

Poetry Series

Agra Gra
- poems -

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Agra Gra()

And You Call Me Colored

When I was born I was black
When I was sad I was black
When I was hot I was black
When I was sick I was black
When I was scared I was black

When you was born you was pink
When you was sad you was blue
When you was hot you was red
When you was sick you was green
When you was scared you was yellow

And you call me colored.

Agra Gra

Fire Thoughts

Hot, flickering fingers
licking, reaching
to where the
cool air lingers.

As I watch
I dare to think;
who dared to tame
this beast of flame?

As the beast
devours its timber
It jumps, it leaps;
It seems quite limber.

The mysteries of the flame
shall always remain... the same.

Agra Gra

Glittering Night

I twist, I turn
I cannot fall to sleep
I open my eyes just to see
a shining bright star winking down at me

A crack in the window lets me feel
the cool breath of the stars upon me

I stand
to see
the sun
awake from its dark sleep

I hear the stars say
'See you tomorrow.'

Agra Gra

Mother

My mother
is a woman
like no other.

She gave me life,
nurtured me,
taught me,
dressed me,
fought for me,
held me,
shouted at me,
kissed me;
but most importantly
loved me
UNCONDITIONALLY.

There are not
enough words
I can say
to describe
just how important
my mother was to me,
and what a
powerful influence
she continues to be...

But mother...
I LOVE YOU.

Agra Gra