

## I Am Somebody, By Angela Brown

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 marterers 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.

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.

Eulogy of Race, by Angela Brown

Everyday 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  
Everyday is a eulogy of race  
Asking God to free our lost souls  
With the wisdom to know better  
With the heart to preach love  
Everyday 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 slane star of death

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.