

## I am Somebody

Angela Brown

**Abstract:** I come this far by faith, leaning on the Lord, trusting in His Holy name. God has not failed me yet. Each time I fall, I come around, because, I come this far by faith.

### Valuing an Education

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.

### **Censorship**

Advocating Speech  
Is life itself  
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 difference  
I act in  
Response to unkempt change  
My voice is a criminal of self-thought  
Darkness is the impunity of silence  
Speaking up is a right  
I have something to say  
Speaking out is a right

I have something to say  
My voice cannot be wasted  
I have the right to be heard

**Pro Choice**

Having rights  
I choose to life  
My Choice  
A right to do  
As I choose  
A right to choose  
Choose who as I am  
Choose who I am  
Choose how I feel  
With whom I will be  
I have the right to will  
To choose to be free  
Free from denial  
From will of hating  
Killing without needs  
Is not me  
No one has the right  
To tell me to create  
I speaking freely, upon  
Wanting, willing, needing  
One, single, unison  
To hold the right vocation  
Freely feeling free  
To bond with the one I love  
To escape from being alone  
To choose life, I am free  
To choose life  
To refute death  
It's no right, not a right, not right  
But a just right to choose life  
My choice, to choose  
To be a right, not to deny  
Choices freely

Because, just cause  
To be removed does not  
Follow the rules and  
Gives me cause to act  
I choose life

### **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  
Its tradition will be remembered as part of American way of life

### **NWA Movement**

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 on the streets than now  
Same protest, but it's all good  
As we know it as incognizant to relevance  
The life of a black man on the streets  
Is procurement to industrialized slavery?  
Words learned before our time

**It's Over**

Baby, what's up with us?  
Things used to be different  
You'd hold me in your arms  
And tell me sweet nothings  
Baby, what's up with this?  
I kept my body tight  
You would hug my hips  
And rock me all night  
Baby, tell me what's wrong  
You used to Mac me down  
And tell me I'm fine  
That you could not live without me  
You were the king of the castle  
And I was your queen

Whose boots are you knocked now  
Your future sister?  
What is it now, you played me  
I'm not good enough  
You can't rise above your ghetto queen  
By being the man of my dreams  
But I always thought we were better than that  
This is a bridge, I dare not cross  
Don't leave me hang in in the streets  
Broken bottles, skeletons, reapers in the night  
I'm afraid of what is underneath this bridge  
We used to be real tight  
Open the window and let the light shine through  
I see you got that eye twinkle you had once  
The same look when we made love  
The dark heat caressing strokes  
Our bodies compressed as one  
I afraid of losing you  
My only one true love  
I've come to know  
Does not choose to love me no more  
I'm not for you  
But what do you mean?  
I cried many nights things were different  
But it is what it seems  
It is as it seems  
You told me to walk  
I left  
It's over now  
And I'm not over you

**Mom**

No matter if your down and blue  
And you fear you will never make it  
Dry your eyes, wipe your tears  
Momma loves you  
The times you fear you're all alone  
And doubt you can make it on your own

Believe that there is someone who really cares  
Momma loves you  
When they spit at you and call you names  
And you fear that you're the one to blame  
You must be comfortable within your own skin  
And find the strength from within  
Believe that you are special  
Momma loves you  
When you doubt that you're not good enough  
And you feel weak and insecure  
You're are not the blame for others ignorance  
Hold your head up  
Momma loves you  
When voices tell you that you don't belong  
You got that feeling you are treated wrong  
Don't stop, fight for what is right  
Place your faith in God follow the light  
And always remember what Momma says  
Be happy with who you are by being true to yourself  
And never forget where in life you go  
You are not alone, because,  
Momma loves you

**Mourning a Child's Death**

To hold you in my arms  
To feel your breath  
To breathe every breath  
With every beat of your heart  
To know you are living  
I am not worthy, I regret  
Not knowing who you are  
Not knowing who you've become  
Not holding you close  
Not letting you go  
Not feeling your warmth  
Not feeling your touch  
I don't want you to hate me  
With the stories told

I'm with you always  
Hope is a mystery  
And it's not what it seems  
Not what life is meant to be  
Dreams fly away in the storm  
When everything you had is gone  
A light flickers in the night  
Promises become un-kept secrets  
That hunts you from the past  
And everything is taken for granted  
You stop loving yourself  
You call out  
And no one listens  
No one dares to care  
And you are all alone  
Without a care in the world  
Love is that matters most  
Not until all is said and gone  
You begin to learn  
Behind every relationship  
Losing a child is lost forever

**Dad**

My Dad is a one of a kind Dad  
A man compassionate about life  
As leader in the black community,  
I followed his ideas and value his opinion.  
Dad has a strong, positive guidance  
His idea on life is to get an education.  
My Dad always took the time to listen  
Being careful that I make my own decisions.  
Dad had a set of objectives that led the way  
It is by choice, that I am more independent.  
My Dad is the man, who has influenced me truly  
To be a strong voice and a procurer of my dreams.

**A Used Book**

Forever and ever, their arrogance  
Of repressed thoughts

Disappearing in  
And out of insanity  
No one cares to understand  
The poverty of words  
A line, a phrase, or expression  
Symbols turn unto stone  
Stones turn unto ashes  
Ashes turn unto dust  
Words vanish and reappear  
Amongst the wells of thought  
Smoke signals self destruct for decades  
While isolated from inclusion  
Words die quietly of starvation  
From the very wisdom  
That controls our lives  
And the knowledge  
We need to unify our souls  
From the familiar words  
I used to know

**A Fallen Soldier**

I view the world  
At attention.  
I fight as  
An exception  
To the rule.  
I find purpose  
In defending  
Our country.  
Not knowing  
The outcome  
Of being judged.  
I have a voice  
in this war  
It's my calling,  
And I reply  
Unmatched, unchanged.  
My affiliation

Is enlisted  
To a nation  
Of soldiers  
Giving back  
With respect  
Unconditionally stated  
In war and in peace  
I stand tall  
I fight brave  
My voice heals  
My is heard  
I am soldier,  
I am a retired veteran,  
I am a U.S. scout

**Black lives matter**

And another ones gone  
And another ones gone  
Another one bites the dust  
Do you know what it's like?  
A victim of assault  
Withholding silence  
Enabled to talk  
It is how it is  
To be brought up in the streets  
A gang is your family you trust  
With your son's life  
Not to repeat secrets  
Is no way of life, ending lives  
Your boy who wanted to live in your image  
Dead under false pretences  
Your little boys dream  
Was to overcome obstacles with success  
No not like this, not like this  
To rise above this, 'tis be different  
Different this time, next time, sometimes  
'Cause we got options, to go and I walk  
For the walking souls that die before us

Cannot turn our backs, for once in time  
To see eye to eye before one of our own dies  
Because the price of life is more than its users  
Another life is waited, without blame  
I feel the pain I fear every time I leave the house  
Hope next time this'll be different  
And not another statistic  
As God is our witness

**March on Selma, by Angela Khristin Brown**

It was the bloodiest day in history  
The winter's cold was as hot as the summer's heat.  
And the deadliest mark in American history was foretold  
It is from fear that must have quenched God's thirst  
That answered their call to freedom.  
No hate or pain could deter their fate  
For they walked for freedom.  
They were descendants of bandage  
And parterres for faith  
Answering their ancestor's cry for mercy.  
Racism pierced the dark corners of their mind,  
'Will the right to have democracy be protected?'  
And so they marched in the name of God's glory  
To have their voices heard.  
Virtue was the cause that could not wait  
For discrimination is an extension of division.  
It is a matter of time before chaos breaks  
And the balances of interest become the voice of power.  
Love is what surrenders in time  
And forgiveness is with the heart of the people.  
And so their march had cost many lives  
But it is from their faith that redefined history.

**Eulogy of Race, by Angela Brown**

Every day is a eulogy on race  
Every hour we face fear,  
as we pray and cope...  
Another pale day we face, our race  
Word have become a cold mystery of fate

Words now hide behind its meaning  
Dreams hide behind a cloud of mist  
Brewed by the water boiling over  
Every word lived is not promised  
Every word tasted is savored  
Words have become ideas  
That emanated mixed feeling of bondage  
Hidden words lie behind faux meaning  
Words lost in meaning fading afar  
Invisible to reason  
My last words act freely  
Time is darkness that feeds an addiction  
To be loved and cared  
Beyond my last request  
Beyond this long journey  
It is the hand that feeds my strength to carry on  
It is the hand that has slain the star of death  
Every day is a eulogy of race  
Asking God to free our lost souls  
With the wisdom to know better  
With the heart to preach love  
Every day is a eulogy on race  
Every hour we face fear as we pray and cope another pale day  
Words have become a cold mystery  
Words lost hide behind meaning  
Dreams hide behind a cloud of menagerie  
That drifts and disappears in fear  
Every word lived is not what it seems  
Every word is borrowed time  
Words are ideas alive  
As you feel them finding  
Hiding secrets behind the lies  
Invisible to reason  
My last words hold my fate  
Having lost all meaning  
Time is the dark that feeds  
Behind your last request  
That feeds the sane star of death

### **Retirement**

Think of how time passes  
The winter splinters  
The summer heat  
The spring showers  
The fall breeze  
Many days, many months, many years have passed  
From every concept, from every skill, and from every lesson taught  
Through a students' gaze or a professor's eyebrow of surprise  
Each moment we share has been a learning experience.  
There are opportunities lost and found  
Students graduate  
A professor retires  
And they leave to pursue their dreams.  
As time passes there remains unfinished work  
The friendships that bond  
The conversations we share  
For those times that we have shown we cared.  
And for this bitter sweet memory  
We must always reflect  
On all these things  
With an element of respect.

### **I Want You**

There is a man I call on  
I'm drawn to answer my calls  
A man, I'm drawn to his loving  
Kisses, its man, my soul  
Partner in life, is cool to have  
Him talk to, laugh to, to  
Answer my senses I'm drawn  
To it's kind of man love lyrics.  
This man has the crazy, cool, and loving  
Flesh ripe skin tight finger lick in  
Good, oh he's so fine He got me  
Liken his intellectual skills words  
Blowing my mind this cool cat got  
Me he got me tongue twisted

Hung over his lips I'm fallen deeper  
Hung over drunken love so sweet  
It's so sweet to have a man kind of  
Twisted for my stuff Kind of want him  
For me but to me it seems  
He's afraid his hooked and we not  
Sexed but temptation has it going  
Down like that and if he asked  
I'd go deeper into his mind  
And do him again I could not do  
It alone not with myself but with  
A guy like that caught in the habit  
I got to have it in for him and him  
Had done me the same we eventually  
I want him around more often to  
Create our peace, make our peace  
Make the heat sustain got to have it  
Got to want it got to love it the same  
Me you he and its faint nothing I can do bad  
All by me 'cause I'm a woman with needs  
In need of a man - This aim's no stuff this time  
I'm for real...I want you

### **A Child's View on War**

Daddy went off to war one day  
To play the big boy games  
And fight the countless enemies  
Who also have no names?  
While I sat and played outside  
And mommy baked her pies  
I said to my little playmates  
'My daddy will not die.  
He'll fight the ones who want to take  
Our freedoms and our dreams  
He's goanna blast those commies,  
Though I don't know what that means.'  
But Daddy's strong, he'll survive,  
My Mommy told me so.

So I was brave and did not cry  
When he said he had to go.  
My mother told me once again,  
That Daddy would not die,  
So I gave him a smile to carry  
When we had to say goodbye.  
I was right, but oh, so wrong,  
To think he would not die  
Because although he still walks and talks  
There's nothing in his eyes.  
When Daddy came back, he looked the same  
And hugged and kissed my head  
But soon I knew his heart was gone  
His love for me was dead.  
This Vietnam that he went to  
Was oh, so far away  
And while he did his duty there  
I learned how to pray.  
"Lord, please bring my daddy home,  
And keep him safe at night,  
And if it's dark and cold outside  
Give him warmth and light."  
What I should have prayed instead was this:  
"Lord, protect my Daddy's heart,  
And don't let the war he's fighting  
Tear his soul apart."  
Yes, Daddy went off to war one day  
Mommy said he would not die  
But that was not completely true,  
'Cause now he's dead inside.