

Poetry Series

Ahtivah Lawton
- poems -

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Ahtivah Lawton(October 11,1993)

O yeah im from Brooklyn..born and raised on the playground my gandmother said in most of my days..chilling out back relaxin all cool jumping sum double dutch outside the skool..wen a couple of a gurls they was up to no good..starting to have babies in the neighborhood..i kissed one little boy and my mom got scared and she said ur moving with ur grandmother in the heart of BROOKLYN! !
! ...lol

10-11-93

10-11-93 is when pity was born
when unbelievers, fornicators, and thieves were born
10-11-93 is when prejudice was born
when Emmitt Till was sabotaged and killed of looking the wrong
10-11-93 is when dreamers were born
when the astronaut went to the moon and many became believers
10-11-93 is when humans was born
when imperfection ran through dominating our body and cell forms
10-11-93 is when her little son who is 3 and she is 15 said for the first time that
he had to use the potty
10-11-93 is when abusiveness and violence was born thats when threats became
part of nature and humans be misled by haters
10-11-93 is when the voices of unwanted babies screamed, when pregnant
mommas didnt believe
10-11-93 is when racism was born, not being white was taken very strong
10-11-93 is when divers was born, down in the water where legs were tragically
torn
10-11-93 is when a black man got is first show on t.v
10-11-93 is when speaking slang identified u as being black or in a gang
10-11-93 is when music was born, when African Amercian heros were formed
10-11-93 is when Ahtivah Lawton was born!

Ahtivah Lawton

A Boys Story

(Just inspired by experiences of others and my surroundings)

They see on the first glance and began to ake strategies to get into that girls pants.

They operate, stratergize and hallucinate their alternative ways and see what kind of girls could they get in a number count of days.

Not even tryna to get to kno her capacities, knoweledge of her AP's or her intuition of her feminine complexities.

But remember this is a boys story, not tryna put a solitaire diamond on her left ring finger and marrying her every thought..but rather get sexually and physically intellectually incline and not tryna to figure out whats in a girls bright mind.

To find a good man is one of a kind..the one that tells you that he love from a good frame of mind.

Not thinking about pleasure to an unwanted measure but thinking about how amazingly devine she is..how one of a Kind she is!

So again a boys story is....They see you on the first glance and began to make strategies on how to get into that girls pants.....

But a MAN's story is...They see you on the first glance and began to make strategies on how to put a juicy diamond on your left hand.

He got to love her..yesterday when she was sleeping he counted 84 lashes on her upper right eye..man do he adore her!

Now this is a mans story..not that little juvenile BOYS STORY!

Ahtivah Lawton

Empty

(this is suppose to be a Haiku, and i had many version of this but i guess this is the best!)

EMPTY, is all i see
Crack pipes is her destiny
and forever thats me!

Ahtivah Lawton

Gain Back My Self Trust

(people who know me...this is just something that naturally came out when i started to write...not a true story..jus haad to let yall know)

His ingorance caught my attention on the primary glance even thought his attitude was so uncharming.

His annoying ways pushed my back up against the wall leaving me to have all my innocent ways fall.

But I fell for his stupidity to even have the audacity to make out with him - NO HAPPINESS but he was my epitamy.

My epitamy to even have love for him was confusing and sickening. But I even let him disrespect me not liking the disrespect but liking the disrespect developing this unwanted adjective called raunchy therefore thinking about opening myself up like a garbage can to likely give him some sex.

Not tryna to be fresh and rush into a period of caress but becoming vulnerable for testosterone...now addicted and afflicted to this hormone

But in the back of my thick skull head, was foreshadows and predictions of life long regrets and sinful depictions

Therefore finally I left, done with hit then kiss attack, thru with all of his claim of love, finish with my addiction to his drug.

Tryna forgive but never forget, but I will never forget the first time soft tender juicy kiss on my neck

So I think Im sober now, hopefully its true this time, maybe i wont give into his lust and I highly doubt that i will gain back my self trust

Ahtivah Lawton

Hard Times~~~~~

Thinking about the days I use to dream
Only able to afford quarter juices & welfare ice cream
Growing up seeing brothers in gangs, children begging for change and boys tryna
spit game
Game...game was life... mothers giving there daughters up for a sacrifice....
Hardtimes meant using a gang as a protection..as a long lifeless connection...no
food to eat either..happiness wasnt even thought about to a optimistic
reciever...and the pastor didnt even look to god for a strength reliever...and a
white woman talkiin about gettin u out the hood...u couldnt believe her..children
hustling at the age of six...and families lying to welfare recipients

Ahtivah Lawton

Hip Hops Obituary

i wrote this poem with one of my good friends...Christopher Montalvo..and we just fed off of each others words...and this is what we produced

Lyrical integrity,
Racial diversity,
Started off as Rebellious and Truthful,
Currently foolish and obscene,
Just another part of the Money Making Machine,
Dominating your every thought,
Deceiving your view on Life,
Trying to make that American Dream come true,
Trading in your moral values,
A critical sacrifice.

The art-form we created from the ground up,
From the streets,
Now its back is against the wall,
Hip-Hop held at gun-point,
This is the beginning of the end,
The ultimate breaking point,
The breaking point of intelligence,
Meaningful lyrics that now only lie inside,
The hearts of the civil rights leaders that are dead and gone,
The breaking point of foolish thoughts,
Conceived with a pen and pad,
Wishing to design and create,
But our hearts weren't in the right place.

Hip-Hop,
A community built upon unity,
Now we are after our own,
So instead of building each other,
We destroy our brothers,
Sisters shown that their behind,
Is their one and only asset,
A culture that has become so sexist,
Young niggas trying to have swag,
But with no brains,
Trying to be hip by saying Ho and Bi***,

Hip by hopping to the next jail cell,
Glorifying inmate numbers to correction officers,
Who believe the minority only live to fail.
Young niggas shopping for Lambos and Corvettes,
Convinced that to have a successful career,
You have to play Russian roulette,
A new generation of slaves,
Never released from their 400-year old chains,
Now we wear them proudly around our necks,
An easier way to strangle ourselves with,
Captured by our own accord,
We look to Hip-Hop as our God,
Hoping for forgiveness and remorse,
Artists classifying themselves as the best,
Arrogance turns into ignorance,
Wishing if the Godfather was still here,
James Brown,
Be resurrected and please speak.

It hurts to see Hip-Hop dying in front of my eyes,
Hospitalized,
Quickly running out of time,
No telling for how long it will stay alive,
Gasping for air,
Soon, it will be known as an ill-fated past time.

Ahtivah Lawton

Is Anybody Worth That?

Are you worth the pain, agony, sweat and tears
worth of unhappiness, pain and fears.

Is Anybody Worth That?

Are you worth opening yourself up like a trash can, letting all types of garbage
come in - metal and plastic..things that takes away your value from within?

Is anybody worth that?

Is anybody worth walking up and down the street just tryna make ends meet
Breathing, eating, or even sucking immorality

Is Anybody Worth that?

Are you worth selling your soul or giving your soul away to forceful actions and
blemishes away your innocence?

Im not worth that, Im not worth any of that. Im worth betta than walking up and
down the street wearing out cement

I worth victory, happiness, frightfulness, way more than people or even
believeing the Pursuit of HAPPYNESS!

Im worth wisdom full of pain and believers and non considered over achievers

Im worth more than u will ever kno...because my unplanned actions is worth
more than a satisfaction

Ahtivah Lawton

Just Starting To Write Words Randomly

(Okay u guyz..i was jus sittin in Art class bein put to sleep then i just started to write)

I think my justice is served..proven my ife through voices that was unheard. Seeking friendship and love (a quality that was forgotten) ...reminicing about my ancestors who unfortunately picked cotton. Dreaming about the day that i wouldnt have to dream...thinking back to times where my fathers guilty ways rewarded me with that nice sweet ice cream. Breathing pollution literally figuratively - and forcing myself to forgive and forget the mother that left me. Holding the hand of you - me - and I..holding back tears that forced me to cry. Singing a song of love, happiness and deceit - moving my hand that would move me to write words..turning into short thoughts and stories...turning into a poem that would make me also want to feel complete. Happily writing poems effect me drastically - opening up to negative feelings that was inside me...that deprived me...that source of energy that enlightened me to I really am suppose to be...having no more want and need...just starting to write words randomly! !

Ahtivah Lawton

Mother

Mother, can you hear me?
Mother, screaming out in agony
Mother, I just want you to come home and scream out to me

And say - I love you and im so happy that you are around. You lift me up and make me smile from within

Mother, why do u have to abandon me
kick me out then try to talk to me
Mother, I just want to hold you and fly away to the unknown
Take to me to the deep sea, and just fly alone
Mother, lets experience pain, happiness, amd sorrow 2gether
Because tomorrow is not a guarantee of u and me forever
Mother why did u leave me?
Arent you suppose to cuddle in your fluffy breast..to protect me like you know best i guess?
Mother why do u act like that?
Arent you suppose to comfort and treat me just like that
Mother, I need you in my life
Because im living in a time where im just made to live without a mother..I guess!

When i cry at night i need you to be there and tell that its gona be alright
Mother mother motehr, I guess i did well without u in my life
Because many times i was taken advantage of my virginity rights last night
Mother, sometime i cry at night becuase u dont understand why im so uptight
Mother i feel your sweat on me from doin wat did last night
Mother sometimes it hits me at what u do but im the daughter and you are u

Mother i dont need you now
I have substituted my frowns with smiles
Mother you have made me upset to the best that i can possibly be, but dont forget that you have a daughter and thats me!
Becuz this daughter is not gonna be here and is gonna deny you of being her
Mother!

MOTHERRRRRR! ! ! ! !

Ahtivah Lawton

Off Of My Buddy List

Yes...finally i have deleted this thing out of my life

He is deleted off my buddy list even tho i hesitated twice

I even dreamt about being his wife not thinking about all of the consequences with dealing with his strife!

Yes...finally i have deleted him out of my life

That first kiss had me..like he put my own neck in his knife

He was even disrespectful and rude giving me all types of itchwackness...telling me how i should disown my clean ways and be his little slave hoe for the rest of my days just to give him some play!

Yes...this dude is finally deleted out of my life...

Having me feel bad of sneaking around and mistreating the body that was built up from the ground

And i couldnt even stop thinking about him.....even tho he was talkin to many other girls and treating them better than me in all types of ways...jus that one kiss had me hype for days

Y couldnt i jus leave im alone..i tried to break away and lord knows

Yes..finally he is deleted out of my life..bcuz the next time i will kiss anyone, i will be walking down the aisle in my pretty white dress and i will be somebodys wife!

Yes, this dude is off my buddies list....and even tho he hurt me...i dont regret that little itchwackfass kiss!

Ahtivah Lawton

Relapse

My relapse is the brown skin...brohawk,6 feet bogus guy, who really isnt my type
- and i dont love but I want and like him - why? ? ?

HE IS MY RELAPSE..needing the satisfaction and the calming relaxation of my nerves, because if I dont get my drug I become an unwanty junky...beginning to beg for change and for food since im hungry...putting myself in the industry of prostitution that i risk getting raped....getting serious migrane headaches and developing the shakes.

HE IS MY RELAPSE...using the method of deception.....being real good to me when i need a hit and then making me be real heartless leaving me a real nice tip slapping and calling me nothing but a b****

HE IS MY RELAPSE - doing real good one day not needing no chemical and physical reaction, not sniffing, dipping, smoking or shooting up any of his BS hit and miss action

But then i began to have the shakes...adding him to my AIM dates..having temper tantrums, spazes, unwanted physical actions, flashback of my relapse, although i kno its temporarily I feel his warmth and calmness of my drug now..im under his dirt rug now cant get clean from him anyhow

Because he is my relapse....brown skin, brohawk,6 feet bogus guy who really isnt my type...and I always take him back....becuase HE IS MY RELAPSE!

Ahtivah Lawton

She Look Like Him

(i really dont like it but whatever)

They got the same nose...o wow look at the size of his and her chin...you cant tell me that she did not originate from within

They both have the same place of dimples and development of pimples but most importantly do they share the same DNA? ...but he is denyng her bcuz he was gay and although he dont wanna have nothing to do with them...she looks jus like him

sad but thats the way life goes sometimes..hardly seeing their offspring is what more than one million children may go through in a lifetime
having that missing dominance in the house really changes the mind of many...bein unbalance paternally changed their view of life mentally not knowing wat a good man was..lead them be physically and mentally taken advantage of but he swear that aint his offspring...but she looks jus like him...and it sad for a child to know that their own daddy dont even approve or even like them but she looks jus like him..how can u even deny that
your raping away apart of her life that shapes her world tomorrow
i feel so sorry for you because you dont kno the importance of a father in her life so many women began to abandon themselve and let somebody else get a hold of theirsself
she need that fatherly figure to move her around in life..you dont know how much she is aching becuz of the missing dad that brings strife to her uncomplete life
but she not complaining for his fourtune..cuz she looks just like him! ! !

Ahtivah Lawton

The Imprisoned Noun

(wow i jus sat down here and wrote this poem...didnt even kno where this was going to lead me or what to write about..but i love it...but i need a title.....'Free'..'Not Being Free'...or 'And thats True'....help me to decide!) ..okay im going with the title 'The Imprisoned Noun'

feeling like how a owned black man did when being tarred and feather and when his legs were tied to a horse distorting them to the north or the south cuz u know the north was where every slave wanted to be free and that thought never left me

free is what i had wanted, not being exposed to all the nonsense and conflicts that didnt make any dawg on sense

but to be 'Welcomed to the Good Life' like Kanye once said

but remembering my mothas beatings from her first.....was iin the back of my head

free is who i am but thats not me..confused(me 2)

Realize when i said 'free, is what i had wanted'

I 'had' wanted the noun 'free' to show its meaning to me

but im happy it didnt bcuz it taught me how to be tough..how to never let any man see u blush

how to smile on the outside when on the inside your crying

and how to think about on the outside as only its raining but on the inside your drowning

how to paint on a smile with lipstick and put on a big charade

yes by not being free i learned how to deal with injustice in this big of a joke

world bcuz having a 75.87 average is all u need to become president like

someone or something we kno as George Bush..yes we had a leader who was a dummy

when we have and 'had' a black man..matta fact not even a black man..when we have purple, yellow, red, indigo, pink, fushia or tan man who already created inventions that goes beyond the humans instinction

by not being free it taught me how to hold a baby inside me..when the superior race was having all types of abortions, cutting them up in all types of proportions not being free helped me to be grateful for being told the truth

cuz i dont kno who told those white boyz to take Little Richard song Tooty Fruit no but on the real deal...not being free help me to realize that u have to work in

order to have a Tommy Hilfiger 100% cotton shirt
that life is not apples and bananas
and i think you for that
You..the noun thats name 'free', the four letter word that had every one of us
hoping and praying for deliverence with pleads
Yes you
I thank you for not coming thru when i wanted you to bcuz ur a joke and thats
true

Ahtivah Lawton

Uninspired Undesired Achieved High Education

Im tired of being uninspired

My wanting of AP's(advance placment) , top knotch scholarships and parsimoniously a HDTV is consciencely being undesired

But yet I struggle to achieve high maintenance education that my ancestors couldnt recieve and I refuse for it to deprived from me. This knowledge cant be denied from me...cuz i dont care if its locked up, hadncuffed, old dust, a diamond in a ruff- it will NOT be blinded or impoverished from me. Because in order for me to stay calm, cool and collective I need my drug.....which is knowledge...no compromise...please lets get high...EDUCATED

And no i havent been jacked for my material things, but I have been jacked for my mental capacity links. And I need no ratification, qualification, confirmation, recommendation, affirmation to recieve my education. And just like you need no green lights to discourage me from my educational rights...I Refuse to have any red lights to limit to flipping burgers at McDonalds for the rest of my life

Ahtivah Lawton

Women Profits

Society is now warped

The women is a profit and her benefits are self destraut

The man is hypocrosy, using his reproductive organs as a toy to play with
benefits within his democracy

You see its not okay for a women to use her benefits in the market and her time
share is never valued any time of the year. And when her time share is doubled,
she is looked down upon, about to bore forth another child and become the
prime example of which way is right and wrong

Ahtivah Lawton