

Poetry Series

**Marie WardAlonge**  
**- poems -**

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# Marie WardAlonge()

# 14

People become quiet and still  
When they hear the story of what happened to Emmett Till.  
Something disturbed me even more.  
In another Delta town, people continued to buy from that other store.

To read stories about those who may have participate.  
It makes me sick to my stomach.  
I try hard not to hate.

Today, I remember Dr. King.  
I also remember the 14 year old boy from Chicago.  
He didn't get a chance to live his dreams.

Marie WardAlonge

# A Father's Regret

A father she had loved but never seen.  
A picture sent by him when she was in her teens.  
A physical feature she had from his genes  
She heard people say she had to be his.  
They would tease.  
To her, some people could be very mean.

While both parents were many miles away,  
Her grandmother kept her.  
She was strict.  
You dared to interrupt.  
She would often have the last say.  
She loved that child unconditionally.  
She stayed while others chose to flee.

Living in the city, her father had opportunities to many treats.  
On the farm, waiting for her father to come,  
They had to struggle to get the heat.

Her father would send her a box of clothes, perhaps once or twice.  
A call here, a call there-She was naïve and believed that was nice.  
Perhaps, to him he believed it was sufficed.

Ironically, when he called, he called her angel.  
When the conversation ended, she figured he didn't know.  
She would call him Charlie.  
Remember-the character from that famous television show.

After graduation, he told her to place him a call.  
And when she did,  
He reneged.  
"Wrong number, " the man said.  
This for a long time stayed in her head.  
Years later, she learned it was him and he told that lie.  
He made that decision to deny.

He told her family he wanted to get in touch.  
For his many requests, she didn't think of them much.  
Then one day she did agree.

To take time and listen to his plea.  
She doesn't remember the excuse he gave.  
Her father's relationship she wanted to save.

Later, due to a credit debt she needed to fix.  
Her father sent two-hundred dollars quick.  
She was thankful and she believed those years of estrangement had been unlocked.  
She didn't know years of discontentment were ticking on their clock.

During one of their conversations, he told her a transplant he needed.  
She knew it was serious as she listens while he conceded.  
She made the offer to come through.  
He had too much pride and seemed stubborn too.

Later on a transplant was found.  
She was happy and relieved that he was well.  
She needed her father and she wanted him to be around.

Then one day he called and everything fell apart.  
It was the day she let anger out of her heart.  
He told her he was not happy with her job or the personal relationship she was in.  
She informed how could he talk?  
He had been less than a man.  
She reminded him of the talks about the places he had travelled.  
A visit from him, not even once.

As she continued to talk, emotions ran high and she became unraveled.  
He never took the time to see or help her thrive.  
However, he wanted to take the time by phone to criticize.

She told him for her he wasn't there.  
Their discussion carried on.  
He asked her who would be there for her now and then he hung up the phone.

Then one night she received that call she remembers to this day.  
It was her mother saying her father had passed away.  
In her mind, it kicked in that her father had suddenly died.  
On the phone with her mother, she yelled and cried.

Talking to the families, they gave the impression.

She wanted his money and his possessions.  
Her father just died.  
She was in shock.  
If only they could have seen her expression.

What happened to him may be reputed.  
She can't get over the fact their last talk, they disputed.  
For a long time she kept his number on her phone.  
She knew that had been their only connection and she wanted him to come home.

The family didn't tell her until then.  
Her father had become disabled near his end.  
He had asked for her not to be told.  
This decision had wound her soul.  
To make her suffer like this perhaps, until she grows old.

Her father's transgressions, she can not forget.  
At times she can't help but wonder while taking his last breath.  
Did he have a brief moment of a father's regret?

Marie WardAlonge

# A Man Of Faith-A Tribute To Dr. King

It was a time of unrest the sixties did bring.  
A man of faith did have a dream.  
As the Motown Sound played in many mother's home,  
Their sons were in Vietnam, where the fight by us would never be won.  
Back home, the struggles for Civil Rights, we had set the tone.

I was a child when all this begin.  
In a society blinded by discrimination,  
Spawn by segregation.  
It was difficult to understand.  
Along came a man to struggle this hate.  
A man of destiny was about to tempt his fate.

Years earlier, this man of responsibilities heard about injustice pertaining to a seat.  
In the Deep South, his plights took heat.  
Yet, he took it on.  
His determination was strong.  
The Country knew the start of Civil Rights was born.

A peacemaker was he.  
It was nonviolence he did seek.  
With the Lord on his side, how could he go wrong?

On April the 4th, his life was cut short.  
An assassin's bullet shot him surrounded by his cohorts.  
Our pain was great.  
Our revenge was our desire.  
Before we knew it, the cities were on fire.

Needing hope and guidance to restore our confidence.  
Needing wisdom and understanding so all of this could make sense.  
We had to wake up and remember.  
He stood for nonviolence or were we all just dense?

Over the years, the wars continued-the fall of regimes.  
Do we remember the sacrifices of this man named King?  
His journey did end but his glory found.  
If we don't remember, we are still trouble bound.

After all these years, I can let it be said.  
Injustice and discrimination still rear their ugly heads.  
For every night, I turn and twist.  
I try to clear my mind a bit.  
I know this world is still in conflict.

No interruptions were at my door, I can inform.  
I sat alone on January 15, 2007 and I wrote this poem.  
I thought of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Mr. Malcolm X, and Mr. Medgar Evers.  
They fought for social change in their own way.  
Man, how difficult it was for one of them to even get a holiday.

In 2007, new leaders emerged to carry us through:  
Governor Deval Patrick, Mayor Shirley Franklin, and yes,  
(Now President) O'Bama and Ms. Oprah Winfrey too.

However, let us not forget the work of Dr. King and all that it means.  
For this courageous man of faith-he did have a dream.  
Thank you God for sending us Dr. Martin Luther King.

Marie WardAlonge

# A Woman's Debt

From Adam's rib, a woman emerged.  
They were mated as one but one day she had an urge.  
Following a serpent's advice,  
The woman became enticed.

She lifted a fruit from a forbidden tree.  
Once bitten, her eyes were open.  
Troubles she would feel and see.  
From then on, a woman would become known for trickery.

As history came and great men would fall,  
It was a notion she brought turmoil to all.  
The woman was known as witchy and beguile.  
Society wanted her to take these words and continue to smile.  
She had to remind them.  
She was still God's child.

These words have long spilled.  
She would get branded.  
It was called her selfish appeal.

Yes, we have suffered.  
From that monthly curse,  
To labor pains,  
Making us say things unrehearsed,  
To relationships strained.  
Some men we would even blame.  
It seemed the wrong time was selected to drive us insane.  
It was sometimes for the silly little things.

Those hormones were raging.  
You probably didn't want to be around.  
We were less engaging.  
Menopause has the form of the word men.  
I thought about it.  
The woman may carry both the burden and the sin.

This is all for one woman's breach.  
Her curiosity was beyond her reach.

Do we deserve to carry so much sorrow in our hearts?  
To pass it to our children and allow our families get torn apart.

Mothers and daughters are not seeing eye-to-eye.  
Sisters are sometimes dating the same guy.  
Do you ever stop and ask why?

Will man ever stop throwing in the woman's face?  
Perhaps believing the woman's action in the beginning divided the human race.  
I try not to get upset.  
For right now, this is my mindset.  
My words have been placed on a woman's debt.

Marie WardAlonge

# Awake

The time has come for her to fall into a deep sleep.  
To cure the pain that sometime makes her weep.  
As she fights for her earthly stay,  
Her thoughts are racing that time may slip away.

Will she ever see another butterfly fall in her gentle hand?  
Will her brother remember she helped him become a better man?  
Many mornings she has risen with the sun.  
Never enjoying its beauty,  
She was chasing her dreams-always on the run.  
Beautiful flowers she would admire as she took her morning stroll.  
No time to stop.  
This was just a peaceful moment that she stole.

How grateful she was to her uncle who taught her how to read and write.  
Without his encouragements,  
She knows she would not be able to express these words this very night.  
She will remember her other kin.  
He chose not to leave his children in the end.

She loved her grandmother whether she was right or wrong.  
Believing in God kept her strong.  
Missing her mother's love and support,  
She will forgive but she knows this is one thing in her life that fell short.

At this moment, she wants to talk to her friend.  
We all grow up.  
No time for disappointment to set in.  
She will think often of her lover's embrace.  
And look forward to receiving more kisses from him upon her face.

Her faith is placed in the Almighty High.  
Shed your tears for her but don't say goodbye.  
As for her family,  
This is not about how much you can take.  
No matter what you believe.  
She wants God to give her a chance to awake.

Marie WardAlonge

# Between You And God

I don't know why you didn't show any interests in your child.  
I remember her having big dreams with those lonely brown eyes.  
You never once took her to see your world.  
You just left her to be a lost little girl.

Oh, you gave your reasons why you were not there.  
To a child who needed her mother's guidance and love,  
She felt you just didn't care.

She had a good mind and therefore, she did well in school.  
Sadness was in her heart and this sometimes ruled.  
Striving to do her best as she became older,  
She tried to warm up to you but you became colder.

Confining in me as she struggled with sleep,  
No matter how she tries to love and forgive you,  
Disappointment still creeps.  
She remembers in your eyes sometimes watching madness run through.  
She was afraid her children would be the same way too.

Trying to figure it out, she thought she was a good child.  
She wasn't running wild.  
You kept telling her goodbye.  
In the rain, she would cry.

On her own, she weathered many stormy clouds.  
She thought you would have been proud.  
She wanted you to love her.  
This, she believes, you never did discover.

As time continues to heal,  
Life bends our strong will.  
She told me forgiveness you asked.  
As she pondered which act,  
The answer was masked.

As they continue to have their say,  
In her mind, she wondered why her mother treated her that way.  
She knows a daughter needs to find her peace

And allow ill feelings to cease.

Nothing more for her to do,  
She has to walk in her own shoes.  
Still, early in the morning,  
Sometimes, she wakes and sobs.  
Knowing deep down, her time was robbed.

As the tears become dry,  
She has to stop asking why.  
And learn to accept,  
This is between you and God.

Marie Ward  
Alonge

# Childhood Stories

For the ones who care to remember,  
That rundown bus was coming.  
You knew it would not be late.  
Around 5: 30 in the morning, you had to be ready.  
That grouchy old driver would not wait.

He was on a schedule to meet the foreman.  
Who was already complaining about your lack of production.  
He didn't want to hear your excuses.  
He could tell you to walk home, if he chooses.

Forget about dressing in your best attire or even your Sunday's best.  
Where you were heading was no special event.  
Plan to work about 12 hours.  
You will get very little rest.

You could bring your mother's garden tool  
(Or) borrow one from your employer.  
Returning it on time and in good condition,  
Don't step on his crops.  
These were his rules.

To protect you from the sun's blistering rays,  
You may want to wear long sleeves and a wide straw hat.  
For when you do have an intermission,  
On the ground in the cool shade you sat.

Now, lunchtime is around that corner.  
Depends on who you work for, you may get that hour long break.  
Fascinating on what you may see,  
It could be your childhood friends, a can of pesticide, or an occasional snake.

As you walk in that rusty country store,  
Honey bun, cold cuts, and an orange soda are on your mind.  
You better hurry.  
You're already lost twenty minutes of your precious time.  
You barely have time to eat.  
You know in a few minutes you have to go back to that unmerciful heat.  
It's a nap you want to take.

You realize your body is stiff and it aches.

Back in the field,

You look forward to the weekend so you can chill.

For right now, you know Friday is a long way.

It's only Monday.

You have to get up early and start this process over the next day.

The worst thing about it- you may never see your pay.

On Saturday, your employer and your love ones get your money.

You try to deal with it.

You are probably a minor.

You just go outside and play.

Could this period really be the eighties?

Jobs like this still exist?

These were the questions that one asked.

As you stare in that mirror at your dusty acne face,

You ponder about your future

And you hope a good education will lead you to a better place.

Today, many people have paid their dues.

Still, the good jobs they lose.

They shouldn't have to revert to doing just anything.

While waiting for this nation to get back on the upswing.

Are we just having bad luck?

Or could it be the economy really sucks?

My reproach is beyond pride.

Perhaps, we all are becoming tired.

Every day, I continue to seek glory.

I carry on...

Writing my childhood stories.

Marie WardAlonge

# Christmas Cheer

There was this old miser at home.  
He was obsessed with having an iPhone.  
He would not leave his Mrs. Claus alone.

Perhaps, too much Brandy he drank.  
He was becoming a really big stink.  
He would break wind and give her a wink.  
This old miser was spoiling her Christmas cheer.  
He acted like this every year.

Her thought was if Santa had a gift to humanity.  
It should be to give her husband some sanity.  
To have peace in that home,  
She went on and bought her old miser that phone.

She thought now he will sleep.  
No, he was too drunk.  
He started looking for little Bo Peep.  
Finally, he did settle down.  
It was around midnight when he stopped acting like a clown.

Slowly, he walked over to their bed.  
He told her he wanted to apologize for the things he had done and said.  
He took her hand and gave her two fives.  
She stared in amazement.  
She couldn't believe just ten dollars for all his Christmas jive.

However, she suddenly put on a big smile and thought next year.  
He won't spoil her Christmas Cheer.  
For all his ranting and raving,  
She will have to get him certified as being really crazy.  
Right now, she was feeling sleeping and lazy.  
She gave him a little kiss and said,  
&quot;Merry Christmas Baby.&quot;

Marie WardAlonge

# Darn Horses! ! !

Grandmother asked us to go to the store quick.  
She needed her daily fix.  
She wanted her L&M cigarettes.

Off to the store, we walk.  
There were plenty of laughter and talk.  
Out of nowhere, they appear.  
Two men and a woman were coming near.

On black horses, they straddled.  
They seemed to be comfortable in their saddles.  
Closer to us, their horses did gallop-we were amuse.  
As they came too close for comfort,  
We became nervous and confused.

Coming right at us with great haste,  
We knew we had no time to waste.  
An easy stroll has now started a chase.

Our fear came through.  
We didn't know what they would do.  
Off running we went.  
We had no time to neither complain nor vent.

They seemed to get their kicks in seeing us running.  
The whole scene was surreal and quite stunning.  
Faster, the horses travelled.  
We ran so hard our clothes became unraveled.

As we were trying to seek shelter,  
Laughing is what I heard.  
I was frighten and disturbed.  
As fear took place,  
Imagining these words, my mind began to race:

&quot;Run Black girls run!  
Until you fall in this hot scorching sun.  
Then we shall take our burly beast  
And stomp on you until you are deceased.

Run Black girls run!  
We are having too much fun.&quot;

We kept running and tried not to look back.  
Our goal was to make it to that country store shack.  
For a few seconds, I thought let us stand our ground.  
To pick up some rocks and give each a second crown.  
It became obvious, this concept was not sound.

Tired and out of breath, we tried to hide out of sight.  
They were determined as they found us to cause us more fright.  
I was with one of my aunts and her friend.  
We thought this nightmare would never end.

Finally, we made it to the store.  
As we were catching our breath,  
We took a few moments to peep out of the door.  
Those horrible people and their horses were gone.  
We were fearful of starting our journey home.

The cigarettes and other items, my aunt did buy.  
We had to walk again and I wanted to cry.  
We were nervous as we walked our way.  
We remembered it started as a bright and joyful day.  
Our quest was to get home soon.  
We barely spoke any words.  
This incident had changed our mood.

With cigarettes in hand,  
We gave my grandmother-she awaited.  
When she took her smoke she was quite elated.  
If only she knew the scare we had.  
I don't know what she would have done  
But she would have been extremely mad.  
The drama we shared-we were three.  
In that place, some people thought strange fruits still grew on trees.

The cigarettes, my grandmother did give up.  
She had smoked for many years.  
Quitting must have been tough.  
As for this story, it still causes me distress.  
It's the day those darn horses would not allow us to rest.

Marie Ward  
Alonge

# Doubts

It starts with a kiss of passion to make my knees weak.  
You make love to me until we fall into a satisfying sleep.  
Gentle are your lips that awake me in the morn.  
I live for your embrace.  
With each loving moment, I cling.  
I am reborn.

And when it's time for you to leave,  
To return in a week, you plea.  
You look straight in my eyes, so I can see you lie.  
And then you kiss me goodbye.  
You close my door.  
With distance, my worries soar.  
Thinking, you are leaving my arms  
To find comfort with someone's charms.  
Silly it is but this is how I feel.

My heart is for the taking  
But you are forsaking.  
You are mistaken.  
If you think, I shall keep on waiting.  
For my love will seek its course,  
And then, I shall have no remorse.

Off in L.A., on this very day.  
I knew your words would come into play.  
You have had it your way.  
My love is hurting.  
Of this I am certain.  
Yes, I am jealous.  
Right now, I might be over -zealous  
.  
My mind is cluttered.  
My heart is fluttered.  
There is no other route.  
This is my poem of doubts.

Marie WardAlonge

# Escape

If I could fly over that stormy sea,  
I would dispose all the rumblings I feel within me.  
To free me of my inhibitions,  
So I could once display a sweet disposition.  
To come back and feel released,  
And be that happy little girl before the age of three.

Let me tell you, I have travelled beyond and far.  
To run away from those things which find me in the dark.  
With my shadow near, I try to run and hide.  
Little voices whisper life will never be kind.

Still, here I am, trying to unfold.  
Words never written but stories I have told.  
For in my head, I carry my woes.  
The few who knows, my heart—I am expose.  
With innocence waived, my trust was lost behind closed doors.  
Happiness was abandoned as I sought solace.  
My quest for help ignored.

Contrary to all of my plights, I want it to be known.  
In God, I do see light.  
Injustice, I know have come my way but I could never hate.  
These words have served its purpose, so I can escape.

Marie WardAlonge

# Firstborn

She was her first born.  
For some reason, the child she would scorn.  
She left her around the age of three.  
She never gave that child a chance to love thee.

Bright lights, big cities, and the men she chose.  
She was a mother to others.  
Only once, did her daughter try to impose.  
She travelled to be with her mom to see that loving glow.  
Instead, she saw her mother's disappointing face standing at the front door.

To love her fully after such neglect,  
Becoming one more disappointment her daughter came to expect.  
Her reputation is now her history.  
Her daughter saw her as a mystery.

And when her darkest hour came, she needed her mother's comfort the most.  
She used unflattering words to sink her daughter's heart when she was  
diagnosed.

As she ponders whether her future will hold brighter days,  
She knows her mother will continue to be set in her ways.  
Her relationship with her mother had many thorns.  
She still can't understand how her mother could not love her firstborn.

Marie WardAlonge

# Flashbacks

You were the football player that would boo.  
You loved to say the words &quot;Witchie Poo.&quot;  
A winning smile she possessed when happy.  
Around you, her pride was taken and you made her feel crappy.  
Your words and actions became one big stain.  
She never harmed you. She never wished you any pain.  
Insulting her-What did you have to gain?  
Before you moved, your words became gentle.  
You might have matured and became less judgmental.

You were the bad girl from the wrong side of town.  
You were the circus and we followed you like clowns.  
Lunch money, I remembered you made one of the girls bring.  
Not from me—I had a cousin who had tougher fangs.  
She was waiting to defend me in the wing.  
Some girls were not so lucky.  
You were a terror.  
You could have been named &quot;Chucky.&quot;  
Your game was down and dirty.  
No pleasant thoughts came of you even in my thirties.  
I knew courage we lacked.  
We should have defended our own backs.

You were the teachers from the past.  
We couldn't understand why you would yell and whip our tails.  
You made some stoop very low  
Just to do your duck walk around that floor.  
Of you and your aide, we were nervous and afraid.  
That same lunch money girl stood up and became brave.  
She reported you to the right source.  
We were all saved.  
Oh yes, how we rejoiced!  
While one continued and stayed,  
The other one was fired.  
You know- it was the teacher's aide.

You were the girl that was looking for a fight.  
When trouble was present, you were always in sight.  
I discovered later you had a bigger battle to contend.

I heard—between you and your boyfriend.

You were the teacher's pet.

You had a habit of cutting people down to size.

You could be so mean and you didn't try to disguise.

I tried to understand you.

I knew you had been picked on too.

You were pretty and intelligent with a quick wit to match.

Those girls were jealous-your beautiful hair they loved to snatch.

I stood by you. I spoke up for you.

Through thick and thin, I was your only true friend.

You were disloyal.

I found out the hard way you were downsizing me to the end.

Years later, I heard one of the boys you were dissing.

You ended up becoming his first time Mrs.

As a nation, we had to fight for our freedom to take our place.

We were bullied and harassed.

Yet, when freedom was gained, some gave the same bad treatment to others-  
even to their own race.

Do you have any regrets in your eyes?

Have you been hurt?

Have you been deprived?

Do you have more pain for the ones who suffered-the ones who survive?

Please let them live in ease.

Give up your lifetime of tease.

You are one too many-too plenty.

You are bullies.

No, I won't cut you any slack.

You move on.

Your victims are left to deal with flashbacks.

Marie WardAlonge

# He Can't Hurt Her Anymore

He knew the family well.  
He was considered a trusted friend.  
He fooled them all with his devious plan.  
He turned out not to be a decent man.

She felt shame.  
She was almost a victim by name.  
For his disturbances, in her, others tried to blame.  
She was a young girl nearly caught in his dirty games.

When she recognized the creature he begin to display,  
She wanted to get away before she became his prey.  
He had violated her trust.  
However, she was strong enough to speak up.  
A cry for help-someone heard that young girl plea and took heed.  
Much was not done but someone did believe.

In the community, his family had clout.  
Keep living in the house.  
Let the family get his money.  
No need for anyone to find out.

This advice was never spoken but lack of action,  
The young girl observed.  
She carried on but believed justice was not served.  
That scheming man did not get what he deserved.

She knew in small places people like to pretend.  
Their thinking is to go on with your life  
And keep praying to the end.  
This is another childhood story to tell.  
Perhaps today, he resides in hell.

For her, the pain is stored,  
She tries to close another door.  
She knows...he can't hurt her anymore.

Marie WardAlonge

# He Was A Father

He may have been the greatest pop star ever.  
He may have been the greatest entertainer ever.  
He may have been the biggest icon in the world.  
His talent was enormous.

He may have been one of the kindest humanitarians that lived.  
I don't know what he did or didn't do to mankind.  
I am just one of the outsiders who tried to look in.  
The bottom line is he was a Father-perhaps the greatest dad.  
We lost him-he is gone.  
His children are without their Father and when all is said and done...  
This is a tragic.  
Rest Michael.  
The love is there.

Marie WardAlonge

# Heaven's Playground

One day we were laughing  
The next day we were not.  
I heard my friend had been shot.  
We were just little girls.  
Trying to grow up in a violent world.

Life then should have been carefree.  
We were not even concerned about the birds and the bees.  
We should have been children at ease.  
We came to school to learn and sometimes to get tease.

Just the day before, we were watching others play marbles for a dime.  
I was only nine.  
We were joking.  
Who knew it would be our last time.

I told her I would see her tomorrow.  
I didn't know the next day I would experience great sorrow.  
When I came to school, I heard the news.  
She was shot by a relative.  
We were all confused.

Shot by accident, we soon discovered.  
Just seeing her beautiful smile yesterday,  
I knew I would not fully recover.

My friend was gone-I was a child.  
I wondered why?  
I wanted to react but some reason I could not cry.  
Today, I believe I was in shock.  
My friend dying-my reality was rocked.

For many years, I carried the hurt and the pain.  
There was no one I wanted to discuss it.  
Sadly, it was her love ones I blamed.

It was a tragic lesson to learn not to play with guns  
Especially around kids.  
Our families are our protectors.

Guns in the house-they should forbid.

Honoring her memories, I hope she is proud.

D.B., one day I hope to see you on that great white cloud.

We did not get a chance to say goodbye.

I can imagine her smiling at me from heaven's playground

As she winkles her eye.

Marie Ward  
Alonge

## However...(Words To Measure)

Yes, it's true.

I don't know everything.

However, I do know some things.

I believe no one on this earth knows everything.

Others may believe they do.

I am not the smartest person in this world.

However, I am not the dumbest either.

Through my travels, I have met many who can take a shot at the title.

I love to hear some say you think you know everything.

Well, if this is the case do you believe you are a psyche?

I try to love everybody.

However, some of you are difficult to like.

Some may call you needy-especially your so-call friends.

However, you noticed they felt a 'need' to point this out to you.

It didn't matter-even during your moment of stress.

Everyone has flaws.

Perhaps, some more than others.

Know what's going on with you.

Have the heart to care about others.

Make no judgment about none.

Some may say you don't have common sense.

I believe it's common for some people to believe they have sense.

I believe it takes common sense and an education to make it in this world.

However, if so, the education may not have been a good one.

Yet, it's still an education.

Experiences in life-I won't define.

Sometimes, you are forced to learn the rest.

Intelligent people-I have come across &quot;so-call&quot; many.

However, some want to act silly.

Does anyone have to tell you not to pull that employee's hair?

Was your mom the first to tell you to keep your hands to yourself?

Surely, for your own health, please don't be a menace.

Yet, you gathered to hear these words.  
And what did you do?  
You carried on—you carried on.

There was once this city.  
To me, it was full of drama and opinions.  
Some people like to give you advice.  
Others tell you what you "need" to do.  
However, when you flipped it, some didn't want your advice  
Nor the same advice they gave you.  
Let's move on...

I heard everyone has a story.  
Perhaps, this is true.  
However, tell someone your story.  
You know-what you have been through.  
It's a good chance someone will tell you what you should have done  
Or say if it had been them, they would have done...yea, right!

Anyway, if you are not feeling miserable by the time you try to  
Explain yourself for the third time, keep talking to them.  
You will be.  
When they are finished giving their lecture, you might feel even worse.  
You might have believed you could turn to them for comfort and understanding.  
Keep in mind- some are outsiders trying to look in.

Politics-if you don't vote, some may lecture you about not voting.  
However, when you vote, some want to know for whom?  
If you make the call to tell them, then some may say you are voting for the  
wrong person.  
No need to say more about that one.

Pleasantries-this is one of my favorite things to measure.  
Some want you to be consistent while others are not.  
You want this smile and laughter for no reason at all.  
While my counterparts get a chance to be serious, they are not engaging.

You can say hello and some just smile back.  
Well, heck, you could have saved your oxygen and gave that fake smile too.  
Others may see you coming from a distance—they appear uncomfortable.  
So they fidget-won't look your away again but instead look back-on the side.  
Anywhere but your eyes and say hello while still approaching you from thirty

yards away.  
You know what I mean.  
Let's not pretend.

The first time we meet you are asking for personal information.  
I want to be evasive-that's just me.  
Then, you tell me you are just making conversation.  
If that's the case, let's talk about sports.  
However, please be advised-know your history.  
Know your game.

Everyone has manners-whether it's good manners or bad manners.  
You approach someone.  
You want information but you can't even say hello.  
However, that kind person gives you the answer and you walk away without saying thank you.  
Forget home training-you may not even care.

Attitudes-there are good ones and bad ones.  
Please ask them to define which one some believe you might have.

Personality-don't believe it when someone tells you, you don't have one.  
Everyone has one or several, in some cases.  
Whether they are favorable, that's another story.

Some may say you have no sense of humor.  
Well, I have sensed not their kind of humor.

And the best one yet...  
Some may say you are negative or paranoid.  
Keep in mind- they are the one using negative words.  
Tell them if you believe them, you would be paranoid.

What I know is:  
"If I believe everything people tell me, say about me, or try to get  
Me to take credit, it could make me rich or crazy.  
I would rather be rich...however."

Marie WardAlonge

# Hunk

As sweet as I am,  
You can only hope to be plain old jam.  
I prefer grape  
But you don't have that good personality trait.

I wanted to roam the world and see the seas.  
Just to think-I even wanted you to be with me.  
Buy you a token.  
Your love is broken.

When we would meet,  
I would lose sleep.  
I had feelings for you that ran knee deep.

You were my loving charm.  
I thought you could do no harm.  
I could not wait to be in your arms.  
To lavish you with hot kisses,  
But I discovered you had too many wishes.

You came and grabbed my sweetness.  
For other women, you started showing your weakness.  
I wanted to start fresh and new.  
Too much interference, I found out it wasn't about just me and you.

I thought I could be your only candy.  
I found out you were keeping me handy.  
That wasn't dandy.

You made me feel subpar.  
You had once made me feel like reaching for the stars.  
My awakening was a blast!  
It led me to conclude you had no class.

With all of your cheating,  
You tried to mix it with a little beating.  
However, you found out quick.  
I wasn't having it.

I threw your clothes in the trash when you would not leave.  
For that, you tried to make me bleed.  
Treading carefully—you knew I had a strong family support.  
You knew when push came to shove,  
With you, my family wasn't thinking about court.

Many years later since we called it quit.  
Probably, you are not about- bit.  
Thinking back-you were such a perp.  
Everybody except me knew you were a jerk.

I hope you have changed my one-time hunk.  
Don't spend the rest of your life being a punk.  
So long and farewell.  
Someone else is ringing my bell.

Marie WardAlonge

# I Cry Now

I was not there to see your dying face.  
I wallowed in my sorrow along with my declining grace.  
Your life-I would not watch it waste.  
I didn't want to say goodbye.  
I just wanted to escape.

Just a year before, you were healthy and fine.  
You were a beautiful girl just hitting your prime.  
You had great style.  
I never thought you would lose that beautiful smile.

We would hang out and you would show me around.  
We were two young girls enjoying life and painting the town.  
A job opportunity came your way and you had to seek.  
You were moving to New York and leaving in a week.

I knew for our relationship this would be the end.  
With the big city calling, I had to understand.  
Love ones leaving me, I knew this was a trend.  
In this Iowa city, you were my first friend.

As you moved on, so did I.  
I don't even remember saying goodbye.  
However, I wished you nothing but the best.  
You were out to fulfill life's big test.

My emotions ran high.  
I did miss you.  
I couldn't deny.  
I saw you just like the rest.  
You were unreliable too.

A year gone and you returned to the fold.  
You were back in town I was told.  
Things had changed between us.  
My life was not on hold.

Later, I heard a shocking rumor.  
My mother told me you had a brain tumor.

I thought you, we would lose.  
No one realized how soon.  
I couldn't take it.  
I ran for comfort and for more booze.

Then, we received the worst news.  
Your brief life was done.  
A reconciliation between us, there would be none.  
Your funeral I could not attend.  
I had wanted to remember you as beautiful back when...

No crack of pain was in your voice.  
Hearing your soft laugh when you rejoiced.  
When you had lovely hair,  
Wearing your fur coat with flare.  
You and I were a pair.  
It wasn't that I didn't care.  
I didn't want to stare.

I wanted to respect you in peace.  
I knew your struggle had been released.  
Death for me has never been an easy concept.  
As a child, I ran off, hid, and wept.

Your memory, I have not done justice over the years.  
Today, I lay these words with tears.  
Sometimes, life slows you down to reflect.  
To remember the things you need to correct.  
You think why and how?  
To you, my dear friend.  
I didn't cry then...  
I cry now.

Marie WardAlonge

# In Advance

My love, my mind is leaving me.  
Allow me to enjoy this time of normalcy.  
Let me take from this once full life.  
Memories I shared with you-beautiful not contrite.

Anxiety has cornered me.  
There's no pretense-I am tensed.  
I know you have long sensed.

Gone will be the memories of seeing the flowers bloom,  
Laughing in the park when we take our walks at noon.  
My thoughts will be empty as darkness looms.

I know to have loved you twice in life was not a mistake.  
Your love surrounded me.  
It was not a waste.  
With time closing in, I write these words with great haste.

Time is not spared-I am scared.  
When tomorrow comes, I may not tell day or night from apart.  
You may move on but I ask you to take it easy on my heart.  
You may find another but not yet.  
Let me be your only woman tonight without feeling any threats.

For right now, I am selfish and weak.  
I want you to remember me a little while longer my sweet.  
If this should be my last thoughts of our last kiss,  
Our last bliss, our last dance,  
My dear, I want to thank you in advance.

Marie WardAlonge

# International Flavor

I tried something different.  
A big mistake!  
To love fully, we didn't have what it takes.

Perhaps, it was me.  
My pedigree.  
No, I disagree.

It was you-when I think it through.  
To put it mildly, you were a big jerk!  
I tried to make it work.

Loud words and that abrupt temper,  
Were everyday on your agenda.  
I needed you to be warm, caring, and tender.  
You turned our lives into a big joke.  
Was there anyone you didn't poke?

Mind changed.  
No offspring.  
Well, at least not with me.  
You gave that honor to one of your Miss Things.

That was the last straw.  
I confronted you.  
You admitted it and you decided to leave.  
You took as you saw.

I had given you my love, my worries, my prayers, and at one point my trust.  
I had to readjust.  
It didn't take me long to clean off the dust.

However, my heart bled for many years.  
You almost emptied me.  
It would not have seemed but behind close doors,  
I shed many tears.

Oh, I don't hate you baby.  
Dislike-yes.

You didn't take my best.  
I am a woman who persevered just like the rest.

I have to admit your cooking was a treat.  
Afterwards, I had to scrub the kitchen.  
You were not neat.

Those wonderful meals you cooked,  
I shall savor.  
You were my first.  
So far, my worst thirst.  
I have a bad taste toward you,  
My International flavor.

Marie WardAlonge

# It Was Love

I found a love.  
It was an unconditional love.  
It was a love you gave me.

You nourished me.  
When I needed food, I never went hungry.  
When I would cry, you wanted me to be strong.  
However, you comforted me.

When I was sick, you watched over me.  
You cared for me.  
Most of the clothes I had, they were sewn from your loving hands.  
You raised me. You raised my brother.  
You taught us about God.  
I am forever grateful.

From a confused child, my spirit was calmed.  
When you were upset with me,  
Most of the times, you talked to me.  
I was comfortable in your presence.  
I didn't feel harmed.  
The day came and you set me free.

You were my heart.  
I wanted to stay close.  
You knew you had to let me go.  
In the world, away from your guidance, I made mistakes.  
There were times I could not sleep.  
I was restless.  
I called you.

You were my toughest critic.  
Still, you encouraged me not to accept defeat.  
I knew from our talks it was a better path you wanted me to seek.  
I had strayed.  
I remembered your teachings.  
I kept my Bible near and I prayed.  
I am still praying.

Grandmother, in life I could not give you everything.  
(But) you were everything in this world to me.  
If you look down from heaven, I hope a smile come to your face.  
See your family and friends gather.  
We are here to remember your loving grace.

As you watch from above,  
You will see the many tears flow.  
We know we have to let you go.  
What you gave us.  
Grandmother, we knew it was love.

Marie Ward  
Alonge

# Memories Of Yesterday...

It's been thirty (30) years since we walked down that hall.  
Some of us were short, average, and some of us stood tall.  
It was Central High and we represented the senior class.  
We were full of dreams I could tell.  
As we persevere, we were eager to hear the ringing of that last bell.

However, teachers, subjects, and family  
life we had to endure.  
We had our respected friends.  
We knew we could count on for sure.

There were some of my classmates that I admired.  
Let me tell you about them without telling  
a lie.

There was Shirley D. whom I thought was the most popular girl in school

With great love, I missed her perfect pie face.  
However, C.C. was the smoothest girl as  
she was cool.  
Doreen D. was voted the prettiest girl.  
Jaybo with those dreamful eyes was lucky  
enough to rock her world.  
I wanted them to go far.  
They were in love and they were our shining stars.

Most of us were good dressers-I don't know who was the best.  
My money would have been on C.C.  
Her clothes left me in awe as she left  
behind the rest.

There was my friend's boyfriend, Larry S.  
He was fun and creative.  
We lost him too soon-what a sorrow.  
Their son would go on to be one of the Hollywood stars of tomorrow.

I remember my best friend Sharon W.  
We sat on my front porch and we talked about our dreams.  
She was one of the smartest girls I knew.

I figured she would rise to the top of the cream.

There was my other best friend, Jimmy L.  
who hung out with the girls and me.  
We had some of the best times going from town to town.  
We were the 4 amigos that people from  
other places wanted to be around.

James P., James M., Sylvester A. Jimmy C., and the two David P's I noticed they  
observed a lot and appeared to be philosophically profound.  
They seemed to know what were right and wrong in the world while some of us  
were  
still trying to find our common ground.

Everett H. was handsome and I used to love to hear him speak.

He was our class president and he has a pulse on the community.  
I thought he would one day teach.

George B. I thought was wickedly enticing and probably could talk one into  
anything.  
I heard he is now enforcing the law.  
He became a cop and enjoying all the glory and honor it brings.

Now, there was David W.  
I saw him in a different world.  
He was highly intelligent-He was a Bootsy Collins music lover.  
He was the one that started me to appreciate all kinds of music as I later  
discovered.

There was Viola R. who was a track star.  
She was voted girl with the best wit.  
You could not outrun, outtalk, nor outthink her.  
She had true grit.

There was Mattie Sue.  
I loved to hear her laugh.  
It was just contagious and like Shirley D.  
to be around them was such a joy.  
They were the center of attention.  
To have fun, you didn't have to be around a boy.

There was a girl named Linda.  
I thought with Annie J., Hamer, and me she should have been on the  
cheerleading  
squad.  
That girl could move her hips.  
How could she do all those flips?

To Teresa W. and Rita T., I thank you for taking me to the school activities and  
later with Rita, those football games as  
well as C.C.

You made a little country girl see a little bit more in becoming all she could  
be.

Teresa, I also thank you and Melvin B. for being my dance partners with those  
delightful skits.  
We came up with some wonderful routines and they were always hits.

Jackie S. was one of the tallest girls in  
school.  
She would not let you forget it.  
With good reason, she was a good basketball player and she knew she was the  
sh\*t.

To all my other friends, Jackie J., Diana H., Linda D., Denise L., and Carolyn M. I  
wish you the best.  
I am so glad we made it through all those tests.

I miss you Harry S.  
May God continue to hold you close.  
As why you were taken from us so early, no one knows.

To all my classmates, I love you most.  
You were an interesting but misunderstood cast and that I can boast.

For Daisy J., let me tell you why I kept trying.  
Because when you stop trying, you start  
dying.

Back in the day, the other classes would come up to me and say your senior  
class is  
so boring.

They don't ever want to participate.  
Well, I didn't hate.  
I would tell them that I participated to  
represent my class in a positive way.

Now, look at you today.  
Depending on no one else,  
I believe you have learnt to represent yourself.

As for me, I was voted the best girl  
dancer and the girl with the best sense of humor.

I followed my dreams and went to Hollywood.  
I helped my mother to leave town.  
We moved back to Iowa.

Presently, I live in Vegas.  
As for Hollywood,  
I am so glad it never came back around.  
I became a poet among others.  
I married a CEO.  
He was not a snore.  
Who could ask for more?

I say thank you to the good teachers—Mrs. Lucas, Ms. Sims, and Ms. Miller.  
Thank you for making that difference.

Hail to thee, Ole Central High.  
More bounce to the ounce baby.  
Until next time....for now, I say goodbye.

Marie WardAlonge

# My Beautiful Lee

Her love, it flowed through all who met her.  
Her simple kindness, it was as long as a river with no ending.  
Her laugh was with mischief and delight.  
With twinkles in her eyes, she would have won your heart at first sight.  
Oh, heavenly Father, thank you for giving us fifty-three (53) years of this wonderful soul.  
Lee is with you now.  
She will never grow old.

Our beloved daughter, sister, aunt, mother, and friend,  
Yes, she was all roles with many worries.  
She carried many burdens to the very end.  
Child number eight (8) out of her mother's womb.  
It is not up to us to question whether she is gone too soon.  
She sought love, carried love, and struggled with love to keep pace.  
The love she had for her kids was maintained with grace.

As we come together on this solemn day,  
Our pain feels unbearable, our suffering will be long.  
We are all in disbelief but death, I believe, knows no right or wrong.  
We remember her fondly but yet, some regrets- of lost opportunities and broken promises.  
Our sadness will be great.  
For me, more tears will follow, I strongly anticipate.

I love her dearly and I have no shame.  
She is my aunt and Leola is her name.  
With our Lord and Savior, peace she has found.  
But I miss her so.  
When I hear a joke, I rush to call her.  
Then stop to remind myself, she's no longer around.  
She has found the greatest love.  
That gives me comfort.  
I shall keep you in my heart and your memories strong.  
It is difficult but I must carry on.

I wrote this poem for all to read.  
Just how much you mean to me.  
In my parting, I shall say.

I shall love you every day.  
And when I pass a weeping willow or magnolia tree,  
I shall think,  
My beautiful Lee, your spirit is now free.

Marie Ward  
Alonge

# My Black Woman's Strut

With every movement, it is with a glide.  
My walk was cultivated from defiance, confidence, and later pride.  
I have stepped with purpose every place I went.  
My brown soul has stirred with discontent.

I spent years of people telling me what I "need" to do.  
I figured out later they had their own set of rules too.  
I did listen with appeal.  
I let them know I wasn't trying to be difficult at will.  
I had good intentions.  
Somehow, I knew I had to fight for contention.  
Like a boxer, I was almost knocked out.  
I refused to quit even when others placed their doubts.

Some tried to silence me with their depressing words.  
At times, I stayed quiet.  
I continued to listen and observe.  
I waited my turn.  
I was determined to be heard.

I created my own fame.  
My way was not led by vain.  
Some people tried to claim.  
I had to work for every little crumb I gained.

Being told I was a Black Woman seeking attention.  
Those words were beyond my comprehension.  
Especially from selfish people I met.  
Their names- I don't need to mention.

For some, their contradictions confused me in this world.  
I was a woman in my twenties.  
Yet, in some circles, I was still being called this little black girl.

Let it be said.  
I am not trying to be loud.  
My voice has character.  
It is sincere.  
I don't have to be the main focus in a crowd.

I have travelled with these feet to meet all kind.  
Their expectation was for me to keep the dolls on the shelf and never speak my  
mind.  
Someone told me years ago I have settled.  
At that time, I felt like bad stew in a kettle.  
With her short memory, years later I concluded she was trying to meddle.

About my life, I have earned the right to speak up.  
It took guts.  
No matter what people said.  
I had to learn how to do my Black Woman's strut.

Marie WardAlonge

# My Blackness

Please, don't come up in my face  
With your words of disgrace.  
Saying, I act like I am White.  
Please, go do something constructive-like take a hike.  
I am aware of my Blackness.

Don't get mad because I don't talk like you,  
Nor Peggy Sue,  
Or that kangaroo too.  
Just go away,  
Even for a day.  
Leave me alone with my Blackness.

Stop trying to refine my nose.  
So you can go,  
&quot;See, I told you so.&quot;  
Let me be.  
Don't try to define me.  
Let me view my Blackness.

I don't jump too high  
Just because you sigh.  
I do some things at my own pace.  
Give me my space.  
Please, make room for my Blackness.

Don't &quot;continue&quot; to ask me where I am from, originally.  
That sounds nosy to me.  
If you just making conversation, let's talk sports.  
You don't need to know my family tree or my co-horts.  
I know who I am.  
Do you know who you are?  
Good. That's smart.  
Have a heart.  
I am in touch with my Blackness.

Hey, stop staring at my food.  
I find it crude.  
How can you be so rude?

You have your plate.  
When coming to these pot lucks,  
I may not participate.  
Please, don't hate.  
Why should you care if I like pinto beans  
Or English peas?  
Get away.  
Let me enjoy my Blackness.

I wear my hair in braids  
Not because it's the latest craze.  
So, I can be on time and still get paid  
And every once awhile, still get laid.  
I am woman but I need my Blackness.

Don't try to speak for me  
By saying this is what I mean...  
Let me tell you,  
I know what I mean and I mean what I say.  
I don't need your translation to plow my way.  
I believe you understand, my Blackness.

When I take a moment to rub my eyes,  
Don't despise.  
Please don't say, "Look at me when I am talking."  
Sorry supervisor but say that again  
And I am walking.  
I shall let you and H.R. deal with my Blackness.

Don't get me mad and when I react,  
You want me to lower my tone.  
You won't admit it but you were in the wrong.  
So, when I take a stand,  
Don't expect me to sing and dance.  
It's better for you  
To keep me happy within my Blackness.

Stop changing my name  
To fit your game.  
It should be pronounced the way  
It is spelled on my I.D.  
However, that's for me to see.

Speak my Blackness.

When I pray,  
It could be everyday.  
So what?  
That's just my spiritual Blackness.

I don't smoke weed  
Nor grow the poppy seed.  
I try to do good deeds  
And not only because of my creed.  
Baby, I am cool-into my Blackness.

For writing this poem,  
It is not about race.  
I have to inform.  
You may wonder what is my excuse?  
I don't have one but let me make one up for you...  
I love My Blackness.

Marie WardAlonge

# My Grandmother's Love (Lakers -V-Celtics)

Early in the morning, we would rise.

Head to Sunday School before returning home to watch the greyhound Lakers run against the Celtics pride.

My grandmother would cook that day or night before.

Sunday's dinner would be ready before we hit the door.

A good hot meal was turnip greens, crowded peas, corn on the cob, and my favorite, pot roast.

My brother and I would eat very quickly.

The game was about to start.

Our friends were on their way to boast.

There was a basketball court across the street.

When the Lakers and Celtics were playing,

We were inside watching the game.

No one wanted to go outside and compete.

When our friends came, my grandmother would cut a slice of jelly cake and leave the room.

She would leave us to our jumping and shouting for our respective teams like little fools.

When it became too loud, she would come out and yell what's going on?

However, she did it with a smile as she prowled.

My grandmother knew we were into the moment.

No harm. No foul.

While the Lakers were sweating on that hot Boston court,

I was sweating with them.

My grandmother wouldn't turn on the a/c until after midnight or some sort.

While the Celtics had the picture of that little leprechaun,

The Lakers had "Jack" for our good luck charm.

In L.A., he was in the front row.

We knew we had him to count on.

The Lakers were fast but played Boston with that half court game.

I could not stand.

I guessed they had to play it in order to obtain the upper hand.

Boston was tough.

I would ponder why they played rough.

They took down Kurt Rambis.  
Remember, he was Superman.  
He was resilient. He bounced right up.

We would watch Magic and Kareem play that two men game.  
Robert Parish would look serious rebounding, scoring, and blocking.  
He would put many young men to shame.  
McAdoo was shooting jumpers while attempting free throws.  
Bird was shooting threes and giving us plenty of woes.

While on the bench, M.L. Carr was proudly waving that towel.  
What a scoop.  
Michael Cooper was in the game playing great defense and thrilling us with the  
Coop-a-loop.  
When coming to offense, we knew James Worthy and Kevin McHale had the best  
feet.  
Bill Walton, a great player, added to that Boston Mystique.

I have to say that next to Magic, my favorite player was Jamaal Wilkes.  
He was so smooth with that jumper.  
They called him "silk".

Norm Nixon was one half of that "Showtime" guard tandem.  
He and Magic would keep the Lakers on fast breaking pace.  
Then "Great Scott" came and took Nixon's place.  
Cool Pat Riley led the Lakers to four N.B.A. championships with a bang.  
Years later, he moved on to Miami and picked up another ring.

Over the years, I have witnessed two of our most horrific defeats.  
They were the "Memorial Day Massacre" and the 2008 game 6 finals.  
After watching these games, for a few days, I could not watch E.S.P.N.  
Sometimes, I could not eat.

In 2010, Kobe is my favorite player.  
I hope he and the Lakers produce big time and become the Boston slayers.  
I respected all the Boston players and appreciated all the Lakers (Shaq, before  
you retire, please come home to L.A. where you belong) .

Although we could have used you in the 80's and 2008, Robert Horry thank you  
for your many big time shots.  
A.C. Green and Derek Fisher, you are inspirational.  
We shall forget you not.

Van Exel and Eddie Jones, you were not part of this rivalry for the finals.  
You could have done some harm.  
With your long range shooting and your steals,  
We would have been in top form.

These games and these two teams were full of shakers, heartbreakers, All-Stars  
and Hall of Fame makers.  
I know you are tired of seeing the Lakers and Celtics in the finals.  
Some people have said.  
Well, here's hoping one year your team will be there instead.

Even though my friends and I have scattered, we haven't seen each other in  
years.  
I remember them with fondness.  
I hope they are safe and watching the game with their basketball peers.  
Don't drink too many beers.

As for my grandmother, it's her 89th birthday.  
I called and thanked her.  
I wished her many blessings on the way.  
My brother and I she did raise.  
Back then, we only had one television.  
She would allow us to fulfill our joy of the sporting events we craved.

She was strict.  
However, when needed, she would make the tough decisions.  
She didn't care for the games.  
She liked her Westerns.  
Of course, we didn't have any collisions.

No matter how many times the Lakers and the Celtics play each other  
And how much trash talk we think of.  
No team could ever rival my grandmother's love.

Marie WardAlonge

# My Intentions

I can't imagine with all my charms,  
You would seek love in another woman's arms.  
I figure you won't tell  
But all is not well.

You gave me love and then you took it back.  
Hurt and confused, I managed to get beyond those conditions that lacked.  
Wise enough to comprehend.  
Tell me, is this the end?

I won't cry.  
I don't know why.  
It takes more than a few months of lust  
To take away my robust.  
Don't misconceive my plea.  
I love you much indeed.  
Will you allow this love to rest?  
For questions you won't address.

I attest these golden brown legs  
Once wrapped you in its embrace.  
Except for a few wonderful memories,  
Your love has gone without a trace.

Demise is now in our path.  
You use to make me laugh.  
I wanted our love to transcend,  
Blend but to grow within.

To soar beyond all comprehensions  
And leave no apprehensions.  
To show complete appreciation,  
Without much persuasion.  
In case I did not mention,  
These were my intentions.

Marie WardAlonge

# My Muse

She lives inside.  
Thriving, conniving, and planning my demise.  
I can't break free.  
Sometimes, I stay awake.  
Her appeal and her hunger are too strong for me to shake.

She pretends to be my best friend.  
She allows me to struggle with one of the seven deadly sins.  
Tempting me with what I love most.  
Handing me offers of chocolate, cookies, and ice cream to get close.  
She does whatever to please.  
My esteem is teased.

She makes me think I am a smaller size even in my dreams.  
I awake up believing I can get into those size 14 jeans.  
She doesn't like me-this I know.  
She tells me to eat one more.  
I know she's not managing my calories score.

What a little snitch.  
She can be a little \*itch.  
My extra pounds show.  
She is laughing at me before I can walk out of that door.

Sometimes, she gives me false hope.  
To get me through another meal so I can cope.  
I have to get her tamed.  
She is my enigma.  
She is my pain.

This, I am certain.  
She has to realize deep down I am hurting.  
Her ambition is to upstage.  
She feeds on my weakness and my inner rage.  
They are as strong as the food I crave.

I know I have to get a grip.  
I want to give her the slip.  
It won't be an easy fix.

Knowing what makes me tick,  
She matches my wits.

She's a formidable witch with clout.  
Giving me a potbelly that pouts,  
I know I have to get that '\*itch' out!  
When coming to food, she is my second-hand excuse.  
If not careful, I might lose my man too.

For right now, I live in her shoes.  
She's my addiction, my disorder, my genetic disease-whatever you want to call  
it.  
I am not at ease.

It's difficult to follow.  
Imagine how I feel.  
The concept is difficult for me to swallow.  
Oddly but creatively, she inspires me.  
To give up, I refuse.  
She is my dependent-a delinquent.  
She is my muse.

Marie WardAlonge

# My Thoughts

I want to search the world  
And still be free as a bird.  
Capture that heart of gold.  
Touch one's soul  
Until I grow old.  
And with time, have rapport with any race,  
Let it evolve with beauty and grace.

To allow silly little things; whether they mean anything.  
Have the happiness they can bring.  
To see rainbows and then stars  
From afar.  
No thanks, I don't need a cigar.

To go from rags to riches  
And if I choose, still keep my britches.  
To not stand in place.  
To be amused with a straight face.  
To express my words with feelings  
Without coming off as a villain.

To allow to some degree,  
To just be me.  
To not be judge,  
Sometimes, I need a hug.

Sometimes, I am curious.  
I am a lady who tries not to be furious.  
Love, I try to maintain.  
Happiness is difficult to sustain.

I beseech one's presence.  
I am haunted by one's absence.  
Sometimes, the pain thickens.  
Some days, I am tickled.  
My mind is sometimes fickle.

I can be inexorable.  
Yet, I am tolerable.

To hope bad people will change.  
Let us help those who are deranged.  
I try to understand the ones who are considered strange.

I didn't just wake one day  
And say I can save the world my way.  
These words I have been taught.  
You have your opinions.  
I have my thoughts.

Marie WardAlonge

# No More Despair

Lost in despair,  
I became aware.  
It was the untimely rejection that was too far for me to see.  
I wondered how this came to be.  
Could you answer this question today?  
Why did you have to act that way?

Don't mistake my timing or my haste to put to rest  
This question I want you to address.  
Whether you answer it now or later,  
I am not trying to debate or been a hater.

I need closure  
For a relationship that gave me too much exposure.  
I have struggled to keep my composure.  
I don't need mama or friends to sing me any lullabies.  
They would worry if they saw the hurt and pain still in my eyes.

We started out as friends.  
You became my worst nightmare in the end.  
I should have known when we clicked.  
Material things were your real-itch.  
I didn't like your technique.  
I shall know next time when love and I meet.

No more riddles, no more rhymes.  
No more sweet words to consume your time.  
I know it's typical for people to say-move on.  
I can. I have. Let's face it-you know you were wrong.

Thoughts of you have plagued my head.  
I want to forget some of the mean words you said.  
I am clearing the air  
So I can have no more despair.

Marie WardAlonge

# No Other

If you think, I could be with you and see another,  
Don't worry-no other.

If you think, I can share your joy and your pain  
And not share soft laughter with you in the rain.  
Don't worry-no other.

If you think, I can give you these sweet kisses.  
Then, think of someone else you feel I am missing.  
Don't worry-no other.

If you think, I could shed any tears  
For old heartaches over the years.  
Don't worry-no other.

If you think, I could sing your praises  
And speak to another sweet words and phrases.  
Don't worry-no other.

If you think when you come through that door,  
My eyes don't spring forth.  
Like beautiful flowers growing in a meadow,  
I want you to know.  
I am so happy you are my fellow.  
Don't worry-no other.

If you think, I can open my heart to your desires  
And give to another my passion's cries.  
Don't worry-no other.

If you think, I could speak of my hopes and dreams  
And not share your aspirations in between.  
Don't worry-no other.

Therefore, if all of these you are thinking,  
Like a captain losing his ship, your heart is sinking.  
Your thoughts are too much  
For my loving touch.  
Stop making all this fuss

And give me your ever-lasting trust.  
Don't worry-no other.

Marie Ward  
Alonge

# Ode To Dugan-Time

His boldness, his unbridled expressions-he exudes with confidence.  
I am inspired but yet, lost-lost in all his splendors.  
Will he hold me captive forever?  
Time knows, I say.  
I am convinced when I look into his eyes, time for me, loses its existence.

With love and hope within me, I am apprehensive.  
I question his faithfulness.  
In his presence, I feel worthy.  
Alone, my thoughts of him are magnificent but complicated.

From him, I sought an answer.  
Our love, I am certain is in peril.  
In this short time, I have loved you unconditionally.  
Will you reciprocate?  
You love me you concluded but you needed time.

With those words, my life carried on but your life sadly, ended.  
Time lost its patience and I can now say goodbye, my friend.

Marie WardAlonge

# Our Man

He stands in the wake of making what's wrong right.  
He is a man of essence, unconventional wisdom-strong family convictions.  
Those around him strive to do better.  
He is our inspiration.  
We have him-no need for disappointments.

Somehow, we slip.  
Oh my, we anticipate but wait for his methodical words.  
They are undaunted, firm not to be misunderstood.  
We dare not interrupt.  
Softly, wisdom is spoken.  
We breathe new life.

He wears many hats-a father, an uncle, a brother, a son, a guardian, a worker,  
and once, my lover.  
He carries many hearts.  
We bid for his time, his words, and for some, his love.  
For the latter, it runs so deeply.  
We all know he is a special kind of man.  
He's our man.

Marie WardAlonge

# Perhaps, She Just Loved Him

She gave him love for two lifetimes.  
He gave her a life full of pain.  
He never asked her for forgiveness.  
He never gave her a ring.  
Why did she stay?  
Perhaps, she just loved him.

She gave birth to his kids.  
She watched him have babies with another.  
He never showed remorse for what he did.  
Why did she stay?  
Perhaps, she just loved him.

She cooked and cleaned.  
She would wash and massage his feet.  
No kiss for work when she would leave.  
How could he be so mean?  
Why did she stay?  
Perhaps, she just loved him.

When her car broke down,  
He frowned.  
He told her to walk home in the rain.  
Why did she stay?  
Perhaps, she just loved him.

When she needed rest,  
He wanted sex.  
She would try to protest.  
He always got the best.  
Why did she stay?  
Perhaps, she just loved him.

One day he packed his clothes.  
He left her for another woman's bed.  
He came back to her claiming he wasn't being properly fed.  
She took him back-over and over again.  
Why?  
Perhaps, she just loved him.

She would watch him tell others what in the world should be right.  
She would listen in fright.  
She used extra make up to keep her bruises out of obvious sight.  
The police—why didn't she tell?  
Perhaps, she just loved him?

No good clothes she would buy for her self.  
She would buy for him.  
He would give his money to someone else.  
Why did she stay?  
Perhaps, she just loved him.

When she died, he saw she was loved by many.  
The people came in droves.  
He stood at her grave and tossed her a rose.  
As he was walking away,  
He asked her mother what to do with her clothes.  
Her mother was stunned and stared at him with dismay.  
Finally, she asked how he could treat her daughter that way.  
He studied her face and saw much grief.  
He knew what he would say would be final and brief.  
He told her what she and others failed to understand.  
Her daughter, well-perhaps, she just loved me.

Marie WardAlonge

# Persuasion

Your words, can they sound any sweeter?  
With your promises mixed with deception,  
It leaves the mind in an upheaval.  
I am not satisfied as a believer.  
I know you are a teaser.

Weigh my conscience and let it be said.  
I have no hidden agendas, no deals ahead.  
Nothing is contrived.  
You have no pride  
But you do have lies.

Your silliness enthralled my senses.  
I can never go back.  
You have created too many offenses.  
It was your love that once ignited my heat.  
On top of everything else, you were a cheat.

Where you are today-I could not care.  
I thought it was time for me to clear the air.  
I am happy now and you probably still having your affairs.  
That's something for your women to bear.

Forgive I can but forget I won't.  
No need for you to use persuasion.  
So don't.  
We had a few happy occasions.  
However, you are no longer part of my equation.

□

Marie WardAlonge

# Picking Daisy

No sweet words or encouragement from you ever came.  
Just like a flower, your ego needed to be watered.  
You enjoyed playing your little games.  
Your words often bitter gave many people shame.

Back in the day,  
You stood in my way.  
You always had a say.  
You longed to be right.  
Mouths were kept closed.  
The word was out.  
You had a tendency to fight.

I was a late bloomer.  
I didn't know what I wanted to be.  
However, you thought you knew me.  
My talent was diverse and I had to develop my skills.  
My spirit you tried to kill.

Never allowing your tongue to  
go to waste,  
You were forever in my business.  
You were always on my case.  
Definitely, you were a thorn in my side.  
I hid my displeasure.  
I had to be bigger than you.  
As I told you, I would keep trying.  
My sense of purpose was one of my guides.

You were like a bad seed  
Who grew into a wild weed.  
I sensed you wanted to become a flower.  
(But) you were too mean and sour.

You would not allow others to grow.  
Around you, the crowds would gather  
While you put on your hurtful show.  
At the time, I didn't know what I wanted to be.  
I knew I didn't want to be like you.

That was the key.

Reflecting, you were not the only crazy.

However, I picked you as my least favorite flower, the daisy.

Marie Ward  
Alonge

# Pink Flowers

In this place where she lays her head,  
She prays her troubles have not spread.  
A picture of her Sweet Lord Jesus is over to her right  
With a vase full of flowers near in sight.

This is the place where she bestowed love on her man.  
It seems long ago a family they had once planned.  
With her many books to bring her joy,  
She thought it would have been nice to have first a girl and later, a boy.

Outside, the sun offers its beautiful rays.  
Inside, darkness has cemented gloom with isolated days.  
She had worries she had decided.  
However, in no one she confided.

Long gone with happiness strapped to his side.  
He gave her love and then denied.  
Defiantly, she holds her head with saving pride.  
Around midnight...silently, she cries.

She has done all she can do.  
Many nights, she prayed for him too.  
Yes, this place where dreams may end.  
It is also where reality has finally set in.

Failed by many, she realizes she too have failed herself.  
However, she is convinced through all else.  
Man may but God never fails.  
With fight still in her spirit, she prays to her "Heavenly Father" to prevail.

But if not, how soon they forgot.  
The kind heart she showed.  
What will later be disclosed.  
The people will still say, "No one owes."

No time he makes.  
Her dreams he forsakes.  
The place they once dwelled.

The place with the missing Christmas bell.

The people may show.  
Some may never know.  
A kind heart in returned  
Is what she thought she earned.

As he lays her to rest,  
Dressed in her Sunday's best.  
He may stare and reflect.  
He has to pay her his last respect.

For alone with her in those final hours,  
He may finally see God's power.  
If it storms or if it showers,  
Let him remember to bring her pink flowers.

Marie Ward  
Alonge

# Pretty Blue Sky

Pretty blue sky  
Another one is taken.  
Do you want to cry?  
Grandmother said everyone must die.

Hear the news from many miles.  
Your love one has passed on with a smile.  
No more pain.  
Nothing else to gain.  
Issues unresolved.  
Words spoken in vain.

Pretty blue sky  
Another one is taken.  
Do you want to cry?  
Grandmother said everyone must die.

When you drop your tears at the door,  
People will remember you celebrating the night before.  
Now so much love on display...  
Did you ever listen to what your love ones have to say?

Pretty blue sky  
Another one is taken.  
Do you want to cry?  
Grandmother said everyone must die.

"Ave Maria" and "Near the Cross" are the requests.  
The choir will sing at their best.  
Admire the church adorned with beautiful pink flowers  
Observe later the talking of naysayers and doubters.

Pretty blue sky  
Another one is taken.  
Do you want to cry?  
Grandmother said everyone must die.

The sun will rise.  
For a moment, it is bright.  
Life fades...  
Someday, we may see that final light.

Pretty blue sky  
Another one is taken.  
I want to cry.  
We didn't get a chance to say goodbye.  
But...  
Grandmother told me everyone must die.

Marie Ward  
Alonge

# Raging

Rock me baby and give me pleasure.  
I shall meet you halfway with your bedtime endeavors.  
Kiss my lips and make me blush.  
Anticipation will come with that delicious rush.

Shift to the right-shift to the left or perhaps, down in the middle.  
Give me a lot not just a little.  
Keep me soaring until I take flight.  
Endurance is the key to this illustrious night.  
Explore my peaks and make me quiver.  
Keep this loving flowing until my hair turns silver.

And so you know, I am not a selfish lover,  
As you will soon discover.  
Giving me inspirations,  
Your reward will be my reciprocation.

Whether you decide to turn off the lights,  
I promise you baby, I won't bite.  
And when we have come to our homestretch of love,  
Let's start it over and make it fit like a glove.

All this enticement is so engaging.  
Let me end this poem,  
For my hormones are raging.

Marie WardAlonge

# Remember When...

I remember when...

My grandmother didn't have enough money to spend.

My brother and I, on her we depend.

She didn't like turkey but she preferred a little hen.

We went to church and learned Jesus was born to die for our sins.

Yes, I remember when...

We didn't have a Christmas tree to display.

Someone threw one away.

We discovered this when we came out to play.

The tree was dry, brownish, and gray.

My brother and I decorated that tree and we made it come to life on Christmas day.

I remember when...

I had a lot of friends.

On that porch we would stare at those beautiful Christmas lights blend.

It was a beautiful picture that transcend.

I thought we would stay close to the end.

Life is odd-some things you can't mend.

You just go on and remember when...

Marie WardAlonge

# Retrospect

Turn to me my love and you will see.  
The flames of passion that burned then dimmed but now have gone out.  
I can summon many words but right now I am in doubt.

Heavy are the thoughts on my mind  
For the happy times that were but not now.  
Remembrance has taken shelter and refuses  
To relinquish its hold on me  
Before I take my bow.

This heart had thrust with gladness.  
My brown eyes now reflect sadness.  
In my bed, I lie and desire to hear your voice that was so sweet.  
Instead, I hear myself weep.  
In my head, these words creep.  
Thinking, not too long ago, you were loving me.

Sleep will come and I must go.  
It won't come fast-it will come slow.  
Preoccupation is no longer an affect.  
The love I have left for you is in retrospect.

Marie WardAlonge

# Saint Mary (St. Mary)

It was a place I could find solace.  
Through all the loneliness, confusion, and sometimes sadness,  
I knew it was a place I needed to be.  
Baptized at an early age, I didn't fully understand but it came to be one of my  
greatest decisions I ever made.  
Values and wisdom I would learn late in life.  
Those values, if not wisdom, would later define me.

On the outskirts of Ruleville, this little church named Saint Mary (St. Mary)  
stood.  
Where dandelions and sunflowers would grow wild  
As I would sit and stare at the pretty blue clouds.  
Flowers amassed the many fields.  
The church was on flat ground  
And not on a hill.  
Many times storms would come and the wind would blow.  
However, God did not allow that old church to go.

On clearer days, you could enjoy viewing the beautiful green grass,  
The church yard was covered.  
Before service would start, you could look it over.  
If you were lucky, you could find a four (4) leaf clover.

When the service would start, there were many in the congregation.  
There were visitors, Christians, sinners, young, old, and some members like  
myself who would go home and vent.  
We were trying to improve the church.  
However, some people came and went.

Our pastoral Sunday was the third (3rd) Sunday.  
We had a small choir but our hearts were big and full of purpose.  
Many great singers would come over from other churches to give us a helping  
hand.  
We were united as one giving praises to our Lord and Savior as we took the choir  
stand.

Ms. Mattie Duke was our pianist and she was such a talented soul.  
You could hear her banging on that old piano before you drove up that old dirt  
road.

She has passed on now but I miss that lady so.  
When she played, the joy in her face would overflow.

Ms. Baker became our next pianist but I was not there when she played.  
I heard from closed sources that she was just as good  
As I knew she would.  
She was not only a gifted musician but she also was a wonderful singer.  
My family told me she passed on doing what she loved best.  
She played her heart out on that piano and died one day at our church.  
My mother told me Ms. Baker had told her prior that's how she wanted to go.  
Still, it was a great shock to the rest.

On a different subject, I remember the anniversary Sundays where after church,  
great cooks would have their food on display.  
They would bring collard greens, fried chicken, ham, fish, macaroni and cheese,  
sweet potato pie, green beans, cornbread, pound cake, and chocolate cake.  
Those ladies could really cook.  
If you had to take seconds home, you knew you were really hooked.

My grandmother would bring her famous dish or two.  
She taught me how to bake a pound cake from scratch.  
I followed her as a Sunday school teacher.  
Teaching and learning about God, we were a good match.

However, I never would bring a dish to the social events.  
As one of my aunts kept saying, I was a mess.  
I didn't believe her.  
I thought I was still a work in progress.

Our best asset was our Sunday school classes.  
The kids came in full.  
They came with their families-the Glenn's, the Townsend's, the Smith's, and the  
Price's.  
In the community, they had a lot of pull.

We had fun after church.  
Brother Townsend would organize activities for the crew.  
That man was dear to me.  
He always encouraged me but never lectured me.  
I understood-he didn't have to say much.

Brother Glenn inspired me too.

He was one of my grandmother's longtime friends.  
He stayed that way to the very end.

I say thank you to all who treated me nice.  
They inspired my life.

I say thank you to Brother Red Cap, Brother Uncle Budd, Brother Lacy, and  
Brother Price, and this energized lady, Ms. Eva Mae.

While there, you kept me from going astray.

Frankie P. was my good friend and for him I had that platonic love.

I believe he is now watching over us for up above.

My grandmother had other friends I remember were good to her back in the day.  
They were part of the Usher board with her as they tried to come together for  
the church in every way.

There were Ms. Allen, Mrs. Townsend, and Ms. Dora.

They were all good friends.

Each one of them, you could always depend.

Mrs. Chris S. and Miss Rosie were on the Mother Board at the early stage.

I lost my friend Earl at an early age.

I remember during the week and weekends Ms. Rosie used to make the best  
burgers on the place.

I don't know what she put in those juicy burgers but they always bought a smile  
to my face.

Ms. Dora has always been there for my mother and grandmother as well as  
Bettie Mae to take them to church.

Out of the kindness of her heart, for a ride they never had to search.

Speaking of my mother, she had travelled beyond and far.

She has now settled with my grandmother and sings in the church choir.

I believe she has found her home now and she will not depart.

When I call to check on family, I ask about the church.

My grandmother tells me people don't come out too much.

I am disappointed, hurt, and such.

Brother Glenn and the rest left an excellent legacy for our church to continue.

I believe it's time for others to make their marks and carry on too.

For the two smartest members, Brother Lacy and Brother Price, I believe this is  
what Brother Glenn would have wanted you to do.

I can't be there but I shall encourage you on.  
While the Midwest was my origin and Des Moines is my favorite home.  
St. Mary and Ruleville were where my Christianity was born.

Marie WardAlonge

# Send You A Card

Don't act like you have never sinned.  
Because-I remember you back when.  
Don't act like you the only one that knows God.  
You were a big fish in the dirty game when I was still a clean little pod.

No need for us to argue or get all tribal.  
Just like you, I read my Bible.  
Don't believe that you are the only one that prays.  
As a child, I taught Sunday school while you were running astray.  
Yes, I still pray.  
I am happily inspired to say-everyday.

You can't listen to me but you want to give me a lecture.  
Your information is not factual but just mere conjecture.  
Do you still see me as a little girl?  
That you heard couldn't cook in your big girl world?

Well, remind your source.  
When I was a teen, I went to school and to work.  
I kept my goals in sight while planning my course.  
I still found the time to bake a pound cake from scratch.  
Today, my man must like something-I am still attached.

I have a sweet disposition but I am still grown.  
I don't want to use any colorful tone.  
Don't get me upset.  
Out of respect,  
I don't want to go there, yet.

You would not listen so I wrote this poem.  
You wanted to carry on.  
I have to leave you alone.  
I don't want to debate.  
Therefore, I won't answer my phone.

You are my blood so I don't want to totally discard.  
I don't want to argue.  
If my future is bright, I shall send you a card.

Marie Ward  
Alonge

# Silence Interrupted

No more do I stand alone,  
Then yesterday our woes belong.  
No more greater my eyes have seen,  
Every day we can pretend.  
For some, it's a heap of shattered dreams.  
With others, well, they are just plain mean.

Their misery comes with their troubled mouths  
Little do they spare as their lips do utter.  
No truth, no convictions-their words are sputtered.  
It's all too easy-for I soon discovered.  
To watch them lurk amongst the innocent with their heads held high.  
And we go on with our day and we never asked why.

The eyes have seen plenty.  
Our courage has suffered.  
Can this world get any tougher?  
I walk amongst all this madness,  
With each step follows much pain and sadness.  
Sometimes, I feel helpless.  
This is the life that I breathe.  
It doesn't take much to misconceive.

Our silence will be our punishment and the battles will lie within.  
God, please lead and protect us from all this unhappiness and sin.  
Tomorrow, if it comes and I am blessed to awake,  
Let no evil our will partake.  
Ease our worries and our pain.  
Allow happiness and gladness with each day bringing no disdain.

For at the end of the rainbow,  
May not be a pot of gold.  
When this world is over,  
In heaven, will be our souls.  
As this poem finds its end,  
Another one will begin.  
Our silence must be interrupted,  
To allow our hearts to contend.

Marie Ward  
Alonge

# Silhouette

He smiles but with many faces.  
His persona is hidden in different places.  
A work of art is he.  
He seeks and attaches, conquers, and makes you believe.  
Leaving you wanting more is all that transpire.  
He has his reasons.  
I have my desires.

A silhouette is all he can project.  
For the word shallow may not do him justice, yet.  
His lack of interaction there were no infractions.  
However, his lack of concern produced many of my reactions.  
He rejects, deflects, and expects.  
He moves on another to cover his bet.

He is a fella who knows he can do better.  
But why should he reform?  
He actually believes he has it going on.  
However, it doesn't seem fit  
But, I have to admit.  
Due to some neglect, I can suspect.  
This man has turned into a silhouette.

Marie WardAlonge

# Soul Mate

I joyfully give to thee.  
Treasures I have kept for only you faithfully.  
I stand before this very night,  
No dowry to bring but through these eyes,  
Only love in sight.

With gifts of pleasures and elated bliss,  
We shall feast on our love for years to come and reminisce.  
I vow to reach my pinnacle of desires.  
The night is ours.  
We shall conspire.

Ascend me higher until my cries are heard.  
Silence will fall-our love will go undisturbed.  
The day will come when I am near my last breath,  
I shall love you with all that I have left.  
Until alas-comes death.

My love, this is our time shared.  
So vibrant-We are so young.  
I ask for nothing of you except no love spared.

I am your lady-in-waiting.  
You are my handsome Prince.  
I shall love no other.  
I am convinced.

As I deliver my bridal recital,  
You have given me your love and a title.  
Through this journey, we shall partake.  
You are my love.  
I am your soul mate.

Marie WardAlonge

# Special Friends

You are the rhythm that makes me step to a happy beat.  
Every morning, you are part of the moving force that drives me to my feet.  
You let me know that I should never accept defeat.

The sound minded that gives me hope  
To a clearer path and wider scope.  
With you in my life, I know I can cope.

You are the wonderful essence of my being  
To all that is right and remains unseen.  
When things became so difficult for me to bear,  
You gave me support, understanding, and stayed in touch over the years.  
I knew through you, God's light was really there.

As I write these lines, I truly glow.  
You inspire me with pride to allow these words to flow.  
Jimmy, Monte, Sharon, and Tammie-you are the inspiration for this poem.  
You could possibly be my 4(four) heroes gone unsung.  
I deliver these lines to you with much ado.  
I wanted to take this time to say-thank you.

Each of you intermingles with my life with a different personality.  
You are not my best friends by a technicality.  
It's not just the friendship that we have sustained.  
In our life, it's adjusting to the love, heartaches, and pain.

Here, I give to thee  
For always being there for me.  
To still share a laugh for back when,  
Believe me when I say, it takes special friends.

Marie WardAlonge

# Sunset-A Tribute To A Freedom Worker

It is the end of November and my sorrow is great.  
This poem is for a great lady I remember  
But I have not honored yet.  
Let these words give you comfort in time of need.  
I have nothing to give.  
Please allow this to serve as one of my great deeds.

As I take you through this journey,  
There is a story to be told.  
This is how it goes:

As I stood and I watched her go.  
I thought what a silver fox of a lady with a heart of gold.  
Her efforts will never grow old.  
Early in the morning, she would rise.  
In wake of wiping away the fear from our eyes.

With great convictions and strong at will,  
When injustice was in place, she could never sit still.  
A freedom worker was she-this great lady had things to do.  
To fight for Civil Rights alongside Miss Fannie Lou.

A difficult plight it came to be.  
To give a town named Ruleville hope and pride to succeed.  
A dangerous situation, to fight for social and political change,  
Her role many times reprised.  
It was a high price to pay, some would advise.

When I met her, a confused child was I.  
She found the time and patience to straighten me out  
Before we said our last goodbye.

Her stare was intense.  
Her delivery was firm.  
She said what she meant and not always with charm.  
Allow me to add and forget what you believed.  
Around her, I was always at ease.

Her granddaughter, she sought to raise.

To have character, compassion, and grace but  
Allow her intelligence to set the world ablazed.

Shortcomings, this great lady did have.  
She was human, you see.  
I would not dare speak of them  
For her granddaughter befriended me.

She lent many a helping hand.  
Some people wondered why?  
However, what did they know?  
They were outsiders looking in.  
When coming to having compassion,  
Some of us will never understand.

...And as nightfall creeps on that small Delta town,  
Let the residents proclaim-no more crosses to bear.  
Through God and grace, go claim your crown.  
It is time for us to pick up that baton and carry on.  
Because in 2006, it's been proven, the fight for justice has not been won.

But sleep now, our dear Miss Rennie.  
Your dream has been met-Thank you.  
Take your rest and enjoy your peaceful sunset.

Marie WardAlonge

# That 16th Floor

It was a day America was touched by tragedy.  
Perhaps, a day no one thought would end.  
Many stories have been told since.  
For me, on that 16th floor, this is how that day began.

Up early and walking-trying to make it to the office by eight.  
I was running behind and had to do what it takes.  
I was rushing to work to cater to people's egos and more.  
They were all in that office on that 16th floor

Thinking of turmoil within that office before I hit the door,  
Being caught in the middle of nonsense was becoming a chore.  
As I hurried, I enjoyed viewing the beautiful pond with ducks and a jogging trail  
across the street.  
Always rushing and hardly having a moment to myself were becoming obsolete.

Yet, it was a peaceful sight.  
It was a moment I wanted to hold on to until night.  
I knew as soon as I came into that office everything would not be alright.  
Since I been there, I noticed too much cattiness, pettiness, and jealousy that ran  
amok.  
It was much drama on that 16th floor just to earn a buck.  
Little did I know, we were 46 minutes away from the real drama that struck?

It was 9/11 and someone in the office told us the first plane had hit.  
The news disturbed us I admit.  
We thought this was a terrible accident.  
Then a few minutes later, the second plane came.  
Our belief changed quickly.  
This was done intentionally.  
We knew America would never be the same.

New York was under attack.  
The Big Apple wasn't the only one as the country began to track.  
We stood and listened in shock.  
Later, the towers came down.  
America had been rocked.

Then an announcement from our office was made.

If we didn't feel safe, we can go home.  
I was trying to stay calm.  
So, with others, I kept up this façade.  
I really felt we should not have been there.  
I thought the company should have done more to persuade.  
In a display of unity, we stayed.  
I had a sickening feeling of helplessness as I attended to business and watched  
the people on television from these places who needed aid.

The next day I felt a need to appear poised and to provide the office with comfort  
as best as I can.  
People were sad and understandably so.  
However, they rejected my helping hand.  
I was naïve somewhat.  
I just didn't know.  
Never been to New York, I could not understand.  
Why later during that week, the city had not cleared the destruction from the  
land.

Over a year later, I had decided to leave that office on that 16th floor.  
It was too much going on.  
I could not take it anymore.  
I took myself out of the equation.  
There was no need for me to settle a score.

It's been over 8 years and with them, I didn't keep track  
I never made one visit but I have had some flashbacks  
Over the years, anxiety kicked in  
I didn't want a pill  
I just needed to heal

On 9/11, I stared at the rubbles  
In ten years, I have watched America trying to recover from its troubles.  
However, we have stood strong  
We are a nation of character  
We shall carry on

From watching many documentaries, I have soon discovered  
There were heroes who survived that day  
There were heroes who died that day  
They can not be replaced  
My tears are long for the victims of 9/11

My heart is heavy for this country as we try to figure out our mistakes  
We look toward the future to embrace

As for the people still in that office on that 16th floor  
I hope their bickering has not been restored  
Wasting time and life, one can't afford  
As for me, I don't need to say anymore  
However, I am happy I came down from that 16th floor

Marie WardAlonge

# The Dark Room

There she sits in a room alone with a speck of light.  
In her lap she holds a picture of her son who was lost in a fight.  
Surrounded by his clothes and his many trophies that dwelled.  
In that room her family comes to see her but they know she's not well.

You can follow her eyes staring at an empty shelf.  
She's locked in her own world with her son's memories and a shell of her former self.  
No more flowers once displayed beautifully in a vase.  
In its place is an imprint of an empty space.

He was her first child born and her first child to die.  
She loved all her children but he was her special child.  
He told her he would one day give her a good life.  
And for that, he became her pride.

With many social challenges that faced his teenaged years,  
He was causing more heartache and less glory filling his mother's face with tears.  
Knowing he needed to take a different course,  
He told his mother he needed a way out and the Army was his source.

Hysterical, she pleaded with him not to leave that day.  
He wanted to serve his country in a land far away.  
She loved her country but she loved her son more.  
This was his decision and he wanted to go.  
She showed a mother's concern but she knew this was something he had to explore.

He wrote many letters of the war he was facing.  
The things he had seen and the things he had done.  
It was Vietnam.  
He told her he believed this war would never be won.

One day her hope spring forth.  
He was wounded and wrote to her he was coming home soon.  
She was elated and put fresh flowers in his room.  
The family threw a big party in his honor.  
He arrived around noon.

It's been four years since she eyed her son.  
She had four years of hugs and kisses to shower.  
Their moment was now- she thought this would be their finest hour.  
His embrace for his mother was intense.  
The glare in his eyes she noticed was of suspense.

She cried tears of happiness.  
He sobbed of four years of despair and sadness.  
He walked with a limp and acted shy.  
She didn't care. Her son was alive.  
She wasn't about to question why.

After eating, he wanted to sleep and for now, leave his stories untold.  
At night she would hear him screaming and ran to give him comfort.  
This continued for many nights as his life unfolded.

One day he was bored and told his mother tonight he's hanging with his friends.  
His mother told him to be careful.  
The town had changed-many things going on.  
His once friends could be jealous enemies in the end.

With his buddies, he met one of his old sweethearts.  
They kissed and embraced as if they had never been apart.  
She was the one that got away.  
They reminisced on the good times back in their heyday.

As they were talking, she didn't tell him she had been engaged to one of his old pals.  
Who was still carrying a lingering flame for her and still considered her his gal.  
Well, this old pal came in that bar that night with criminal intent.  
He had received word that at the club the soldier was back and with his girl.  
He came with a gun, approached, and started to vent.  
While their mothers at home, one of their sons was about to leave this world.

This soldier of war who had returned home didn't want any trouble and told him so.  
This is your woman and I shall just turn and go.  
This old pal shot him three times.  
As he was dying, his old pal said to him he was less than a dime.

His mother heard the news and death screams could be heard from midnight until...

She couldn't believe that her son had fought in that war, survived, and came home just to be killed.

No more flowers in that room are displayed.

In her mind, she hears the screams of former battles in that room he raved.  
She hears the sounds as she places beautiful flowers on his grave.

In her chair, she sits feeling every stretch mark from his birth.

And the memory of the way her child was taken from this earth.

He was her first child out of her womb.

His dwelling has now become her tomb.

She feels lost and feels he can never be replaced anytime soon.

For now, she's content to sit in that dark room.

Marie WardAlonge

# The Let Go

To me, it has become clear.  
Your heart is not same, my dear.  
You have drifted.  
No time for pleasantries.  
You don't make the time to say hello.  
I remember how the good conversation used to flow.  
Not campaigning for sympathy.  
I am not a charity.

Just to think, memories of how we used to laugh and talk.  
We would share our dreams as we walked.  
Song of heartaches we would sing.  
Sometimes, while it rained.

Activities on the weekend we would plan,  
During the week, we would handle our business at hand.  
I know we have grown older and we need to try something new.  
We should never forget the old things are sometimes true.  
Just like prom nights, our relationship had themes.  
I can truly say at each other we never screamed.

We had fun and laughter but I always felt I was the host.  
One day I stopped and noticed you were laughing at me the most.  
Long distance relations can be a problem and such.  
Disappointment I could have lived through,  
Your disloyalty, well—that's a little too much.

The love for you will always be there.  
No ceremony needed and no added flair.  
Our relationship will no longer be in limbo and despair.  
Our history is cemented and this I declare.

If this is how you want it, then allow me to proceed.  
You are officially freed.  
It's been exasperating but I don't want to put you through this anymore.  
This is not a kiss off.  
This is the let go.

Marie Ward  
Alonge

# The Mirror

I have a mirror.  
I look in it everyday.  
Sometimes, it's not what I want to see.  
Instead, it's what I want to be.

My hope is to think clearer.  
It's that mirror I want to break.  
That shattered glass comes with consequences.  
It looms with seven years of mistakes.

Still, every morning I have a task.  
To look in that mirror and not see my past.  
To look beyond my woes,  
And pray to God I can clean that mirror and save my soul.

When all is done and I am at peace.  
I shall look in that mirror and just see me.  
The eyes will close for me to take my rest.  
In my sleep, I shall dream I have done my best.

Marie WardAlonge

# The Poet Of Unfinished Poems

You were a poet before I knew  
Writing would be my dream.  
I was in love with you.  
I wanted to be your queen.

It was in high school where we met.  
You had personality and charm at its best.  
You were someone no one could easily forget.

Your humor was relentless.  
You teased me all the time.  
I didn't care.  
I just wanted you to be mine.

Away, I could smell your intoxicating cologne.  
With you, I knew this was where I belonged.  
On the weekends, you would visit me.  
We would sit on my porch by the big tree.

The stars we watched as I anticipated your kiss.  
To return it with full passion is what I had wished.  
I was nervous but excited as your hands would trace.  
I was young and in love-enjoying my first boyfriend's embrace.

Later, you begin to write me beautiful and endearing poems.  
They made me happy.  
Let me inform.  
To me, your poems meant so much.  
They enticed me.  
Of course, I was touched.

Then one day, you shared our personal information with a mutual friend.  
That friend made a joke.  
I was upset with you.  
I destroyed all the poems you wrote.

From then on, our love fell to the side.  
Something was about to collide.  
At school, you had one of your friends call me outside.

He told me you would not return to school.  
I couldn't understand why you didn't tell me.  
That was not cool.

You didn't bother to come see me  
And this was not great.  
My best friend tried to console me.  
My heart ached.

School was our connection.  
If you had problems, you could have taken a different route.  
You had so much going for you.  
No need to become a dropout.

As I stumbled through the days, I had to carry on.  
I was planning for the future.  
Therefore, I had to be strong.  
Although I was blue,  
I was trying to forget you.

Then one day, you paid me a visit.  
Your actions I asked you to explain.  
You told me you couldn't.  
I watched you mask your pain.

I told you if you could not tell me now  
Then tomorrow, it would not matter.  
No explanation, my ears would allow.  
Meaning-these feelings for you I shall disavow.

From that day, our love took a skid.  
A few weeks later, I heard you were involved with a woman with kids.  
What can I say?  
I was really outplayed.  
I wondered what I had been to you.  
I felt like poo.

For many years, I didn't give you one thought.  
To cleanse my mind of you is what I sought.  
Then one day, my friend called me with shocking news.  
She told me you had committed suicide.  
Why?

No one knew.

Crying for you then, I refused.  
I went on about my day.  
Just as years ago, you went on your way.

For you, my heart had grown cold.  
As the hurt you gave me remained old.  
I am sorry.  
My compassion should have been for your troubled soul.

Time went by  
Before I would break down and cry.  
I had a flashback of that special night  
You squeezed me tight.  
We were watching our football team go down with a good fight.

I can tell.  
You kept me safe and warm.  
I thought all was well.  
I often think what went wrong?  
Why you couldn't talk to me?  
The troubles- you could have set free.

Words left undone.  
My heart you once won.  
You were my first love and my first betrayal.  
You are the poet of unfinished poems.  
Of you, this is my portrayal.

Marie WardAlonge

# The Search

A long journey I have travelled.  
I didn't want much.  
I hesitated.  
Sometimes, why bothered.

Different days, same problems,  
I looked to find resolutions.  
False representations by others  
I was uncertain.  
My thoughts were polluted.  
Were my expectations too high?  
I seek life of peace and happiness before I expire.

Do I speak past or do I speak present?  
It doesn't matter.  
Some things are not meant to be found nor resolve on this earth.  
It's a higher understanding I do seek.  
It's a higher level of forgiveness I do need.

Have I loved life to its fullness?  
Have I given back to humanity with all my goodness?  
I have not always been true to myself.  
I knew I never wanted to cause pain to anyone else.

Still, in this area, I believe I have failed.  
Yet, my beliefs have sometimes been my own deception.  
Yes, at some point, I have been a rebel.  
I carry years of burden and discontent.  
On this path, I have loved present and past tense.

Sometimes, I laugh on the way.  
Some days were harder than others.  
Some days I was able to add flavor.  
At times, bitterness did set in.  
I wondered about producing twins.

I am proud of my accomplishments thus far.  
I knew I should have been in a position to do more.  
I could not help but cry.

From a child, I was told this is life.  
Some days are hazy.  
Some days I am lazy  
Some days are bright.  
Through it all, God has been my light.  
I haven't wanted much.  
On the way, this has been the search.

Marie WardAlonge

# These Brown Legs Won't Stay Yours Forever

Where have you been my once sweet man?  
Coming home around ten smelling like gin.  
You are out with your boys having a good time.  
While I am at home listen to the wind chimes.

You have been like ice cream I have to say.  
I know I should not have it but I want it anyway.  
Loving you has been bittersweet.  
You have tested my patience  
And that's no easy feat.

Oh, how you can enrich me with your so many lies.  
You take pride in your wording.  
I can see it in your eyes.  
However, keep this in mind while you smile.  
With a lady's grace and a dancer's style,  
I can wrap these long legs around you for miles.

Jump back rabbit and jump back quick.  
You eat too many salads for us to click.  
I know you are charming.  
I know you are clever.  
You are my sweet temptation but  
These brown legs won't stay yours forever.

Marie WardAlonge

# Treat

Spend this night with me.  
Let's make it like it used to be.  
A wondrous, just our eyes to see,  
Come give me this treat.  
With no ending in sight,  
Let's make it like our honeymoon night.  
Man, what a delight!

May it be long and sweet until it makes us both weak.  
For this is the pleasure we shall seek.  
Why not all week?  
Let it last long.  
It will make me sing my favorite song.  
Speak those sweet words of a lover.  
Let us shake and groove under these covers.

Clinging, we shall do a dance.  
Your mother is not here to reprimand.  
I fully give and tonight is young.  
No inhibitions will be spoken off my tongue.  
When we are done, I might beseech.  
To kiss me tenderly when our heights are reached.

Tomorrow may come and our tempers may flare.  
Tonight my dear, I give you this loving stare.  
Let's take this moment and live this heat.  
Our fate is sealed with this wonderful treat.

Marie Ward  
Alonge

## What A Difference...

I remember when we first met.  
You were curious.  
I was not in love, yet.  
We talked about things we believed.  
Many found difficult to conceive.

Words were clinging, then fresh, and anew.  
As passion built, our excitement ran through.  
When we kiss, you held me tight.  
Do you remember you told me it felt so right?  
My thought was to slow it down and to make it last,  
Before it came to bed.  
However, you were determined to go full speed ahead.

As we grew, I knew only too soon.  
With your work, you had become too consumed.  
As your tensions increased, you told me just a bad day.  
I could not help but think I was in your way.  
Twelve (12) months and three (3) days later, I can declare.  
I am justified to say your love is rare.

As the sun sets on what we once had,  
Some mornings come and I do get mad.  
But as the nights pass and the pain lessens,  
Losing you, might be a blessing.  
I know time will come and you, I am missing.  
My eyes will swell from reminiscing.

And if thoughts of me should ever come,  
Think not of love you lost but of love you almost won.  
If down that road, we meet and do a second take.  
I shall pass you on and think what a difference a year makes.

Marie WardAlonge

## When Spring Came...

It is spring and I have begun to reminiscence,  
Of those years I spent as a child-I certainly don't miss.  
How I remember, the wind would blow.  
Spring would come and I had nowhere to go  
For many reasons, I never liked it much.  
It was the change of the season-more troubles, more woes.  
They would all come knocking at our door.

I would run to a place and daydream.  
And try to forget what I had just seen.  
With all those storms going in and out of my home,  
So many times, I sat and I prayed.  
I was so afraid.

But it was that country living, that I much despised.  
In that house, I saw worry in my grandmother's eyes.  
She had little to offer and little to give.  
With all her children, she still struggled to pay the bills.  
My grandmother would make most of my clothes.  
My dear, thank you, I appreciated every thread you wove.

I was conceived in the city but made to stay,  
In a place where there was not much of a living.  
My mother, well, she refused to become a sitter.  
I didn't know it then but years later, I realized I had become bitter.

When the storms did clear and it just me and the stars,  
Yes, I would make a wish to make things right but from afar.  
I knew I would have to go away  
But come back one day.

When we moved to town, I begin to see the light.  
Closer to my friends, I was a happy camper  
With less worries and troubles in sight.  
Today, I live in a quieter place with not so many storms.  
I call this place Vegas, my home.  
My family, they live where life is simple or so it would seem.  
As for me, I followed my dreams.

A writer, I told my grandmom, I would become.  
My writing would not help everyone but I hope it would help some.  
And what is my favorite season and let me give you the reason.  
It is fall-so I can forget it all.  
Now, spring comes and I kick back to rest.  
I think of poetic words while watching this beautiful sunset.

Marie WardAlonge

# When Two Hearts Meet

I have loved you by fate.  
My longing for you grows by what I anticipate.  
I dare to hold my breath when you walk through that door.

For when I see you,  
My excitement runs through.  
My pressure heightens.  
With you, I am delighted.

With much more for me to disguise,  
It is your beautiful smile.  
It carries me away from a hectic day.  
You allow me to fall in your arms for awhile.

I am pleased.  
I feel your comfort.  
I am at ease.  
You bring me joy beyond my needs.

And at times, when you decide to scorn,  
For what you believe you know.  
My tears, I sometimes can't hide.  
They do flow.

Words are said-before we go to bed.  
We weigh our conscience before we take our sleep.  
We recommit our love.  
For each other, we thank our God above.

I know this sounds sweet.  
With one steady beat,  
This is what happens when two hearts meet.  
Love.

Marie WardAlonge

# You Said

To all the ones I have tried to make friends  
But later discovered you didn't have a good heart in the end.  
This is what I remembered you said:

You said the only thing I had going was the light color of my skin.  
Your words shocked me then and I remained silent while simmering within.  
Now, I give you your due.  
Your mind was loaded with words of ignorance.  
Therefore, you didn't have a clue.

Another you said:  
I remember when I was trying to be a loyal and a caring friend.  
When you said we were not that good friends, from you I turned away.  
You hurt me but I carried on.  
I haven't giving you too many thoughts until this very day.

Professor you said:  
Even though I had an "A" average for that semester,  
You said the only way I get out of your course was to make an "A" on  
the finals.  
With that said, you gave me your little laugh.

As you know, I passed.  
In the car, I waved at you with my degree as I maintained some class.  
You gave me some hassle.  
I wanted to tell you to kiss my tassel.

Another you said:  
I came to you as an intern  
I looked to you to learn.  
My thirst for knowledge burned.  
I was trying to finish my school term.

However, you were hell bent.  
To take my good intent  
And give my life torment.  
Why didn't you realize?  
I was another woman trying to pay my rent.

In school with a prior injury that had not healed.  
I had very little but I refused to allow my fate to be sealed.  
Seeking a job, you came to me and you said  
You wanted to present me to your company.  
You wanted me to put your wig on my head.  
This I refused.  
I thought you were nutty and I didn't like to be used.

Needing money, with you I had to work.  
So our path did cross.  
Lucky for me, you were not my boss.  
Later, I moved on to better things  
And let you carry the burden of the drama that you bring.

However, I shall leave you this-without a twist.  
For an intelligent woman, you proved to be silly.  
For your lack of kindness to me,  
You-I should pity.

For the others...you said,  
I leave these lines with you:

I heard you mumble.  
After sometimes, I would stumble.  
I kept my dignity and tried to remain humble.  
Later, I played your negative words in my head.  
For awhile, you had me exceedingly sad.

Then, I took a little chance.  
I stood up and I did a little dance.  
I begin to write these comments you made to me.  
I allowed these old wounds to flee.  
Now, I am here sipping on green tea.

To you, I dedicate this poem.  
I hope your life you have reformed.  
One day your heart may find kindness from what you read.  
You know-from what... you said.

Marie WardAlonge

# Your Girl

To be your girl,  
Baby, it would make my world.  
To constantly feel your touch,  
It would mean so much.  
Because once is not enough,  
To love you such.  
Loving you through all seasons,  
Yes, this is rhyme but baby, I need no reasons.

With you, I am at my best.  
With sleep comes rest, just put me through the test.  
Give me your heart and sat me apart.  
For this, I shall remember.  
I shall not depart.

Having you is my feat.  
Meant to be successful and sweet,  
Within reach-almost complete.  
To have what others may take for granted.  
To do what it takes without ranting and still stay enchanted.

I have more to give than less to take.  
For passion runs through these veins,  
Please do not forsake.

To be your girl,  
Come join my world.  
And let it remain real and sealed,  
Until....

Marie WardAlonge