

Poetry Series

**Jamal Brown**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2011

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive



## 2012 Defense

People judge us and there is only one thing to do.  
Let it be. Let it be and remind yourself that  
Yesterday is the history, and we can't change it.  
What's happened has happened, so we have to live  
with it. Tomorrow is a mystery, we must face it.  
We never can tell what will happen before time, we  
can never anticipate what will be. The only thing I  
know is that the past is part of me. As much as I  
would love to rid myself of the blemishes of my past,  
I do understand, and face the reality that what I've  
done will cage me in my shame and hate until time  
indefinite. But tomorrow, we can work to make sure  
that we stand up for what we believe in. We make this  
revolution every year, That we'll start defending what  
means important to us.

Jamal Brown

# A Negro Poet And Painter

I am a lonesome dove  
and a free spirit eagle.  
If you knew who I was,  
how would you view me?  
I'll give you a chance.  
Someone approached me  
on the street last night and  
asked me 'Are you the  
rebellious Negro poet who  
has been well known for  
several years? ' I simply  
responded by saying 'At  
one time, maybe. However,  
I am now a poet. No. I'm an  
artist.' He scoffed and said 'An artist? I've  
never seen any of your  
works.' I chuckled and  
said 'I am an artist of  
words. My pencil is my  
paint brush. The paper  
is my canvas. And most  
important of all, my  
words are my various  
painting colors.'  
Then he asked me  
a question  
unexpected. 'Who  
are you, then? '  
I told him 'I am  
the struggling  
Negro artist. The  
Homosexual poet,  
who's parents  
kicked him out,  
because they didn't  
understand. The most  
educated black guy  
in the neighborhood,  
but is considered

ignorant because I'm  
gay. That's who I am'  
Now how do you view me?

Jamal Brown

# A Rant Worth Listening To

People respond faster to a lie than to the truth.  
Shame. What have we, as humans become? What type  
of world do we live in, where people don't want  
to hear what's really real? Disney movies, and  
Chick flicks have warped our reality. WAKE UP  
PEOPLE! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

We don't have much time left. I'm soo sick and  
tired of everyone saying ' Let's change the world!  
Let's make it a better place for everyone! ' If you  
still want to change the world, you only have a very  
very very short time left. As a matter of fact, if you  
want to change the world, for the better, start by  
changing the person who looks back at you in the mirror.  
How are you gonna change a whole planet, when you can't  
even change yourself? And another thing is, if you fix  
your attitude, or behavior, would the problem be solved?  
I had to get it off of my chest.

Jamal Brown

# A Soldier's Homegoing

It could't wait another day

She'd already finished her test.

She'd found the road, she'd paved the way.

God knew he had chosen the best.

To be born of his spirit, wash in his blood.

She stood like a peranent statue in the flood.

She's in the army of the Lord now, her blood nolonger flowing.

And that's how I know it was a soldier's homegoing.

This poem is dedicated to: Mrs. Sarah J. Brown. (R.I.P)

Jamal Brown

# Acrostic Poem Part 1

Live ya' life  
Overcome your fears  
Various blessings  
Eat, sleep, and watch TV

Awesome GOD  
Never give up  
Defeat the anti-Christ

Face the facts  
Angels we have heard on high  
Inner- prayer  
Talk to GOD  
Hosana

Jamal Brown

# Adios And Vaya Con Dios!

Adios and Vaya Con Dios!

Leaven' this world today.

And if it wern't for my family, my friends, and my loved ones,

I'd have no reason to stay!

Adios and Vaya Con Dios!

Gettin' out of this place.

But befor I do this I need just one more kiss

and, I can spread my wings fly away.

(To the tune of the hit song 'Toes' by Zac Brown Band.)

Jamal Brown

# An Inside Monster

There is a creature  
who thrives within me.  
He lives just below the  
surface.  
He is rude, vindictive, prideful,  
Headstrong, selfcentered, and  
blasphemus.  
I feel him awaken  
as he tears through  
my skin laughing maliciously  
like the monster, the Demon, the  
villan that he is.  
As he ascends, my skin tears  
in various directions.  
Smoke fills the room  
and a repugnant, foul  
stinch fill the air  
like forty thousand  
year old garbage. A liquidy  
black poison secreats.  
He looks into my eyes.  
'Hello, ' the says in the  
most spine-tingling way.  
'Welcome to the end.'

Jamal Brown

# An Ode To High School

The things that you have taught me over the years in this Correctional Facility are inevitable. The Rats, the Roaches, the Critters that NEVER stop crawling and the flies that never stop flying. I thank you O' High School, For teaching me New Things Such As: New Exterminating Techniques, New Racial Slurs, and sooo Much More! For refreshing my memory on the things I learned in 4 year old kindergarten. With THE Education That you have given me over the years, I'm sure to succeed. So Good Riddens High School! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Jamal Brown

# Angelic Plans

Things happen in the world  
that we don't understand.  
Things that make us question  
the will of the divine celestial  
judge. We ask: 'Why does this have to  
happen to me? What is God's  
reason for this? Does he really love  
me? Why does he allow me to  
suffer so much? ' among so  
many others. Among the worst  
of these sufferings is losing  
a wonderful person. Our hearts  
are heavy, and our minds are full. It  
happens so fast, so unexpectedly.  
Almost make our head spin.  
But rejoice. They are now in  
paradise. Now we should focus  
on getting there. To see them, hold  
them, hug and kiss them again. What  
could be more rewarding? Remember:  
Anything that Satan does to us  
is only temporary. The worst  
that he can do is kill us, and  
God has the power to bring us back.  
When times see the hardest,  
God gives us people who  
suffer with us. So smile,  
and remember that you are not  
alone.

Jamal Brown

## Arosstic Poem Part 2

Angels  
Reminece  
Embrace

Touched  
Wizardry  
Orion's belt

Woe  
Amazing Grace  
Y.P.D.  
Solder's of the cross

Tambur  
Obama

Jamal Brown

# Beautiful Mother

God has blessed me with a beautiful 's the  
way it goes. So I promised him that as long  
as he'd let me live, I'd love and cherish her 'till  
my last breath I  
can no longer hold.

A strong beautiful woman who can go  
through trials and  
tripulations larger than  
the grand canyon.

And still come out a beautiful, loving,  
God fearing champion.

To even know such a woman of such  
compassion and mercy she runs a great race.

God Knows she will forever run it with

a beautiful, majestic style and

grace.

So to whoever's reading this,

cherish the mother you love.

And even if she is physically gone,

cherish her legacy,

know that she's with Jesus

and she will live on and on and on.

Jamal Brown

# Beautiful Wings

I saw you last night.  
I all of your radiance and  
beauty. Hard to believe,  
but even more beautiful than  
the last time I saw you.  
I knew it was you, by the  
way you smiled. I thought  
that I may have been going  
crazy, but there you were  
right in front of me. I  
could help but cry.  
I've counted the days until I  
would see you again, never reasoning  
that it would be this soon. I looked  
at you, as you stared back at me.  
Then, it happened. As you opened  
your arms, I ran towards you, and  
we hugged. It felt like an eternity  
standing there, but it was not long  
enough. I wanted to hold you in my  
arms forever. I never wanted this moment  
to end. I looked into your beautiful  
face, as I  
took a step back. I stepped back  
just in time, as you spread your  
beautiful wings. Tears profusely  
streamed down my face. Joy. That's the  
only way I can explain it. You hushed  
my tears as you said 'Everything is going to be  
all right. I love you.'  
And just as quickly as you  
appeared, you were gone.  
It still doesn't seem,  
but I accept that it was a  
dream. A dream that I  
never wanted to wake up from.  
A dream of you, and your beautiful  
wings.

This poem is dedicated to the loving memory  
of Crystal Torres. Rest in peace, my  
sweet Angel.  
1995-2011

Jamal Brown

# Because Of You

Because of you,  
I go home smiling  
Because of you,  
I realize my dream  
Because of you,  
I know that someone  
Loves me and cares  
Because of you,  
I fear nothing  
Because of you,  
I found my voice  
Beause of you,  
I have laughed more  
than ever  
Because of you just being you,  
I love you

Jamal Brown

# Born This Way

Stop criticizing me just because I don't  
fit into any of your stereotypes. So what I'm different.  
What authority do you have to change me? I am who  
I am. And yea, I'm bisexual, so what now? Remember  
this one thing: You will NEVER be able to  
change me. Heaven forbid if my life is ever cut short,  
put this on my grave: 'Here lies the kid we couldn't  
change.' To every kid out there who is like me, who  
is afraid to have a voice because of what others  
might think, live freely, have your voice, be happy.  
Hey baby, we were born this way! ! And to our  
haters, don't let the door hit you where the good lord split  
you, and the dog should've bit you.

Jamal Brown

# Broken Mirror

I look through this jagged glass; this broken mirror. All I see is a sinner. I see all the hours everyone wasted trying to love me. I see the hours I've wasted away lusting after some poor girls flesh. Wanting what wasn't, isn't, never will be, and was never meant to be mine. The day's and the week's thrown away in jealousy because another man had what I wanted. I wasn't right. I see all those people who tried to help me, and I stepped on them. Standing in the way of my own progress. How could they love me, when I hated myself. How could they forgive me, when I couldn't forgive myself? How could they need me, when I don't even need myself? I think about Jesus 'The One, who died so that I could live'. Why would He do that for someone like me? Someone so despicable. So disgusting. So disappointing. I remember that I'm seeing myself through a broken mirror. This is not who I am. Not anymore. Not since Jesus released me from the prison I built around myself. I've been washed clean. I don't have to hide anymore. I see myself through this beautiful glass; this healed mirror. I am beautiful. I am absolutely wonderful. I am lovable and I'm learning how to love others. I am needed. I am not perfect, but I am forgiven. My past, if you can bare to look at it, is tarnished, damaged, ruined, and full of ugly black smudges that test me and tempt me day in and day out. My present is not perfect, but no where near my past. And my future? Crystal clear.

Jamal Brown

# Bullying

Please stop. It hurts so much.  
Do you not know the pain? The despair?  
You must not. Because if you did,  
You wouldn't do this.  
Why Do you do this anyway?  
It can't be because of me  
because I just met you. Are you reaching  
out for attention?  
Are you reaching out for love?  
Are you so lost, and alone, that you  
have to get your pleasure from other people's pain?  
It's sad, and pathetic.  
Put yourself in there shoes.  
Look at the world through there eyes.  
See there pain, there depression, there sadness.  
All because you feel the need to disrespect,  
abuse, lie to, and hurt them. You are part of the  
reason that so many young today  
people commit suicide. How does that make you  
feel? To know that someone ended their own journey  
in life, because you wanted to make them feel unwelcome.  
So very sad. If only you knew what real love is, and how  
it feels. You should feel less than the scum on the earth.  
Sickening. You foul, loathsome, evil, little cockroach.  
How would you feel, is you were bullied in the same  
way that you bully them? Think about that sometimes.

Jamal Brown

# Crossfire

I remember a time, when I thought  
That was I happy. I remember when  
I thought it was alright to lead a double  
Life. I tried to convince myself that no one  
Would ever find out. Then I saw a light.  
I stepped into that light and became drowned  
In an ocean of love and happiness. I stepped  
Into a paradise. It was the greatest thing  
I'd ever experienced.  
Moving up in the world I just found,  
Was like tasting the sweetest piece of  
Chocolate Cake.  
Now, I'm being pulled between  
The world I knew and the world  
That I know now. I'm caught in the  
Crossfire  
Between two worlds that I love.  
But the question is: which  
World do I love more?  
I feel like a tennis ball being  
Tossed between two rackets.  
A bird who has to decide which  
Way to fly.  
I get the feeling that heaven is burning,  
And I'm the reason.  
Or maybe I'm like hamlet 'To be, or not to be,  
That is the question...'  
Either way, I need help to know where I stand.  
So I'm calling out to everyone who cares,  
And asking the same question:  
Will you be there?

Jamal Brown

## Dear God,

As I close my eyes and bow my head,  
forgive me for all of the terrible things that  
I've said.

Forgive me for all of the people that I have hurt today  
and the people I have hurt in days past away.

I apologize for not living by your life every waking  
moment of mine.

I am a fallen saint,  
and to get back-up it's  
taking a little time.

I just want to say, thank you  
for this day,  
so that I may praise your name  
with style and grace like a gentle  
fallen rain.

I want you to know that even though a lot of things  
don't go as I planned,

I thank you for being on my side  
when I get in trouble.

I thank you for taking a stand.

I pray that you  
know you are everything in my life  
from the beginning to the end.

I would give you everything I have,  
but I have nothing. I can  
only give my heart to  
live in.

Dear GOD, I'm so sorry for losing faith  
when things go wrong. I  
know I'm young and not out on my own yet,  
but still some things make it hard for me to stay strong.  
So thanks to you I still love everyone  
and I still have a heart that cares.

Dear GOD, I love you,  
for this is my goodnight prayer.

Jamal Brown

# Death Of A Family

Drinking and fighting.  
Fighting and drinking.  
When does it ever end?  
What ever happened to the word 'Family'?  
Does it exist any more?  
Mother against daughter.  
Daughter against Mother.  
How can you hate your own blood?  
When the Matriarch of our  
family died, the beautiful rug  
that was our family unraveled with  
her. Now, I feel as if the family  
rug has unraveled down to me.  
I am now left to mourn the tragic  
death of my great grandmother and  
my family. Is there anybody out  
there who can save me from this  
ocean of despair?

Jamal Brown

# Don'T Cry For Me

Even though I'm gone from you physically,  
I'm still with you. Please don't cry, just because  
I'm out of sight, I am always with you morning  
Noon and night. Do me this favor, since you really  
Love me, when you go to my funeral, don't cry for  
Me. Hey, cheer up! I may be gone, but you're  
Still here, and I know that you're thinking of me 365  
Days a year. I understand that you're sad, and I expect  
You to cry at first, but I want the tears to stop when they  
Put me in the hurse. God saw that I was tired, and  
Needed some rest so he made me take a nap. So I'll just  
Be sleeping, until God says 'Wake up.' Can't you see? I'm  
Not gone forever. I'm certainly not going to heaven, and I  
Know I'm not going to hell. But I look forward to Jehovah's  
Wake up call, when he brings me back to live forever on a  
Paradise e, have the hope and the faith that I  
Do, because this hope is true. I want to see you again, and  
I know you want to see me too. Hey do me a favor have a  
Great party after my funeral; I want you to have fun! That's  
Not a request, that's an order. There's one more thing,  
I must tell you, see you in a little while, and by the way,  
I love you.

Jamal Brown

# Don'T Tell Me

Don't tell me that I can't  
because I know that I can.  
Don't tell me to give up,  
because I'm a winner,  
and we don't quit.  
Don't tell me that I'm a  
nobody, because I'm  
destined to be somebody.  
Don't tell me I'm stupid,  
because I probably know  
more than you in some  
things.  
Don't say I'm smarter  
than that, because I  
still make mistakes.  
Don't tell me to go  
home, because this is  
only a temporary home.  
Don't tell me that it's impossible,  
because I know a man who  
can make it happen.  
And don't tell me that  
the sky is the limit,  
because there are footsteps  
on the moon.

Jamal Brown

# Fool's Love

We were so close. We almost had everything. We were almost the greatest. But then, we took a U turn, right into destruction. Were did we go wrong? What should have been different? It seems like forever and a day, that I blamed myself for our failed attempt at romanticism. Like a fool, I genuinely loved you. Then again, you wouldn't know anything about genuine love, would you. I never regret meeting you, but I do regret dating you. I hated myself after we broke up. I would tell myself 'It's all my fault. My heart has forgotten how to love.' I wanted to be your Superman. I wanted to save you. Until I realized, that no matter what I do, I can't save you. No one can. I wish we never dated, because now, we can never be friends, again. You hurt me to the point of no return. I used to trust so easily, now I don't trust anyone. Not even myself. I had to learn how to love again. How to love myself. How to love life. How to love God. I gave up on everything. I hate that I gave you that much power over my life. Never again. Never again will I give anyone as much power over me, than I gave you. Never again will I play the fool. Never again will I love anyone. At least not the way I loved you.

Jamal Brown

# Freedom

By our words, we say that we are free, but this is not the case in reality. Every human has a secret, 'A skeleton in the closet' as some would say. No matter how honest and open we may be, we still carry things to our graves. For some, it may be their true identity. For others, their heart's desire. For some, it's their sexuality. Some die without knowing who they are. Real freedom comes when our biggest fears and secrets become known to the world, and we are satisfied, even happy. A boulder will be lifted off of our shoulders, and we feel like the world is ours for the taking. This is what it means to be free. We may not be in physical chains, but as long as we are afraid to express ourselves, it's all the same.

Jamal Brown

# Gaurdian Angel

We stuck by each other

through thick and thin.

When times got tough

we held it in.

I only knew you for a few months; maybe a year

But our friendship was so near, and so dear.

The night you died

I cried and cried.

Well ya' made the news! I

think it was eleven, maybe seven.

But even now as I sit here and

reminisce, I wonder why God

had to take you; why you had to fly off to

heaven.

I know you are always here for me

on every turn, whicha way and angle.

I know you'll always protect me

because you're my gaurdian

Angel.

Jamal Brown

# Goodbye

Whether you're right next to me

or far across the sky

we are a part of one another

you and I

I never deserved you

But you were everything to me

there are better men out there and you'll

find one

Just know that my heart will

cease

Our hearts will beat in a perfect harmony

Yours and mine

Our hearts will beat in a perfect harmony and I'll be there

until the end of time

I wish I could say more but there's nothing

left to say

But Goodbye

Hope you have a blessed life and a blessed day.

Jamal Brown

# Grace Like A River

Sweet as honey dew  
A love like no other  
Kisses that shine like the sun  
A smile that lights up the night sky  
Hugs warmer than heaters  
Eyes that burn out stars  
A soul that makes the arctic melt  
If anyone ever asks me,  
This is how I describe you

Jamal Brown

# Great Expectations

Everyone wants me to be everything they've ever wanted me to be. Yet, they don't understand that I'm only one man, I'm gonna need help. I've always been the type of person who, I never like to see anyone disappointed, especially if I know it's probably my fault, or if I could've avoided them being upset. It's like I have nowhere to turn now. Everyone's taking control of me. Seems like the world's got a role for me. Even though on the outside, I smile, laugh, joke, and act crazy with everyone, I hide behind a mask. I feel like a mirror, everyone sees a bit of themselves in me, but no one thinks of asking me what I think, no one ever takes the time to see to understand the real me the man behind the mask. I feel invisible. Even when I say 'Hello world, this is me! ! ' No one hears me. I try to remember that I am above those who hate me, and talk about me, and abuse me, because I know that there ignorance has become greater than who they have become. Even as I keep that in mind, and my sinful human body still feels emotional Despair

Jamal Brown

## Guarded Hearts.

How can I love you, with a guarded heart?  
Break the chains, tear the walls apart.  
How can you trust me, when it's easy to see,  
That you don't trust yourself  
How can you love me?  
You cry on the inside, but hide it with  
a smile.  
Am I the only one who sees them?  
Your tears go on for miles.  
Everyone is gonna hurt me. of this, I'm sure.  
Are you someone worth suffering for?  
For you I'd walk through hell.  
I would give you my life.  
Not smile in your face,  
then stab you in strife.  
I've made my love known  
after so many years.  
Let's face the world together,  
And break through our fears.

Jamal Brown

# Hollowman

Do you know what it means to  
Be honest? How could you, when  
Everything about you is a lie. Your  
Soul is as dark as a moonless,  
Starless night. So pretentious  
Are your lies, unrelenting disguise  
Creating tears in your eyes, your  
Mind withers and you die.  
Pretending to be something you  
Are not, somewhere in the middle you  
Are now caught. You've never seen  
Who you really are.  
You hide behind an invisible mask,  
Because everyone but you sees through it.  
The name given to you by your mother  
Is not the name bestowed upon you by God.  
You are doomed to forever be 'Hollowman'.  
I can't remember the last time you cared  
About anything or the last time you allowed  
Yourself to be seen. My heart goes out to you  
Even for the simple fact that your life is a hollow shell

Jamal Brown

# I Am He

I am a spitting

image of my father

to a certian degree.

A man of propetual

intelligence. Knowledge

times 3.

I am a young blooded person

a good man who's battle has

already been won.

Approx.5' 11', approx.223 and I

love to have fun. I'm in good

with alot of people, I have

little reason to carry a gun.

I am my father

my father is me

He is me.

I am he.

Please Note: (This poem is only an english translation of one of my other poems ' I am he') .

Jamal Brown

# I Forgive You

You see me as  
A drunkard.  
A loser.  
A sorry excuse.  
Abomination  
Is what you call  
Me as I walk by  
You everyday.  
You curse my  
Very name  
Both to my face  
And behind my  
Back. I have heard you  
With my own ears curse  
The day of my conception.  
Yet, you have never known  
My past. You have never  
Heard my cries. Never seen  
What my own eyes have  
Witnessed. You judge  
Me by what I wear.  
How I act.  
Who I surround  
Myself with.  
Where I'm from.  
Your reasoning is  
Ludicrous and  
Disregardable.  
Yet, I feel as if  
It is my Christian  
Duty to forgive you,  
But never forget. I  
Know how it feels  
To be alone.

Jamal Brown

# I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings

I know why the

caged bird sings.

For the sign of

hope that tomorrow

brings. I know why

the caged bird won't fly.

Because he rests on the soul of life

and if he

flies away he will surely die.

But tell me please, oh someone please,

please tell me because I just don't understand

why that one little caged bird cries.

Is he sad, is he lonely,

is he discombobulated?

That poor little caged bird is

lost on the road. Would

someone please show

him wich way to go.

I know why the caged bird sings.

For a sign of faith that tomorrow brings.

Jamal Brown

# I Love My Beautiful Body

I love my arms, because I use them for hugs, and to reach for the sky.  
I love my feet, because the waves and sand run through my toes at the beach.  
I love my lips, because they let me blow kisses.  
I love my spine, because it let's me stand tall and proud.  
I love my legs, because they keep me grounded.  
I love my face, because it lights up when I smile.  
I love my butt, because it will always be the perfect backup.  
I love my ribs, because the keep my heart safe.  
I love my fingers, because the entangle in yours.  
I love my stomach, because it nourishes me.  
I love my back, because I can turn it on things I don't like.  
I love my lungs, because they let me breath in the beauty of this world.  
I love my knees, because the help me get down.  
I love myself, because I'm beautiful, just like you.

Jamal Brown

# I Promise

&lt;/&gt;To love you.  
To hold you.  
To keep you.  
To try to understand you.  
To support you.  
To be honest.  
To carry you.  
To make you feel like you're the only one.  
To handle you with care.  
To give you a high whenever you touch me.  
To love you like no one has ever loved you.  
To protect you.  
To make you laugh.  
To value you.  
To make you smile.  
To give you my shoulder to cry on.  
To cry with you.  
I can't...  
give you the finer things in life,  
but I promise...  
to give you these little things.

Jamal Brown

# Is It Love?

Their hearts pound at first sight.

Is it love?

Their eyes shout out to each other, 'Kiss! Kiss! '

For a lifetime(Or a night) of love and endless bliss.

Is it love, or is it lust?

It was a love triangle all along.

All three of them knew what was going on.

The other girl was mad as hell!

I don't see how she did it

but they all stay friends.

Is it love, or is it forgiveness?

Me I would have said to our friendship farewell.

She's a strong, beautiful young woman with a lot of heart.

I had a crush on her at one time. Interesting, But I'm  
still trying to decide if that was smart. (L.O.L) .

Is it love, or is it Happiness?

I just want her to be happy.

Inspired by a true story.

Jamal Brown

# Island Of Lost Immortal Souls

Dark, depressing, lonely, deep.

A winter's cold until hell's lava begins

To leak.

Souls wandering here and there.

Death lurking everywhere.

The nights are hot and the days are cold,

Here on the island of lost immortal souls.

On this island you have no friends.

Your only companion is the wind.

The only positive thing is that time doesn't exist, so you can't get old,

Here on the island of lost immortal souls.

This is my utopia of hell.

A demon's home. A satanic realm.

Kill and be killed. Steal and

Be stolen.

Doesn't matter to me, my life

Is already broken.

Torn, ripped, shredded. To walk this place

You must be bold. So come on.

You must arrive alone,

Here on the island of lost Immortal souls.

Jamal Brown

# Jondolas

Just

One

Nation

Delivers

Only

Life

After

Soldiers of GOD

Jamal Brown

# Land Of The Free

You tell me that america is a free country,  
but I ask you, 'What is free about America? ' If America  
were a free country, we would have no religious intolerance. We  
would have no racial or interracial discrimination. Language  
would not be a barrier of separation. America can never be  
a free country, because no matter how diverse we  
become, there will always be hatred and segregation  
Somewhere in this country.

Jamal Brown

# Last Day

I am a Jesus Christ fanatic and proud of it.

The whole world should be like me and bow down to the lord above it.

Not to sound all 'holier than thou' 'cause I'm not.

But let me tell you it's better than sitting in hell to rott.

Treat everyone like family

they might help you make your way.

Do good for all humanity

Because it might just be your last day.

Jamal Brown

# May We Always Be

The last time I saw you we were saying goodbye.  
We hugged, we kissed, I looked into your eyes.  
I fought back my tears like I have for all these years.  
Hell had unleashed all of my fears.

Now we're standing here hand in hand,  
And girl I promise You that I'm a better man.  
But now that's history.  
I'm replacing the old with the new,  
There is nothing in the world I wouldn't  
give just to hold you.

You make me laugh,  
you're the reason I breathe.  
So, this is way I'm on my knees.  
Will you give me this special honor  
And be my wife.  
I can promise you contentment for the  
rest of your life.

Jehovah sent you from heaven above,  
and may you always be my love.

Jamal Brown

# Mommy, Where Do Angels Live?

(Before reading this, please note that I'm portraying a 4 or 5 year old boy in this poem.)

Mommy, where do angels live?

I heaven with Jesus.

Mommy, how fast deos it take to gt to heaven?

Ain't nobody still livin' that knows the answer to that.

Mommy, why does Jesus love us and he deosen't know us?

Because he is the son of GOD, and he is destined to do so. That's why he let them nail him to that old wooden cross.

Mommy, didn't Jesus die like 100,000 years ago?

No. It has'nt been even 2,000 yet. Plus he's only dead physically. Spiritually he's still with us.

Mommy, were you an angel once?

No, but one day I hope I might.

Mommy, I have an off question. What does DNA mean?

(Mama laughs) . It means deoxyribonucleic acid.

Mommy, what deoes it take to be an angel?

I wish I could tell you honey, but I can't.

Mommy, I have one more thing to say.

And what's that?

I love you.

I love you too baby.(Mama hugs him and giggles.)

Jamal Brown

# My Name

=Handsome.

Well, I am a handsome man. Hey I try to have high self esteem. If

I don't, how can I expect someone to believe in me.

=King.

I don't feel like a king, but

except for when I walk, and sometimes not even then.

n =Arabic

Put 1,2, and 3 together and I'ma 'Handsome Arabic King! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Jamal Brown

# My Perfect Insanity

You have driven me to the very brink of  
Hell with your ludicrous desires, and your  
Never ending speaking. I have heard the  
Very monotoned voice of Satan  
Whispering my name. All because of the  
Misery that you pull me through each  
And every day. I would rather eat through an  
Old rusted chain, than to sit there and  
Listen to you blabber on, and on,  
and on,  
and on  
and on, about NOTHING!  
But, I still love you Sweetheart! ;)

Jamal Brown

# My Testimony

Some of you may not believe it, but it's true. This is my one true story:

It was June 17th, 2014. That's when my entire life changed in just seconds. I remember that I had been feeling sick on my stomach for a couple of days. I had no idea what was going on at the time. I was drinking a lot of water. Like I couldn't quench my thirst. But it was the summer, so I blamed it all on heat. Anyways, by Tuesday I was feeling even worse.

Jamal Brown

# My Uncle

You fought for my freedom and i am

eternally grateful to you.

But it's more than that you where my

godfather. You bought me my first pair of shoes.

I cant say that I remember you much at all

because I don't. But there isn't

a day that goes by that we

don't miss you. And there will never be a day that we won't.

I used to aspire to be just like you and in

some ways I still do.

Like how you settled down an

moved out of state. Might even

rise a family to.

So in closing this poem

I have to say one more thing.

I love you uncle and I

still think of you as a king.

(Dedicated in loving memory of Sargent Patrick L. Brown. Rest In Peace.)

Jamal Brown

# Nobody To Me

Another day  
Another rain.  
More sorrow  
More pain.

The tears on my face match  
the sky so blue  
Who am I but nobody to you?  
At night to the LORD I cry and I plea,  
I ask the world with anger, who are you but  
nobody to me?

Another day  
Another rain.  
No more sorrow  
No more pain.

I won't have it.

Jamal Brown

# Poor Lil' Jessie

&lt;/&gt;Disrespected and abused  
hated and misused.

Though he did every thing he was told  
to do all throughout school.

Poor Lil' Jessie.

But his luck never changes  
in bed at night when he cries.

Until one tragic night  
the house catches on fire and Jessie  
he dies.

Poor Lil' Jessie.

They sill talk aout him  
after he dies and Jessie's phantom is furious.

He's upset, angry, and a rage that he's never known before,  
Jessie feels murderous.

They now say that he wears  
a pure black mask

his eye show up like flames with a touch of white  
and carries a boomerang with blades.

That he cut off your head.

And then burn your heart before you can scream or put up a fight.

They say he wanders the streets,  
looking for somebody to talk about him.

He will kill anyone.

He has no friends.

If you're really quiet  
you can hear him in the whisper.

And if you're lucky and brave enough you might see  
the flames in his burning eyes  
flicker and flicker.

Jamal Brown

# Prayer

Dear Jehovah,

I'm coming to you in behalf of all humankind. As a dear, faithful servant to you, I understand that time and unforeseen occurrence play a big role in our day to day life. Jehovah I know that sometimes we get down in our faith, because we just don't understand why things are the way they are. We ask you 'Why do you allow us to suffer so much, if you say you love us? ' Jehovah only a select few of your human creation know the answer to that. We know that it's not you causing all the pain. We know that Satan the Devil has control over this world, and that it hurts you even more than us, to see us in pain. Jehovah, we know that soon your great day will be here, and we don't wanna rush it, but please Jehovah, don't make us suffer for too much long. We're barely holding on. So Jehovah, I can't speak for everyone else, I'm gonna put all my trust in you, because I love you. I know that since we're living in the last days, things are gonna be harder than ever, but you are the almighty, and with you, anything is possible. So with that I ask you to please forgive us for our sins and shortcomings. In Christ Jesus name I do pray these things to you. Amen.

Jamal Brown

# Ragg Doll

What have I done to upset you this time?

Why do you always insist to take your anger out on me?

Please tell me, what must I do to make you see.

You shake me up and throw me around like a ragg doll,  
without concern for how I feel.

I don't understand what you want from me. You weren't like this when we got  
married.

Why must you take your anger out on me?

Why must you drink yourself to death?

Why must you throw me against a wall?

Why?

Why?

Why?

Jamal Brown

# Remember

Sandy beaches and rocky road ice cream.  
Do you remember that?  
The way the night felt when you were with me.  
Do you remember that?  
Silky bedding and bare skin  
Smiles on our faces were mile long grins.  
Then, night fell, and I died within.  
Do you remember that?  
I stay by the phone, waiting for you to call.  
My faded heart surrounded by empty packs of  
Newport, Seneca, and Paul Mall. My lungs flooded  
with straight gin and fine wine.  
Our love sinks through the quick sands of  
time.  
Do you remember that?  
You said you'd always be there for me.  
Your hand, I could always hold.  
So why am I leaving this world, so lonely  
and so cold?  
Will you remember this?  
Sweet love and hope is what we  
once knew, but since there's no more we, it's  
all over and threw.

Jamal Brown

# S.O.S.

I'm dying on the inside.

Lost day to day.

Won't be too much longer,

Before I fly away.

It's so stressfull

It's been killing me

For a while.

When it bothers me I

just play it off with a smile.

Before I die

I want to say goodbye

I want say 'I love you'

To the ones in my life.

I want to kiss my family and my friends

One more time.

One more time, before I die.

(I'm not really dying as far as I know)

Jamal Brown

# Safety From Suicide

I have heard of you.  
I know where you live.  
I share your thoughts, intrests,  
And like-mindedness.  
Yet, I could not save you.  
I tried my absolute best,  
to make you feel loved  
and wanted. I have cared  
for you since the time of  
conception. My love for you  
has since grown. Yet, I did  
not hear your last cry, or watch  
you take your last breath. Now,  
my deepest emotions and regrets  
prove true. I love you, but  
the heart alone knows its  
bitterness, and no outsider  
can share in its joy.

Jamal Brown

# Scars

We had everything. We were the perfect couple.  
Until... that fateful day. It was a cold and lonely, rainy  
night, with no hope of forever in sight.  
I wanted you. I begged you. I cried for you.  
I cried for the loss of us, of we, of you and me.  
We both blew things way out of proportions.  
You hit me, and I hit you, until we're both  
bleeding. Knives were flying, and unmeant words were  
said. Then you walked out of the house, and out of my life.  
You grabbed the car keys before I could stop you, and you sped off.  
It was cold.  
It was dark.  
It was lonely.  
It was raining.  
You were doing 60 in a 25.  
The car swerved, going airborne over the railing.  
Somehow, you were still alive.  
You made to the hospital,  
in and out,  
in and out  
in and out of consciousness.  
I will never forget the fear in your sisters voice,  
when she called me and told me what had happened.  
I stepped into your hospital room, and cried.  
seeing you in those bandages, casts, wire, tubes, and IV's  
of every sort was unbearable.  
I saw the heart monitor. Those little lines so spread out.  
I couldn't say anything. Then, just a moment later, you went flat-line.  
I stopped breathing. I couldn't even say I'm sorry.  
We laid you down next to a beautiful oak tree.  
The very same oak tree that we carved our initials into.  
I still couldn't say I'm sorry. So I'm saying it now.  
I'm sorry for not believing you.  
I'm sorry for doubting you.  
I'm sorry for not trusting you.  
I'm sorry for even fighting with you.  
I hope that even though you're gone for now,  
you still know that I love you until  
a rainbow burns the stars out of the sky.

Until the rivers cover mountain peaks up high.  
Until the rain becomes the sun, and sun becomes the rain.  
Until the gray becomes the white, and white becomes the gray.  
I will always love you.

Jamal Brown

# Smile

I know things aren't  
looking up for you right  
now, but cheer up.  
Even though it  
hurts, just smile.  
No matter what has  
you down, you are still  
a champion. If anyone  
tells you that you are  
worthless, or a loser,  
laugh in their face  
and kill them with  
kindness. I promise you,  
things are going to get  
better. You really do look  
so much better when you  
smile. I swear, the sun will  
shine, because you have people  
who love you (including me) .

Jamal Brown

# Soy El

Soy un escupir

la imagen de mi padre

a un grado del certian.

Un hombre de propetual

miento

los tiempos 3.

Soy una joven persona de blooded

un buen hombre que es batalla tiene

ya fue ganado.

Aprox.5' 11', aprox.223 y yo

el amor para divertirse. Esto y en bueno

con muchas personas, yo tengo

la razon pequena llevar un fusil.

Soy mi padre

mi padre me es.

El me es.

soy el.

Favor de notar: (Este poema es sólo una traducción española de uno de mis otros poemas 'soy él') .

Jamal Brown

# Submissive

It often takes me by great surprise, how often we as Christians claim to, be fully submissive to the will of God. We often say 'What ever it is you want me to do Lord, I am willing.' But how often do we really mean that? And is it really necessary to verbalize such willing submission? Now, please understand that

Jamal Brown

# Sweet Lily's Lies

All alone, in a hell she used to call home, sweet Lily tells her lies. In an empty room, nothing more than a hole in the wall, sweet Lily wonders why. She wonders why she's never met her family? Why is she black and her brother is white? But possibly the heaviest question on Lily's ten year old mind is, 'Will I ever find true happiness?' Tears are a constant companion to Lily. They join Lily as she becomes entranced by the cold, lifeless, blood-thirsty life that she has known. In ten years, Lily has grown from a delightful baby, to a depressed adolescent. Her 'Parents' climb into the little wall and see her crying. They decide to 'give her something to cry about.' Unforgivably, they beat her, at one point taking turns. Time seems to be her enemy as it goes no where. Finally, her ten year old body can't handle the Abuse any longer. One last time, Lily looks up at her adoptive householders and asks 'Why did I run to you?' They knew exactly what she meant. She shuts her eyes and ends her story.

In loving Memory of:

Lily Nicole

April 1981- February 1992

Rest in peace, sweet Angel. Gone too soon

Jamal Brown

# Synchronized Heartbeats

Just like a poem, with a  
simple rhyme, our hearts  
beat together in synchronized  
time. Like a scheduled  
train going down the line,  
we move together in  
synchronized time.

Together we laugh.  
Together we sleep.  
Our hearts beat together,  
in synchronized beats.

Synchronized Heartbeats,  
synchronized time.  
Together we live,  
together we die.

Jamal Brown

# Thanks

For making me smile  
For trusting me  
For smacking sense into me  
For being Honest  
For giving me your shoulder, when I need it most  
For not caring what others said about me  
For speaking your mind  
For making me laugh  
For caring for me when I was alone  
For being patient with me  
For being a true friend  
For loving me  
    But most important... Thanks  
For just being you.  
These are just a few things I can think of  
off the top of my head. Love you

Jamal Brown

# The Mind Of A Slave Woman

He works me

He hurts me

He hates me

He rapes me

They buy me

They sell me

they brake me

they shake me

I was a beautiful queen I ruled an entire tribe  
But they have made it very clear  
that those days have died

(Dear People, this poem is not comp; ete yet.)

Jamal Brown

# The Unforgiven

A young boy travels, with no place to go.  
A sad young girl slaves unethically for her abusive father.  
A single teenage mother tries to overcome and forget her past.  
A single teenage father tries to raise a child with no help.  
A depressed teenager, who doesn't think that life is worth living anymore.  
A broken hearted mother who's child has become a memory.  
A sad teenage girl, who's boyfriend is a ghost of yesterday.  
A young teen, who has found himself/herself in homosexuality, and  
who's family can't seem to except that.  
A lonely alcoholic father, who doesn't know what to do anymore.  
A pitiful child who was brought up in abuse.  
A person who is looking for answers.  
A bitter sickness of hatred has poisoned this system that was once love.  
What do all of these stories have in common?  
Why are they important?  
These, have been casted away from society.  
These, are the unforgiven.

Jamal Brown

# Time

If I could turn back  
the hands of time, the  
question is, would I?  
What would I change?  
What would remain the same?  
Which parts of my life would I accept?  
Which parts would I find others to blame?  
If I could create a way to freeze  
time in its place,  
and take a walk into space  
and even answer some of life's deepest questions,  
would I want to?  
Would you?

Jamal Brown

# Touched

A woman with a spirit

as bright as the sun.

She's fighting a battle

that's already won.

She may not have much.

She may be getting old.

She may get angry and mad easily but

she has a heart of pure gold.

She loves Bob Marley

and winnie the pooh

and if she knew who you where,

I'm sure she would love you too.

For as much as she's done for me, I owe her

my life.

In all the years I been here on earth, she

Gave me the hope and courage to give

my wings flight.

So whether just chillaxing at home

or at an amusement park getting a brain rush,

I know she's my angel

and I've been touched.

Jamal Brown

# Trapped

Unknown, lost in a world that I can't

understand.

Like a life long inmate, trapped

in a prison van.

The real me, my soul is trapped in

my body like a bad song stuck in your

head.

Seldomly, I envision myself better off if I were

jumped and left for dead.

Can't tell whether I'm coming or going

Knowing part of me is missing.

Tryin' to get back on good terms with

GOD, but he does'nt seem to be

listening.

Trapped behind an invisible door, no possible way

out. Wanting and needing my blessings to flood

but instead my blessings are in drought.

So discombobulated, want to talk with family

but it's like they don't even know

who I treat me like a child and

refuse to see that I am a man.

I know they want what's best for me and I

appreciate that but when I try to get a

few things my way I get fussed at and called a 'brat.'

I want better for myself. I want to

look in someone's face and

honestly say 'everything's fine.'

It's like I'm walking on

cloud 7, But I'm seeing cloud 9.

So if there's anybody out there that feels me,

that knows what I'm going through.

If you think that you're in the boat alone, trust me

I'm right there with you.

Jamal Brown

# Ubi Caritas

Where love and loving-kindness are together, God is always there  
Since Christ's love has gathered us all together in one company,  
Let us rejoice and take delight n Him, now and forever,  
Let us now without any reserve or deception love one another.

Where love and loving-kindness are together, God is always there,  
Therefore, whenever we are together,  
Let us not be divided from each other in our feelings;  
Let spite, quarreling and strife cease among us, and may Christ, who is God, be  
in our midst.

Where love and loving-kindness are together, God is always there

Bring us, in the company of the blessed, to behold Your great beauty,  
To see Your face in glory, Christ our God,  
There to possess heaven's peace and joy, Your truth and love,  
Happiness of immeasurable excellence.

Amen

Jamal Brown

# What If

What if Eve had never eaten the apple?

What if Cain never killed Able?

What if Jesus had never died, or walked off the cross? Or worse, never been born?

What if nobody was ever taken into slavery?

What if there were never a war in history?

What if Rosa Parks had gave up her seat?

What if Martin Luther King had used violence, or never faught back?

What if the civil rights movement never took place?

What if Biggey Smalls never went to that party? (Since 2pac is still alive.)

What If Big Pun were still here?

What if GOD was one of us?

What if?

Jamal Brown

# When Will You Ever Learn

When will you ever  
learn, that only one  
man can judge me?  
When will you ever  
learn, that I am  
satisfied with the  
man I have become?  
When will you ever  
learn, that the  
ignorance that  
resides so fondly in you,  
will not change my opinion  
of myself.  
I wish this had always  
been true.  
There was a time, when I  
wasn't happy with me.  
There was a time when  
your ignorance would  
change me.  
This part of my life  
has officially ended.  
One thing that I have  
realized over the years,  
but more over the  
last few months, is that  
everyone is going to judge  
me. I realize that. I accept that.  
However, if God is happy with me,  
and I am happy with me, I  
see no reason to change.

Jamal Brown

# Where Were You

Tell me

Where were you when I

was calling your name from the firey

burning pits of hell.

Where my soul was tortured

and burning sulfer was all I smelled.

When I could'nt find Jesus' light. And against Satan

my weak, hungry body tried to fight.

Where cries could be heard from miles around

and my saviour Jesus was nowhere to be found. Tell me

Where were you.

You said you would always be her for me, your hand I could always

hold. So tell me why I left this world so lonely and so

cold.

Jamal Brown

# Why

Was is not enough for you to place your hands on me?

Rather, you have to make me go and feel worthless because of your insecurities.

Now, you sit here, in my face and ask

'What is it that I have done to make you feel worthless? '

When you very well know exactly what it was.

You sit there, with that crooked little grin on your face like everything is all gung ho when you know it's not.

You very well know:

1. I trusted you, and you lied to me.

2. I needed you, and you weren't there for me.

3. I loved you. and you hated me.

4. I got up the courage to say ' I'm sorry', and you coward out with 'I've always known'.

You appoligize now, knowing that words can never fill this empty black hole that once was my heart.

And yet, I still forgive you.

Because I know that your insecurities, and your imperfections, and not to forget your blissful ignorance, have become greater than you.

Jamal Brown

# Within A Stone's Throw Of A Miricle

The heartache in my head is why I can't sleep at night.

Why I toss and turn in bed and,

why I wake up in the middle of the night.

people always looking down on me

is a brden in my life.

That burden begining to feel unbearable.

Hoping, praying, wishing to be

within a stonestones thow of a miricle.

Jamal Brown

# You Are

You are the highest of the high. You are the sun in every sky. You are the reason flowers bloom. You are the footsteps on the moon. You are the sign that shows the way. You are the brightness in my day. And now, all I want to do is grow old and die with you. You should, know that this is true: my dreams, without you won't come true.

Jamal Brown

## . Me

You say I am less than  
a human. An animal. A  
cannibal. I say I am a friend.  
A lover. A brother. You say  
I'm a fake. A puppet.  
Pinocchio. I say I'm real.  
The master. Gepetto.  
You say I'm evil. A loser.  
A wannabe. I say I'm kind.  
I'm awesome. I say I'm just  
me.

Jamal Brown

# You'Re Always There

When I need someone to talk to  
You're always there.

When I need to cry about something  
You're always there.

When life gets me to the point of suicide  
You're always there.

When I get into trouble  
You're always there.

When I have a secret that I need to tell  
You're always there.

When I'm paranoid  
You're always there.

When I need to know that everything is alright  
You're always there.

When I need someone to reason with me  
You're always there.

When I just need to feel loved  
You're always there.

I love you, best friend! ! !  
Dedicated to Erin Collett.

Jamal Brown