated as unequal
As outcast we don't belong
One by one we live in fear
Power, corruption, greed
Killing one another off
With hate as it's trigger
Our brothers being murdered
By the police
We're headed for extension
History moving us back in time
In back ally's dying basements of time
We have the highest incarceration in history
Society's rise of gentrification
Racism has become the foundation
Of our nation
Blacks are the outcast
Now judged by their peers
One nation under God
We live in fear
Ignorance has taken us back to slavery
Devalued by society ills of propriety
As if we're not good enough
Our vote doesn't count
Our voice doesn't matter
As if they're ignoring us
It takes courage to confront our subconscious
We must learn to manifest in our dreams
To delaminates the ills of society
A dream becomes reality
When we become detractors of societ

Angela Khristin Brown

God

God
When I was alone, and had nothing
I asked for a friend to help me bear the pain
No one came, except God
When I needed a breath to rise, from my sleep
No one could help me.. except God
When all I saw was sadness, and I needed answers
No one heard me, except God
So when I'm asked.. who I give my unconditional love to?
I look for no other name, except God

Angela Khristin Brown

Good Times

Oh, why I feel the blues?
Oh, why do I feel the blues?
Sound got my legs to wiggling
Sound got my feet to giggling. Oh, why I feel the blues?
I have fallen in love with the tune
I have fallen all too soon
I have fallen the month of June. Oh, why I feel the blues?
Oh, sly, my time news
The rhythmic beats of June
Box. Playing the sound of tunes. Oh, why I feel the blues?
I fell in love to soon
And now I am paying my dues
Oh, why I feel the blues? Mississippi 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 was 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. Dont go baby. Dont go. Blues on My Mind
Got the blues on my mind
For quite some time
The blues on my mind
All the time. Each night I am with you
The rhythm dances
Feeling the blues

Got my feet tapping. Got the blues on my mind
Got the blues on my mind. I feel the blues in my heart
I feel the blues deep within
Got me hollering sweet nothings
Blues got me living in sin. Ain't no other like the blues

The rhythm got me chanting
Bee bop tunes. Bee bop
To Bee bop, To Bee bop tunes. Vegas Radio Tunes
The blues play a jingle
On the radio. Listen to
Gillespie blow. Listen to
Gillespie blow. Gillespie blows
That horn so well, I think I
Have fallen for his spell. The blues
Plays that jingle on the radio. Swaying
To the tune of smooth blues. The blues
The kind of music that captivates
My mind. The blues the type of sounds that
Got me hypnotized. Gillespie blow. Gillespie
Blow. Play that sound. Play the sound of
The blues I like to listen to. I been listening
For over an hour at a time. Blues got me
Feeling Vegas tunes. Blues Language
Music is a language
Revealed through the notes
Telling a story of familiar sounds
A message that is wrote Music is a melody
A discipline in time
The blues is a quality
Of a usage of rhyme. Blues is a form of music
That entails a point of view
Blues, a type of intellect
That got my mind and heart too

Angela Khristin Brown

Huey P Newton

They could never understand
what u set out 2 do
instead they chose 2
ridicule u
when u got weak
They loved the sight
of your dimming
and flickering starlight
How could they understand what was so intricate
2 be loved by so many, so intimate
they wanted 2 c your lifeless corpse
This way u could not alter the course
of ignorance that they have set
2 make my people forget
what they have done for much 2 long
2 just forget and carry on
I had loved u forever because of who u R
And now I mourn our fallen star

Angela Khristin Brown

I Cry

Sometimes when I'm alone
I cry because I'm on my own
The tears I cry R bitter and warm
They flow with life but take no form
I cry because my heart is torn
and I find it difficult 2 carry on
If I had an ear 2 confide in
I would cry among my treasured friends
But who do u know that stops that long
To help another carry on
The world moves fast and it would rather pass u by
than 2 stop and c what makes u cry
It's painful and sad and sometimes I cry
and no one cares about why.

Angela Khristin Brown

Imprint Of My Heart

A Mother whispers love
With the weeping of joyful praise
As her silence echoes quietly
And time remains still

Her tears bring back new life
As the rays from the sun
Break up the grey clouds
That pours down tears of joy

Like the colors of fall leaves
Red, yellow, orange, green
Leaves that covet shallow ground
Her love embraces nature calling her

More precious than spring
A new flower begins to bud
Blooming its sweet nectar
While blowing its warm scent in the wind

A summer's day shines brightly in the sun
As a family gathers freely in time
Loving one another feeling Mother's love
While loving life itself

And a mother's love is but a dream
Of a pressed leaf that stains its imprint
On a blank page of my heart
Leaving its final words of loving life
For a mother love comes from her heart

Angela Khristin Brown

Lament

From my mind 2 the depths of my soul
I yearn 2 achieve all of my goals
And all of my free time will be spent
On the 1's I miss I will lament

I am not a perfectionist
But still I seek perfection
I am not a great romantic
But yet I yearn 4 affection

Eternally my mind will produce
ways 2 put my talents 2 use
and when I'm done no matter where I've been
I'll yearn 2 do it all again.

Angela Khristin Brown

Laws In Motion

(for Harlem Magic)
The laws of science teach us a pound of gold weighs as much as a pound of flour though if dropped from any undetermined height in their natural state one would reach bottom and one would fly away

Laws of motion tell us an inert object is more difficult to propel than an object heading in the wrong direction is to turn around. Motion being energy—inertia—apathy. Apathy equals hostility. Hostility—violence. Violence being energy is its own virtue. Laws of motion teach us

Black people are no less confused because of our Blackness than we are diffused because of our powerlessness. Man we are told is the only animal who smiles with his lips. The eyes however are the mirror of the soul

The problem with love is not what we feel but what we wish we felt when we began to feel we should feel something. Just as publicity is not production: seduction is not seductive

If I could make a wish I'd wish for all the knowledge of all the world. Black may be beautiful Professor Micheau

says but knowledge is power. Any desirable object is bought and sold—any neglected object declines in value. It is against man's nature to be in either category

If white defines Black and good defines evil then men define women or women scientifically speaking describe men. If sweet is the opposite of sour and heat the absence of cold then love is the contradiction of pain and beauty is in the eye of the beheld

Sometimes I want to touch you and be touched in

return. But you think I'm grabbing and I think you're shirking and Mama always said to look out for men like you

So I go to the streets with my lips painted red and my eyes carefully shielded to seduce the world my reluctant lover

And you go to your men slapping fives feeling good posing as a man because you know as long as you sit very very still the laws of motion will be in effect

Angela Khristin Brown

Librarian

This is my first memory:
A big room with heavy wooden tables that sat on a creaky
Wood floor
A line of green shades—bankers' lights—down the center
Heavy oak chairs that were too low or maybe I was simply
Too short
For me to sit in and read
So my first book was always big

In the foyer up four steps a semi-circle desk presided
To the left side the card catalogue
On the right newspapers draped over what looked like
A quilt rack
Magazines face out from the wall

The welcoming smile of my librarian
The anticipation in my heart
All those books—another world—just waiting
At my fingertips

Angela Khristin Brown

Life

Life through my bloodshot eyes
would scare a square 2 death
poverty, murder, violence
and never a moment 2 rest
Fun and games R few
but treasured like gold 2 me
cuz I realize that I must return
2 my spot in poverty
But mock my words when I say
my heart will not exist
unless my destiny comes through
and puts an end 2 all of this

Angela Khristin Brown

Malcolm

Malcolm Little was the father of a Baptist minister
Who died a tragic death by klansman for preaching faith
His mother was Indian, after her husbands death, was said unfit to raise her kids and she was confined to a mental hospital
Malcolm an orphan was taken to a private school as an adult he was let astray
Broken he stole and lost his way
Hustling horse numbers doing Illegal gambling
One day he was caught stealing and confined to prison
Where he had a religious revelation
An inmate introduced Alahs revelation
He studied the dictionary without hesitation
It was then he learned to articulate words
He then began reformation to convert to the Muslim faith
After he met Mahamed he changed his ways
He changed his name to Malcolm X
He earned a Masters degree while in prison
And when he was released from prison
He traveled to Africa on a pilgrimage to Mecca
He became an advocate for Civil Rights
His leadership spoke on black rights
He led his people with courage and wisdom
He questioned the actions of Mahamad
Infidelity
Had blasphemy on the presidents Cuba scheme
That led to his assassination unexpectedly
By the FBI or the Muslim community

Angela Khristin Brown

Ms Hawkins

This poem is addressed 2 Mrs. Hawkins
who lost her son 2 a racist society
I'm not out 2 offend the positive souls
only the racist dogs who lied 2 me
An American culture plagued with nights
like the night Yusef was killed
if it were reversed it would be the work
of a savage but this white killer was just strong-willed
But Mrs. Hawkins as sure as I'm a Panther
with the blood of Malcolm in my veins
America will never rest
if Yusef dies in vain!

Angela Khristin Brown

Ode To A Cock Roach

To the creepy, crawly swine
A bug with the long feet.
Who marched about like tall ants,
And roamed about vicariously.
At midnight, it crawled conspicuously
Through narrow dark hallways of life,
And across our old wooden floors.
Whose spirit was slain to death by me unexpectedly
On the stairwell to recovery.
Quietly it lies, rested, quiet and still
On a mid-November night,
Known to roam and covet all food and everything in sight
And now the ratchet pest is slain to rest
In a decedent home for disgusting insects.
And on its grave amongst the trash,
It's grave read ‘A shrine for the Envied'.
On its journey to a stairwell to Heaven.

Angela Khristin Brown

One Love

There were 2 people with one wish
2 Live a Life filled with LOVE
2 GOD they would pray that 2gether they'd stay
under the stars above
But someone else made a wish
at the same time on the same breath
And although the wish 4 love was granted
So was this evil wish 4 Death
Now I make a wish
sealed with tears and laughter
It is my wish that these 2 loves
R reunited in the hereafter

Angela Khristin Brown

Only

(For Barbara Crosby)
While it is true
(though only in a factual sense)
That in the wake of a
Her-I-can comes a
Shower
Surely I am not
The gravitating force
that keeps this house
full of panthers

Why, LBJ has made it
quite clear to me
He doesn't give a
Good goddamn what I think
(else why would he continue to masterbate in public?)

Rhythm and Blues is not
The downfall of a great civilization
And I expect you to
Realize
That the Temptations
have no connection with
The CIA

We must move on to
the true issues of
Our time
like the mini-skirt
Rebellion
And perhaps take a
Closer look at
Flour power

It is for Us
to lead our people
out of the
Wein-Bars
into the streets

into the streets
(for safety reasons only)
Lord knows we don't
Want to lose the
support
of our Jewish friends

So let us work
for our day of Presence
When Stokely is in
The Black House
And all will be right with
Our World

Angela Khristin Brown

Pain

[Intro: Providence & RasDaveed]
Ooooh Ooooh
Tell me I will be there
Tell me I will be there
Tell me I will be there
Tell me I will be there
Yeah....

[Verse 1: Providence]
If there be pain
All you have to do is call on me
If there be pain (hmm hmmm)
All you have to do is call on me
To be with you (to be with you)
And before you hang up the phone
You will no longer be alone
Together we can never fall
Because our love will conquer all

[RasDaveed chants]

[Verse 2: Providence]
If there be pain
Reach out for a helping hand
If there be pain
And I shall hold you wherever I am
Every breath I breathe will be into you
For without you here my joy is through
My life was lived through falling rain
So call on me if there be pain

[Outro: Providence & RasDaveed El Harar]
If there be pain
Every breath I breathe will be into you
For without you here my joy is through
My life was lived through falling rain
So call on me if there be pain

If you need me

If you need me
Ooohh ooooh

Angela Khristin Brown

Panther

[Intro]
This song is dedicated
To the mothers and the children of the revolution
From 2Pac, to Afeni Shakur
And many many more
This is for you
One love, one life

[Verse]
Can you see.. the pride of the panther
As she nurtures.. her young all alone
It's the seed.. that must grow regardless
Of the fact that, it's been planted in stone
Can you see.. the pride of the panther
In the concrete jungle, alone with her cub
It's the seed.. that must come to harvest
It's the tree.. that must grow out of love
Can you see the pride in the panther
As he glows in splendor and grace?
Topling obstacles placed
In the way of the progression of his race?
Can you see the pride in the panther
As she nurtures her young, all alone?
The seed must grow regardless
Of the fact that it's planted in stone
Can't you see the pride of the panthers
As they unify, as one?
The flower blooms with brilliance and
Outshines all the rays of the sun
Keeps bright like the rays of the sun
Carries out like the rays of the sun
Keeps bright like the rays of the sun
Shines bright like a new day begun
Can you see the pride in the panther
As he glows in splendor and grace?
Topling the obstacles placed
In the way of the progression of his race
Can you see the pride in the panther
As she nurtures her young all alone?

The seed must grow, regardless
Of the fact that it's been planted in stone
Can't you see the pride of the panthers
As they unify as one?
The flower blooms, with brilliance
And outshines all the rays of the sun
It outshines all the rays of the sun
Carries out like a new day begun (uh-huh)
It shines bright like the rays of the sun (hah)
And keeps high like a new day begun

[Bridge]
Shines bright like the rays of the SUN!
Keeps high like a new day begun
Carry out like the rays of the sun
Keep on like a new day begun, say
Shine bright like the rays of the SUN!
Keep high like a new day begun, say
Shine bright like the rays of the sun (c'mon)
Keep high like a new day begun, say
Shine bright like the rays of the SUN!
Keep high like a new day begun, yes
To shine bright like the rays of the sun (uh-huh)
Carry out like a new day begun, say (c'mon)
SHINE BRIGHT LIKE THE RAYS OF THE SUN (whoo!)
Keep high like a new day begun (ha ha)
Shine bright like the rays of the sun say (c'mon)
Keep it high like the new day begin say
SHINE BRIGHT LIKE THE RAYS OF THE SUN (whoo!)
Keep high like a new day begun (ha ha)
Shine bright like the rays of the sun (yeah)
Carry out like the rays of the sun (huh)
Carry out like a new day begun
A new day begun, a new day begun
A new day begun begun begun begun
Begun begun begun.. hoo!
Power to the people! (Power to the people)
He said.. power to the people! (Power to the people)
He said.. power to the people! (Power to the people)
He said.. love is people power (LOVE)
Love is people power (LOVE)
Love is people power (LOVE)

Love is people power (when all else crumbles)
Love is people power (love must prevail)
Love is the people's power

[Outro]
Every revolutionary act is a act of love
And love is the engine of the revolution
I love y'all, like 'Pac loved y'all
Like Afeni loved 'Pac, like we love Afeni
Like we love love.. one love

Angela Khristin Brown

Peaceful Protest

We need a resolution
Free our minds and souls
We want to be free
Don't hate me cause I'm different
I've been struggling since I was born
I was called on
By God to make a difference
It was not me who forged reinference
Who abandoned my brothers ignorance
Broken promises unpaid reparations
Spreading hate across nations
Poising minds with lies and regret
Save me from embarrassment
Of lies and regrets
Power of arrogance misunderstood
Played back in misfortunes
And delusions lies and deception
The system created by exploitation
We regret the in painful depression
The threat of war
That divide us eternally
Stop all the haters terrorizing our nation
Many of us are dying of starvation
Voices of power cross generations of greed
Stealing our freedom at the seems
The image of darkness opened at our feet
History is crippling our minds with poison
We must fight back from the destitution
We must understand where we are today
We took it for granted
What we had was so easily taken away
We must end all hate, poverty and neglect
Because it's the cause used
As a weapon to district us

Angela Khristin Brown

Possum Crossing

Backing out the driveway
The car lights cast an eerie glow
In the morning fog centering
On movement in the rain slick street

Hitting brakes I anticipate a squirrel or a cat or sometimes
A little raccoon
I once braked for a blind little mole who try though he did
Could not escape the cat toying with his life
Mother-to-be possum occasionally lopes home... being
Naturally... slow her condition makes her even more ginger

We need a sign POSSUM CROSSING to warn coffee-gurgling neighbors:
We share the streets with more than trucks and vans and
Railroad crossings

All birds being the living kin of dinosaurs
Think themselves invincible and pay no heed
To the rolling wheels while they dine
On an unlucky rabbit

I hit brakes for the flutter of the lights hoping it's not a deer
Or a skunk or a groundhog
Coffee splashes over the cup which I quickly put away from me
And into the empty passenger seat
I look..
Relieved and exasperated...
To discover I have just missed a big wet leaf
Struggling... to lift itself into the wind
And live

Angela Khristin Brown

Purpose

I am the voice
No one hears
No one listens
My voice carries
In the wind
No one cares anymore
I'm not corporate America
I'm not wealthy
I'm not white
So I don't matter
I'm the transgendered
I'm the poor
I'm the uneducated
I'm the minority
Whose been left out
We dream of a world
We once had
The land of the free
free and equal for every race
everyone chanced at prosperity
My wish to humanity
Is that light shines once more
Before the candle wick burns out
And then darkness prevails
And we lose sight of our purpose

Angela Khristin Brown

Quilts

(for Sally Sellers)

Like a fading piece of cloth
I am a failure

No longer do I cover tables filled with food and laughter
My seams are frayed my hems falling my strength no longer able
To hold the hot and cold

I wish for those first days
When just woven I could keep water
From seeping through
Repelled stains with the tightness of my weave
Dazzled the sunlight with my
Reflection

I grow old though pleased with my memories
The tasks I can no longer complete
Are balanced by the love of the tasks gone past

I offer no apology only
This plea:

When I am frayed and strained and drizzle at the end
Please someone cut a square and put me in a quilt
That I might keep some child warm

And some old person with no one else to talk to
Will hear my whispers

And cuddle
Near

Angela Khristin Brown

Rage

State of mind
Contrary to what is said
A delusional hatred
To be mistaken for love
Voices. Voices that welcome madness
Immoral words that imitate denial and bigotry
Words used to break you down
Rob you; make you a criminal of self thought
Was that what I thought you said?
A blind man realize on touch
A sane man on logic
Delusional voices that make me mad
That make me sad, that make me want to fight back
To defend my youth, defend my cultural heritage
Where prejudice has no warrant
Spoken words, only justifies reasons to be misunderstood
I will not be judged or profiled or prejudged by fault only credibility
For I too am America

Angela Khristin Brown

Rap

a good rap song
carries a beat
foot tapping
fingers snapping
it is all about the base
about the base
and the drums

rap lyrics are behind the phrase
do not understand the street language
but most know the words to the refrain

rap is broken down knowledge
of ghetto blues
mixed with underground hip hop
Reggie, soul, and r & b tunes
talking all the jive
with an attitude of street poems
you can feel because you relate to it
keeping the words real

rap is our strength
the voice of the people
knowledge is power
a spoken word poem recited
to Reggie, soul, jazz, and r & b tunes

rap is the word up
straight out of the hood
rap, the wisdom of words
rap, words of peace
rap, the words of poetry
about our people

Angela Khristin Brown

Rebirth

First there was nothing
Not even the Faint echo of a song
Loneliness was daily 4 me
until u came along
There was a gleam of STARS in your eyes
I thought I'd never feel this way again
But u were the one 2 reach into my heart
And find in me a Friend
I could not ignore the magnetism
that I felt when u were near
And any problems plaguing my mind
would suddenly disappear
It was the rebirth of my heart
The day u became my friend
Because I knew from the moment
I held u that I would find love again

Angela Khristin Brown

Red War

No, I did not expect to die
A one-shot blow to the head
A loaded gun c*cked right at me
I lay in bloody streets of hate
Foreshadowing the danger
I was held against my will
Of so many lives at stake
I denounce the fear of hate
Why can we not nogotiate
The horror that repeats
Time and time again
Boys with toy guns
Bang, bang
When will it all end.

Japan were our allies in WWII
They bombed Pearl Harbor
A threat to surrounding nations
North Korea were communist
Americans feared
I held my arms up
Told to get down on my knees
As a revolver pointed at me
I was not welcome here
I was frisked at this moment
Hands clasped behind head
Legs forced apart
I had been mistaken
For identity fraud
It was against my will
In a war I tried to avoid.

Korea divided left and right
Bowing heads, ashamed mercifully
A lot is at risk of having nuclear war
Abominate, eliminate
Conquer the eastern world
Hold up, control, take over
Live or die

And the color red
Policing the world
And we all fall down

Angela Khristin Brown

Rosa

This is for the Pullman Porters who organized when people said they couldn't. And carried the Pittsburgh Courier and the Chicago Defender to the Black Americans in the South so they would know they were not alone. This is for the Pullman Porters who

helped Thurgood Marshall go south and come back north to fight the fight that resulted in Brown v. Board of Education because even though Kansas is west and even though Topeka is the birth-place of Gwendolyn Brooks, who wrote the powerful "The Chicago Defender Sends a Man to Little Rock, " it was the Pullman Porters who whispered to the traveling men both the Blues Men and the "Race" Men so that they both would know what was going on. This is for the Pullman Porters who smiled as if they were happy and laughed like they were tickled when some folks were around and who silently rejoiced in 1954 when the Supreme Court announced its 9—0 decision that "sepa-rate is inherently unequal." This is for the Pullman Porters who smiled and welcomed a fourteen-year-old boy onto their train in 1955. They noticed his slight limp that he tried to disguise with a doo-wop walk; they noticed his stutter and probably understood why his mother wanted him out of Chicago during the summer when school was out. Fourteen-year-old Black boys with limps and stutters are apt to try to prove themselves in dangerous ways when mothers aren't around to look after them. So this is for the Pullman Porters who looked over that fourteen-year-old while the train rolled the reverse of the Blues Highway from Chicago to St. Louis to Memphis to Mississippi. This is for the men who kept him safe; and if Emmett Till had been able to stay on a train all summer he would have maybe grown a bit of a paunch, certainly lost his hair, probably have worn bifocals and bounced his grand-children on his knee telling them about his summer riding the rails. But he had to get off the train. And ended up in Money, Mississippi. And was horribly, brutally, inexcusably, and unac-ceptably murdered. This is for the Pullman Porters who, when the sheriff was trying to get the body secretly buried, got Emmett's body on the northbound train, got his body home to Chicago, where his mother said: I want the world to see what they did

to my boy. And this is for all the mothers who cried. And this is for all the people who said Never Again. And this is about Rosa Parks whose feet were not so tired, it had been, after all, an ordinary day, until the bus driver gave her the opportunity to make history. This is about Mrs. Rosa Parks from Tuskegee, Alabama, who was also the field secretary of the NAACP. This is about the moment Rosa Parks shouldered her cross, put her worldly goods aside, was willing to sacrifice her life, so that that young man in Money, Mississippi, who had been so well protected by the Pullman Porters, would not have died in vain. When Mrs. Parks said "NO" a passionate movement was begun. No longer would there be a reliance on the law; there was a higher law. When Mrs. Parks brought that light of hers to expose the evil of the system, the sun came and rested on her shoulders bringing the heat and the light of truth. Others would follow Mrs. Parks. Four young men in Greensboro, North Carolina, would also say No. Great voices would be raised singing the praises of God and exhorting us "to forgive those who trespass against us." But it was the Pullman Porters who safely got Emmett to his granduncle and it was Mrs. Rosa Parks who could not stand that death. And in not being able to stand it. She sat back down.

Angela Khristin Brown

Saturday After The Breakup

I woke up ?at 10 a.m.?
I looked at the time
And turned over
Just to go back to sleep again

Time is dragging along
It's ?1 p.m.?
It seems so unrealistic
It takes time
To do the same routine
All over again
On borrowed time

?2 pm,
Every hair on my skin
Caressed against the white warm sudsy water
The moisture of soap lather
Against my damp cold wet skin
Feels rejuvenated

Flossing my teeth seems so unconditional
Like all the money it took to have
Braces to straighten my smile
And you called me goofy

?3 pm?
Each thin bristle of my brush
Wrestled with the silver strands
Of my coiled grey hair
Tamed hair laying down
Some sticking out
Like a bush of cotton
The mornings you called me medusa
I rubbed oil to lubricate
My cracked dry old skin
Making it delicate to touch

?At 4 pm?
And I dress putting on

My long black, lace shirt gown
You bought me
Just to cover up sad painful depression
Memories of once was between us
Was a good thing

?At 5 p.m.?
It seems the days
Are getting longer…
Because everything reminds me of you
Movies like
One day at a time
Sleepless in Seattle
As good as it gets
When I think about you
Feeling lonely compensates
For lost time

I look forward to
The fresh brew of coffee
In the morning, ?at 6: 00 p.m.?
Compensating for loss alibies
Forgotten memories of your last joke
Backwards in remission, your humor
Pacing in lapsed time

Its ?7 pm?
I am staring into empty space
Day dreaming of being with you…

It's now ?8: 00 p.m.?
And my mind is drifting
Into space
Into time
Into distance
Every moment of me
Wanting you in my life
I'm miserable without you
I shut my eyes and fall
In to deep deep sleep

Shiny Star

Secrets R hidden within the clouds
of Darkness,
And in this place no one Dares 2 Breathe
in Fear of self-expression
It has been this way
forever and a day
until she came 2 shine
with a spark of innocence and questions
only 2 be answered with Darkness
Not just Darkness but the silent kind
that steals your soul and kills your mind
There was no compassion
for this thriving star
only exploitations
and confused jealousy
u saw no hope and brought the end
Never acknowledging the star within

Angela Khristin Brown

Stary Night

[Intro: Quincy Jones]
Starry night.. an unknown creation
Written by, and from the archives of 2Pac Shakur
Dedicated to the memory of Vincent Van Gogh
A creative heart obsessed with satisfying
This dorment and uncaring society
You have given them the stars at night
And you have given them bountiful bouquets of sunflowers
But for you there's only contempt
Though you pour yourself into that frame and present it so proudly
This world could not accept your masterpieces, from the heart

Angela Khristin Brown

The Great Praxie

In the beginning was the word
And the word was
Death
And the word was n*gger
And the word was death to all n*ggers
And the word was death to all life
And the word was death to all
peace be still

The genesis was life
The genesis was death
In the genesis of death
Was the genesis of war
be still peace be still

In the name of peace
They waged the wars
ain't they got no shame

In the name of peace
Lot's wife is now a product of the Morton company
nah, they ain't got no shame

Noah packing his wife and kiddies up for a holiday
row row row your boat
But why'd you leave the unicorns, noah
Huh? why'd you leave them
While our Black Madonna stood there
Eighteen feet high holding Him in her arms
Listening to the rumblings of peace
be still be still

CAN I GET A WITNESS? WITNESS? WITNESS?
He wanted to know
And peter only asked who is that dude?
Who is that Black dude?
Looks like a troublemaker to me
And the foundations of the mighty mighty
Ro Man Cat holic church were laid

hallelujah Jesus
nah, they ain't got no shame

Cause they killed the Carthaginians
in the great appian way
And they killed the Moors
"to civilize a nation"
And they just killed the earth
And blew out the sun
In the name of a god
Whose genesis was white
And war wooed god
And america was born
Where war became peace
And genocide patriotism
And honor is a happy slave
cause all god's chillun need rhythm
And glory hallelujah why can't peace
be still

The great emancipator was a bigot
ain't they got no shame
And making the world safe for democracy
Were twenty millon slaves
nah, they ain't got no shame

And they barbecued six million
To raise the price of beef
And crossed the 38th parallel
To control the price of rice
ain't we never gonna see the light

And champagne was shipped out of the East
While kosher pork was introduced
To Africa
Only the torch can show the way

In the beginning was the deed
And the deed was death

And the honkies are getting confused

peace be still

So the great white prince
Was shot like a n*gger in texas
And our Black shining prince was murdered
like that thug in his cathedral
While our n*gger in memphis
was shot like their prince in dallas
And my lord
ain't we never gonna see the light
The rumblings of this peace must be stilled
be stilled be still

ahh Black people
ain't we got no pride?

Angela Khristin Brown

The Revolution

The Black Revolution is passing you bye
negroes
Anne Frank didn't put cheese and bread away for you
Because she knew it would be different this time
The naziboots don't march this year
Won't march next year
Won't come to pick you up in a
honka honka VW bus
So don't wait for that
negroes
They already got Malcolm
The already got LeRoi
They already strapped a harness on Rap
They already pulled Stokely's teeth
They already here if you can hear properly
negroes
Didn't you hear them when 40 thousand Indians died
from exposure to
honkies
Didn't you hear them when Viet children died from
exposure to napalm
Can't you hear them when Arab women die from exposure to
isrealijews
You hear them while you die from exposure to wine
and poverty programs
If you hear properly
negroes
Tomorrow was too late to properly arm yourself
See can you do an improper job now
See can you do now something, anything, but move now
negro
If the Black Revolution passes you bye it's for damned
sure
the whi-te reaction to it won't

Angela Khristin Brown

Time

I think of u in my arms
And what it would be like 2 Make Love
I think of u raising my SEED
And what they'd be made of
I think of how alone I was
Before u came 2 be
I think of the joy I felt
when u said u thought of me
I'm proud to be the heart u
choose 2 make a friend
Hours pass by and Cupid cries
until we meet again

Angela Khristin Brown

To The Sky Above

My child is out there somewhere
under the skies above
waiting anxiously 4 u and me
2 bless it with our love
A part of me a part of u
and a part of this love we share
will protect my unborn child
who lives dormant out there somewhere
Sometimes in my dreams
I imagine what it would be like
How could I properly guide him
when even I don't know what's right
Whether he is born in wealth or poverty
there will be no deficiency in love
I welcome this gift of life
given from GOD under the skies above

Angela Khristin Brown

Unspoken

I know my heart has lied before
But now it speaks, with honesty
Of an invisible bond of friendship, that was formed, in secrecy
Coming from me this may seem hard but, but to God I swear - it's truth
We are friends for eternity and for-ever I will always love.. you..

[Sung]
What of a love unspoken?
Is it weaker without a name?
Does love exist without a title
Because I do not share it's name?

[Tre']
All my life I've dreamed of
Of meeting one with immense beauty and
And once I found her I would charm her and
And she'd be mine forever (mine forever)
I found her and, indeed she is all that I, wished for and more but she
Is not charmed nor intrigued (not charmed, nor intrigued)
Then I think to myself what.. can I offer her
The tears warm my eyes and blur my, vision I
Stick to my stance of bravado and give her
The same uninterested look that she, gave, me
(She was so beautiful)She was so beautiful
But what.. can I offer her?

You say that you'll love me forever but
But what about today?
As the dusks become the dawns and the years pass on will you
Love me (love me)the same way (the same way) ?
If so let us rejoice and bathe in this constant pleasure
If not spare my heart today and I shall recover before, forever
And if my doubts and questions upset you
(forgive my fragile heart)forgive my fragile heart
I just wanted to know if you'd love me forever before today
Would start (would you love me.. would you love me..)

[Sung]
What of a love unspoken?

What of a love unspoken?

{*applause and shouting*}

Angela Khristin Brown

Wake Me When Im Free

Babatunde Olatunji]
Please.. wake me when I am free
I cannot bear captivity
Where my country, I am told, "Hold no significance"
I waited and died in ignorance
But my inner eye can see, a race
Who reigned as king in another place
The green trees were rich and full
And every man spoke of beautiful men and women together as equals

War was gone because all was at peace
But now like a nightmare, I woke to see
That I live like a prisoner of poverty..

Please.. wake me when I am free
I cannot bear captivity
For, I would rather be stricken blind
Than to live without expression of mind

Angela Khristin Brown

We

We, Are America
We mourned the loss,
Of family and friends
Affected us all deeply
We are the victims.

We are a community of family and friends,
Shaken up, and distraught
Of an unexpected violent act
That ended lives and injured many.

To aid, to help, to support the victims
Of the deadliest act of terror,
In American history
We, Americans bonded.

America came together,
America mourned together,
America was there for each other,
America was strong.

Angela Khristin Brown

What I See

With my eyes closed I can c
we have a chance 2 discover ecstasy
but the clouds of doubt have made u blind
but the clouds of doubt have made u blind
so u R afraid of the emotions that u may find
I know that u've been hurt before
but this is no excuse 4 u 2 ignore
the seed that cupid planted, in hopes that we would sow
This infant emotion deserves 2 breathe so why won't u let it grow
A neglected flower will wither and on its own it will surely die
But with honesty, passion, and mutual respect we can Soar Beyond The Sky
So please don't follow what u c follow the rhythm within your heart
Believe in me though u cannot c what lies within the Dark

Angela Khristin Brown

Whats In A Name

What is a name
But its intentions
We know names
Used to define us
Names reveal
Our spirituality
Names are familiar
To determine our ability
Names used to deter
Our humility
My mother named me
Angela
It means the gifted one
My Christian name by fate
Is the guardian angel
Who watches over me
My confirmation name is
The anointed one
Or the overseer
My street name is
The Good one
Who carries out good deeds
My pet name is apraxia love
Known as the gifted poet
For I was born
A gift of God
Blessed with so much talent
Names define who we are
In the names we live up to
In how we behave
A name by any means
Is more than an ordinary name
Because of it hidden meaning

Angela Khristin Brown

When A Hero Falls My Mother

When your hero falls from grace
all fairy tales R uncovered
myths exposed and pain magnified
the greatest pain discovered
u taught me 2 be strong
but I'm confused 2 c u so weak
u said never 2 give up
and it hurts 2 c u welcome defeat
when ure Hero falls so do the stars
and so does the perception of tomorrow
without my Hero there is only
me alone 2 deal with my sorrow.
your Heart ceases 2 work
and your soul is is not happy at all
what R u expected 2 do
when ure only Hero falls

Angela Khristin Brown

When The Heart Turns Cold

[Sonia Sanchez]
When your heart turns cold
I say, when your heart turns cold
It causes your soul to freeze
It spreads, throughout yo' spirit
Like a, ruthless, feeling disease
The walls, the walls that once were down
Now stand firm and tall, safe from hate love pain joy
Until you feel nothing at all
When, your heart turns cold
I say, when your heart turns cold
A baby's cry, means nothing
A dead corpse is trivial
Mother's neglecting children is daily
Loneliness, becomes your routine friend
Death death death seems like tranquility
Sleeping is never pleasant
If you even sleep at all all all
You forget ideals and, turn off the reason
To make sure the product gets sold
You don't UNDERSTAND how I behave, just wait
I say just WAIT WAIT WAIT til your heart
I say til your hearts turns COLD!
HA HA! Cold! Cold, cold, cold.. collllld..

Angela Khristin Brown

When There Is A Will

Where there is a will
there is a way
2 Search and discover
a Better Day

Where a positive heart
is all u Need
2 Rise Beyond
and succeed

Where young mind grow
and respect each other
Based on their Deeds
and not their color

When times R dim
say as I say..
"Where there is a will
There is a way! "

Angela Khristin Brown

Wherer The Heart Is

I know my heart has lied before
but now it speaks with honesty
of an invisible bond of friendship
that was formed in secrecy
Coming from me this may seem hard
but 2 GOD I swear it's truth
We R friends for eternity
and Forever I will always love u

With All My Heart,
&
"Spirit"

P.S. Just so u don't forget that
I am here for u. U R a true
friend.

Angela Khristin Brown

Winter

Frogs burrow the mud
snails bury themselves
and I air my quilts
preparing for the cold
Dogs grow more hair
mothers make oatmeal
and little boys and girls
take Father John's Medicine
Bears store fat
chipmunks gather nuts
and I collect books
For the coming laws of motion will be in effect

Angela Khristin Brown

Words

Believe in your heart when I told you I love you, baby
Believe in your heart what I say is true 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 what I say is true You are a vision come true
Your fingers strum my soul
Each touch a melody
Wantonly tingling against my skin
[Lyrics from: https: /
Chanting sounds in harmony Don't you believe in your heart when I told you I love you, baby
Don't you believe in your heart what I say is true
Don't you know deep in my heart baby
I only feel this way for you I lie down smiling
With my face in my hands
You should know
My entire life is determined
With your words Believe in your heart when I told you I love you, baby
Believe in your heart what I tell you this time it is true
Believe in your heart there is no other
Who has come close to my soul as you

Angela Khristin Brown

Your All I Need

I got chills, they're multiplying
And I'm losing control
'Cause the power, you're supplying
It's electrifying!

You better shape up, 'cause I need a man
And my heart is set on you
You better shape up, you better understand
To my heart I must be true
Nothing left, nothing left for me to do

You're the one that I want
You are the one I want
Oo, Oo, Oo honey

You're the one that I want

You are the one I want
Oo, Oo, Oo honey

You're the one that I want
You are the one I want
Oo, Oo, Oo, the one that I need
Oh yes indeed

If you're filled with affection
You're too shy to convey
Meditate my direction
Feel your way

I better shape up, 'cause you need a man
I need a man who can keep me satisfied
I better shape up, if I'm gonna prove
You better prove that my faith is justified
Are you sure? Yes I'm sure down deep inside

You're the one that I want
You are the one I want
Oo, Oo, Oo honey

You're the one that I want
You are the one I want
Oo, Oo, Oo honey

You're the one that I want
You are the one I want
Oo, Oo, Oo, the one that I need
Oh yes indeed

You're the one that I want
You are the one I want
Oo, Oo, Oo honey

You're the one that I want
You are the one I want
Oo, Oo, Oo honey

You're the one that I want
You are the one I want
Oo, Oo, Oo, the one that I need
Oh yes indeed

You're the one that I want
You are the one I want
Oo, Oo, Oo honey

You're the one that I want
You are the one I want
Oo, Oo, Oo honey

You're the one that I want
You are the one I want
Oo, Oo, Oo, the one that I need
Oh yes indeed

You're the one that I want
You are the one I want
Oo, Oo, Oo honey

You're the one that I want