

## Prologue: Seasons Change

ANGELA BROWN

### GIVE 'EM THE REASON

Give me the reason, to free my mind  
And in my heart, I want to be free  
I want to be free, free, and free  
Of rock and roll  
You took the best of me  
Every second, every minute  
The best time of our lives  
The joy of warm memories remain inside  
The times of missing knowing grieving love  
Words lost eternally remain deep in my mind  
When time becomes a bitter distance  
Words follow our hearts with meaning  
The best time of our lives  
Give me the will, to follow my heart  
I want to be free, I want to be free  
To drift away, free, free, free  
Bring back the rhythm of Rock and Roll  
And drift away  
Free every Minuit, every second,  
Every moment shared  
Your blank stare was not fair  
The times our eyes met  
The feel of your warm touch  
The sweetness of your breath  
I deserve, I want to be free, free, and free  
Bring back the rhythm of Rock and Roll  
And drift away  
Needing you, wanting you,  
The moment, our time, the passion inside  
The memories won't let go, us holding hands

The best time of our lives, holding on  
The best time of our lives  
Give me the reason, to free my soul  
I don't want to let go, of letting go  
I want to hold on, to free my soul  
Let love drift away  
I want to be free, free, and free  
Bring back the rhythm of Rock and Roll  
And drift away, and drift away  
Want to drift away, away, free

### **CENSORSHIP**

Speak Out  
Life is difficult without words  
The presence of a voice  
Carries on as a reminder  
Of emerging thoughts  
Thought remains unpinned  
From aggression  
I am the voice of  
Advocating hope  
From restriction  
I am the voice of  
Promoting peace  
My voice demands justice  
To be respected  
My voice demands justice  
To want dignity  
I act in  
Defiance to unkind indifference  
I act in  
Response to unkempt change  
My voice is a criminal of self-thought  
Darkness is the impede my of silence

**The People's Voice**

It depends on how you see it  
How you view it, how you perceive it  
It is what you make of it  
The reality of the truth in it  
Is it the means of how it is partaken?  
Or maybe it is how an identity is mistaken  
In how it is viewed in the media  
Profiled to profanity  
Reasons of insanity  
That dictates immortality for death  
And the surreal images of sobriety  
In reality people are dying  
People are crying  
People are denying the truth  
Of racial profiling is killing our race  
People are protesting  
Against police brutality  
Of man slaughtering  
Within decades in our communities  
Some see it  
Some don't believe in it  
Some deny it as just cause  
But to be perceived as a movement  
Of immorality, a formality of reasons  
To be recognized with negative sobriety  
Of judgment that is deterrent of reasons  
To be misunderstood for what some conceive  
Labeled as ignorance in our streets  
NWA of ignorance if you know the difference  
It's no different than now  
As we know it as incognizant to relevance  
The life of a black man on the streets  
Is procurement to industrialized slavery?

We must not lose focus on our cause

### **I AM POET**

I have so many words to share  
Many ideas of morality and praise  
I wanted the world to know who I am  
With the voice of wisdom  
Was due to proclaim  
They think I got it all  
And it is not all it seems  
All the wealth, the love and the fame  
Does not mean a thing  
In reality, I was all alone  
With the empty feeling of being unknown  
I have nothing but notoriety to blame  
No one cares about my name  
No one to share all my fame  
And bragging to me is no fun  
In reality I am all alone  
With nothing to show  
My life is on hold  
All I have is warm memories  
Of voicing out my dreams  
With the notion that some day  
My voice will be redeemed  
As a part of history  
I am poet

### **ORAL TRADITION**

Gather my ten cents, my defenses, my senses  
To defend the cause by the prayers of hope  
Rescue me from the harsh winds of Katrina  
Its breath did not care if you were black, white or Latino  
Its breath did not care if you were rich or poor  
For man to escape its evil path of death  
Could not be avoided nor ignored.

But one of America's most remarkable cities  
Will not be forgotten as a voice in the wind.  
I pray on the idea, the violations to build won't be neglected  
From the evil tactics, the schemes, and the rude attacks  
Hope that the notions of morality will come into effect  
And the unethical practices will not enact.  
Fate will explore the city, as generations of legacies remembered  
And the beauty, the cuisine, the music, will be restored  
And Louisiana culture will fight back to survive  
And its tradition will be remembered as part of American way of life

**GANG VIOLENCE IN LOS ANGELES: JULY 23, 2015**

Written by, Poet Angela Brown

We wear the masks of blue violets  
Hidden behind two colors  
That marks the streets  
Blind the alleys  
That scars their dreams  
With broken speech  
No one understands  
Every day is a new round  
Every second is on the clock  
But our outcome  
Is a choice  
We live together  
We die together  
The spirit must live  
We wear the masks of broken roses  
Walking stones into ashes  
Scattered dust in the wind  
Skeleton bones led to carry on  
Vulnerable and weak masks  
Die  
Without reason  
Every day is a new round

Every second is on the clock  
But our outcome  
Is a choice  
We live together  
We die together  
And we must forgive  
Red and blue fight  
Without the waking pain  
Confused and unforgiving  
No one is to blame  
A blank stare  
Staring back at us  
As if we care  
Every day is a new round  
Every second is on the clock  
But our outcome  
Is a choice  
I fell down  
But I got up  
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Is a choice  
I fell down  
But I got up

**FINDING A SOLUTION**

A Child's day begins with  
Finding a Solution  
Finding a Solution  
They want to learn  
And be great things  
But we fail to understand their cries  
Because we failed our children  
From pursuing their dreams

We as their parents have deprived our child  
From funding their education  
With the tools they deserved  
Scarcity, the madness  
Startling, the sadness  
And the test scores are low  
Our students are dropping out  
With no room for hope  
Our government is insecure  
But students' passion to learn is high  
They all want to earn the power  
We must not hear their cries  
In honesty we are not true to ourselves  
In reality we aren't being fair to our children  
We are ignoring the root of our problems  
Starts from the person within  
The whisper before dawn  
The silence of visible light  
Singing God's hymn infinitely in time.  
Their words are a reflection of mourning  
Not knowing foreshadowing history  
We share their agony  
We share their pain  
A mirror image of their journey.  
Nothing is eternal  
Only decades stand amongst our wound.  
We stand, we bond, and we pledge words of hope  
Every second, every minute,  
Every hour in their memory  
Each moment underlies our journey  
And it is your voice that carries  
Vicariously towards freedom.  
A mind is a terrible thing to waste.

**FLAGS OVER SOUTH**

Oh, confederate flag  
Flying guanine winds,  
Rooted in shame  
Beyond all reasons  
Out of pity and pain  
A flag that cries  
In the broken air  
Flown shamefully  
Out of sorrow and deceit  
It represents memories of terror  
Stones of unmarked graves  
Unforgotten memories of our past  
Once removed from blame  
The time has changed  
The anger remains  
With unsought questions asked  
For its vain purpose  
Of painful ignorance  
Thought I should change  
Of deception and of tier  
Of American values  
Thought I would change  
The hate and regret  
Thought I could change  
American values  
The Confederate flag flies  
In history in vein  
History must not be  
Taken for granted  
For all its worth  
One by one  
Against the odds  
One on one

Against the odds  
They come by the dozens  
One by one  
Me and you against the odds  
Flags over south

**I'M EGO TRIPPING**

I am the addict  
Desiring with needs  
Burning with the desire to held and loved.  
Words control the lust to be desired  
I feel passion between verses  
I am the voice within  
With a thirst to be heard.  
I am the darker sister  
Whose words are?  
As sensitive as her skin  
Where gifted words  
Disguises its meaning inside  
I am the voice within  
Flowing aluminous words  
Into meaning  
As  
Sand flows  
Through loose fingers.  
My love for you as crazy  
The voice within  
Often taken for granted  
My words reveal no lies  
But tell the true meaning of  
Loss, pain, anger, and grief  
I am the addict  
Desiring with needs  
Burning with to be desired  
I feel passion

With a thirst to be heard  
I am the voice within  
Words of innocence  
Morning space and time  
Of an aesthetic value often misunderstood  
I am the voice behind these words  
I am the addict  
Desiring with needs  
Often mistaken for self-hate  
In its true essence, the voice within  
The voice within is challenged  
Seeking, finding, searching  
For its own identity to breath  
No, I'm not ego tripping  
I am the addict  
Desiring with needs  
Often mistaken for self-hate  
In its true essence, the voice within  
I'm just keeping it real  
I am the addict  
Desiring with needs  
Often mistaken for self-hate, the voice within  
In its true essence  
I am the poem  
I am the addict  
Desiring with needs  
Often mistaken for self-hate  
In its true essence  
Who challenges thought  
This is crazy - the voice within  
Within hope and loss  
Within love and pain  
Within happiness and anger  
Are the words I speak of empathy I am the voice within  
I am not got long  
I'm ego tripping

**ALONE IN THE NIGHT**

Chorus:

I know no thirst, behind this peace of mind  
No familiar faces, behind this peace of mind  
Abandoned trust, behind this peace of mind  
Broken, death will come some day  
Ill-exposed by all the lies told  
Words of informality ill-imagined delusions  
There must be a better place in this world  
To heal the pain I now feel inside  
A place where solitude solicits my tears  
Solicits my fears of being touched  
Not by thoughts, I felt I loved once inside  
Deeply hidden rage holds a place dear to my heart  
I've been raped  
Alone in the night  
My innocence exercises,  
The pain, the fears, and the tears I share  
Holds a dangerous place inside  
Ready to explode...

**Chorus:**

I know no thirst, behind this peace of mind  
No familiar faces, behind this peace of mind  
Abandoned trust, behind this peace of mind  
Broken, death will come some day  
Hit by the bearer of my roots  
No way  
It came unexpected, an intrusion  
I never wanted to hide  
I never invited you to walk on the idea  
I wanted you to have me  
No not this, not like this  
The memory of your breath  
The heat from inside  
Scatter thoughts of dead faces  
Moldering imprints in my mind...  
Your voice

Your laugh  
Your love for me  
Have become the stones of sin...  
Alone in the night.  
The memories of love  
Are of naked dreams  
That wiped away my innocence  
What was of us  
Does not matter, of love...  
Nothing to do, but take my morning pill  
And when sunrise comes  
I'll be going another direction  
Without meaning, words have said its last good bye...  
Alone  
I hide the pain

***Fall 2014: DIARY JOURNAL***

***Monday***

I am the addict  
Desiring with needs  
Burning with the desire to held and loved.  
Words control the lust to be desired  
I feel passion between verses  
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Often mistaken for self-hate, the voice within  
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I am the poem  
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In its true essence  
Who challenges thought  
This is crazy - the voice within  
Within hope and loss  
Within love and pain  
Within happiness and anger  
Are the words I speak of empathy I am the voice within  
I ain't got long  
Im ego tripping

Today, I awoke sadly detoured with the same routine as usual. The alarm sounds off, but I wait. I am weak from normal. I would wake up to my cat licking me in the face, but no more. My cat is dead. I am alone. After all I silence is serene and quiet peace. I cannot contain silence. Silence is being alone in the dark where you are blinded and cannot see. Alone, I cannot be afraid of anything. I am free to think silently and meditate about life. I am at peace with the world. I listen vacantly to the sound of a pen dropping. Instead I hear my heart is bleating, bleeding eternally inside and I don't have the patience to listen. Alone in this empty shell, time has no relevance.

### ***Tuesday***

Alone in my dreams, I am a ballerina princess. In my dream I wear a pink gown that covers my feet and a tiara made of gem stones. I express my love for life by swaying and prancing to Betoken in Swan Lake. My body snaps to the precision of the music. I can feel the piano notes play as my body is positioned to be held as I dance and sway and dance and sway with pride as if I am somebody today. Today, is the day I believe that I can fly.

### ***Wednesday***

I have an attitude that says I am different and no one really cares. It is my attitude about life that makes me stand out from others and some admire me for the ability to carry certain ways. It comes from the personality that allures people to pay attention. It is within the way I walk and smile that can light up a room of spectator wondering what I am going to do next. With certainty of influence on others I fear that I am not at all alone in this world.

### ***Thursday***

Today, I am no different than the person who is happy. I am not different than the person who is confident. I am no different than the person who is needy. I am no different than the person who is sad. I am not

different than the person in power. I am no different than the person who prayed. I am no different than the person in love. I am no different than the person who was commended for trying or the one person who got a promotion or the one person who took the time out to help others. I am no different than any one person out there, because today, I put forth the effort to try to be somebody today. I dared to dream.

***Friday***

I am not connected to change for any reason. Change is sometimes good when things go your way. It is bad if it does not work out. It is super when your thoughts are motivated. You are excited if you are inspired. Everything is everything but what you want it to be but you are willing to accept things as they are and yet as time goes by we progress into another state of being or time frame that we have no control over than to accept things one day at a time.

***Winter 2014: DIARY JOURNAL***

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No familiar faces, behind this peace of mind  
Abandoned trust, behind this peace of mind  
Broken, death will come some day  
Ill-exposed by all the lies told  
Words of informality ill-imagined delusions  
There must be a better place in this world  
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A place where solitude solicits my tears  
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Without meaning, words have said its last good bye...  
Alone  
I hide the pain

***Monday***

I am reliving the past. I never know what to expect. I am living an imaginary life that has no presence. I cannot feel or see what is next to come. Life is a manager of dreams in hope that you live to see it through. Nothing is real. There are no emotions. People become circumstance. They are a figment of your imagination. I cannot see. I cannot feel. I am trapped in a maze and do not know which direction is out. I am stuck in a time capsule of thoughts that will not let go. I am non-existence to reality. I am invisible to light.

***Tuesday***

I am tired of wanting things. Desiring is not necessary in life. There is more out of life than having to want. There is encouragement, purpose and hope for others that is far more meaningful. Having to help someone solve their problems is meaningful. Having helped someone achieved a goal in life is more meaningful. Purpose is fate in life. It is the drive in your journey of self-acknowledgement, self-worth and self-discovery. I have a need to reason with time to discover the purpose in life as manful.

***Wednesday***

I had a conversation with the moon today. It is when the universe began to make since to me. There is a galaxy of stars or planets that evolve around time and for eternity there is a celestial light that shines from the sun giving a beam of life that escapes for eternity through space. Today, I saw this light shining through space and its reflection was so bright that I began to question life.

***Thursday***

There is nothing more peaceful than solace. I pray to have my voice heard through the life of other voices in that we are on the same page. We feel the same. We think the same. We are different. We come from two walks of life. We have the same passions. We live explicitly different lives. Our ideas coming and going defining our purpose seldom forgotten but has made its mark, made its impression from reality.

***Friday***

Today, I cried. I am not alone from feeling the tears on my pillow. The anger of not being able to communicate I am trapped with emotions that breathe. Not having things my way, I lie afraid of my own shadow wanting to escape the darkness. I am alone. I have no one I can trust my feelings with anymore. I am afraid to say anything in fear that no one really understands or cares about me. Being alone is coveted from the insanity of not having anyone at all. Wanting to escape from within, my tears will fill the ocean eternally wept in sorrow.

***Spring 2015: DIARY JOURNAL***

Gang Violence Spring 2015

We wear the masks of blue violets

Hidden behind two colors

That marks the streets

Blind the alleys

That scars their dreams

With broken speech

No one understands

Every day is a new round

Every second is on the clock

But our outcome

Is a choice

We live together

We die together

The spirit must live

We wear the masks of broken roses

Walking stones into ashes

Scattered dust in the wind

Skeleton bones led to carry on

Vulnerable and weak masks  
Die  
Without reason  
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And we must forgive  
Red and blue fight  
Without the waking pain  
Confused and unforgiving  
No one is to blame  
A blank stare  
Staring back at us  
As if we care  
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***Monday***

Why does it have to be this way? Why do we choose to live this way? Why is life as it is? Why can't things change? Why do we doubt life? Why do we fight the way we do? Why can't we be happy? Why do we argue? Why? Why? Why? Is it because, few words without meaning is an informality to reason. Our fears have become the encouragement to find reasons for its own reason.

***Tuesday***

Somehow I noticed you changed. I think I am. I know. I know the difference when you are not happy. I know the difference when your skin changes color. I know when your eyes are dark. I know when you have bags under your eyes. You are not sleeping. You are grouchy. You say things you don't mean. You roll your eyes at me as though you are ignoring me. You get angry. Give me a break and take a leak. I am giving you the time you need to readjust your life to being the way things were because you have changed.

***Wednesday***

I am insubordinate to feeling you. Everything I do is a consequence for action while I ask for permission to be who I am. Am I not o.k. for not doing anything wrong? O.K. I am willing to change. NO wait! I am mistaken for being stupid for not being who I used to be. What have I become? I no longer like who I am because of how I want you to want me as much as I want you. I am miserable without you and I do not feel accepted by my one true love of myself. I want to hold on. I want to give up. I want to try. I want to change, but I feel hopeless. I need you to say something, but even you don't know what we want for us. I am trapped in the glass ceiling and I cannot escape being confused. For the first time in my life, I fear being alone.

***Thursday***

Time is on our side. There are no obligations. We hold these truths as evidence to indecisions we made long ago. At the time, we were decomposed from the lies we told about each other. As if we tried to be better than what we wanted each other to know. My feelings were on the bridge of no return. There is no way I could let a man be more than what I hoped for as you saw me through. I am not good enough to be the woman who needed to feel loved. I could not bring myself to your attention without telling lies. I wanted to be more than the girl next door. There is nothing inside emptiness except being alone without a friends hand to hold.

***Friday***

I'm the failure who gave up before anything happened. Quick to quit. Just not fit. I gave up for no reason. Afraid that I would actually mean something to someone better than me. I am guilty of treason. I did not give up on life itself, I gave up on me trying communicating things through. I am afraid of feeling someone needs me, trust me, wants to include me in their lives. I am afraid of getting hurt time after time and so I play a game of who will hurt who the most. I get you all warmed up and break it off. I win, but I am really failed in reconciling difference in getting to know someone who really wanted to care for me.

***Summer 2015 DIARY JOURNAL***

A Child's day begins with  
Finding a Solution  
Finding a Solution  
They want to learn  
And be great things  
But we fail to understand their cries  
Because we failed our children  
From pursuing their dreams

We as their parents have deprived our child  
From funding their education  
With the tools they deserved  
Scarcity, the madness  
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Nothing is eternal  
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We stand, we bond, and we pledge words of hope  
Every second, every minute,  
Every hour in their memory  
Each moment underlies our journey  
And it is your voice that carries  
Vicariously towards freedom.  
A mind is a terrible thing to waists.

***Monday***

I learned to shut out what really means the most. The corners of my eyes are blocked from seeing with a wooden beam. I have learned to shut out the world the way the men shut out me. I fall every chance I get close to making those delusion I have for men seem real. It is not real. When will I learn to accept a man for who he is? Often I get caught up with my expectations for what I need that I don't always get what I want. The stars don't always adjust in the light. I am blinded by darkness in a deep dark hole that I cannot leave. Without holding on to chance.

***Tuesday***

However I viewed the world was different. I was built on the view that this time it would be different. It is when consequence made its mark, but I was deceived. I could not tell the truth that I was the blame for my own problems. I wore the mask of humility. I beat down on myself for not being what other people wanted me to become. I am happy being me, I thought, but without including others, I am nothing. I cannot share success alone. I cannot achieve without others moral support to say, we did it. Life is lonely without knowing. Alone my heart weeps to exist.

***Wednesday***

Thoughts are my imagination. To conceive thought is to make up reason to what you are impartial to. I am the only measurement of my fate. Time chases vitality to reason. One kind act deserves another. We live in a world where everything embodies one another. There is a need for inclusion in a surreal measurement of life. I wear the mask of conviction. Why do we hide back our feelings in chains, when what we really feel inside is the need to feel wanted.

***Thursday***

Quitting is not an option. I am going to look at my diary and find my strengths. I have done a lot of good things with my life. I learn from my mistakes. I am passionate about who I am. I could be a lot of great things. My ancestors before me have set a good map for me to follow. I can learn from them and their struggle. I struggle the same in only different ways. They had to be strong to survive love, loss and pain. I could be the same. I must not give up. I must march this walk of death and live my life for the love of who I am. I cannot reject my goals. I have found who I am and there is no turning back.

***Friday***

Today is the day of inquiry. I have decided to be true to my feelings about life. I am the portrayer of my dreams. I am the procurer of self-hope. I speak with the conviction of hope. The meaning of my fate is my identity. My thoughts invoke reason. I am an African American female who dares to dream.