Angela Khristin Brown
- poems -

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18 Years

18 years, 18 years? U serious, I have to raise his kid alone? For 18 years? ?He was a Jigga man, a Jigga man? When I needed a soldier man? To change from a boy to a man? And become a gentleman? To become a role model to his son! ? Instead he was a ginger man? Jigga man, Jigga man? I was not about the Benjamins? I would not give up my body to any man, Jigga man? I was not woman enough for the Jigga man? To teach him how much his son needed him? When a woman opens up to accept a man? It is not always about taken advantage of men? God only gives us one shot to have one kid? My reason to have a child? I thought I'd fall in love again? And I needed another reason to live? And so I gave my cookie up to him? We became lovers before we were friends? It was then I fell in love with a jgalow? And I was mistaken for another one of his ‘Ho's'? When a girl falls for men she becomes his amigo? And left for broken hearted to raise a child alone? Some men who don't care for the life of his own? It's not easy making it alone? 18 years, 18 years? He left me alone to raise a child alone for 18 years? ? But this time the child was really his? And he never gave a damn about being a father to his kid

Angela Khristin Brown
7th Creed

I was a victim of a hit and run?While trying to cross the street?My body flung into the air?The cross light was too short for me?My body lunged up off my feet?I was pushed into traffic viscosity?And slammed onto the pavement?I ran without looking at the cars speed?Silently I prayed my soul to keep?I was jogging without a soul in sight?The car hit me from behind?As the car spun off, the souls we reep?I could have lost my life?I lie there unconsciously?Without a gripe?The angels came to weep for me?Thank to God I was able to move and breathe?My life was blessed with the 7th creed

Angela Khristin Brown
Congress responded; Undisgraced and confirmed? The light shines bright? Quietly flickering? The Police? Why can't things change? I am a witness to young kid dying, without a chance? That child is our sons murdered without due cause? Unable to fight back stray bullets aimed killing his heart? To be gunned down marked invalid on dark streets? Is it because our cries are not heard? I saw the young man dying without resisting arrest? On the streets of disparity where laws are unjust? The young man is one in one community of peers? The harsh reality of blaming politics, hate is killing our kids? Is our community to blame? A stray bullet piercing at the heart of a brother? A deadly choke hold, a man took his last breath? A sniper took his life with a bullet to his head? A deadly assassin murdered a boy execution style? Am I to blame? And we all fall down...

Angela Khristin Brown
I see this fear all over the world?I ask God will hate will?Come to an end??Why do we build these walls? ?To infiltrate with hate?To separate us from unity?To divide our fate??We build these Great Walls?To protect us from uncertainty?To alienate us from defining our purpose?To secure our borders from inclusion??Or do we build great walls?To develop trust?Or do we construct walls?Used to separate us??Are there really prototypes?That cause a domestic threat? ?Bringing gangs of drug lords?That are killing our race? ??Are these prototypes amongst us? ?Work twice as hard as some?And earning less?Looking for a better life?With health insurance? ??These great walls we build?Are used to control immigration from entry?Used to develop construction of uncertainty?An intrusion for allowing illegal entry??Will the border walls be deployed as a myth? ?That to some it seems deemed to exist?A means to incarcerate humanity??The great wall of Mexico?The wonder of the world?

Angela Khristin Brown
All Lives Matter

I could not honestly give a speech to blame the conditions poor people live in as a source of anger used to blame for their actions. I feel it is wrong that the police have the power to kill at will or in danger. The fifth commandment says thy shall not kill. What I witnessed on the news, is wrong to murder someone who appears innocent and isn't a threat. Again it's wrong to retaliate and kill the police. They should be held accountable for their actions. The police should be taught more sensitive and empathy skills towards black people. The police should be aware of the conditions of society and that blacks are humans who have rights and should be treated as equal

Angela Khristin Brown
Alone

Alone, I find a blank stare, staring back at emptiness. No one answers my calls. I answer my own cries by thinking out loud. On to emotions, I feel alone. I try holding on to reality. It is difficult to do with no one around to listen. Feel the cold inside I am used to. I am bitter, confused and alone. Empty, I keep my own company in the dark. Alone, I talk to myself. I laugh at my own jokes. I answer my own questions. With no one around, I think out loud to hear my own voice response. Its dark, cold and I am not by myself on this. Isolated, I distance myself from reality. Beneath this mask of uncertainty, I feel myself breathing. I am happy when I make up stories that keep my entertained. I am the only person who knows the truth. I can relate to my voice as my keeper. In the bitter, cold I hold in anger. Bottled up anger. The anger broken to ties, dodging hits. I am a victim of my own mind. Thoughts racing inside, the emotions of anger and resentment I hold inside my mind. I am the broken bottle that seems to tear away at the guilt of being hurt with regret pondering thoughts, escaping...?I inhale life through expressing emotions I put aside...?I love again...?I open my eyes to see the same visions I cannot see in the dark. Being alone is a dark, empty seclusion of dry, cold air biting at my skin. I cannot fear what I cannot see, but I feel the bitter sadness of being cold, the suddenness of feeling dry air at night.??The life that exist lies within deep concentration. I begin to communicate...?I am the echo in the night. Silence, my voice carries in the distance?My voice cries out to be heard. I want to be loved. Alone I don't' feel loved. My voice wants to be held. I miss being loved. My voice wants to be heard. I miss being loved.?My voice is the only sound that carries in the dark that I hear.?Alone, I am in the dark. I find myself reaching out to touch, but the distance is too great. The distance is infinite in time.?Alone, I feel my heart beating life every second. My thoughts are a reflection of my mind. I find my spirit slipping. I am the mirror image of old age and youth. Inside I am slowly dying because no one listens anymore.?Alone, I am empty. I find thoughts pondering at a distance that continues its thought patterns, disconnected thoughts that no longer make since to not even me...?Alone, I am a victim of self-thought, forgetting, appearing emotions that are seamless in time at places I had not seen, knowing what could have been, wasn't., what was, is not, memories comes back and again to find it never had been...?I close my eyes?To hear your voice?To feel you breathe?To touch your face?If only to see you again, to bring life back into me?I have forgotten you being alone...?Alone is to escape the mad man mindless promise you made me to return?I waited for you to change your ways?To become the man of my dreams?But; to see you leave and leave me out in the cold...?I once felt the warmth of your body embrace me with comfort?When we were one, I began to thirst?To quench my thirsty feeling I had
when we made love? And you left me for another women? I was dehydrated from not having the water I needed to survive? I wanted to escape the madness of being alone? Of the promise you made to return? I waited for you for hours, days, months? You gave me the space I needed? Because of you, I have more time to think? I am beginning to find myself in the cold ice? I am in a better place without you? Salt is the bitter cold? That dries deep in the soul? When it has exposed to flesh, ? The meat begins to taste... ? Salt has become? The substitute? For hunger? Of being alone. ? When you are alone, you suffer from the needs of having someone in your life to share time with. ? When you are alone, you begin to count the day’s one by one, with nothing, no one, no thoughts, no deeds, ? With holding fund memories? Holding back? The cold stone? The black ashes? And the ice... ? Alone, you have no worries? No tasks, no memories to fall back to... ? Alone, you find yourself? Distancing from the truth? That leaves you into the mad world? Of solace... ? Alone, I am the dim light? That shine in the night. ? My light is empty? From the air. ? I withhold from breathing. ? Alone, I do not exist? The flickering light? Becomes a dull light? In the dark? That? No one wants? To be... ? Alone, I sleep? I cannot breath? I cannot feel? I cannot see? Alone, I am in a Trans? I begin to dream? Exist... ? I am fighting for my life, alone. Every day is a struggle to live. When life holds me in its arm, I begin to grip reality and life embraces me with its charm until I feel no more... and then silence... I miss you.

Angela Khristin Brown
America Dream

It is a land who took in huddled masses; ?With a promise to fulfill their dreams. ?America gave the right to free speech; ?With the right to protest and petition. ?America gave the right to worship any religion; ?With to practice your faith without any restrictions. ?America gave the right to carry an armed weapon; ?That granted the right to have protection. ?America forbid the right to invade our homes; ?A place where the army dare not roam. ?America gave the right to a fair trial; ?Where man could prove himself beyond reasonable doubt. ?America gave the right to vote; ?So every man and women could pick the candidate of choice. ?America gave the right to healthcare; ?Where every child could see a doctor. ?American gave the right to clean air and water; ?Where no man would die because all lives matter. ?America was a land where man could pursue his dreams; ?And to every American it is not always what it appears to be. ?People from every race risked their lives to live free; ?Americans now question what freedom means.

Angela Khristin Brown
America Partide

Life is not fair, people fight wars?People disagree, people feed on?The right to dominate other races?In how we percieve.??We want to change our old ways.?We won't be held back?from getting our way.?We won't be told what we?Can't do.??So we fight wars against our?Woes, we wage war against?our foes, we fight for justice, ?We take risks, at the cost lives, ?with open fists.?We fight because we deserve?better, and we change what?we want because it is moral.

Angela Khristin Brown
Americans

Making of America should include every man, woman and child?While we are threatened by wage wars, nuclear war and hate wars?We live in fear of terrorism, sexism, racism and classism, homeomorphism?We live in fear to speak freely to disagree with the way America should be?Reporter are denied reporting the news where free speech is considered ‘fake news’?And gun violence is tearing away at the roots of our nation?When the mentally ill have the right to carry a weapon?Women are harassed and treated wrong?When they are forced to have children, they cannot afford?Black lives don't matter as they are murdered by the police?And we build a wall in Mexico to avoid immigration that divides our nation?While Mexican children are left homeless without Decca's support in schools?Tariff taxes, price wars, trade wars will increase our cost of living?Our economy got better as the wall street improved?Homeowners could afford a place to live?More jobs were created, more income, lower taxes and a tax write off?College enrollment increased with people wanting a degree?Working people got health care and more police monitoring the street?EPA came to the rescue during natural disasters?Business is booming plotting America on top

Angela Khristin Brown
Analogy

A modern poet admitted to being a lesbian for looking at pretty nude women posted the internet, television movies and magazines. She had an addiction to having sex fantasies because she was attracted to beautiful women. I had an addiction to wanting sex from watching beautiful women. It is analogy. Analogous for you to determine sexuality. It is alike looking out of a glass window that appears to be open. I engage upon morality of sexuality dealing with morphism of lustful sensual feelings for women. It is an attitude. Bacon or sasauge. Ham or beef. Fish or chicken. I hold a position to stand outside the window of reason looking in, with blood streaming through my fingers. To have an addiction to want to be loved is when the adrelilin comes at the spur of a moment and it ends with a climax. The sun is visible in light. I stand up to challenge the status quo of my invisible identity. Narrow eyes stroked the bridge of my eyebrow. Its fanaticle to challenge the system of erotic mannersims to desire has become an affliction to morality. I challenge the reality of existing. I exit an addition to face the detrimental truth be visible but my decision is kickking and bawlimg the drama of it all. The drama in my mind is forgetting, I am shifting how I see the world tip toeing through shattered glass from a window that was left open for me to climb through. I wait to escape madness to become a born again visible to light but I'm not there yet.

Angela Khristin Brown
Apology

I'm too fast?It won't last?If I turn away?Our love will fade?I should hold on?Or back away?Love is here to stay?Afraid it that way?What the voices say?What they're going to say?What they're going to say?I should turn away?The risk I will have to face?Hold my hand, Hold my hand??I'm apologetically in love?I'm apologetically in love???But they got it all wrong?I got it all right?They just don't see it?But their wrong about me?With shut eyes, closed lips?They're blind eye to eye?One eye open?One tight closed fist?Holding it down?Not knowing what become of us?Even if it breaks me?Hurt won't phase me?Baby, I'm holding on?Even if I am wrong?They're taking shots?Hit or miss, losing it, blowing hits?I'm apologetically in love?I'm apologetically in love?How did it come to this? ???He keeps my eyes starry?So, I'm so sorry for not being sorry??I'm apologetically in love?I'm apologetically in love???No matter where it takes me?Even if it breaks me?I'm unapologetically all in?And it doesn't even phase me?When they call me crazy? ?I'm unapologetically in love?I'm unapologetically in love?They're going to say I feel too fast?Yeah, they're going to say it's never going to last?Apologetically, I'm in luv

Angela Khristin Brown
Begging You

You said times had changed? Since you left? My life ain't been the same? You no longer love me? Why do I feel I'm the blame, yea? My life had shattered? Into broken glass pieces? A thousand puzzles? Pieces that don't match? I can't figure it out? Since you left? Things ain't been the same? I need someone to love me, love me? And show me how much they care? I need someone who loves me? And feel sincere? Without having you around? Friends claim that? My behavior has changed? I wish You knew how much I cared? For you, but I'm sorry life's not fair? I need someone to love me, love me? And show me how much they care? I need someone who loves me? And feel sincere? When you walked out? You left my heart cold? I had nothing to go by? No room left to roam? With nothing to hold onto? I was living a lie? You left my heart stranded? Where the hell Did i go wrong? I need someone to love me, love me? And show me how much they care? I need someone who loves me? And feel sincere? I need someone to love me, please? And prove to me they care

Angela Khristin Brown
Bitter Poem

I've been diagnosed with mental illness?I'm a paranoid schizophrenic??I call this bitter sweet bitter sweet poetry is This is what bitter sweet poetry is??I been contemplating for thirty years?Like a black widow waits to go for the kill?In solitaire I've planned my attainment?Why do I have to live like a homeless bitch?What I'd do to end my life?Where did I go wrong?Who is the blame besides myself?How could did this happen to me?When will it ever end?Am I paranoid for having a deadly sin??Bitter sweet bitter sweet bitter sweet poetry is I call this poem bitter sweet poetry??Like an hour glass carefully shifts each grain of sand I had time to think?I danced with love how many times does a spindle strings its needle?Time never gave me a voice to decide I dance my last dance I said my last goodbye I lost my brother to suicide?I felt the trauma of losing my child taken away by vicious rumors used to hurt me by a stranger I hardly knew?My pendulum rocks back and forth until the bow breaks tick tock tick tock?And then the outburst calling in rage wars through stollen voices no one heard but me to a past I never had to my imaginary friendships I befriended over a boy jealousy I hardly knew it was coming??Bitter sweet bitter sweet poetry I call the poem bitter sweet poetry??What's next I wait. I contemplate timelines lying still in a loft holding on to find memories I create for myself imagery of nothingness that is left unchanged as I am waiting yearning deaths call in my sickly world I call my homework journal of poetry?Song titled bitter sweet poetry

Angela Khristin Brown
Bittersweet Piece

I love you, but I don't mean it, I need you, but I won't accept it?You hurt me in the worst way, I don't need you, but I want you to stay?I hate you so bad, but I love you the same?Why do we choose to play with my mind, why do we play love games? ??I guess this is bitter sweet poetry??Why does love to hurt so badly, why does love to feel so sad? ?Why does loving you make me laugh when I am mad? ?I was too proud to admit to this that our relationship would come to end?It's come to this, you go figure it??I guess this is bitter sweet poetry??Why does love to hurt so badly? ?Why does love to make me mad? ?Words my Mamma always said?"To hold on, be strong, take pride in you, in all you do?Don't let sin get the best of you."?Sorry things did not work out??I guess this is better sweet poetry

Angela Khristin Brown
Black Mamma-Faces

She lay, face down in the moist dirt?The breaking of chains rustling?With the whispers of leaves?the loud longing of hounds and?The ransack of hunters crackling the near?Branches??She muttered, lifting her head a nod toward?Freedom?&quot;I shall not, I shall not be moved&quot;??She gathered her babies?Their tears slick as oil on black faces?Their young eyes canvassing mornings of madness?&quot;Momma, is Master going to sell you?From us tomorrow? &quot;??&quot;Yes?Unless you keep walking more?And talking less.&quot;??&quot;Yes?Unless the keeper of our lives?Releases me from all commandments.&quot;??&quot;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, &quot;????&quot;I shall not be moved&quot;??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?&quot;You have tried to destroy me?And though I perish daily&quot;??&quot;'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, &quot;All my past hastens to defeat?And strangers claim the glory of my love?Iniquity has bound me to this bed&quot;??&quot;Yet, I must not be moved&quot;??&quot;She heard the names?Swirling ribbons in the winds of history: &quot;Mammy, property, creature, ape, baboon, hot tail, thing, it, &quot;??&quot;She said, &quot;But my description cannot?Fit your tongue, for?I have a certain way of being in this world.&quot;????&quot;And I shall not, I shall not be moved&quot;??&quot;No angel stretched protecting wings?Above the heads of her children?Fluttering and urging the winds of reason?Into the confusions of their lives?They sprouted like young weeds?But she could not shield their growth?From the grinding blades of ignorance, nor?Shape them into symbolic tapestries.?She sent them away?Underground, overland, in coaches and?Shoeless.?&quot;When you learn, teach?When you get, give, &quot;As for me, &quot;I shall not be moved&quot;??&quot;She stood in mid-ocean, seeking dry land?She searched for 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 her coming with a sign saying, &quot;Black Grandmother, Enter here&quot;????&quot;Into the crashing sound?Into wickedness, she cried -&quot;No one, no, nor no one million?Ones dare deny my God, I go forth?Along, and stand as ten thousands&quot;??&quot;The Divine upon my right?Impels me to pull forever?At the latch on Freedom's gate&quot;??&quot;The Holy Spirit upon my left leads my?Feet without ceasing into the camp of theRighteousness and into the tents of the free??&quot;These momma faces, lemon-yellow, plum-purple?Honey-brown, have
grimaced and twisted?Down a pyramid for years?She is Sojourner Truth?Harriet Tubman, Zora Hurston?Mary McCloud Bethune, Angela Davis?Annie Lee Horton and Zenobia.??She stands?Before the abortion clinics, ?Confounded by the lack of choices.?In the Welfare lines, ?Reduced to the pity of handouts.?Ordained in the pulpit, shielded, ?by the ministries of faith.?In the operating rooms, ?husbanding life.?In the choir lofts, ?holding God in her throat.?In the classrooms, loving the?Children and understanding.??Centered on the world's stage?She sings to her loves and beloveds?To her foes and detractors: ?&quot;However I am perceived and deceived?However my ignorance and conceits?Lay aside your fears that I will not be undone.&quot;??&quot;For I shall not be moved&quot;

Angela Khristin Brown
Black Man Walking

When a black man walks he is disregarded as socially retarded because society does not like gays? When a black man walks he is discriminated because their worst fear is a black man with power? When a black man walks he is challenged day to day mentally, physically and intellectually as 2nd class? When a black man walks in danger of being incarcerated for the smallest things? When a black man walks he faces opposition of being labeled as low life, drop out homeless? When a black man walks he is impudent because he cannot support his family? When a black man walks he lives in fear of being shot of a drive by? When a black man walks he fears being arrested and accosted by the police? When a black man walks he hears voices in his head that threaten to kill him? When a black man walks he is reminded he lives in reparations of being a descendent of slavery? When a black man walks he is reminded of what he is being called a nigga, a jigger and a bitch? When a black man walks he is hung from a cross because his presence is absent from the universe?? When a Black man walks he paces his steps vicariously across the narrow fields of life? Because he demonstrates his flow of character in how he carries himself? When a black man walks he steps with an attitude of pride? Because of his demeanor is so clean and articulate that he is acting in control? When a black man walks the temperament of his step is graceful? Because of his presence has purpose and he acts responsibly in all honesty he represents? When a black man walks the ground beneath rises? Because he is both beautiful and strong, wise and clever, charming and witty, sensitive and calm? When a black man walks he demands attention? Because his sole lies within his spirit of being bold and strong? When a black man walks he paces his stride women admire his inner strength to lead? When a black man walks he can be nice, gentle and kind? Because he cares about what others think about him.

Angela Khristin Brown
Black Mom

Black Mom? You are a nubian queen? You are the north star? Amongst the galaxy of stars? That let my people free?? Black Mom? You are the reason I exist? You are the reason I breathe life? I could not pardon your welcoming me? Into this world without giving something back?? Black Mom? Your beauty radiate in the dark? With beams of light? Glow from the north star? That light up the dark sky?? I raise my head with pride of knowing? I am loved by you? I promise you not to be the coward? To give up life? The reason why I struggle? I rise to survive the darkness?? Have mercy on those who died? Those who were raped? And sweated painful tears? As God witnessed their child taken from them at birth? As God is our witness?? I dare not curse at the women who conceived a black man? For I felt his pain? And I heard him cry? May God heal our wounds of shame? From being the sons and daughters of former slaves?? Black Mom? You are the nubian queen? A galaxy of stars? Pressed agasint the horizon? You are the reason I exist?? From the moment I was born? I was able to breathe life? As I inhaled, you embraced me? With your love and kind heart? Your beauty radiates light from heaven? The light I needed to shine

Angela Khristin Brown
Blackberry Butterfly

I woke up this morning?Thoughts of suicide?Rushing through my head?I hold on got to keep strong?I've got to keep pushing on?It seems things will stay this way?It seems things will never change?I've got hold on stay focused?And Not let the voices win?I got to keep strong?Show them who I am?Must have the courage?Goto keep pushing on?Think positive?Not let hatred overcome me?Sometimes my thoughts say?I'm better off dead?The memories of taken over me?Racing through my head?I've been Caught in the cross fire?Physical barriers which lie inside?Weak I break down into tears?Afraid I'm holding on to greed?I have special needs?I hold on goto keep strong?I've got to keep pushing on?It seems things will stay this way?It seems things will never change?I ask why I think this way?I've got hold on stay focused?And Not let the voices win

Angela Khristin Brown
All humans are born with inherent differences and biases that define our existence. Before we are born, we inherit character traits that determine our level of success to how we are perceived in this world. The inherent traits invent how we exist. Your existence is derived through self-discovery. Your identity defines from who you are in society and how you choose to live your life. Moral dignity depends on one’s estimate of self-esteem. What you think of yourself and how you reflect upon your own humility to live is how you exist. Standards are the belief of position and the standpoint of perception as a given right. The social convictions that define your purpose are the rules you set to live by. A free society teaches you to think to develop your own values. There is a reason for everything you do. You must learn to define your purpose to reason. You are not the problem. It becomes a moral obligation to find solutions to the problem. It becomes a responsibility to define virtues you aspire that will reflect on the relevancy to answer difficult questions you want to understand. Finding relevancy to reason is based on the ability to solve problems so that you can progress. The state of mind is what you are in is what you feel inside your heart and what you believe is the truth. Presence is determined by a perspective of what we perceive reflects our relationships within our social environment. Social class is affected by change. We mediate through the reality. Our cultural identity is determined by how a community action or delusion from past convictions deterrest in social obedient society. Class structure is a social ideology where presence is met by what is valued in the social norms of society. We are divided by the unfamiliar to what we do not and cannot understand is separate from the truth. The meaning of the unfamiliar is a union that must exist to resist social constraints of catalyst that define inherent meaning. To exist in America is to be a social condition of indifference. The suffering of ideological solution suffers through interment capitalist values. The voices are an extension of a drama inherent to the free world. Existence is the way in which we exist is a perception of compliments of existence in which values we find comfort in. The extension to what we exist is the price we pay to reach person freedom. In the context of defining existence is that life has a value. We permeate values amongst us that are present. We must define common terms in which we exist before the values become extinct. Some can understand that of how you define humility is the moment you understand who you are and where you stand in life. When you are willing to make a sacrifice of virtue to reason, it is then you shall exist. What it means to exist is to create inherent moral values. Inherent in values define our existence. Everyone is in existence to the people who make the rules as to those who experience from mediating progress. We would not know humiliation beyond reason. Reasons that we have come to know is what we know means to be truly
free from suppression. One cannot exist without knowing he also exist and have survived some type of oppression. To empathize with suppression, one must suffer from oppression with the humility to live. To exist means to fear humiliation of suffering denial, and to accept the moral consequences of the suppressed exclusion. Humility is surviving something of exclusion from reality. The necessity of morality is the difference of living in a free society and reinventing an illusion from the real world. Humiliation becomes a paradox of not feeling secure. To exist is to act on the belief that relationships are necessary to exist. Existence is an invention of every society survival. The extension of a condition is necessary for men to survive. There is nothing more precious than one's own existence. Existence is a means of communicating the idea of self-thought. Where ideas become a meaningful extension of possibility of change of direction. There is no probability that one person is more reliant to the existence of perturbed belief. We are logiest of idealism when we recreate who we think we are by telling the truth for our purpose to exist. We have become a mirror image of fear from ignorance. We identify the invention of conventional truth. We exist through the symbols of anger, regret and pain. The suppression of human existence. We hold the moral anger of indifference and the imbalance of depravity to fear God. The intolerance of negating the truth is by fault. We fail when we negate the moral truth to why we exist. In existing, you become a catalyst of judgement. It is logical to fear circumstance. Our conscience learns to console wisdom. You learn to love and feel loved, just as you defy the limitations use to divide our culture. It is when you can feel substance by understanding the reasons why you exist, you will find comfort in knowing the measurement of existence. When suppressed, you suffer from guilt of not being good enough. When oppressed you are isolated from the truth of reality. The division of suppression is a seclusion from moral decency. The problems of suppression are the cause of poverty, lack of education, increase of incarceration and the product of animation of youth dying in the streets. An oppressed race who are not able to advance leads to a weak feeling of ignorance of depressed and inferior traits that negate personal freedom from experiencing true happiness. To exist one must identify with his own self-worth. To define his image of existing in a world that exalts man from moral obedience. If I am invisible I must not exist. When Man does not exist, he must not exist. Man is not real and his reality for the life he knows has become a hard reality to identify with the reasons for his own affliction. You cannot feel in familiarities of existence with the emotion of not know what you have come to know. Our role in society is to question reason we have not come in terms with knowing and intact on how the unfamiliar can become an influence that question the why things must be the way we are when we are aware things can be different if we understood the value of it can be meaningful to making a positive difference.
The Blues, by Angela Brown

I feel such a connection
You never knew what it meant to have my affection
Sometimes you make me blue
At times I feel the blues
I sacrificed my life for you
And you never do what you're supposed to do
I feel such a connection
You never knew what it meant to have my affection
I feel we've been there before
But why life is such a bore
You don't even know my name
Loving you is not the same
Why do you play with my mind
Why do we play love games?

Angela Khristin Brown
Boys To Men

A kind kid with a slow mind? Was not so smart at being kind? What his life turned out to be about? Life is not what was thought? With the wars he fought?? Hanging out with the cool kids? Breaking all the rules, missing it? Dissin it—the in-crowd is all about faking it? Fast cars, fast dreams, fast schemes? Is not what it seemed?? Caught stealing, gang banging, cheating? Found deceiving smoking weed hi-retrieving? Selling drugs not what is made to mean? Gang wars fallen short on a street-creed? Kicking in doors, breaking windows, closing deeds?? And you thought he was real cool? Jumped like a fool, A junkie after you? Friends dissed you and now its not so cool? You have become the fool for breaking the rule?? The setbacks hustling crack in debt? The suicidal thoughts race through your mind with regret? Got suspended, reprehended, cuffed for slacking off? You're locked in prison, a life sentence? Made a statistic, with three strikes you're out

Angela Khristin Brown
Broken Hearts


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?Glow 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
?I am not the problem?
I am the solution?
I am weak?
I have something to share?
I give empathy to the less fortunate?
Only because I Care?
I am open to opportunity?
I offer a hand in need?
I'm giving back to my community?
With poetry for mouths to feed?
I am quiet when I'm weak?
In good company I keep?
Sharing my words wisely?
Taking nothing I conceive?
I'm a Good Samaritan?
Giving the charity of wisdom?
Sharing ideas of support?
To the less fortunate?
I provide the metaphors?
The similes and cliches?
My words are spoken?
In many dialect ways?
My poems are the source?
Let the records spin?
I'm the title of the book?
Authographed with a pen?
I'm the source behind the lines?
That wants to be fed?
The words behind reason?
That want to be read?
I'm the starving artist?
That scratches out her name?
I'm the hungry poem?
Whose words pour down rain?
I'm the words in the poem?
Giving advise to be heard?
And when the lesson is taught?
And my words are remembered?
I become the shot in the air?
When the poem begins?
And when the poem ends?
I'm the bullet in the poem?
That dares to listen

Angela Khristin Brown
Butterflies

When I was sad you listened?To what I had to say?Just because you cared??When I needed you?You gave me the moral support?That made me believe in God??When I was scared?You taught me to not worry?And I knew things would be okay??When I was in doubt?You understood and stayed with me?You told me not to give up?And I followed my dream??Sometimes I don't say?I love you enough?But what I really feel?I love you from my heart

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?Arrested by the police?For dealing drugs?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 chances are they'd be homeless living in proverty or a statistic commiting suicide

Angela Khristin Brown
Children

God made heaven beautiful. The arch angle of death deceived God out of jealousy for power and heaven created hell for Demetrius and his followers. God created heaven and earth. He created space stars and planets. God created the sky and the sea. He created the earth and its vegetation. God created man and beast. He created a woman from the rib of man man from dirt. And clapped His and said God is good. Woman's weakness is temptation. An evil serpent gave eve the forbidden fruit she shared with Adam and they were kept from the garden of Eden and placed on earth. They neared two children. Cain tiller of land and Able was to provide meat. Cain sin was to kill Able out of hate revenge and jealousy. From there came the descendants of Cain to represent evil and Able the descendants of all good.??Mother Mary was to batroth Joseph in marriage. Mary said to be a virgin at 14 years old was approached by God to conceive His anointed child witnessed before Joseph Mary Magdolyn the guardian angel and anarch angel.??The book of Ruth is the shortest book in the Bible. The story is about a young woman who lost her spouse and was without child. Fateful she took the advice of her mother-in-law. She followed her to a foreign place where she called home. She worked hard and refused to be with any man for his money rich or poor. She prayed for a good man who treated her right and respected her. God guided her through hard times. She was willing to pay a man to marry her. Then he would see how she was innocent a virgin and marry her and God blessed her with a son.??The Old Testament states God only gives one woman and one man one chance to conceive child after the one couple has a child they can only have children as one couple. In order to get pregnant a woman has to be a virgin and she can only conceive a child if it is her first intercourse that penetrated all the way through. There is only one way to get pregnant. If the court can prove she had sex with another man there is doubt that their is another man that is her child father. Only a man has what can get a woman pregnant. a baby is human at the time of conception.??Ode to the thou art loosed booty gangbangers who go to have it the players who screw women for fun and the women who give it up to get someone or something to get paid just because. I’m a catholic that was not raised on street mentality who felt raped by men and verbally betrayed by women who believed the only way to feel secure was to have sex before marriage. The street mentality that believes having it transfers transsexual diseases that can't be cured is okay with them it pays the rent until they get hit up with a baby and become religiously celebrant. Us catholic believe no sex before marriage. I was not having sex like the girls I knew I was hurt by their gossip I was being true to myself. I wanted to be a nun. A nun in their street jargon was not sacred because every girl was giving it up but not me. I was living my life like Holy Mary who their mentality was a sin. I was go twenty a
virgin unmarried. At fifty I'm still not hitched so the church wondering if I'm like to lay low called a woman who doesn't sell herself short to anyone. I am self reliant self sufficient independent woman. I was afraid of loving men who couldn't respect me for who I am so I never bothered with him not wanting a commitment through marriage. A women who can't bare children who lost all her children likes to be alone for she was left broken hearted too many time on her own by the one man she trusted her heart with and destroyed her soul.?A woman who can't bear children, is no use to a man. I have no child to bear for it was taken from me and now I can't bear children. My identity was raped by blasphemy words used against me to steal and hurt me. I've been cursed, been spit upon with filthy lies of betrayal from vile hatred and perilous envy. I wear the color black dress in vane to cover the pain, hurt, and shame from confusion about the vanity of abuse.?Of all the trials in court the dna was proven99% proof in most cases and the mother is positively sure who her child is by. The men in every case is not sure if it's his. Women are not prostitutes to get pregnant.?

Paternal lineage?Liza and Gorman brown is the mother of Gorman brown who is the father of Thomas who is my paternal dad?Ella treble and tommy cook is the parents of Mary who is the mother of Thomas who is my paternal dad?

Maternal lineage?Charity and John mccuiston is the parent of Raphael mccuiston is my mother's paternal grandparents and my great grandparents?John Henry and mama bueler are my maternal great grandparents the parents of my grandmother Francis who is my Mom's mother

Angela Khristin Brown
Civil Rights Movement

To the young porter who's name was not George
Pullman who started the revolution of equality
Of fair representation
Through a court decision of Plusy vs. Ferguson
Started a union of porters in formation
Blacks underrepresented in education
Thurgood Marshall argued the case
Brown vs. the board of education
Gave blacks the foundation to desegregate schools so Earnest Green to be the first in Alabama to graduate from an all white school
Underestimated separation of state segregation
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
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 to do peaceful protest
Martin used the vision of Pullman protest
And fought for voting rights, boycotts and the sanitation union
The march on Washington Martin had a dream
Birmingham prison, Memphis Tenasee
Three football players lost their lives by the police
Bloody Sunday was the turning point of the Civil Rights struggle indeed
Three courageous men tried to register blacks the right to vote
In the heart of Mississippi
And lost their lives
A young boy Emmett Till lost his life to a horrible death
When blacks weren't allowed to look whites in the eye
Emmett lost his life whistling at a woman whose white
Merger Evers the first black to graduate at Jackson state, the first black president of NAACP in Jackson Mississippi
Lost his life fighting for equality
Unjust laws of a Woolworth store in South Carolina
Separate but equal denied blacks
To sit at a lunch counter
Where the laws were unjustified
Four college students protest would remold
Racial ties allowing blacks equal access in public domains
The freedom riders protest against segregation remediate laws for public transportation
Fannie Lou Hammer fought for better conditions of public housing
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 equality
Past president Carmical gave a good fight in a house raid and lost his life

Angela Khristin Brown
No matter what color? What color? We are still one skin? Light skin, dark skin, black skin, no skin? No matter what color? What color? We are still one skin? Yellow skin, light skin? Black skin, dark skin? No matter what color? What color? We are still one skin? Mixed breed, rich negro? Half breed, house negro? Black man, poor negro? Dark man, field negro? We are still one skin? One color, one color, one color? Are our hues of skin color? Red negro, Yellow negro, White negro? Tan negro, Brown negro, Black negro? No culture nor race? Label me as biased? Nor identify my race? We are still one skin? No matter? No matter? No matter what color? We are the skin we live in

Angela Khristin Brown
Colors

Do you know the meaning of the word "N"? Did history divide us because of our skin? Greatness begins from within by character? Not by the color of the skin? But by what is inside of him? And from of his talents, skills, and knowledge, Where does the battle of innocence begin? Does that mean I can no longer have different race friends? I no longer have the personal freedom to dream? I bottle up feelings of being mistreated? Does this mean I lose my right to vote? Does this mean I lose my right to fair education? Does this mean I lose my right to have a voice? Does this mean I no longer have access to public facilities? Does this take away my right to assembly? Does this deny my right to have a free trial? Does this exclude me from having a dream? When a child calls me a "Niger"? He believes I am inferior? When a child is taught to hate himself? The parents and teachers wage wars? That teaches kids racial ignorance? What makes a man better is when he learns to find his purpose? Not to be judged by the skin he is in? Nor to be treated wrong because he is different? Man fails to understand what he does not know? Life experience gives a child a chance to grow? When a child loses his self-esteem? He loses his will to live? Teaching hate causes illness? People can die from mental illness? Teaching to forgive and love each other? To cope and work with each other? Is what makes America the great nation it is

Angela Khristin Brown
Crazy In Love


Angela Khristin Brown
Crooklin

?It must be the music?Caught up in the struggle?Began in the streets?The ghetto culture?Highs and lows?Elements of a struggle?Of living black and free?Dream variations?Its all but a dream?We would sing Gladys Knight songs?All night long, our brush used as a?Microphone. Never knew life would?Be like this, take a bullet for you?Caught up in the system. You set up?The rules?Used to read Jet magazine?Admire the beauty of the week?Looked up the top ten hits?Of the best selling song list?Wanting to be a model, staring at?Up beat fashion in Ebony magazine?Saying the same things you say?You swore back in the day?That we would pave the way some day?That we would be different, the things?That come our way. A sister would learn?To earn her keep making it on her own?Not dependent on any man, doing the?Best she can??Back in the day we would escape the heat?We admired the lessons taught from the wars?Fought, caught up in the struggle, we put God?First in church. As friends we were invisible?To who we were in society, with our dreams of?Equality?Imagine no more public housing?No more street boundries?No more war boundries?No more wall boundries?No more biased colors, biased?Race, biased sins, Where we became a?Race of men, next to kin of women?Creators of sisters of daughters who?Suffered, struggled and sacrificed?Purpose to make a difference?In the streets where boys become men?Played basketball, stick ball and chased?After dreams. Where men learned to?Get along and survive the fierce streets?Of drive bys, watching brothers die?For what reason? ?The color of the skin is where it all?Began. Colors, races, genders publc?Defenders being biased making a?Difference. Orientation, designation?Regeneration, desegregation?Disorientation defines us. As we are?What we be like as humans living?Out a dream?To be at peace, we define our race?By the walls we create and the laws?Of faith?In the river of life, we taste the water?Bitter and cold, with the taste of salt?We are baptized in the salty water to be?Cleansed of sin that we live in?A child's imagination begins with a dream?Playing with toy trucks, bottles and dirt?Easily entertained with cartoon heroes?And playing the drums?Girls make up their own dreams of having?Families by playing with dolls, clapping hands?Keeping rhythm, double ditching to the tune?And roller skating in the afternoon?It is senical to think how a young kid gets?Raped in their sleep, and all her dreams?Of being someone are taken away by?The one she loved?In the ghetto, hard life and hard times?If enough to get you by. Wishful thinking?Becomes a daily lie?Old drug addicts hanging out on street?Corners. Old drunk men, lost in dreams?Living in trash cans with broken bottles?Thrown at me??Old huslters, the pan handlers to make?Ends meet, selling stolen things?From old yard sales and swap meets?In barber shops and beauty salons?On the streets?Old gang bangers, clocken time, dropping?Dominoes

Angela Khristin Brown
Cultural Climate


Angela Khristin Brown
Cultural Diversity

I am from the state of Mississippi. I was born in Meridian, Mississippi on January 5, 1969 at St. Joseph hospital that delivered indigenous babies when hospitals were still segregated. My family is from the state of Mississippi. My parents were born in Mississippi. My grandparents were born in Mississippi. My great grandparents were born in Mississippi. My great great grandparents and great great great grandparents were born in the state of Mississippi. No part of my family is from any other state but Mississippi. The race on my birth certificate is black American. My maternal father race on his birth certificate is black. My mother and her mother's race on their birth certificate is negro. My brother's race on his birth certificate is colored. My paternal mother and grandmother were colored. His father and grandfather were negroes. My niece is African American like her mom's race on their birth certificate. Babies are being delivered today African American, black, colored or negro. Each generation people of color are given labels to place of origin or race. There is no inherent difference on race. We are descendants of African tribes. Some are from the islands. Some from Middle East. Some are Native American Indians. Wherever place we are one in unison identity. Most people of color don't know what category they are. They don't associate race with origin. They are color blind a mixture of ethnicity one does not define. Some African Americans don't like black Americans. One can not look at the color of skin to judge what ethnicity they belong. Most are confused we are all the same

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Angela Khristin Brown
Don't Leave

I want you to know?You are not alone?All you have to do is stay??Don't let time pass by?I'll be waiting to have you?By my side?I have a thousand reasons why?I want you to stay??All you have to do is stay??I gave you time?To find your way?I wanted our love to grow?As time passes in orchards nest?And the sun sets beneath its nest?Old age, grey hairs and wrinkles?May come and go?But I will never forget?Fund memories, I don't regret?I'll remember the good times well spent?Was worth the time, every element?While caring for each other?Laughing and holding hands?Life after dark, the romance?With a token of sentimental value?And precious time?I'll never forget what your luv meant?Watching t.v., playing cards?What us being together?Had its presence??I want you to know?You are not alone?All you have to do is stay??The hardest part?Was seeing you go?I, alone?With you on your own?I understood you needed time to grow?I never forgot you, I'm letting you know?You don't have to be there on your own?I have a place in my heart, for us to grow?Please come back home??All you have to do is stay?Please stay

Angela Khristin Brown
The state of America’s economy is headed for a recession as the surplus in interest rates increase and the decline of unemployment rises. At the time, the global economy is stagnant, because there is equality in the global market where the competition is equal amongst countries. It appears that the global market is unchanged but the job market in many countries is flourishing. In America due to a lack of interest in minorities the job markets for minorities is an all-time low. After the deportation of immigrants, the market began to lower its shift of employment in the global market.

The state of the economy is shifting towards a recession. As the increase of interest rates rise, it effects the cost of living. There is a decrease of workers in the job market amongst the baby boomers and college students. The baby boomers are retiring and there is low growth for college graduates to find work. College students cannot find work in entry level positions such as service work because the economy has shifted from offering service based jobs to hiring more experience workers. There is a need for workers in manufacturing, construction, education and business.

The state of the economy is shifting because of the competition amongst countries is stagnate due to trade wars. Most countries are dependent on their own resources instead of going to outside countries who want to sell items at a higher cost. There is a decrease in retail, because of the cost of living has increased making it harder for people to pay for the resources they need. The gap amongst the rich and the poor in America is becoming equal. At the time there is as many wealthy as there are poor income people. The middle class and lower class have become one class competing with the wealthy. Every American is expected to save 30% of the paycheck in order to survive. Most cannot live off their paycheck causing an increase in unemployment. Finding the resources to live off with the increase cost of living on a poor paycheck is the reason for the recession. When we go into higher interest rates, we have inflation where the cost of living increases. When the cost of living increases and unemployment rises, we go into a recession. The wealthier are getting richer while to poor are getting poorer in America.

A price war may lead America to more debt. Government spent 1.3% to the gross domestic product this year. There was an increase in manufacturing products that we hope to market to the global economy. In order to sell a product there has to become a greater demand for the product to sell in quality and quantity. There has to be a need for the product to market it. America must have the resources to outsell our gross domestic products to those countries who need it. That is where we go into price wars to our competitors in the global market.

Angela Khristin Brown
To say you love someone isn't enough? Anyone can tell you they love you? But to love someone who cares? For you regardless? Of your imperfections? Isn't a selfish act?? When it comes from their heart? And they mean every word they say? Is meaningful?? The most painful experience? About loving someone? Is to admit your hurting? And the only way to heal the hurt inside? Is to forgive, unclip its wings and fly?? I am grateful to have been touched by love? To feel loved by someone close? To share love in my life with family? To experience what love meant as friends? Because I found that love is liberating? And being thankful to have loved within

Angela Khristin Brown
Elegy Of Deaths


Angela Khristin Brown
Elegy Of Love

When I fell in love, you were the one?I saw oceans unfold into waves; ?I saw the rain pour down from heaven; ?I heard thunder clap its hands loudly; ?I tasted the water quench my thirst; ?I smelled the sweet nectar of perfume between us?It was a quiet moment that dare not end?It was the pleasure of this moment I had sinned?It was a moment of distress?Tears flowed down my cheek and digressed??An elegy to love is a refreshing fruit; ?The flavor is sweet to taste?Because it is natural??And through this moment of passion?A long stem rose appeared, Wuthering heights was near?A spiral stair case, a babbling fire?A feather underneath my feet, fulfilling my desire?The shape of your mouth as you snore, the snare of your body as you roar?The slur of your speech, walking barefoot on the beach?The grain of sand in my hand, sustaining in time?A still born lost in memory left splinters in my mind?And the deep velocity of the universe never stops counting rhymes?And the illusion of love lives eternally in time

Angela Khristin Brown
Face

I am the voice?No one hears?No one listens?My voice carries?In the wind?But no one cares anymore?I feel rejected?I'm not corporate America?I'm not wealthy?I'm not the majority?So I don't matter?I'm the transgendered?I'm the poor?I'm the uneducated?I'm the minority?I'm the immigrant?I'm the young woman?Whose voice is worthy?We once dreamed of a world?We once had?The land of the free?Free and equal for every race?Where everyone had a chance-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
Faces

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Angela Khristin Brown
Fallen

Fallen?? I'm ready to risk it all? There's nothing I could do now? Some people call me crazy? For falling in love with you? They're saying we've got nothin in common? Where not the same age? Where not the same race? We come from a different class? Oh where do I begin? Where not the same skin? We're from a different sex? We're separate in time? From distance and heart? What's been said is far from truth? Where I am attached to you? It doesn't matter how they make me feel? Or how they wanted us to fall apart? What matters is I'm in love? And if you feel the same? I'll be the rising sun? That sets above the horizon? I'll be the clashing tides? That never settles down? I'll be the patches of clouds? That beams light piercing in the sky? I'll be the distant stars? That light up the night? And when morning comes? I'm ready to take a chance? To be with the man I love

Angela Khristin Brown
Forgiven

I trust in the stars and the moon?The sun shines above the horizons?I believe in sunrise?As the sun settles beneath the earths crust?I trust in the break of days?The morning mist?The musky dawn?I believe in the great divine

Angela Khristin Brown
Gentrification

It's unrealistic to think denial?Endangers 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
Gifted

If a present is a gift? And is no guarantee? I cherished what I had? Never to see love again? I've fallen in and out? From loving you? I've fallen deeper wrongful? Thoughts from the truth? Deeper into thoughts? Who'd I'd love more? I made madden decisions? To search for love? Here, there, anywhere? Butterflies hidden inside? I've grown fund of? Wrong indecision's? Of the roles I played? From the men I desired? Selfishly a lyrical soul once played? On leaving them heartless? An institution of non-commitments? To hear me crying in the storm? To throw tear drops in the ocean? Screaming for clashing tides to open up? Into collapsing waves I once desired? To be held and told I was pretty? He came into my life? And promised me treasures? Until the well dried? And left me homeless

Angela Khristin Brown
Global Warming

The environment has undergone drastic changes in weather globally due to global warming. There is an increase in fires, volcano eruptions, and tornadoes, freezing cold and elevated hot temperatures everywhere in the world. Chicago was reported to have temperatures lower than Antarctica. Niagara Falls water was reported as frozen. The magnetic field is shifting where it is moving closer to Russia. As a result, to global warming if we do not care about our environment it is known we can lose it. The effects of not caring happened in the dark ages. People cutting down too many trees cause erosion. Poor sanitation caused health problems. The industrial revolution used an increase of coal, which is fossil fuels. The increase use of coal caused a combustion of bad air that was hazardous to breathe. If we do not care about our environment, the result is not only health issues but we could lose crops, the earth is depleting, the weather will change. What happened during the Ice age is an effect of global warming where the ice melted and the earth shifted as the weather changed. We cannot say that we do not care about the environment we live in because it is all we have. Caring for the environment is like caring for our lives if we do not take care of it we will die.

Angela Khristin Brown
Socrates once questioned who am I. Sacheles questioned why do I exist. Aristotle summation of the questions asked is I think therefore I book of Genesis defines the purpose of life is human selection. Some of the greatest empires rose because of personal freedom had fallen because of greed of human extremism. The role of extensionism is the plight for freedom over death which is separated from truth??America is an capitalist Indogma of a separatist movement which some of the greatest empires have fallen from. I refer capitalist views with feudism. Feudist believed that the wealthy control the government. France had a feudalist system unable the poor from sustaining. Slavery in America incapacitated the slave to free labor. Slavery was a form of a feudal society. Charles Dawarism believed a nation who relies on slavery would lead to a better economy. Freudiest believe that in a capitalist society that relied on lower income from middle class while 75% wealthy Americans earn more like fascism it could predict the fall of the cast system in America like Italy. Julius Caesar and Alexander the great some of the greatest socialist leaders in Greek and Roman society suffered from a pragmatic society. Where toltarerism lead the end to the German empire. Where socialist and democracy dominated America for equality. Where egalitarianism became a method of diplomacy??President Lincoln wanted to establish a socialist society in which integrated America into a democracy to create a stronger union. The confederacy was a republic that supported slavery. The Civil War was fought to establish equality and freedom from its pragmatic state of society. Marcus Garvey stood between radical reformation to the advancement of equality by using the universal capitalist system to create jobs for black enterprise. In a democracy we all contribute our economy becomes more profitable??The state in which I am in is the place for what I am. Many blacks fall short living in a reoccurring cycle of poverty since slavery. Many people thought that if they had more opportunity they would be better off through better education, better jobs, and better pay. In reality no matter how much they improve they find themselves seclusive in the same in dogma of poverty??Prison compared to pragmatic form of slavery indoctrination that blacks are subjected to. Political beliefs are said to target a group to contain the problem to enable the race to extension. The reason we live is to exist. We are afraid of dying. We live to define our purpose of how we are going to survive

Angela Khristin Brown
Gun Reform

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
Handcuffs

Out in this cold, cold world?With nothing to go by but hustling?She is nearly fifteen, had many dreams?With a fifth grade education?And a bad drug addiction.??What is she left to do? ??A heroin affliction a victim of prostitution?And now her belly getting beginning to show?She was kicked out her home with nowhere to go?She can't pay the rent, out in this cold, cold world?She is hungry and all alone, where nowhere to go?Brenda is out homeless and all alone.??What is she left to do? ??Brenda's got a baby coming?And she is a girl with needs?She cannot provide for her baby?And its cold outside, she is stealing?But she hasn't enough to provide??What is she left to do? ??In this cold, cold world?Brenda took a hanger to pull the baby out?Before it was due, she took one look?Wrapped it in a warm cloth?Through it in the trash and left it for dead.??In this cold, cold world?In a mad man's world?Living a lie, so bold, so cold?In a mad man's world.

Angela Khristin Brown
History Of Black Music

The History of Black Music started out with the soulful sounds of jazz music. It was the profound sound of musical keys that lead on to the 60 is with the personification of Motown, the blues and soul. The music lyrics spoke of the movement. The 70's style of music used psychedelic tunes of psychedelic funk. New York folk music transferred into clean rap lyrics. There was the scratching of records and experimental mixing on the turntables that led to hard-core rap using offensive lyrics. The rise of women rappers like Queen Latifa and Salt and Pepper spoke of empowering women. In the 90's artist like 2Pac and NWA composed protest rap lyrics that spoke about harmony and unity form of rap protest against the government uniting the community that was unrepresented in the media as outcast. It was to say that poor people are not living their lives that way because they wanted to. It was the perdicument they lived in 2Pac lyrics said.2Pac wrote on the environment in which he grew up in. He was homeless once, lived with a single mom, he dad was a hustler, people on drugs and he spent time in prison. it was the background of his civil rights stuggle behind the words of his poems. It became the voice of the people. Women rappers stated we are not bitches and whores and we demand respece. Snoop Dogg and Dr. Dre powerful lyrics became the harmony for gangster sytle easing tensions of gangsters, thugs and people in prison. Beyonce movement said words in music that needed to be said. Biggie Smalls created a smoothe style rap for the ladies that used so many rhymes per beat in a line. Little Kim in her form of rap personified women as she became a sex symbol. Chris style was created in the late 90's by using old song tracks with rap lyrics. It was an era known as the rise of hip-hop. Later came the mixing of songs on two turntables where the music was mixed overlap of note, which created an echoing sound serge of notes from old school and new school

Angela Khristin Brown
Holding On

We were real tight?Though at times we would fuss and fight?Still found the time
to hang out all night??We would tell the dozens?Laughing out at our lies?Alibies
that made up for hard times??At times I'd go to you for advice?You'd always let
me inside your life?To tell me things will be alright??I saw an angel appear?I
watched its beautiful metaphor?And whispered took you all so gently??I'll be
holding on??There were times we would argue?And mess things up?No matter
how bad things worked out??It's not the same without seeing your smile?Having
your spirit to hold on to?And I'm still missing having you around??Missing your
personality light up a room?You're face shining brightly with wings before
noon?Between two ponds you found the route to heaven??I'll be holding
on??Your death in return ripped my heart at the seems?I would have given you
the world and asked for nothing?The candle captures the wind in your
memory??To those words as beautiful as mine?The lost lessons learned?Are a
bitter cry for truth??I write the passion for loving you?To have loved someone?I
will fight for memories to remain??As the bitter sweet words that stain on this
page?You are forever in my memory??I'll keep holding on

Angela Khristin Brown
Henrieta Hecks lived a life scornful life of poverty. She suffered from cervical cancer. She went to Hopkins University in order to find a cure. Her doctor used samples of her cells to discover a treatment for cancer that would one day make her ta Hecks was immortal because of her contribution to science. She endured a lot of pain because of a procedure her doctor. This procedure was a scientific breakthrough but it took her life. It was through research, Michelangelo studied human anatomy. It was through research, Dr. Drew studied plasma. It was through research that bacteria could heal research has made a breakthrough in freezing, embryos scientists discovered how to correct spinal chords. Transplants and heart surgeons study elements of human life by conducting research on humans to create ways to save lives.

The Tuskegee men were used for research that cost their life when being injected with syphilis serum to study the syphilis disease. Scientist used humans to discover the treatment of heart disease, lung cancer, hepatitis. Sometimes the practice of using humans is the cost of losing a human life. When Henrietta went to her physician for treatment of cancer she was unaware that the doctor was using her for scientific research. She thought that she would go to be treated for the pain she was in but it got worst and cost her her life. Every person should be treated equally. Often studies in the past were done on poor and uneducated people with scientific research have died to help save is nothing more precious than a human life. Henretta Hecks heroic use of her cancer cells was an empirical scientific breakthrough that helped saved human life. My last gynecologist visit donated organ tissue from my uterus for scientific research to the treatment of ovarian cancer. The story of Henrietta Hecks has inspired me to donate a part of me that through research will save other women's lives. My doctor said I was a good match to conduct research. I wanted to be pregnant I was not going to have children and at age 49. I would need a hysterectomy at 51 so I wanted to do what was right. There are many women who die from cervical or ovarian cancer.

Angela Khristin Brown
I'm Il Liberty

There are inherent differences which can easily divide the foundation of a free society. When we exonerate our concerns about things we do not understand, we develop perceived values which discriminates between race and sexual preference. It is an explicate formality when our conscience invades how we feel about ourselves as individuals. A dog will not bite the hand that feeds it, instead, a dog will try to protect its owner. It is through tradition that expression tends to hinder personal freedoms of expression. Our sub-conscience has a fear in wanting to belong and have the need to feel accepted. It is a burden to society to invade this need. It is where racism and sexism becomes a moral constraint to hide in an enclosed mask of restraints which detains an informality of expression. Often we negate to name calling taboos. No voice should speak in silence. There are preconceived thoughts about sex and race. Racism is defined as having a negative characteristic about their persona. A black person may be thought to have an offensive personality trait. Being gay is defined as having a negative characteristic about the way one behaves. A gay person may be thought to have a narcissist, domineering personality trait. Not everyone has this character trait, and yet, there are people do not want to associate with something they do not understand or feel comfortable around. The color black is perceived to be evil, dark and mysterious in science terminology. Religion interpreted blacks as being negative and inferior. Science perceives gays as having a psychological imbalance of the brain. Religion interpreted gays as being out of touch with reality. It appears that race and sexual preference have undermined history as outcast in society as being abnormal and an informality to tradition. There are character traits that are inherent traits. These traits are what defines our image. Sexual preference is a freedom of expression that says that anyone is capable of loving another person. Love is an expression that all people are capable of having. The church condones bisexuals, while being gay is explicating a sexual desire through sexual advances of practicing celibacy. Discrimination forbids any race or sex from obtaining freedom of expression. It is from this premise that sexism has the same restraints on obtaining racial or sexual inequality. It is from this bias that becomes a burden for race or sex to integrate into society. It is with fear that these bias traits will reflect on our civil liberty of expression. We are a nation. We are a melting pot. We come from many nations, religions and backgrounds that founded a principal we must not forget. It is from this premise that built this nation. We must believe that we all are created equal and that no bias shall falter the fate of this nation. It is evident that we come from a free society who has the right to be black and to choose any sexual preference. It is evident that choice helps support sexual preferences and racial biases which result in personal freedom. As a society we must be able to settle our differences.
by accepting one another for who and what we are. No skin color and no sex preference should determine the value of our character.

Angela Khristin Brown
Does anyone really know what it means to be black? Have you been told that people do not prefer you because of the color of your skin? Have you noticed you were treated differently because of the color of your skin? Do you notice people behave differently than others because of the skin tone? Do you notice people behave differently than others because of the skin tone? Do you feel you do not fit in because the first thing people notice are the color of your skin? Have anyone complimented you on your hue of skin? Do people have perceptions of you because of the color of your skin? ??Being black means that you are able to look above prejudice values people have towards you. Its not easy being you, but you found the spirit within you that makes you proud being who you are. ??Being black one has to be comfortable in their own skin. There are many shades and hues of black people. We are a beautiful race of people, black people, mulato people, island people and African American people in the melting pot of America. ??It is disturbing when black people can not get along because of the color of the skin is different. Black people are divided about being black, when people degrade race by one skin tone is lighter skin or darker skin than another. We are all one race of people. God made black people skin hue beautiful skin tones. ??How could one black hue be determined better skin than another when we are the same race of people. Why would skin color make a difference within our own race. We are all brothers and sisters. Look at our families and extended families hues the color of rainbows but we love our family like we should love all God's children dark or light skin. ??Being comfortable in your own skin means that you have learned to define what it means for you to be happy with who you are. There is the good in every race of people. Why can't we all accept our race for what we are inside of us, for it is the personality within that matters most. You can not judge a person by the hue of skin. There are so many good qualities inside us about us that is more meaningful.

Angela Khristin Brown
In The Mix

It's going down, throwing down?I'm coming fast, feeling hard, for what it's worth?I'm talking trash, moving left to right back at your ass?I don't procrastinate, Words fascinate hard at you words I flow?Keeping one eye open, don't wink I'm gone?U feeling me, Holden it down, hating my flow?Telling me, coming, flowing, following the flow?I'm fresh, I digress, I express?Liken it, killing it, expelling skills, analyze this -?Live against ills, I dispel words with sex appeal?I'm hitting it, missing it, ditching it, I'm throwing down?Lyrically in admission, dissention, and remission?I reminisce at the rhymes you aren't used to?Words are coming at you, I might do you?I'm flexing death tunes, your grooving my expression?I'm not confessing, it's my profession, words digressing?Words so fresh, its depth, words with fines, I express?Killing words as I expel death sound, I'm the best, it's going down?Rappers analyze this, the words I spit, spill hard core rap, I'm killing this?Records spinning, words spilling, dice spinning?At the drop of a pen, I spit out rhymes so fly, I don't lie?And I ain't denying the words flowing are throwing hard, I'm blowing?As I progressing, I am not digressing, I'm accessing?I'm out

Angela Khristin Brown

Angela Khristin Brown
Justice

the?United States?Of?America

Angela Khristin Brown
HIV and Aids??Am I a statistic, unaware? ?Am I realistic, or a characteristic?Sexism is playing tricks with who I am??I stumble with fear living inside as dark closet gay?Theatrically I am not straight, I have strayed away?From the suicidal thoughts of being ugly??In a world full of pain and suffering?I lived through painful times?Frightened by Aids, embraced by change??Every day is a struggle as my condition persist?For better or for worst with my sexuality?I cope with disease estranged and disgraced??My sex is mistaken for ineffectual and weak?I live in unethical practice of the skin I live in?I'm dying inside, living a lie, with the will to hold on??The fever is broken and the secret is out?My past is behind me?And my dreams must live on

Angela Khristin Brown
Letting Go

When I fell in love with you?I could not love another?I was willing to sacrifice my life?To my one and only lover?For the love and the intimacy?I was willing to take the risk?I was committed to a relationship?The one possession I admitted?Fate was our relationship?This one, you one, I?Would make us?As one, in unison?Chancing odds against time?My heart had broken?Into many pieces?When you said we're threw? ?I thought I'd die?And go to hell?Until I got over you?Now I am at peace with God?My heart has grown as one?Knowing that I had found?A place in my heart?With the art of letting go?

Angela Khristin Brown
I hold the torch of humility, whose fearless flame is tired and weak?
I seek a better life living in poverty of grief?
Ashamed of the sobriety of being held captive of my dreams?
I am the barrier of denial that took away my pride?
Pride to live in a free society?
I hold this torch in honor of a dream?
I honor those who rest before me?
This torch represents exploitation of selfless pride?
The humiliation of human dignity?
From those who died for its symbol freedom?
This torch represents the fear of gallant chains?
The division of a wrath of content and indignation?
that now plagues our nation with riots and protest in the streets?
I am afraid that the torch I hold in valor?
Whose flame will cease forever?
Whose light will flicker desolate in distant lands?
That this monument of goodwill cries many tears?
Fight many riots, shed many tears, meekly?
for the common good of the human race?
This great statue of liberty, a symbol of the free?
Who accepts many immigrants, poor and weak?
Will become inhumane, ashamed in pity?
And the liberty that we fought for is only a dream

Angela Khristin Brown
Life

I'm too fast?It won't last?If I turn away?Our love will fade?I should hold on?Or back away?Love is here to stay?Afraid it that way?What the voices say?What they're going to say?What they're going to say?I should turn away?The risk I will have to face?Hold my hand, Hold my hand??I'm apologetically in love?I'm apologetically in love???But they got it all wrong?I got it all right?They just don't see it?But their wrong about me?With shut eyes, closed lips?They're blind eye to eye?One eye open?One tight closed fist?Holding it down?Not knowing what become of us?Even if it breaks me?Hurt won't phase me?Baby, I'm holding on?Even if I am wrong?They're taking shots?Hit or miss, losing it, blowing hits?I'm apologetically in love?I'm apologetically in love?How did it come to this? ???He keeps my eyes starry?So, I'm so sorry for not being sorry??I'm apologetically in love?I'm apologetically in love???No matter where it takes me?Even if it breaks me?I'm unapologetically all in?And it doesn't even phase me?When they call me crazy? ?I'm unapologetically in love?I'm unapologetically in love?They're going to say I feel too fast?Yeah, they're going to say it's never going to last?Apologetically, I'm in luv

Angela Khristin Brown
Loving

Sometimes words lost its meaning?On what I intended to say?And the image of luv plays with my mind?Words have become a substitute for time??Words come hard, in what I meant to say?I can only demonstrate to you?Through broken speech and cross signs?When feelings of luv will come to mind??Words don't seem to come out right?When we spend take the time to argue, fuss and fight?Luv seems to have lost all meaning?I begin to surrender to you my true feelings??Although I don't know the right words to say?It's the simple things in life that makes its way?I take luv for granted for what its worth?It's the sentimental value that means the most??My life would not be the same?Without you near?I need you in my life?I need you here??It's the small things about luv?I cannot live without?No matter how distant we are?You hold dear to my heart

Angela Khristin Brown
Malcolm

Malcolm Little was the son 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
Modern Slavery

Over 60 billion people today are victims of slavery. They are young women who become victims of sex trafficking. They are people who work long hours for free labor. They are working people who earn less than the status quo and can not afford to live off their pay check. Slavery exist all over the world in factories, plantations, businesses and right here at home. The victims are people who need a job to have the monitory support so they have the elements food, health and clothing they barely can afford. The victims of slavery live check to check and are dependent on their income. They are offered a job with in humane human conditions to be beaten, starving and their lives threatened by their slave owners. Millions of girls forced into sex trafficking are victims of prostitution without protection maybe death just so they can eat. Slavery is the source of the economic problems we are facing in society today. There are alternatives to modern slavery by changing the world economic system by making demands for fairer work conditions and better pay. Rising the dollar and the cost of living and having lower pay causes a recession making it harder to live off nothing. Price wars are lowering the Dow Jones stocks rising the cost of living. Girls should be in school to find jobs in the market that require women skills as an alternative to sex trafficking. The creation of skilled based jobs and education and a college degree should include all minorities the opportunity to find work they are capable of doing.

Angela Khristin Brown
Mom

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
Motives

We live in a country divided by ways of confusion of illusions of biased maze. Sometimes we find our way from this loss sinceless path, only to hope to find our way back. This world is caught up with unsound ways and means that the hope for mankind becomes our dream and the final resolution is the theme we sing we need a revolution by all means? What are our motives and thoughts? Question what makes us act the way we do?

Angela Khristin Brown
Movement

I was overwhelmed with unarmed boys dying in the news. I became more aware that it could happen to anyone, even me. Trayvon Martin and Micheal Brown story shocked me because of how they died and how it happened at their age being so young high school students. The people involved, victims of families or the victims themselves who are apart of the movement came forward to speak in behalf to those who couldn't.

I could not honestly give a speech to blame the conditions poor people as a source of anger used to blame for their actions. I feel it is wrong that the police have the power to kill at will or in danger. The fifth commandment says thy shall not kill. What I witnessed on the news, is wrong to murder someone who appears innocent and isn't a threat. Again it's wrong to retaliate and kill the police. They should be held accountable for their actions. The police should be taught more sensitive and empathy skills towards black people. The police should be aware of the conditions of society and that blacks are humans who have rights and should be treated as equal.

Trayvon Martin was walking home while talking on his cell. He had bought a bag of skittles from the store. A night watchman was suspicious and approached him. Trayvon fought back and was shot. Micheal Brown was stopped by police for stealing. When asked to put his hands up he did and was shot by the police several times. Eric Garner was apprehended by the police for illegally selling cigarettes outside a store. Eric was placed in a choke hold and died. There was a female college instructor pulled over, police was suspicious, asked to step out of her car and was arrested. She later died in prison cell.

After the death of Trayvon Martin, people watched the trial on national news that told the tragic story of what lead up to his death. The night watchman got acquitted. The Micheal Green story was broadcast by the media with the details of his death. Micheal was shot over ten times. Both kids were young teenagers in high school. Again no one was held responsible for what happened. The community began protesting against police brutality. There were community riots, community forums, social groups formed in unified protest with civil rights leaders, stars and athletes. Someone started a hashtag on Twitter #blacklivesmatter that would allow people to report live on twitter unlawful police brutality. It went viral with enough responses. The people's response was to show through the media that police brutality was a big problem amongst black people mistreated by the police. Black lives matter became a young group movement of college students to say that killing innocent blacks is a epidemic amongst policemen that is wrong and it needs to change.
There are ways you can prevent a bad outcome when confronted by the police. When the police pull you over, you stop your car, place your hands in view on the dash board. Be nice to the police. Don't argue with the police. Hold your hands up in eyes view when asked by the police. Answer their questions. Ask the police for permission before reaching for your purse, wallet and tag insurance. Don't fight the police. Don't run from the police. The police is trained to act that way.

A dream becomes a nightmare
Poem Written by Angela Khristin Brown

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
Names


Angela Khristin Brown
Oath

The hate you give is a mirror image?Because we see ourselves?As a reflection of who we've become?The image we create becomes?The cultural climate we live in?And the rage of dissolution resonates from within?The image in the mirror is the illusion?That determines our fate that fights power?And the reflection molds the hate we fear?As fear is the weakness we die of?By any means necessary

Angela Khristin Brown
Ole Dixie


Angela Khristin Brown
They say that love is stationary? Why does temperamental values change? Why does love die? Why do memories of you never fade? The way our bodies touched? Why you hold me that way? It meant so much? It wasn't easy for us? We've been here before? Its what like I thought? What once was is no more? I no longer want to feel the pain? Of being in love? I wished I knew it when I felt it? I don't know why I loved you? As you gazed in my eyes? You held my body close? I felt it inside? It's still apart of me? Two birds turned into stone? I've been there before? The memories remain? And I won't let go? And I haven't changed? I have feelings for you? I have a broken heart? It's not worth the pain? And I lost it? We had a thing? And I lost it? My life's not the same? And I lost it? I wish I knew what I had it? But I lost it? I wish I knew it? But now I lost it? I had a good thing? But I lost it

Angela Khristin Brown
Open Relationship

An open relationship allows a couple to date outside of their marriage. A marriage is a commitment just like serious dating you are committed to your significant other. If you love somebody so much it hurts to see them with someone else. While dating a man for the first time the consensual activity can wait until you are committed to him. It becomes difficult when sex to a man means something to him and you are pressured to have sex in order to keep him. In marriage, the commitment is binding, because you do not want disease and once he has sex with someone else he can not be with you. You lose everything. If it were my choice, I would be with my one true love. I have fallen in love with more than one man more than one relationship. I was afraid to lose everything I had to be with him. They were not man enough to commit. It is hard falling in love when the men in your life kept a secret from me that they were married at the time we were together and they were not willing to leave their wife to be with me. I felt used because we had an open relationship. Being in love felt good to have someone who shows he cares for me and it is wrong to love someone who does not mean what he says. Try to pick yourself up and move on with the guilt that you did something wrong when it was not me and he but me, he and her always. He would never leave her for me. What attracts a married man to a single woman is her vulnerability to want to feel loved. I made a promise that if I fall in love again it would be different. My problem is being able to trust a stranger in my life and take the risk that the relationship falters again like in the past. I want to be loved by him and only him and not share. Does this make me selfish? I am tired of playing games that he plays me playing tricks with my mind by telling me the things I want to hear. I want an honest relationship with a male friend the one I can come to talk things out and be willing to share my time with. Some men are verbally or physically abusive when they do not get their way with women. The man I am promised to because he was my first was a commitment that I made with him that I would never be with another man except to love him. After years had passed, I kept my promise, but he did not and we forgot each other and moved on. I reflect on bad relationships with men who are afraid of being committed in a relationship because they do not want to get hurt by women who abuse men, take advantage of them and leave them. When you are ready to commit you have to take the risk from losing with all the drama it comes with. Love is binding. Love can make you happy and sad at one time. When you are in love with someone nothing else matters the pain regret hurt and guilt means nothing more than having accepted someone in your life that you love and care for and he feels the same way about you too. If you are married in an open relationship you are not really married you are living together. Open relationships are for those who are in the first state of dating.
searching to find someone they want to commit to.

Angela Khristin Brown
Tired of Playing love games? I'm so tired? Of playing love games? Of falling in love? I'm tired of being hurt? I'm tired of you? Breaking my heart? We two strangers, In love? Couldn't tell us apart? Two similar personalities bonding? It was love at first sight? I'm tired of falling in love? Wordless not knowing? What we'd become of us? I'm so tired? Of playing love games? Of playing love games? Of falling in love? I'm tired of being hurt? Trusting our hearts? Our instinct drawing us far? Taken what we have for granted? I can't take it anymore? Scared I hold on? Because I want you near? I want to be held? I'm afraid of me losing you? Will hurt my heart? Because love hurts? If can't make you love me? Then love will wait? We have the kind of love? There is no other way? Your dreams? Are the reasons I stay? Your dreams? The reason my life? Is not the same without you? I'm so tired of playing love games? Of playing love games? Of playing love games? Until you return? Love will have to wait

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
Peculiar

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
Poetic Lyricist

I am a poet
I, feel movement
Passionate movement -
Leaping words of emotion across the page
I expel gestures with conviction.
I, surrender expression of joy
Geeing meaning of agility and grace.

I, am poet,
Writing verse in a beam of light
Flowing lines of text through gravity.
My poems are the universe in motion
Whose words add meaning
Centered on universal thought.

Angela Khristin Brown
Post Lost

Some people ask about our love that we shared between us?I grieve at the heart ache and pain I shared between love?Some people doubt that love will break up between us?I cried many times questioning what love meant between us?Oh, oh, oh?Oh, oh, oh?What does the meaning of love mean?What did love to mean between us?Oh, oh, oh?Oh, oh?When the hurt and the pain I felt?What does love got to do with us?My love is not the kind of jealous love where you prove your family always better than mine?My love is not the selfish love where you want me to stop doing what I'm good at, so I give up breathing?My love is not the envious type of love where I'm not allowed to have friends because he wants to be my only friend?My love is not the viscous love where he controls my life to the point I am suicidal?My love is not the hateful love where he finds out I fell in love and he break it up and takes my baby away?My love cries with pain and regret of having my heart broken by the one I wanted to trust and left my heart hurt with bitter lies of distrust?My love is the heart beating with each grain of sand sifting through an hour glass pulsating energy of lust?My love weeps with tears of joy searching for the true meaning of love will return eternally covering the scars of neglect?My love is when sunrise peeks over the mountain top separating dawn from night sky and the stars that radiate light from the sun?My love is where the horizon meets with a solitude of light radiating colors that aluminate there is life after dark?My love is the reality of knowing when the waves clash against the tides my heart is unbroken knowing someone loves and really cares for me and this time love has a meaning of substance?And when sunrise comes my heart will meet with daybreak eternally sharing hope from yesterday's storm??Oh, oh, oh?Oh, oh?What does the meaning of love mean?What did love to mean between us?Oh, oh, oh?Oh, oh?When the hurt and the pain I felt?What does love got to do with us?I'll wait for sunrise to come?To define the real meaning of love

Angela Khristin Brown
Pro Life

What if, I felt the baby from the inside of me? What if, I never felt my baby breath? What if, I watched my baby develop into a human being? What if, I could feel it move, every motion thump? What if, I felt my baby to say it was ready to be born? What if, I prepared for it welcoming it with a mother's love? What if, I admired the baby's first steps? What if, I wanted my child to be baptized in the church? What if, I wanted to celebrate my baby's arrival into the world? What if, I waited for my baby to be born? What if, I had an abortion I deeply regretted? What if God gave me a second chance to be a good mother? What if, I could inspire mothers to know a baby is a child of God? What if, I lost my only child, I could never be able to have another child again? What if, you thought about anything is a possibility, and the choice is yours

Angela Khristin Brown
Quitting Love

Hook: John Mayer]?
No matter how far you have try to find it?Hope and never
give up in searching?Someone special is the key message???

[Verse 1: Angela Brown]?See, what I want so much should never hurt this bad?I have fantasies of
falling in love, that's what the virgin says?I only wanted someone to hold, love is
unconditional so he says?God, talk to me now, am I the one you dreaming
of?Love is powerful and you played with my heart?You cut me deep, down to my
gut when I shut you out?And I was too proud to admit love was but a kind
dream?How do I deal with the one who hurt me overly?We keep breaking up
purposely, I rather be alone than to see you scream?How does one identify with
the one does not love you, wants to hurt you?Love hurt so bad I wanted to kill
him or myself, my life I would sacrifice?Mixed up emotions of hating you on my
mind?I admit it all now loving you was the problem?When we first met, I thought
you were cool?You were the control freak, you mistaken me for a fool?Sorry I
was never who you thought I would be?You thought I was never good enough for
you?You want too much of me, too much of my time?I could never measure up
to what you had in mind?Oh, I guess, goes figure it had to come to this????

[Hook: John Mayer]?No matter how far you have try to find it?Hope and never give up in
searching?Someone special is the key message???

[Verse 2: Angela Brown]?See, what I want so much should never hurt this bad?I have fantasies of falling in
love, that's what the virgin says?I only wanted someone to hold, love is
unconditional so he says?God, talk to me now, this is an emergency?With your
abusive words, don't hold your hand to me?Now I must focus on more positive
things, when your love took the best of me?When I thought I would do anything
to have a man in my life?And in this relationship, you left me in doubt?You told
me I was too young to think for myself?I could not have friends, you rather me
quit?I could not be me, my voice carries?I was too ugly, too immature, and too
poor, I was insecure?And my physical appearance demanded your attention?But
you never had the time to work things out?You were deep into yourself, it took
time to figure things out?Having our child meant the world to me?But I never
met you sensually?Sex was an act of anatomy?You played with my heart
emotionally?"You fucking them girls, disrespecting me"?I cheated
behind you dishonestly?You don't see how our love was supposed to be? And I
never let a nigga get that close to me?And you aren't cracked up to what you
were supposed to be?You always gone, messing things up how they supposed to
be?And this the first time I spilled my soul out for you to see????

[Hook: John Mayer]?No matter how far you have try to find it?Hope and never give up in
searching?Someone special is the key message???

[Verse 3: Angela Brown]?See, what I want so much should never hurt this bad?I have fantasies of falling in
love, that's what the virgin says?I only wanted someone to hold, love is
unconditional so he says? God, talk to me now, am I the one your dreaming of? Love is powerful and you played with my heart? You cut me deep, down to my gut when I shut you out? And I was too proud to admit love was but a kind dream? How do I deal with the one who hurt me overly? [Hook: John Mayer]? No matter how far you have try to find it? Hope and never give up in searching? Someone special is the key message? [Verse 4: Angela Brown]? You must have had yourself in mind? When you told me ‘No’ all the time? I could not breathe without you near? Sometimes I held my breath when I broke down in tears? Your jealous rage wars plays with my mind? I could not live life without you in mind? You were protecting me from the lash of my dreams? My life was at risk, when you questioned me? Why would I live placing my life in harm? ? I could have died, I could have risked it all? You were controlling me because you cared? You rather show your love than to see me dead? I resented you when you questioned my ability to lead? When you only wanted me to follow my dreams? Because of you watching out for me? I'm in a better place it now seems? [Hook: John Mayer]? No matter how far you have try to find it? Hope and never give up in searching? Someone special is the key message? [Verse 5: Angela Brown]? I'm lost without you in my life? With no kids and no man? I can't live without? I will never give up searching inside? For that special man to come back in my life

Angela Khristin Brown
Socrates once questioned who am I. Sacheles questioned why do I exist. Aristotle summation of the questions asked is I think therefore I. Book of Genesis defines the purpose of life is human selection. Some of the greatest empires rose because of personal freedom had fallen because of greed of human extremism. The role of extensionism is the plight for freedom over death which is separated from truth. America is an capitalist I dogma of a separatist movement which some of the greatest empires have fallen from. I refer capitalist views with feudism. Feudist believed that the wealthy control the government. France had a feudalist system unable the poor from sustaining. Slavery in America incapacitated the slave to free labor. Slavery was a form of a feudal society. President Lincoln wanted to establish a socialist society in which integrated America into a democracy to create a stronger union. The confederacy was a republic that supported slavery. The Civil War was fought to establish equality and freedom from its pragmatic state of society. The state in which I am in is the place for what I am. Many blacks fall short living in a reoccurring cycle of poverty since slavery. Many people thought that if they had more opportunity they would be better off through better education, better jobs, and better pay. In reality no matter how much they improve they find themselves seclusive in the same in dogma of poverty. Prison compared to pragmatic form of slavery indoctrination that blacks are subjected to. Political beliefs are said to target a group to contain the problem to enable the race to extension. The reason we live is to exist. We are afraid of dying. We live to define our purpose of how we are going to survive.

Angela Khristin Brown
Reasons For Existance

Socrates once questioned who am I. Sacheles questioned why do I exist. Aristotle summation of the two questions asked, I think therefore I book of Genesis defines the purpose of life is human selection. Some of the greatest empires rose because of personal freedom and had fallen because of greed of human extremism. The role of extensionism is the plight for freedom over death which is separate from truth??America is an capitalist Indogma of a separatist movement in which some of the greatest empires existed. A democracy believes in a free society. I refer capitalist views with feudism. Feudist believed that the wealthy control the government. France had a feudalist system unable its poor from sustaining. Slavery in America incapacitated the slave to free labor. Slavery was a form of a feudal society. Capitalist is a form of confederacy. Charles Dawarism believed a nation who relies on slavery would lead to a better economy. Freudiest believe that in a capitalist society that relied on lower income from middle class to decline, while 75% wealthy Americans earn more. Like fascism it could predict the fall of the cast system in America like Italy. Julius Caesar and Alaxander the great are some of the greatest socialist leaders in Greek and Roman society who suffered from a pragmatic society. Where tolтарerism lead the end to the German empire. Where socialist and democracy dominated America for equality. Where egalitarianism became a method of diplomacy in the Middle... demolition of parliamentarian anarchy was overturned with socialist reformation of a democratic society in England??President Lincoln wanted to establish a socialist society in which integrated America into a democracy to create a stronger union. The confederacy was a republic that supported slavery. The Civil War was fought to establish equality and freedom from its pragmatic state of society. Marcus Garvey stood between radical reformation to the advancement of equality by using the universal capitalist system to create jobs for black enterprise. In a democracy we all contribute our economy becomes more profitable??The state in which I am in is the place for what I am. Many blacks fall short living in a reoccurring cycle of poverty since slavery. Many people thought that if they had more opportunity they would be better off through better education, better jobs, and better pay. In reality no matter how much they improve they find themselves seclusive in the same in dogma of poverty??Prison compared to pragmatic form of slavery indoctrination that blacks are subjected to as institutionalized slavery. The state of society in prisons blacks by inpragnating them in mental institutions or prison to decapitate them from society. Political beliefs are said to target a group to contain the problem to enable the race to extension. The reason we live is to exist. We are afraid of dying. We live to define our purpose of how we are going to survive
Red War

No, I did not expect to die?A one-shot blow to the head?A loaded gun cocked 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 negotiate?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
Refugees


Angela Khristin Brown
Relationships

If a present is a gift? And is no gaurentee? I Charished what I had? Never to see love again? I've fallen in and out? From loving you? I've fallen deeper wrongful? Thoughts from the truth? Deeper into thoughts? Who'd I'd love more? I made madden decisions? To search for love? Here, there, anywhere? Butterflies hidden inside? I've grown fund of? Wrong indecision's? Of the roles I played? From the men I desired? Selfishly a lyrical soul once played? On leaving them heartless? An institution of non-commitments? To hear me crying in the storm? To throw tear drops in the ocean? Screaming for clashing tides to open up? Into collapsing waves I once desired? To be held and told I was pretty? He came into my life? And promised me treasures? Until the well dried out? If granted a second chance at love? I'd danced my last chance? With my child's real father? And regret the mistake I'd made? Time and time again? When I had more lovers? When I had a true friend

Angela Khristin Brown
Repass

As darkness, approaches, sad and dreary?
Poor people mourn and are placed to rest?
And death surmounts in calmness?
We all question death, unaware of when it calls?
We dream of dying the same.
The owl asks, "Whose next."?
Death is a secret only God knows by choice?
Death is a trap of sleep that we won't wake from?
We mourn, poor or rich, scared of what happens after we die?
Waiting our calling from a rooster, an echoing horn?
When a hearth plays, we die, but life continues.
There is work?
To be done, yet, we honor his calling?
Things remain unchanged.
Often after death, we fail?
To visit our dead?
When we die, people remember the good times you shared?
When we die, people remember the good times you shared?
When we die, we are not envied, and we celebrate death?
To be cremated is not as valued, to turn to ash and put on an urn?
We celebrate the rising of the death a funeral, but after we are buried, we forget the dead by not returning to the grave to honor those that went before us?
We neglect the dead repressed with rage and time is frozen?
Life is beautiful and death is unseen.
When we die our spirit dies?
Rich or poor we should be remembered to rest in peace?
Rich or poor we should be remembered to rest in peace?
Regardless, we are the virtuous, the criminals, the swines, the wealthy.
God shows mercy on us all?
The hidden truth about death is hidden in guilt and shame of being judged to determine self-worth?
In death, our presence is taken for granted because we are judged?
The dead should plant their seeds to nurture and grow their memory?
The dead should not be a forgotten selfish love, but that of hope?
To grow in the image of mourning under a tree celebrated with others in green pastures of marked stones of hope?
When we die, our image is reborn into a repass and remembered as an old wise aged thorn of wealth?
And the holy ghost determines our fate into heaven?
We should plant our seeds so we will be remembered?
Because your image crosses over to love?
An your image will welcome others reinventing life?
After death. And you will be reborn as an old wise thorn

Angela Khristin Brown
Return

Come back to me?Come back to me?I'll promise to be true?I'm in love with you??I took one look at you?I knew you were the one?My temperature began to rise?As you touched my skin?I felt love inside?My palms perspired with lust?As you held me tight?And then the music stopped??Come back to me?Come back to me?I'll promise to be true?I'm in love with you??I'm in love with how you make love?To me?We mates like birds in the month of May?You held on tightly as a bar holds notes?Your warm caress as strumming a guitar?The enticing moans hum to the hymn of this song?The pace of your stroke as a drumbeat plays?I fell in love in the month with a badango man who plays music to my heart beating??Come back to me?Come back to me?Promise me?Our first time meant a lot to me?I forever sorry to see you leave?I'm in love??I can't get my mind of you?I am sad and blue we are through?I only wanted to be a friend?Oh why did it have to end? ?It would mean a lot to have you back?For one more night I'd prove to you?How much you mean to me?And our love is but more than a dream??Come back to me?Come back to me?I promise to be true?I'm in love with you??Come back baby?Promise me you'll listen

Angela Khristin Brown
Rx Generation

I read comments about Dreamland book. Over thirty thousand people died off having an overdose on opied drugs used as a pain killer. Maybe with discussion we can hear their stories and find ways to stop misusing drugs by finding solutions to solve this problem to help others from becoming victims. It seems that the people who are taking opioid drug is being treated for emotional pain from living in poverty, emotional abuse, family problems, domestic problems. It seems that a physician is giving them drug to treat pain that is not physical pain. Instead the pain is of hurt, neglect a feeling of sadness that the patient can not control and so they are taking the drug to eliminate the painful memories and by taking more than one they want the hurtful memories to stop. The patients should be seeking a psychiatrist instead of a physician because this disease begins with the mind not the body. Psychiatrist give medicine to treat addictions to other drugs or substance abuse that will counter the effects of having depressed thoughts or from feeling pain from being addicted to drugs that could have been damaging to the patients health. What would you say about the RX generation? Is this happening because of emotional abuse and not physical abuse. With therapy will the patients overcome their depression? I admit to taking a drug overdose because of depression at age 15. I was depressed and so I took drugs to eliminate the emotional pain and distress that going on in my life. I was under a lot of stress because of my grades in school and I was bullied in school. I did not know how to handle it so I took a few pills that later it looked to be an addiction to medication. I took overdosed on my medication trying that I would end the pain in my hurt, the confusion in my mind and stop facing the problems I was facing daily. An drug overdose was not the answer but the pain it gave made me feel like I did something about it. It was as if I needed to hurt myself physically to punish me so I wont feel emotional stress. I had an addiction and I needed help. I needed to make me feel better about what took place in my life. With therapy and being properly medicated I am getting help I need just by talking to someone about my problems. The therapist works things out with me by giving the emotional support I need to deal with life's ups and downs.

Angela Khristin Brown
Say It Loud

Black and Proud?
Proud of the skin I am in?
I am black and proud?
My blackness is the characteristic?
That separates dark from light?
My blackness is the color of an onyx jewel?
A symbol of relationships that build nations?
My blackness is the surface?
That distinguishes day from night?
Good from bad?
Different from indifferent?
Cool from lame?
When a person is in control?
He is separated from the uncouth?
That identifies color as my race?
Because I dare to be different?
I stand out in a crowd?
Proud of the skin I’m in?
I stand black and proud?
My blackness is a character trait?
When unified has the power to improve existence?
My blackness is the political and economic constraints?
Use to define what is a human condition?
My blackness reflects a social condition?
A cultural belief that is an unchanging power?
Uncurtaining, unaltered and suffering?
My blackness is a dangerous and fierce belief?
That gave man the courage to communicate an ideology?
Whose voice is despondent to time and broken in silence?
At the breaking point of my blackness?
Has become the voice of infusion to life's alteration to light?
My blackness is a color of skin?
As skin's radiant complexion?
Of social formalities of right and wrong?
My blackness is a belief that is sustaining?
Blackness defines what is unfair and unclear?
How we are represented or underrepresented as a race?
The fact that blackness suffers from losing its identity?
In how it is labeled?
My blackness becomes the courage of who I am?
Of silencing ignorance?
Blackness is a color that infuses the light?
By altering circumstance, by breaking barriers?
My blackness is the essence of?
Who I am, where I stand, and who I have become?
I'm black and I'm proud of being black?
I am proud to live in the skin I am in?
Yes, I am black and proud of it

Angela Khristin Brown
Search And Seizure

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized. Search and seizure is the legal term used to describe a law enforcement agent's examination to find evidence that a crime has been committed. The Fourth Amendment of the United States Constitution protects our right to privacy by prohibiting unreasonable intrusions into our personal property. Search and Seizure laws are effective if there is above reasonable doubt to obtain information legally to prove a case. Every man has the right to privacy and should not be subject to any scrutiny of objection without due cause. The Fourth Amendment prevents items that are seized unlawfully dependent upon the nature of the search or arrest as well as the circumstances under which the property was searched. A law enforcement agent must have a valid search or arrest warrant. You are protected from being detained or arrested without a valid reason. The police may not search your items or property where you would have a recognized expectation of privacy. The exceptions to the rule that a warrant must be obtained before performing a search. If a person gives voluntary consent to the officer, the search is legal. If the officer has probable cause he or she may then perform a search. Any officer violates a person's Fourth Amendment rights, and the search and/or seizure is found unlawful, the evidence will be kept out of the criminal case. The exclusionary rule is grounded in the Fourth Amendment and it is intended to protect citizens from illegal searches and seizures. It is illegal to obtain evidence from a home without consent of the home owner. If you enter a home and search for evidence to present in court without authorization it is contained illegally without consent and is stolen from the home and is illegal. It is illegal to open other people's mail. Everyone has the right to privacy. A person's mail is confidential. Anyone who read or obtains mail from a mail box and uses the mail for personal gain is illegal. A person who steals another person's identity by using the social security number to steal their record to steal their identity is illegal and subject to warrant an arrest. The research used is illegally obtained through sources through illegal search that can cause a threat to the individual they stole the information from. They are guilty of identity fraud. The Fourth Amendment provides safeguards to individuals during searches and detentions, and prevents unlawfully seized items from being used as evidence in criminal cases. Travel Martin was accosted by the night watchman because he was suspicious walking through an apartment complex at night. He was detained by the police for questioning while walking down the street. He resisted arrest and was shot.
individual is pulled over for a minor traffic infraction, and the police officer searches the vehicle’s trunk. A teacher was pulled over by the police for running a traffic light. She was detained by the police officer because she was found under the suspension of being on drugs. An individual is arrested. A young teenager was accosted by a police officer for resisting arrest at a pool party. She was detained and apprehended without resisting. She only cried out for her mother. Police officers enter an individual’s house to place him or her under arrest. A home owner called the police because someone robbed her home. When the police arrived the home owner was accosted by the police for upholding the law officer. Police officers enter a corporation's place of business to search for evidence of crime. A psychiatrist who is suspicious of her patient often searches the client's desk for drugs or alcohol to arrest her and lock her in a mental home. Police officers confiscate an individual's vehicle or personal property and place it under police control. A young man runs a traffic light. The police officer arrest the boy for being under the influence of alcohol. Once the boy looks the officer in the eye and is accosted and injured during the arrest. A police officer may not search or seize an individual or his or her property unless the officer has a valid search warrant; a valid arrest warrant; or a belief rising to the level of probable cause; that an individual has committed a crime. Under the Fourth Amendment, search warrants must be reasonable and specific. Certain searches don't require a search warrant. For example, a police officer is allowed to pursue a person if found suspicious of a crime, or is a threat to society, he is suspicious of his actions that may give reason to search and seizure. The evidence collected is presumed in-submersible in court if the evidence is obtained without legal consent by a judge. The police officer must provide ethical evidence in order to ask for a search warrant. If a person admits to committing the crime, his verbal response is not held accountable in court. Every person is read his Miranda rights before being arrested. The Constitution of the United States every man has the right to a fair trial. A warrant is generally a specific type of authorization, A warrant is usually issued by a court and is directed to a sheriff, a constable, or a police officer. Warrants normally issued by a court include search warrants, arrest warrants, and execution warrants. In the United States, the motion to suppress stems from the exclusionary rule. As the court stated in Simmons v. United States: In order to effectuate the Fourth Amendment's guarantee of freedom from unreasonable searches and seizures, this Court long ago conferred upon defendants in federal prosecutions the right, upon motion and proof, to have excluded from trial evidence which had been secured by means of an unlawful search and seizure. Because it is grounded in the right to be secure from unreasonable searches and seizures, a person must have standing to move to suppress evidence. In other words, one cannot object to evidence obtained by an illegal search if it was someone else's privacy that was violated. A person is
accused of dealing drugs and there are no witnesses of his crime because people are too scared to say anything and if they do they know the consequences of being murdered. A person is murdered in his home and it is ruled a suicide homicide. The police search the home for clues that was dismissed from court because it dealt with drugs and gangs. If the discovery of an item(s) was obtained by illegal means, it may still be allowed into evidence under some circumstances. These exceptions include:  

- **Inevitable discovery** - if discovery of the evidence was inevitable via purely legal means. A wealthy homeowner comes home to discover that he lost his key calls the police who arrest him being suspicious for illegal entering a home that he did not own.  

- **Independent source** - if the discovery involved a combination of legal and illegal means, but the illegality was of marginal significance, such that the evidence could have been discovered based on the legal source alone. A father hits his son in public and someone calls the police to arrest the man for child abuse when he was disciplining his son in public.  

- **Standing** - the violation affects the rights of someone other than the defendant, and the defendant does not have standing to complain. A young boy is unlawfully accused of killing someone and does not have the education to understand the crime that he admits to a crime he never committed.  

- **Good faith** - the illegality is not the fault of the law enforcement officers who obtained the evidence, who did so pursuant to a facially valid warrant granted by a neutral and detached magistrate. A girl is apprehended by the police who seduces her into having sex in order to get out the ticket and going to prison.  

- **Attenuation** - If the relationship between the illegality and the nature of the evidence obtained is reduced sufficiently for the evidence to be considered untainted. A person is arrested and his arrest is recorded by an iPhone. Because it was recorded illegally the evidence was not allowed in court.  

- A person was release because he was never read his Miranda rights before he was arrested. Evidence obtained as a result of Miranda violations is also subject to special analysis, depending on whether the statement is deemed voluntary or coerced, not merely whether police provided the appropriate warnings.

Angela Khristin Brown
Sobriety Of War


Angela Khristin Brown
The day I opened I opened up?You taught me how to trust?And not let go of my feelings?What would become of us?When I was insecure about myself?You shown me to respect your love?By sharing our emotions?When I was in doubt I was lonely?And you let me be in control?You listened to my heart?Right down to my soul?When I was immature?You protected me from fearing you?You shown me how to trust?You told me things would be okay?If I followed my heart?Love came so unexpectedly?I acted confused about what it meant?How could this happen to me?It's where words lost its meaning??I should have known?I needed a friend?I should have been there?Before our love ends?I could have been more?Than I was back then?I'm sorry

Angela Khristin Brown
Special Love

Someone Special? Special love? When you love someone special? And really mean it? And when they feel the same? You can't live without it? And when you open up your heart? And learn to trust them with it? Nothing else will matter? When you're in love with each other? He will make you laugh? When you love someone special? When your upset? It become easy to forgive? And when you love someone? You never in doubt? Because being in love? Is without faults? And when you trust someone? Their love you can't live without? Nothing else matters? When your in love? Your not afraid to shed tears? Because when you're in love? Going through changes? Means you care? And every time you're near? You shallow them with love? You tell them how beautiful they are? You meant everything is from your heart? And when you're in love with someone? They are perfect in every way? You want to be with the one you love? When the you love someone special? The world stops spinning? Your hearts stops beating? Time is over matter? And nothing else matters? But spending time together? With the one you love

Angela Khristin Brown
I was only fifteen, I started off, docking off, locking out?Breaking all the rules?Got a warning my final calling, that I was dropping out?I was shutting out at home?I felt the tension, started ditching, was missing out?Knowledge I needed time on my own?I was joking it, rocking it, cleaning out, flunking it?I was not focused, neglected my purpose, failing life started to surface?Mom had me see a psychiatrist, who measured my tolerance?Being distraught, finding out, had a run down, clocking out?I neglected to pay attention, I was slipping, was misrepresenting?Had I paid attention, dissembling my Mom was not cool?Facing getting locked in detention, opportunity school or maybe mental prison?Facing the reality of failing of making it, chasing it, taking it?Would have me going places, being famous, making a difference?Was the sacrifice I had to follow, I felt in sorrow, I needed to borrow?Education was my calling, the valuable lesson I had to learn

Angela Khristin Brown
Suicide Slayer

“The horror of all fear lies in the lives of those distressed.” - Angela Khristin Brown

The town was vacant, an empty car lot where the sky appeared to be falling heavy rain crash down against the black pavement and the afterthought of the clap of thunder. It appeared to be a ghost town. The building appearance was battered and worn down with chipped stained paint. Business became an old trailer used as junk yards. It was a cold, very cold fall mid-November night. The town was absent of company because of the weather forecast of a bad storm, everyone stayed trapped inside boarded housing. The town kept quiet. Not a sound in the streets besides the smothering chills of wind blowing, sound whistles through the trees. Families kept close, to keep warm and wore face mask to vent the smell of rain. The rumors of the town that it appeared to be a ghastly old used and abused sink hole that was destined to fall apart, but the town believed they could make it if it tried. Even with the hurt and the pain used to tear it down, they believed they had what it takes to make it work. Agents believed that the town was insecure and that the Fort Hood shootings would become a battle ground for street gangs. There was a disturbing tale of the suicide slayer. On November 1st, a bank was robbed by a street gang called the suicide slayer. The money in the Town Bank was not much but it the money people had to survive. At the scene of the robbery was a black Nisan parked outside with a gas leak. Inside the car had explosives needed to open the bank vault. There were enough explosives in the car to detonate a bomb that would do horrifying destruction. The town commodity was a refined oil factory that gas fumes were strong and dangerous. If the robbers failed to ignite the bomb it would light up the town and kill a lot of people. The plot to rob the bank was well thought out. The robbers timed the plot to happen in bad weather. The broker was very wealthy. He owned the trail tracks used to transport the oil distributed to several cities throughout the county. Oil had been a big commodity. Oil is the main resource used for technology such as gas, fuel and light. Inside the bank were a military officer, security and trained guards. Each officer was trained to stop any infiltration to rob the bank. There were three local townsmen involved in the plot to rob the bank. Each were from low income family with a lack of education living in poverty with no work. It was their plan to steal enough money to help provide for their family and steal enough money to feed the poor. No man shall be deprived of life liberty and the pursuit of happiness. To become a thief, you had to think like one. These men worked with conviction. One of the men understood the plot as ethical. One thought that he was involved because of his older siblings. The other man was not mentally disabled and could not understand the crime he was going to commit. The three men walked into the lobby of the bank. All were well known and got a friendly
welcome by the attendants. No one suspected anything. One man filled out a bank stub to do a money transfer. Another approached the teller requesting a loan. While the third person created a distraction making a withdrawal. It was business at the bank as usual. While making a money transfer, the bank robber was able to change a copy of the money transcript while the attendant walked away to talk to her manager. While getting a loan the other man was able to use other accounts from the transcript to transfer money into his loan. The money would occur in time. They were able to transfer funds using a lap top. The third man was able to go into the vault and hobbit the funds they collected. It was a modern bank robbery. This robbery was a success. It was different from the old robberies with fast cars, guns explosives and big threats. It was a quiet day, in mid-day in the middle of the storm. No one would get hurt and the robbery would not be detected by anyone including the FBI. In a few months the money would add up and the men could have enough money to fulfill their dreams. Something went wrong. There was a casualty went wrong at the robbery. It was with the get away car. While an attendant walked away unnoticed the men appeared to be too innocent. What were the men doing at the bank during this time of weather while everyone else was at home? The captain pulled the men over for questioning. It was then troubled he yelled to his brother and all hell broke loose. The man panicked and shot at the officer. The military man tried to hold the men from leaving. The dying officer replied that he would always remember the gun man. Security had peed in his pants and had a stroke. The whole thing transpired so fast no one knew it was coming. The three men escaped the gun fire and ran for the lives to the get-away car parked outside at a metro. There was a ticket on the metro that would lead the police to the three men. It was a windy and rainy day. The car trailed a gas leak from the bank to the hotel they had been staying at. There was a warrant for their arrest. The town remained quiet and still. Not even a mouse made a sound in this town. The only entertainment that ever hit this town was about the suicide slayer street gang heroes that saved the day. The captain ran the town. He owned most everything in town. He controlled the transactions in this poor town. He owned the oil. He owned the bank. He owned the hotel with his car parked outside of the hotel the robbers were staying at. He made important discussions as their Mayer. No one liked this man because he was not a fair man. People wanted him to leave. The captain was the real suicide slayer that robbed the town blind. The car parked outside the bank was the captain old car, so the bank robbery led back to the captain. The only one who recognized the robbers was the informant who led on to the captain conspiracy in taking from the people. After the deputy discovered the gas leek he called the FBI to investigate. It turned out that the car was stolen. It was there only lead. The mentally ill blew up their evidence when he lit the match that blew up the town. Luckily no one got hurt. The robbers put all the townSlpeople money back in the bank. The captain was
arrested and never seen or heard of again. The mayor committed suicide.

Angela Khristin Brown
The Fourth

They will call on Congress to make their lives a priority by taking action to pass gun safety legislation that can help prevent mass shootings in America's schools. They want to be heard, and they want action. And we at the Sanders Institute are proud to stand with these courageous young people today and every day. Enough is enough. The issue of guns in America has turned into a highly partisan one, being used by political parties to stoke divisiveness, rather than actually solve the problem. It's time to put the rhetoric aside and put the safety of our kids, families, and communities first. The Fourth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America grants its citizens the right to bear arms. Every man has the right to own a gun. Men want to hold possession of a gun because it gives them protection against predators from invading their homes. A gun is used in self-defense against violent acts under the mercy of the Lord. Men who carry a gun use it for recreational hunting purposes. If there is a ban on guns, it will lead to gangs purchasing guns illegally. Gangs use guns for protection of opposing gangs. The fourth amendment grants man the right to have a gun in his home. America needs to get the guns out of the mentally ill people who use it for a fair game and to commit senseless murder. We can prevent the mass murder from happening if we detained a list of mentally ill people from purchasing a gun. We should ban guns from the mentally ill before more deaths occur. Every gun store should have a list of people who are not mentally fit to carry a gun in hopes there is something that can be done to prevent innocent victims of gun violent acts from occurring again. You can consider banning the guns they have been used in mass shootings or find another alternative to gun violence. On March 24th, the survivors and families of the Parkland, Florida school shooting will lead supporters in a march on the streets of Washington DC, with others gathering in Hawai‘i and communities across the country. They will call on Congress to make their lives a priority by taking action to pass gun safety legislation that can help prevent mass shootings in America's schools. They want to be heard, and they want action. And we at the Sanders Institute are proud to stand with these courageous young people today and every day. Enough is enough. The issue of guns in America has turned into a highly partisan one, being used by political parties to stoke divisiveness, rather than actually solve the problem. It's time to put the rhetoric aside and put the safety of our kids, families, and communities first. The vast majority of Americans, those who own guns and those who don't, agree with the actions these students are calling for—banning military-style assault weapons, increasing the minimum age to buy guns, universal background checks, and closing gun show loopholes. These are common sense efforts that can and should be enacted now. Please join my colleagues and me at the Sanders Institute in doing
everything possible to support the March for Our Lives efforts and urging leaders in Congress to take action now to prevent more lives from being lost.

Angela Khristin Brown
2Pac's quote is the age you give young people is the reflection of what you taught them. In the movie, "The Hate U Give," discusses how often we individuals are victims who are afraid to speak because if you snitch you put others lives in danger, but if you don't speak your truth then becomes hidden. 2Pac said that we fall victims of our own minds. 2Pac believed that the condition we live in is not because we want to be this way but because we have a choice. We fall victims of our own minds because the conditions we live in sets us up to failure. There are movie scenes that demonstrate 2Pac's belief. Starr had to turn in the king lord to save her family. Starr had to testify at her friend that was murdered by the police at the court hearing. Starr had a chance to a better way of life because she had a choice. Starr had a chance to speak out during a community protest as a star witness to his friend's death. Starr defended herself when she said no to violence as she protected her youngest brother from being shot. Starr's biggest conflict was to admit that it was a mistake to say that the police were not the blame for what had happened to her friend. I was an active advocate in a chapter of black lives matter. I?No longer belong to a chapter after 2012. I wanted to get involved after being overwhelmed with unarmed boys dying in the news. I became more aware that it could happen to anyone, even me. Trayvon Martin and Micheal Brown story shocked me because of how they died and how it happened at their age being so young high school students. The people involved, victims of families or the victims themselves who are apart of the movement to speak in behalf to those who can't

Angela Khristin Brown
The Poet

Voices climb effortlessly
through this gate of thorns
I become another
wasted suicide

I become a prisoner of stolen voices
empty hearts letting go
Relationships pierce the glass ceiling of my heart
I cry for all the life I love.

I become the disabled poet
singing words into a barren sky
Voices sing my name backwards
lead me into a dance of death.

Invisible wings
cover my fears
Invisible wings
cover my scars.

I pray for a rise of love
where my feet dance joy
I cry for a river of love
where my soul flows.

I am the old poet
of pain regret burden
I am the new poet
writing life back into my breath.

Angela Khristin Brown
Times

You said times had changed? Since you left? My life ain't been the same? You no longer love me? Why do I feel I'm the blame, yea? My life had shattered? Into a thousand Pieces? Left me broken hearted? I can't figure it out? Since you left? Things ain't been the same? I need someone to love me, love me? And show me how much they care? I need someone who loves me? And feel sincere? Without having you around? Friends claim that I'm in doubt? My behavior has changed? I'm dragging a lot of weight? I hold up on my back, yes? I wish You knew how much I cared? For you, but I'm sorry life's not fair? I plead to you, but you seem not to care? I need someone to love me, love me? And show me how much they care? I need someone who loves me? And feel sincere? When you walked out? You left my heart cold? I had nothing to go by? No room left to roam? With nothing to hold onto? I was living a lie? You left my heart stranded? Where the hell Did i go wrong? I need someone to love me, love me? And show me how much they care? I need someone who loves me, love me? And feel sincere

Angela Khristin Brown
To Have Loved

To loved, I hated you like daggers I threw back at you aimed at your heart. I can no longer trust, your scam that has coned me into loving you for too long. I refuse to let anyone in a brick wall come between us while standing tall, yet still. I do not want to be touched. I am allergic to how your scaly flesh feels with no lotion. I blocked out all memory of you. I have amnesia. I’m in a comma. I can no longer see or feel. Love don’t love nobody no more for there is no one else to love. Our love that once was no longer exist. Vamoose. Our love disappeared. I was fooled into thinking I loved like the joker who plans revenge. I regurgitate on the thought of forgetting the stink of spoiled food makes when it sits out for a long time. I am living a lie you told when you fooled me into thinking that I could be something more than a pen in a haystack. You kicked in the locket out of my heart because you used me like some cheap wine you bought from the swap meet and left me dry. You left my heart to rot like spoiled fruit, getting over you. You got issues that I was not good enough then a box of cracker jacks and you let the prize be a surprise that we are breaking up. My only issue is that you were loving yourself more than me a hit and run never inside my heart. To you our love was nearly a lump on a camel's back. I confess that change that dared come someday would not change us in how I feel. I got too much hate locked inside, the venom revenge, the poisons lie, and the weapons of mistrust. It is hard to let go of two fast cars in a race that crash between us. You tampered with my heart like stolen parts from a new car. You cannot keep withdrawing without putting money in afraid the fountain would run dry. It takes time to heal when you are hurt like a kid skins his knee down hard against the hard concrete. The pain is like a sore that spoils and the more you mess with it the more it gets infested with disease. You are my S.O.L. partner in life because we live in distress. I hope this does not backfire like a spider weaves its web caught up in confessions. I love you like a busted spare tire with a distaste for you and regret. It is better to have loved and lost than to not have loved at all. You are guilty of me believing that you love me, forgiving me, holding me close in my heart would only make me break down and cry. I once too loved?To love, the sweet scent of old flowers, to be with the one I love. I've grown to secrecy, to nurture my one and only true love. Like Bonnie and Clyde, we may chance love as we dance with sin. I needed a man, who would howl like a wolf when emotions meets the moon at half noon. I inhale life to devote my needs, like two birds in a bush during mating season. I long for fresh compressed air, as seashells that wash away at sea. It is you I trust my heart with like a locket holds my picture in memory of our last comfort me with warmth like a blanket that protects me from the cold winter chills. You fed my heart with red roses whose stems are rooted from my soul. It was the thought behind your kind heart that I fell in love with you from
the start. No love is more precious than true love as two hearts conjoined as twins. Time pushed away drums pounding on the one I loved most, to return, to hold, to feel and forgive. I closed my eyes to trust you close so you could stay hidden from the storm. I felt love with your warm embrace like an old fire flame from a chimney that heats our frozen hearts. When you came into my life, it was like a hungry wolf that hunts for food. Our desire was like raw meat I could taste the bitter salt when we made love. Our love became a natural taste that quenched my hungry desire. I have come to grow like cherry blossoms that bloom in early spring showers. I opened my heart and spread my wings, for I'll always remain to believe, you loving me, forever forgiving me, holding me close in my heart while crying out warm tears of joy. I am forever in love with you

Angela Khristin Brown
Tortois

When I was sad you listened?To what I had to say?Just because you cared??When I needed you?You gave me the moral support?That made me believe in God??When I was scared?You taught me to not worry?And I knew things would be okay??When I was in doubt?You understood and stayed with me?You told me not to give up?And I followed my dream???Sometimes I don’t say?I love you enough?But what I really feel?I love you from my heart

Angela Khristin Brown
Truce

If I were to tell you?What someone told me?I might miss a detail or two?I hold inside broken dreams?Broken lies?Broken promises I step aside?Black and white?Im rage, love and hate?Like two birds in a bush?With all the rage and madness?What am I left to do?Thoughts of suicide?Race through my mind?From time to time?I racing time?Black and white?I heard the rumors?A thousand times?I ain't goin no where?I break down in cry?My tears flowing?Into the river of life?Black on white?Building blocks of promise?We live in fear?Danger is near?Black and white?I'm afraid of the dark?I can not trust?I do not know?This course of history?Black and white?Have become the colors?No one understands?We are in troubled waters?Pointing at words of blame?At one another?Waiting in the waters of pain?You hating me?I am not like you?I hating you?You don't know me?Well enough to spread?Those rumors?Black and white?In all hatred?Love and war?The rumors spread?Got our feelings hurt?By the words being shared?In truth and dare?We are both confused?And unaware?We failed to forgive?We dared to learn to channel our hate?In goodnes and health?We build these walls?We made these walls?We bcome these walls?We tear down these walls?We rise, we fall?Life is not a game?Welove, we hate?One in the same?I must define my purpose?With the words needed to say

Angela Khristin Brown
If it were his words; ?I heard them, ?But failed to listen.??If it were his antics; ?I took for granted, ?Because I did not understand.??If it were his demeanor?I accepted it, ?Because I failed to pay attention.??If it were his lies; ?I believed it, ?Because it looked promising.??If it were his arrogance; ?I supported it, ?Because it was domineering.??If it were his absurdity; ?I ignored it, ?Because his words seemed credible.??If I neglected to see reality; ?I took him at his word; ?And now I am paying for it.? 

Angela Khristin Brown
Underground Railroad

No man is truly free. Freedom is determined by the limitation of what one defines as being free. The underground railroad was led by Sojourner Truth. The slaves would escape slavery by going house to house. In some cases, there were underground tunnels where the slaves to escape. Sometimes the slaves would escape slavery by water as illegal aliens during the Revolutionary War and Civil War. It was a means to allow royalty into America and no one would suspect that the slaves were in the boats. Sometimes escaped slaves would look for the north star to travel north to New York a free slave state.??There are many different ways that the slave became free in America. Some slaves were educated, some in the military, some were astute in society before coming to America. Some slaves spoke and read English well and held good jobs. Some slaves were pardoned freedom for working a certain amount of time. Some slaves escaped. Some slaves moved to free states.??My ancestors were slaves. My great-grandfather saw his mom sold on an auction block in Georgia.??The slave trade was not only led by free slaves but by Caucasian's of religious faith who did not support slavery. or the slave trade. Like the Quakers who were involved. The slaves had help to getting free.??The free slave trade is when Africans were taken into bondage exported from Africa to America to work for free. Underground Railroad is when the slaves escaped to become free from slavery. It was called a safe house where the slaves would rest during their route to the North or Canada. The people who helped the slaves escape to freedom were called conductors. The slaves used the old Indian trails that led their path and traveled through water so the dogs could not trace their scent. Harriet Tubman helped many slaves escape but there were others who helped the slaves escape as well. Names like John Brown, Henry Caltrain, John Henry, John Coleman led the way unto the Civil War. Places like New York, Philadelphia, Kansas, Kentucky, Rhode Island, Delaware, Massachusetts were states free from slavery. Then there were the carpet baggers who fled from the south up north to find work.??While there were many ways that enslaved people of African descent obtained their freedom, our program is just concerned with those who resisted enslavement through escape and flight, which includes more than those who ran from house to house, as there is evidence that many were unaided in their escapes.??While there is some evidence that Sojourner Truth participated in UGRR, the UGRR was not led by her. How the UGRR functioned was both a matter of time and place. It existed from the time people were first enslaved in this country till the end of the Civil War. It ran not only north, but south to places like Spanish Florida, Mexico, and the Caribbean.??The slave trade was not only led by free slaves but by Caucasian's of religious faith who did not support slavery. or the slave trade. Like the Quakers who were involved. The slaves had...
The free slave trade is when Africans were taken into bondage exported from Africa to America to work for free. Underground Railroad is when the slaves escaped to become free from slavery. It was called a safe house where the slaves would rest during their route to the North or Canada. The people who helped the slaves escape to freedom were called conductors. The slaves used the old Indian trails that led their path and traveled through water so the dogs could not trace their scent. Harriet Tubman helped many slaves escape but there were others who helped the slaves escape as well. Names like John Brown, Henry Caltrain, John Henry, John Coleman led the way unto the Civil War. Places like New York, Philadelphia, Kansas, Kentucky, Rhode Island, Delaware, Massachusetts were states free from slavery. Then there were the carpet baggers who fled from the south up north to find work. The underground railroad was spiritual. Harriet Tubman escaped slavery to seek freedom and at the other end, she was threatened. She went back to save specific people not only her family. The quilts may have had patterns that were used as symbols to tell stories about family traditions and how to escape slavery, but the patterns were designed to tell slave owners symbols about what took place too. History has secrets too. You can find it in your research to

Angela Khristin Brown
Usa Native

There are biases within my race and culture? We are blinded by looks and divided by gangs? To live in any place is not safe on the streets? We are always competing with our needs? In my culture we represent one skin color? We come from many breeds? We speak different dialects of English? We are separated yet equal in some extent? We are Americano, Black Indians and Africanas? We are islanders, Latinos and Japanese? Because we are different, we are not treated the same? Defining an common ground so we won't stray? Coming from different backgrounds is no problem? Where we are what we eat, in whose company we keep? But our cultural environment is how we represent? It is what defines us and makes us distinct?

Angela Khristin Brown
We


Angela Khristin Brown
We All Fall Down

The Fate of our Government (rap prose poem) ??Federalists share name nationalist since Washington. Federalists represents the wealthy who run the government as one union. Separatist believe each state upholds the way they are governed. Federalist’s nationalist capitalist libertarian republican democrat socialist nonpartisan conservative is liberal’s moderates. Progressives believed in transforming change. Egotarealism toltarealism Marxism. Paralitarealism reformist over ten forms of government in the United States since President Washington. Ergonomics was a bipartisan government. Can anybody define bureaucracy politics? Who delegates or controls a bureaucratic government? Who finds bureaucracy? Power? Money? Elite? Money laundering? The source? If the stock market clashes banks will for close and we go bankrupt and our taxes will increase. Pressure congress to come to terms. A lot is at risk. Medidicci family a wealthy Chinese family lineage to the royal family in China. My Klux Klan Americans formed after slavery Aryans skin heads maxi war party against America skinhead prison gang to overturn government maxi against Jews nationalist party grouped as one. For whites only all for white power. Does America understand the extension of the Catholic Church and its history before Christ the war over the promise land the pope papacy authority of the church the history of Africa the Middle East Jerusalem eastward region Verdi’s western region centuries of wars was about? Questioning border wall? Question security? 3,500 +people per year cross illegally. Immigration citizens? who is profiting from drugs? aliens fall down from being poor poor from mexico poor from poor countries in africa pedal pushers carpet baggers drug dealers runners who sells? Obama census drugs/violence increased. Wall pre-paid. Welcome immigration legality? More immigrants than legal citizen? Immigration funding's? Throughout history, it is interesting to see how each president handles what goes on in our world. Trump, I pray he makes the right decisions. It is a hard job president. May God bless America? May God protect us from our sins in our lives we hold faith in trust in Godly spirituality is in America? May the fate of all men have not been forgotten? Prayers are with all American we pray. America today has so many diverse groups who do not have the same beliefs that did not get along coming together with a common theme protesting for what they believe is right. Pride glut any sloth adultery personification envy lust are the seven deadly sins. Man’s worst weakness needs too much greed, having too much pride and wanting too much money and selfishness that leads to his breakdown. Can you name the fate of our government? And we all Fall down

Angela Khristin Brown
Women's Worth

Trapped into circumstance? The unfair practice within my skin? I'm not red, yellow or brown? Being dark has no exceptions? When people see me they say I'm dumb? They recognize me as ugly and retarded? I live in a world of racial slang? Called winch, baboon and Miss Thang? Heifer, cow and stiff, ? Mongrel, roach and bitch? I have no control of what is said? In a world divided by race and color? I feel they are confused that all lives matter? People judge me by the space I'm in? Confuse by the state of life I live? I live in a world where women are under represented? By human perceptions who fail to understand? A woman is worth more than perceptions

Angela Khristin Brown
Words Can Bleed


Angela Khristin Brown
You

I want you??I had it coming?In the worst way?I was in for it?When I walked away?I can't get over?Seeing you me and her?I know blind hearts?Don't see eye to eye?Why do you play with my mind??Cause I want you??When I was into you?I was digging your vibes?I was feeling your groove?I ready to die?I never met a man like you?Who could make me laugh?Make me sad?Make me so mad?Madly enough I'd rather go?To see you happy?With the girl you love you more??Cause I want you??I was lying I was not hurt?Seeing you with her?After we made love?Our hearts clicked?Me with child?With holding love?Never in doubt?I loved you more and more and more?Than you loved me?When you left me hanging out in the cold?Cold, cold, world of you me and she?I'll die before I'll love again, Where does life end? ?Where does life begin? ??I needed you to say?I loved only you?I wanted you to stay

Angela Khristin Brown
You Give Me Butterflies

Boy you give me butterflies? Using your fingers to heal the pain? Love never felt so good to play this way? Play this way? Love never heard love play this way? You give me butterflies? Strummin the guitar with your thumb? Strummin the notes play on and on? As the music plays on and on? Hustlin for the right words to say? Let the music play? Let the music play? Take away the hurt? Take away the pain? Boy you give me butterflies? My heart was broken many times before? By the men I trusted the most? Where does love go from here? I don't know? Love don't want to be alone? An empty heart cries out? When it need to feel loved? You give me butterflies? I remember our first kiss? When you held me close? I opened up my heart? And I broke down in tears? My fist in my hands? Chills raced up my spine? It was then I realized? I knew how love felt inside? And the butterflies began to fly? You give me butterflies? My heart feels weak? And when you are not around? I only think of you...? You give me butterflies

Angela Khristin Brown