

## PROLOGUE: Seasons Change

### 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 verse  
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 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

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, the tears I share  
Holds a dangerous place inside  
Ready to explode...

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

## 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 is 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 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 unforgiven

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

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

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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 to communicate 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

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 carries

Vicariously towards freedom.

A mind is a terrible thing to waste.

## 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.