Poetry Series

Angela khrisitin Brown
- poems -

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Angela khristin Brown (January 5, 1969)

Angela self published poet 1990-2020

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Angela khrisitin Brown
Love Is...

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

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

Angela khrstn Brown
My Block

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

Angela khristin Brown
Neighbors

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

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

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

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

Angela khristin Brown
Promise Me

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

Angela khristin Brown
Show Me Love

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

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

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

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

Angela khristin Brown
Silence

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

Angela khristin Brown
Sisters

me and you be sisters.  
we be the same.

me and you  
coming from the same place.

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

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

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

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

only where you sing,  
I poet.

Angela khristin Brown