

## **Oregon Umpqua Prayer - Angela Brown**

**Angela Brown**

USA

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inequality of changes, affects us all  
hiding behind, within the cast shadow of indifference  
we channel our behavior, driven troubled and confused emotions  
unexplained, questioning who's to blame  
but ourselves, responds to question its purpose  
they are, you are we all are here, there, here  
opening our hearts, our ears listen, our minds open to explain  
our loss, our grief, our pain is shared amongst us all  
as we pray in silence that a voice is heard

**Focus**, by Angela Brown

We all have something to give

We come from many cultures

We experience God's testimony

We define our purpose

By gathering, reaching, searching

Never losing our faith

Inspired by fate

Guided by prayer

Never losing or forgetting why

Black lives matter

We made it through and through

The pain, loss and regret

As members contributing

Reaching, searching resources

To find our way through and through

Advocating purpose

Through the strength to carry on

Believing we can make a difference

When we act as one

We are well, our pain longer silenced

The cycle does not end

All bad things come to an end

We are empowered by emotions

Open up my heart

Open up my mind

I'm crying out

To be abled

Because black lives matter

### 1. A REASON FOR WRITING

I'm not quitting, no not me I'm not to give up on my dreams some try to stop me with their please But I just keep, keeping on Keep, keeping on...I write A lone survivor

I been trying to cope with this disease Ain't got no cause or reason, to breath Every time flash backs from the past Disturbed, I feel the heat Disturbed, I hear their cries I am absorbed with mania throb inside Thoughts of suicide cross my mind And I holler, cry out, scream Mad at myself without reason The thoughts of holding back are true Why am I always feeling blue Can't stop from wanting more to do

I'd been coping with my disease It's been hard trying to please All the people out there Don't know me Don't choose to care I'm wasting time And it's not fair to me To have to live this way Trying to keep my sanity Threats of locking me in prison Every day is a new day A new hope A new way of life And no, not I'm not given up I'm keep, keep, keeping on...I write A lone survivor

To all the mess stirred out there folks will lie and cheat Try to take you for everything There are better things I know out there, I know just because I care Just make a wish to God And find yourself And make the most out of your life Keep, keeping on Keep, dreaminnnnn Hold on to your dreams

I'm a survivor, a lonely survivor Schizophrenia Ain't go tie me down I'm a survivor, keep, keep keeping on...I write A lone survivor

I've been dealing with avoiding thoughts They'll try excuses to say you are ill in Try to say you're crazy for living But it's your life, hold on to your dreams Trying to stay focused on what I've got Trying to stay cool with life By making a difference as I strive Keeping busy, Better things to do Than wishing things can change And I'm not through I'm staying in school To make a difference I write my thoughts To reveal my voice I read, I do I act for choice 'cause it's my way of giving back 'cause no I won't turn back I'm a survivor...I write A lone survivor

No, not given up No, not given up No, not given up Hey out there Lost in the crowd I'm writing this song

Just for you Keep, keeping on don't let go Keep, Keeping on Hold on, hold on

Maya Angelou Keep, Keeping on

Nikki Giovanni Keep, Keeper on

Angela Brown Keep, Keeper on

Alicia Keys Keep, Keeper on

Hold on to your dreams

Peace out

Angela Brown

A Resolution

Yet deterred, by fate alone

Many questionable, conclusions, concerns, details

Yet to determine who is the blame

A resolution, only to retroact an opposition

Yet to insist the muddied possibility for change

Angela Brown

## 2. 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 someday 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, 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 someday 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 memory 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

Angela Brown

## 3. AMERICA

If I die, let it not be in vein. For who I am, I am not ashamed. For what I'm not, for who is to blame? For  
praise and glory, I have yet claimed. For all the sins, indebted to my name, for bitter hatred, cries and  
pain, I made my choice, with sovereign reigns, for my fate deterred, its meaning estranged.

Angela Brown

## 4. 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

Angela Brown

## 5. 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 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 The voice within is challenged Seeking, finding, searching For its own identity to  
breath No, I'm not ego tripping In its true essence, the voice within I'm just keeping it real In its true  
essence I am the poem In its true essence Who challenges thought This is crazy - the voice 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

Angela Brown

## 6. FIGHT THE VIOLENCE

Why should we ban violent lyrics in rap songs, when words degrade women, erasing the pain of the  
struggle, painfully giving reason for lost hope and dreams, painfully denying women the social freedom  
to be respected? Why should we ban violent lyrics in rap songs, when it discriminates against women  
feminist values, of being independent from men as single mothers, which is the purpose of the cause to  
alienate against sexist remarks? Why should we ban lyrics in rap songs, when women need to be loved

by their sons they gave birth to, who they raised to be men, with hope their sons would bring to his family while loving another women and carrying the burden of providing for a family... We should ban violent lyrics in rap songs, so our voice as women can be heard.

Angela Brown

## 7. 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 minuet, every hour in their memory each moment underlies our journey and it is your voice that carriestowards freedom. A mind is a terrible thing to waste. Angela Brown

## 8. 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 vein 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

Angela Brown

## 9. GANG VIOLENCE

We wear the masks of blue violets  
Hidden behind two colors  
That mark the streets  
Blind the alleys  
That scar 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 forgiven  
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

Angela Brown

## 10. GIVE 'EM A REASON

In Memory of Julian Bond, Civil Rights Activist  
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, free  
Lets Rock and roll  
You took the best of me  
Every second, every minuet,  
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 minuet, 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, 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, free

Bring back the rhythm of Rock and Roll and drift away, and drift away  
Want to drift away, away, free, free, free

Julian Bond gave us the reason to be free

Angela Brown

### **11. MY DADDY**

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.

Angela Brown

### **12. MY MOMMA**

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

Angela Brown

### **13. NYA RAP**

The sex trade in African is sexting, the sex trade around the world is...Sexting is when young girls are sexually abducted and the ones who become victimized for money that is mistaken for love and they lose their sense of reality. Today, in rap songs women are disregarded by using names that the white man wanted to call black women in the past. Where rap music today talks about hating other blacks, killing other blacks and hating women. In the past music focused on the struggle of blacks while having black pride. Stop the Violence of women being victims of mental violence by vulgar names used in rap songs. Where music from old school talked about loving women. Originally rap music called women prostitutes for the women who did prostitute amongst gangster using them to buy them things or to trap men with their babies. Music today is going nowhere with violent lyrics and with the use of acoustics replacing the band. While rap music speak in gangster language only the black youth understand. James Brown represented black culture in his music, especially when he proclaimed to all black race about having pride in themselves to dark skinned people who were so wrongfully ashamed. Why the Caged Bird Sings when blacks share a dark past so readily ignored in mainstream America afraid of becoming a victim of what whites might think or hurt with the memory of the black past ever happened. Farewell to Maya Angelou, may she always be noted for her verse of wisdom...

Angela Brown

### **14. 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

Angela Brown

## 15. OUR GRANDMOTHERS

She lay, skin down in the moist dirt, the canebrake rustling with the whispers of leaves, and loud longing of hounds and the ransack of hunters crackling the near branches.

She muttered, lifting her head a nod toward freedom, I shall not, I shall not be moved.

She gathered her babies, their tears slick as oil on black faces, their young eyes canvassing mornings of madness. Momma, is Master going to sell you from us tomorrow?

Yes. Unless you keep walking more and talking less. Yes. Unless the keeper of our lives releases me from all commandments. 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,

I shall not be moved.

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, You have tried to destroy me and though I perish daily,

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. All my past hastens to defeat, and strangers claim the glory of my love, Iniquity has bound me to his bed.

Yet, I must not be moved.

She heard the names, swirling ribbons in the wind of history: nigger, nigger bitch, heifer, mammy, property, creature, ape, baboon, whore, hot tail, thing, it. She said, but my description cannot fit your tongue, for I have a certain way of being in this world,

And I shall not, I shall not be moved.

No angel stretched protecting wings above the heads of her children, fluttering and urging the winds of reason into the confusions of their lives. The sprouted like young weeds, but she could not shield their growth from the grinding blades of ignorance, nor shape them into symbolic topiaries. She sent them away, underground, overland, in coaches and shoeless.

When you learn, teach. When you get, give. As for me,

I shall not be moved.

She stood in midocean, seeking dry land. She searched 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 Black Grandmother, Enter here.

Into the crashing sound, into wickedness, she cried, No one, no, nor no one million ones dare deny me God, I go forth along, and stand as ten thousand.

The Divine upon my right impels me to pull forever at the latch on Freedom's gate.

The Holy Spirit upon my left leads my feet without ceasing into the camp of the righteous and into the tents of the free.

These momma faces, lemon-yellow, plum-purple, honey-brown, have grimaced and twisted down a pyramid for years. She is Sheba the Sojourner, Harriet and Zora, Mary Bethune and Angela, Annie to Zenobia.

She stands before the abortion clinic, confounded by the lack of choices. In the Welfare line, reduced to the pity of handouts. Ordained in the pulpit, shielded by the mysteries.

In the operating room, husbanding life. In the choir loft, holding God in her throat. On lonely street

corners, hawking her body. In the classroom, loving the children to understanding.

Centered on the world's stage, she sings to her loves and beloveds, to her foes and detractors: However I am perceived and deceived, however my ignorance and conceits, lay aside your fears that I will be undone,

For I shall not be moved.

Angela Brown

### **16. PRO LIFE**

Having rights I choose to life My Choice A right to do As I choose A right to choose who as I am  
Choose who I be Choose how I feel With who I will be I have the right to will To choose to be 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

Angela Brown

### **17. SACRIFICE**

I watched time wondering, phases in and out contemplating thought. Doubt, empty of holding reason;  
but still remains confused. With movement to walk, to run, to crawl is a struggle bending, stretching,  
fainting, pushing for discovery, dancing for life. Growing weak, failing, alluding strength, rested on  
mediation, as time sleeps. In deep sleep, time rests from reality aware of non-existence. Time's anger  
demonstrates pride. As if life so complacent with time, mediating space feels love has become obedient  
to nature. Is the ordinance of time a means of human error? Is life so consumed with certainty of pain  
that desire, a need, a want, a hope, a prayer is insolvent of any imposition? Is our purpose in life chasing  
dreams of uncertainty, misguided in direction an incongruent matter? We live in the disparity of doubt  
that has taught us to be indifferent to opinion, insubordinate to change, and defiant to World order,  
incognizant of reason fighting, pleading, challenging our fate, valuing the life that has taught us all to  
pray.

Angela Brown

### **18. SEXTING**

It was the red tape hidden with muddied vision Persistently a condition of monetary pleasure A  
measurement an instrument an object of desire used to A calling a selection a submission of abuse Girls  
by example sexting a label a condition a translation More money more problems More money spent  
meant the more the girl felt loved A value dollar all too often misunderstood

Angela Brown

### **19. THE BLUES**

My heart is all mucky down, trodden-blue. My mind is filled in Harlem Dreary days are doomed. Day  
after day I'm trapped inside this maze. I'm dying, dying trying to escape my soul trapped in phases.  
Longing to come out I'm crying, crying trying to escape. The discord of my future won't go away.  
Locked inside my mind all passion held inside. Many tears have shed Have long wasted aside. Misery  
gone, gone blown away. I'm fighting, fighting riding out the pain. The color of my heart is blue. Mucky,  
down-trodden blue.

Angela Brown

### **20. THE PEOPLE'S VOICE**

It depends on how you see it How you view it, how you perceive 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 dictate 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 a procurement to industrialized slavery

Angela Brown

## **21. THE SEED THAT BLOOMED**

A voice silenced in fear of being questioned. Conflicting words, misguided speech the wrong words the wrong attitude a disposition Mistaken for impartiality of the emotionally disturbed. A romantic altercation developed this personality into a rose that bloomed into a Beautiful image of expression. An articulate voice once silence, was heard.

Angela Brown

## **22. VOICE IN THE WIND**

A voice in the wind Voices in the wind, the wind, the wind I cried, screamed out and hollered Sickly I got more ill I could not go another day without knowing; not knowing What would become of him. The just of the wind swaying from silence...no more. Is the wind calling my name Whispering in the breeze of loss anger and contempt hidden in tears of hope Deeply inside I wanted more But ignored by the one I cared for. Whistles of kind words Gestures so soft and gently His touches caress the jazz tunes I am no longer afraid To bear truth in innocence I lie ahead unaware of God For trust hope to come I wonder my Mind wonders in deep space With the strength to carry on I am not afraid of being lone in quietness Loneliness brings To our empty hearts A voice in the wind Is calling, whispers of silence I hear the breeze in the wind Calling The bitter leaves of winter Calling I listen to the wind.

Angela Brown

## **23. WHY THE CAGED BIRD SINGS**

Dead surfaces, cracked walls, dead shadows Creep at night. A whistle blows, screaming, death cries. Can hear the cry of broken glass, shattered, and it cries for mercy, alone, echoing in the wind... Opening and unfolding death. Slowly, its wings spread out only to find darkness. His beak could not cry out for mercy. Words withheld inside of an empty prison. Hidden, fearful, broken inside its empty cage. Slowly its spirit begins to die.

Angela Brown

## **24. WORD POWER**

there is something I wanted to say, if only you listen to my thoughts, words are confusing me, can't rest my mind on what I feel, my emotions twist my words around, I can't think back, it is not what it was supposed to be, why did you not respond to my actions, actions speak in gestures, words speak in symbols, the matter of truth is misspelled, let us speak in honesty, you cannot begin to understand, what I am trying to say is...

I can benefit from the exposure. I write poetry as a form of expression and I feel I have a need to have my voice heard. I use personal experience to communicate with the audience through the images of expressing metaphors, analogies and emotions I reflect on cultural experience to explicate meaning to passionate words that describe a state of being found poems using words taken from text analogies, poetic themes used poems words based on personal experiences translate words from other languages compared from Shakespeare analytical antidotes. my voice to tell a story to create images to create emotions that give life knowledge in relating a message about personal conviction about how I relate to life to my struggle. I use talent to address problems of the people behind it that make others understand me I am poet

I make a difference in my voice Poetry is the mirror image of perfection: Its meaningful text, burns words for eternity.

Angela Brown



## 25. LOVING A BLACK MAN

Lord, I needed a black man  
who is loving, kind and true  
a man who is passionate about his dreams  
and is compassionate about what he do  
I needed a shoulder to cry on  
a friend to lean on  
a listener to ramble on  
with the patience and understanding  
I could die for  
a man who makes me laugh  
makes me cry  
makes me proud of who I am  
a man who is down for me  
when no one else had cared  
a man who builds my self-esteem  
with such kindness from his heart  
a man who adore who respects me  
even through temptations of sin  
a man who is willing to take risks  
to bond a failed relationship  
because he has a plan  
the importance of being my friend  
my one true love, my partner in life  
is built on trust with the hope  
God promised that my soul mate  
if only he knew then what I feel now, in hope he  
will return someday from a broken heart  
because we were lovers before we were friends

Angela Brown

## 26. CALL TO MERCY, BY ANGELA BROWN

Love is not visible to the human eye  
But the power of love is touched by the heart  
Nations have fought wars and declared peace  
By faith, we are connected  
No matter what walk of life  
The poor, the ill, the disenfranchised  
We serve within our hearts with conviction  
The fate of our economy,  
Our state of health,  
The protection of the environment we live in  
We open our hearts to God's invitation to love freely  
For the victims of poverty,  
The immigrants of war,  
To those imprisoned facing death,  
Rich in faith and free from sin  
The Spirit lives within our hearts  
With God's call to mercy  
At All Cost, by Angela Brown  
The right to vote  
Granted me the right to petition  
It gave me a voice  
To making an important decision

Voting granted me the right to decide  
The best man for the position  
To govern the laws rules removed in friction  
Voting is a powerful voice that carries  
That appoints who supports the cause  
That matter most in my community  
I respect that many have died  
So I can exercise the right to vote  
And in the view of eyes that watch  
And try to invoke the lessons taught  
By history of a painful past  
My race had endured the hateful mass  
Of regret in that we must not forget  
With the right to vote  
I must not neglect the right petition  
That whose laws that govern us  
Needs to be addressed  
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 nor pain could deter their fate  
For they walked for freedom.  
They were descendants of bandage  
And murderers 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 balance 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 drift and disappear 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

Black people have the skills to contribute to corporate America. Blacks are more competitive to the global market and the economy. Black people strive to be different than their counterparts. Blacks have the drive to meet challenges, because they are creative initiative in computer technology, accounting and management skills are not limited to math skills and imagination. Blacks are connected to innovation making good decisions on strategic planning. Blacks are willing to take low end jobs - second tier - to challenge the status quo in having the company trust. Blacks are known to make advances in corporate America.

I discuss how black people are motivated today. Black people do not want to not work. They are willing to go to college to get the skills they need to become successful and some are influenced to earn a degree. Blacks know that he/she can attend college to pick up a trade or skill at a community college and work in that discipline and earn good money and more money than without a GED.

My relationship with God is full of hope, wisdom and experience. With God in my life, I would be unstable. Love is an addiction one cannot resist. The myth of true happiness begins with accepting God in your life. Without faith, there is no hope. One finds God once she identifies with who she is. She will relate to faith by releasing all the hate inside so her soul can act freely. I have found that in order to cure your inner being, you must find the supplement to heal the pain that if not cured can be used to break

you.

I have been sick for some time. Until I found trust in God, I began to heal. God listens. God answers your prayers. Everything else in the world is circumstance, but willing, God will find the way. I was lost and now I am found. I was blind and now I see. I see because I solved the root of my problem when I realized that I am the blame for my faults, in thoughts and in words. I am a victim of being depressed and suicidal. For many years I was asleep and I failed to understand what was wrong. In order to find eternal happiness, begins with me. I was a victim of putting my goals in life above God.

It was then my agenda altered. I became dysfunctional. I feared my life was ruined and I lost all reason to live. The small things in life were big to me now. The life I had was not worth the misery. I became stressed and I could not concentrate until I prayed for God to help and it is when I prayed what mattered most meant the world to me. I could hear the voices talking, but they did not disturb my thoughts from loving God. Prayer overcame my worries. Prayer sustained my fears. I learned to balance my life with faith and prayer. It is then I found myself, because, I learned to accept me for who I am.

I was too quiet, I was too sensitive, I was too shy, I was not pretty, I was never smart as everyone else and it became an addiction to please everyone, because, I felt insecure. I became a victim of my self-thought and the root of my problem began with self-hate. I changed when I found God. God made me feel beautiful because I believed that I am someone, established by faith and my choices can make a difference in everyone's life not just my own and if you are in disbelief, say to yourself, I am somebody until you find yourself.

One of my achievements was to be the first African American girl to join the Junior Beta honor Society at a Catholic school in the west coast. I had a background in dance as drill team captain, spirit leader and dance chlorinator for our dance team at St. Christopher Elementary school. I was part of a team that had a record that won awards all eight years I was on the team. I was performed on teams in dance both street all races in Las Vegas private parades before the parades were integrated and available for public prior that were private to whites only in the early seventies. I was a dance vengellee who performed in dance groups when government thought that the arts were the wrong representation for Las Vegas and North Las Vegas and politicians wanted to end all dance program in Las Vegas. It was our dance team who performed unannounced that kept our dance programs by proving dance is an art form that needs to be respected.

One of my accomplishments is that I am a published poet. I am recognized several Who's Who anthologies. I am a poet fellow, poet ambassador and poet scholar. Speakers have given lectures on my poetry at universities. I have had interviews on my poem contributions. I was recognized in magazines for my writing. My greatest achievement is having my poems available to use in instruction in library reserves at universities and in public library archives. Some poets have given lectures on my poetic talent. My poems have been published in books, magazines and performed in live poetry audiences. Some of my poems have been included in journals. Critics have said about my poetry that I am one of the most prolific writers of our time with the amount of things I have published have been recognized. I earned an honorary doctorate degree from the University of Berkley, California in Humanities with emphasis in Poetry writing.

One of my foremost educational accomplishments was to earn from Clark County Community College, two 1990 Associate of General Studies degrees and a Bachelor of Science degree from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas in 2010. I struggled in high school with my grades when I transferred from Catholic school to public high school. Neither school accepts credit from either entity. As a result, straight F grades were integrated into my report card for each year of transfer. I graduated from high school with a 2.12 grade point average. I had been tested out of classes throughout the school years because I was advanced. I made straight grades in basic, intermediate and advanced classes. The school again integrated my grades for each add drop class. My SAT score was never on record. I passed the pre-Sat and ACT with high scores and did not have to repeat. I met the required academic classes to transfer into a four year college, but my gap was too low. I was accepted into a community college which became the back bone of my education. I am not noted in high school for my activities, but for my academic achievement in school.

One of my accomplishments in life is my work ethic. Staying focused on my goals and dreams will give me purpose in life. I did not work until I was 26 years old. During the other times I was a college student. I went to college full time 5 - 7 classes per semester. My first job was working for the

University of Nevada, Las Vegas AmeriCorps program as a teacher assistant. After a year, I worked in the bookstore as a cashier and was promoted in one semester as a lead cashier. I went to school part time. I currently work as a gaming lab assistant for the College of Southern Nevada and have been employed for eighteen years. During this time I was involved as a political and civil rights activist through humanitarian efforts of being a writer and poet. I had experience being a Pulitzer journalist, a song writer and writing screen plays. Writing is a hobby that motivates not only me but inspires others. I have learned to balance my life with two careers, writing and education.

One of my achievements was coping with morphed, diabetes and lupus. I am a survivor. I have been able to touch lives writing about my problem. Balancing life and adjusting has been a duty. In my youth I learned a lot. I registered for the Army as a civilian. I wanted to fight for a good cause. I signed up for the National Guard and the Peace Corp. I thought helping others less fortunate than I could make a difference. Fighting for what I believe has made me strong. I strive to continue college for the same reason, to be the best I can be while changing lives. Everybody is going to die someday. I know the complications of my illness. I believe in staying fit and healthy. I learned to diet and exercise and getting enough sleep builds my confidence. Going back to school will give me purpose that I am involved with my life dreams and goals. I don't know what will become of me, but I do know that I have a dream of becoming somebody who can make a difference and valuing education will be the beginning of a new accolade to overcome.

I have had schizophrenia for 30 years. I was first diagnosed with the disease at age 15. I started having delusions about my past. I have flash backs about things happening in my past that are not real.

There are stories about people dying that are not related. These are disconnected thoughts about people I know. I see images as if I have extra sensory perception. I do not remember the things taking place until after something happens. The delusions may occur as a result to my medication. The medication triggers a side effect that suppresses my memory.

The reaction to my medication is a form of dementia. I have dreams about people raping me and holding me hostage. I can pass by a park and tell that a gang had killed and raped a child my age. I can tell stories about how black men were lynched in the forest and tell who did it. I fear my life is being threatened. I fear people are following me. I hear voices from people stating I am asking for it. I can feel the anger of people while I am in public. Gangs in Vegas are scary.

I fear having a child like most black women. I fear that my son will be threatened to join a gang family and deal drugs, go to prison or get murdered for being at the wrong place at the wrong time. I fear having a daughter grow up being molested or raped by a gang and threatened into prostitution and beaten to death.

Tupac said that no man can tell you when and where to create a child. This is my body. I chose with whom I want to sleep with and I will sleep with him when I am ready. This is America. I have that right to choose. No one has the right to force you into being with someone. In America, if you don't like him, I can walk away. The threats of an old boyfriend is terror to force you to like him. Only in Vegas.

I am staying strong by saying no because I know better. I fear she will have kids as a single mom with no support with the chance of being homeless. I fear I am placed with schizophrenia to live like a homeless person. With medication I am able to work, go to school and live a normal life. I have lupus and diabetes. I am afraid of dying by a drive by or being smothered in my sleep. In fear, I tried to commit suicide afraid of people stocking me. I wanted to take my life before they did. With lupus and diabetes everything effects my immune system.

I can have an attack at any time. I can get my limbs chopped off at any time. I can easily get effected from aids and die. I have had some close calls from the disease where I faced death. How I view the world is through a looking glass always with my eyes at the back of my head watching my back. I wake up some days wishing my life away. I feel I have no one in my life but me who cares. I live my life everyday not talking to anyone with the same routine daily. It is kind of boring.

I have no social life. I have no activities. I am broken because of an abusive relationship with a young boy increased into him controlling my life. Any man who beats you and says he loves you is abusive. Any man who tells you that you cannot have friends is abusive. Any man who forces you to live in

poverty is abusive. I have learned to take care of myself because my parents taught me to be independent from a man. I am a survivor who lived to tell the truth about a broken relationship that could have ruined me. With all my problems, taking my pills is keeping me alive.

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#### **AUTHOR'S BIOGRAPHY**



**Angela Brown** was born in Meridian, Mississippi on January 5, 1969. Angela is a native to Las Vegas, Nevada of 46 years. Angela's primary education was in Catholic school where she became the first African American to graduate from St. Christopher elementary school with the junior beta honor society in 1983. Angela earned two Associate of General Studies degrees from Clark County Community College in 1990. Angela earned a B.S. in Workforce Education from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas in 2010. The University of Berkley granted her an honorary doctorate in Humanities in 2011. Angela is a poet. Angel's poems are humanitarian and Civil Rights poems reflective of current events that occur in world news.