

Man... if you only knew

The preacher that just prayed for you is on the brink of suicide. He's smiling but he has to hide the pain he feels inside. He needs an outlet but he's afraid of being judged. Sometimes he's the one who could really use a hug. He's lonely amongst preachers because they just brag about their wealth. He's afraid to discuss his mental health. He loves Jesus with all of his heart and has abounding faith, but he is human and can't continue to save face. He's about to end it all as soon as worship is through, he has image to uphold.... Man if you only knew

The lady who just rolled her eyes at you at the McDonald's drive thru is annoying as hell and probably spit in your food. She is the mother to a teenage daughter who has a child on the way. She's more concerned about her grandbaby having them new J's.

That lady must work at least 34 hours so she can have the money to throw her daughter a baby shower. She beat her daughter when she found out that she was having sex. She was sending nudes to different dudes discovered when she read her text. The mother is disgusted but she is consumed with guilt. She feels that she can make it better by buying the baby gifts. She spent so little time paying her daughter attention. She missed all the signs because she refused to listen. The mother is stressed because she is young and has a grandbaby coming soon. She failed her daughter, but her baby will have the closest thing to a silver spoon. She rolled her eyes at you but she's upset with herself. She is 35, a cashier at McDonald's and is working herself to death. She's a fighter but calms herself with that gum she likes to chew, she is 20 seconds off your ass Man if you only knew....

Crazy thing is a lot of us know and still don't even care. It's not our problem but I caution you, Beware! That woman or man could be you about 6 months from now. Stand in the gap for those who are about to drown.

Eve

I am a nurturer
I am a creator
I sustain life inside of me
I protect the seed that was given-in release.
I am Eve.
I am the day before the occasion
I proceed the seed
I am complex but amazing
I am a hub for mankind
I am a circle that protects the lines.
I am rest for my lover
I am growth as a mother
I am pleasure.
I am pain.
I am the reason that you will never be the same.
I am Delilah
I am Ruth
I am vulnerable
I am truth
I am beauty
I am the prize
I am breast
I am thighs
I am ears
I am heart
I am magnificent
I am smart
I am the vessel that reproduces
I am capacity with many uses
I am love
I am strength
I am weakness
I am perfect
I am bent
I am the beginning
I am goodbye
I am the rib
from Adam's side.

Church Boy

Remember that guy from when I was 16, well we broke up but every now and then we would still fuck.

He was saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost. He was a young man but more mature than most.

When I found out I was pregnant I made up my mind that the other dude I was sexing wasn't worth the time. He already had about 3 baby mama's and I knew at 18, I didn't want that drama. I told both I was pregnant, and they were both the daddy. I guess I didn't think it would turn out so badly.

The church boy I knew he would be a great father. The other guy wouldn't even answer the phone so why should I bother?

The church boy was afraid, but he stood by my side. His mother didn't trust me. She figured I lied.

I can't provide for a baby, let alone myself. I'm sinking in depression I'm the one who needs help. I hid in the house, stopped answering the door, not picking up the phone and I'm sleeping on the floor.

The baby came early by a couple of months and it's now time for 1 man to see if the baby is mine.

Through all this mess I knew the baby would be great. She would be anointed, spectacular and famous. She would be awesome, a leader and nobody's ignoramus.

My family is at the hospital and so is the church boy. Everybody is ready to welcome the new bundle of joy.

I pushed 2 times and she was out. I didn't get to see her before they rushed her out.

This was a happy time, but why was I so mad? I knew in my heart the feelings I had.

I lied to this great guy almost ruined his life because I was selfish and couldn't admit I fucked up.

I knew with the other man I wouldn't have any luck.

He never came to the hospital, didn't pick up his phone. His daddy said I'll tell him about the baby whenever he comes home.

She looked just like him with that big ass nose. I never saw his feet but them must be his toes.

God trusted me despite this to be a mother to this baby. Why God Why? Cause I'm fucking Crazy.

The truth came out a few months after but I'm ashamed cause I created this big disaster.

The church boy eventually moved on with his life. He has a kid and beautiful wife. The other guy moved out of town, and I am glad that he did. He left a huge blessing a beautiful kid.

Love Takes Time

It's messy

Trying to love someone who can't recognize what love looks like.

When all they know is heartbreak

They take

your affection as abuse

Your words as wounds

You're healing as harm

They get just enough of your energy

To take to someone else

Who will injure them again?

Maybe a man

Or their so-called best friend

I understand why

God says love is patient

Love is Kind

Because loving someone fully

Takes a long time

Not because it's unavailable

But love must get in their minds

Love has to gently be constant

In a dirty messy soul

But Jesus did it anyway

To heal and make us whole.

I Looove Black People

I knew from the age of 12 that I was in love. I was walking to my bus stop, and I heard 2 old men talking to each other on a porch. I heard the laughter bubble up from their bellies and explode all over the street. Their laughter infected me through the air, and it made me smile the biggest smile. It was not just laughter, it was the rhythm in their walk, the handshakes that could not be duplicated. It was the watch out there now, the head nods to say hello, the starched-up jeans, the oily noses, the pride in their tone as they introduced their old ladies, the confidence of telling everybody "Them my babies".

I loooooove black people. I love that we are beautiful. I know that we have been underrated, unappreciated, and counted out so many times.

I love that we are resilient and like MYA, still I rise.

I love the love we give one another through food, the blues, prayers, crinkled up smiles and stares.

We are colorful we come in every shade and hue, often duplicated but can't nobody do it like we do.

Beautiful Little Black Girl

We have Beautiful little black girls
Hair twisted like mine
You got black girl magic in your fingers and in your mind
Your smile lights up the world
Making everyone you meet happy
Can't nobody do it like you
You bring good meaning to being nappy!
Beautiful little black girl
Don't accept it when they call you mean
You are a Royal princess that's soon to be a queen
Hold your head up high so they can see your crown
Beautiful little black girl
You are the perfect shade of brown .

Let the Beast Sleep
If I can sing you a lullaby
I would hum that you are accepted
I would whisper close to your ear
That no matter what the others say
I think you worthy of love
And not rejection
I would look you in your eyes
I would wipe your tears away
I know they call you a beast
But to me
You lost your way
You needed the nurturing of a mother
You needed the discipline of a father
You needed freedom to explore
Yourself
But negative emotions you harbor
The beast in you are thoughts
Lies that aren't true
Rest, beloved
You are enough
Go to sleep
There's more to you.

The Problem with Darnell

Tall, dark, and handsome with big brown eyes you can drown right in them
Have you hypnotized.
Suave, slim, sexy and a huge personality. He tells amazing stories that leave you wanting more.
Brilliantly talented he draws and plays guitar.
He has a ton of women
They say he's really funny
Smart, respectful, kind and extremely charming.
This is the kind of fellow that I would like to meet.
I want to hear his tall tales and sit at his feet.
I used to dream about him and wonder how it would be if I ever saw him, would he recognize it was me?
My mom never talked him down directly in front of me. I overheard her talking to one of her good friends about how he's a huge liar and he messes with men too. I never told her I heard her, besides what could I do?
I went to Sunday school, and they taught me a valuable lesson about forgiveness and how we needed this, so we won't hold up our blessings.
To settle this debate I had going on in my mind I forgave him when I was young after all we all make mistakes. I told myself that he was young and couldn't face his past. Seeing me would hurt him and that was a chance he couldn't take.

Almost every girl I knew had issues like mine. I didn't really think much of it at the time. I just missed a man I never met, and it was kind of odd. So, I found comfort in knowing my daddy was God.

God is everybody's father but that bothered me. I wanted one here on earth like my sister Brittany. I wanted him to hug, smile and be so proud of me. I would love for him to put me on his lap and read me a bedtime story.

I went overboard trying to get attention because I needed his validation. This angered my mom. She didn't have very much patience.

She took it personal like I had an agenda to hurt her. She did the best she could and I walked around with an attitude. It was never about her. It was all about me. I always felt I didn't matter, not part of the family.

I stayed pissed with Charles, he reminded me I wasn't his daughter. I was beyond excited when I met a man named Lawrence. He took up time with me and taught me the ways of God. I gained so much confidence from my spiritual father.

It surprised me when I started having issues with Jermaine. I had them with Gabriel too. For the longest time I honestly thought that my biggest problem was with Tramaine. It wasn't until I got with Demetrius that I saw the pattern was the same.

I clung to the hope that they would stay around and never leave me. I took their abuse and I abused them because I didn't want to be Abandoned. I'm brave enough to look at it for what it really is. My issue is not with other guys like Gabriel or Darell. My problem is that I feel abandoned by my biological father DARNELL.

Trash Day

Why am I crying?
When no one is hitting me, yelling at me
Failing me
Why am I feeling emotions that I
thought I hid so long ago?

I was waiting on him to care
I had hope one day that he would finally be there
I assumed that it meant something to him
I saw him as a struggling human
A man who would reward me with every promise he ever broke
Tuesday night he said you can get rid of it all
I remember the sacrifices made to get him everything he said he wanted so I kept them because it
was my trophy that I never got from him.
Some I took to the street in the trash can
The biggest prize I burned Wednesday morning
I set aflame the memories of hopes and dreams that never came
The pictures that captured the day I said I do.
The contract, cake, confusion I married but I cry today because I divorced, destroyed,
demolished the bondage of not loving me.
I am no longer haunted by the ghost of being incomplete
I am a whole woman, healing as I go.
Trash day is Thursday
I finally get to grow.

Rollercoasters

You know what?
I hate rollercoasters
They make me sick
Every time I go to an amusement park
I swear I ain't getting on that bitch
But then my kids ...
My children
They love the rollercoaster
The joy I see in their eyes
Is priceless
They don't know the highs and lows
How it makes them cry, scream and vomit
They don't have gut pains...
An upset stomach

Break out in hives
Have to go on long drives
To find peace of mind
To make emergency calls to a shrink at 2am because I got on the roller coaster again
They don't know how far the fall will drop them this time
How long they will have stay in the line to get their turn
They don't care about the heat
They are just happy to get in the seat
Because they are excited to ride the roller coaster
They don't how many times you've blamed me for your life being the way it is
How many blows I've taken to the head because you thought it would make me submissive to you
How many times I've found inboxes of dick pics sent to women you say mean nothing to you
How many times you made love to me so passionately
You sucked and kissed my feet
You bit my neck and licked my cum
With the same tongue
That called me a mutherfucking bitch
They don't know how easy you switch
From high to low
They don't know that once you get used to going fast
You bring us to the edge of glory now we are going slow.
But for the kids..
Our children
No, not for them
But because I got lonely and horny
I entered into this amusement park again
I forgot temporarily that I am
A grown woman
I'm not a kid
These games don't amuse me
They abuse me
They confuse me
They make me lose
Me
I feel better not letting us down
I think we will do better with our feet on the ground
For myself and the kids
Our children
I decided to not take another dip
I'm staying away from rollercoasters
They make me sick.

