

Poetry Series

**Angela khristin Brown**  
**- poems -**

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# Angela khristin Brown(January 5,1969)

Angela self published poet 1990-2020

Angela music is produced by tunecore, song cast, Nashville records, Hollywood artist, Hollywood records.

Angela publishers include air leaf, America star books, outskirts press, Dorance publishing, Create space, amazon, publishing, lulu publishing. Disney blacklist and amazon studios.

Angela won a National book award from writers digest. She is listed in poets and writers directory. She is inducted into who's who in literature.

Angela studied poetry workshops at universal classes, master class, eckenburg, writers studio, lighthouse, saylor college, library of poetry, writers digest university, Stanford, Harvard, Des Moines, UNLV, CSN, NYU, courses, UCLA, library of poetry, jakar press, and the university of San Jose.

She earned a BS in education degree from University of Nevada Las Vegas. Angela graduated with a masters of art degree in creative writing from the university of Berkeley extension.

Angela is employed as an assistant for the dealing lab at the college of southern Nevada.

# I Exist

There are biases within race and culture  
we are blinded by looks and divided by stature.

To live in any place is not safe on the streets  
we are always competing with special needs.  
In my culture we represent one color  
we come from many breeds of power.

We speak different dialects of English  
language is what defines us on the streets.  
We are Americano, Black Indians and Africanas  
we are islanders, Latinos and Japananos.

Because we are different, we are not treated the same  
defining a common ground so we tend to stray.  
Coming from different backgrounds is a problem  
as we argue and fight in a music album.

Our cultural environment is how we represent  
it is what defines us in how we exist.

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## Love Is...

It's neither red  
nor sweet.  
It doesn't melt  
or turn over,  
break or harden,  
so it can't feel  
pain,  
yearning  
regret.

It doesn't have  
a tip to spin on,  
it isn't even  
shapely—  
just a thick clutch  
of muscle,  
lopsided,  
mute. Still,  
I feel it inside  
its cage sounding  
a dull tattoo:  
I want, I want—  
but I can't open it:  
there's no key.  
I can't wear it  
on my sleeve,  
or tell you from  
the bottom of it  
how I feel. Here,  
it's all yours, now—  
but you'll have  
to take me,  
too.

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# My Block

Two blocks away  
where yellow cabs  
zip by without stopping  
and the prostitute with the skinny legs  
asks for a cigarette  
from under her giant,  
black umbrella,  
in the corner's rain  
where some children  
are dangerous,  
can tell our future  
and bet on broken love  
between the dreams,  
I don't know where my hands begin  
and my heart ends.  
Oak trees line the sidewalk,  
small birds carry spring twigs  
above fast-food waste,  
and the bold races of rats,  
like ghosts of a lost memory,  
point to the day of the week.  
I don't know where the face of change  
is not my own face.  
A cold wind picks up.  
A man abandons himself  
to a tambourine and harmonica-  
not praising, not denouncing,  
only leaving this place with this sound.  
I don't know where we will  
end up and begin  
but I want to note  
that we have been here,  
that we too were invisible  
and we too were seen.

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# Neighbors

I've stayed in the front yard all my life.  
I want a peek at the back  
Where it's rough and untended and hungry weed grows.  
A girl gets sick of a rose.

I want to go in the back yard now  
And maybe down the alley,  
To where the charity children play.  
I want a good time today.

They do some wonderful things.  
They have some wonderful fun.  
My mother sneers, but I say it's fine  
How they don't have to go in at quarter to nine.  
My mother, she tells me that Johnnie Mae  
Will grow up to be a bad woman.  
That George'll be taken to Jail soon or late  
(On account of last winter he sold our back gate) .

But I say it's fine. Honest, I do.  
And I'd like to be a bad woman, too,  
And wear the brave stockings of night-black lace  
And strut down the streets with paint on my face.

Angela khristin Brown

# Promise Me

Give me your hand  
Show me where I can  
Let me interpret words of wisdom  
Guide me to communicate phrases  
To develop the freedom of expression  
Nurture my passion to listen  
To remediate music through meter  
Grant me the ability to interpret  
The language of humiliation  
Guide my mind to escape imagination  
To feel a dream of compassion  
It only takes a blank sign to question  
A kind heart with a one word phrase  
A vivid imagination with a quick nod  
A mad mind to sear a gentle conversation  
A blank stare to act a simple gesture  
An eager need for mediation  
A question is the final query to recognize  
My need for love  
Is My gift to you is circumstance  
A pondering of psalm  
I speak with truth and somber thoughts  
To dictate essence of songs  
I speak with grand fertility  
To have you to myself  
I light a candle to give you praise  
Under what faith was built  
And with God's consent  
The choice is ours to make  
Save the hideous mistakes  
From our past, I ask of fate  
To rancor our innocence  
And promise you'll never leave me  
Broken

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# Show Me Love

Come and share my love,  
I'll give you all of me  
Offer everything I am  
Give it graciously

Come and share my love  
I want to lose myself  
Surrender everything I own  
Until I have nothing left

Come and share my love  
Let's lay the night away  
As I wrap my warmth around you  
Until dawn, turns to day

Come and share my love  
Like you've been yearning to do  
Your every wish is my command  
I will submit to you

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# Silence

Silence rocks the night  
nerve stretch tight  
snapping left and right  
anger peels...  
a straight faced appeal  
to the Canada that can  
to save him  
no one appeared  
or dared to care  
for the solitary heart  
that paced the night  
morning brought light  
more panic and fright  
for the vacant of days  
that faced him  
he ran from the light  
took a balcony dive  
plunges his life  
to the pavement below  
that plagued him  
nothing resolved  
a few problems got solve  
two months rent defrayed  
the credit companies got swayed  
on his apartment a sign says  
Now Renting

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# Sisters

me and you be sisters.  
we be the same.

me and you  
coming from the same place.

me and you  
be greasing our legs  
touching up our edges.

me and you  
be scared of rats  
be stepping on roaches.

me and you  
come running high down purdy street one time  
and mama laugh and shake her head at  
me and you.

me and you  
got babies  
got thirty-five  
got black  
let our hair go back  
be loving ourselves  
be loving ourselves  
be sisters.

only where you sing,  
I poet.

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