

Poetry Series

Tamika Stubblefield
- poems -

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Tamika Stubblefield()

Baby of the Family

The youngest of five
I was born alive and ready
The year was seventy-three
Mom bore four before me
But I was my daddy's first

Grew up a Black Panther child
Free and running wild
My mom would smirk
That's girl's a Bird
And so I was named

Never knew the difference between
Dark skinned or light
We was all black
And that was what was right

Education would be my ghetto pass
Momma proved that
Dragging me to class
On her back

Yeah times was hard
But I never knew
How hard
Cause I didn't lack
Anything

Sugar water substituted kool-aid
Out of bread and honey, doughnuts were made
Tuna fish was like steak to me
Who said we was poor?
I had it good!

My childhood memories
Are full of fun times
Halloween and Christmas parties

Bruce Lee Movies only a dime?
Saturday morning cartoons
Playing Barbie in my room
House full of love, laughs
And Family

4 Mos Def

Your style
Is so profound
Without even making a sound
Your presence
Astounds
I believe
When you were conceived
You must have received
God's gift of lyricism
A true poet's wisdom
So amazingly blessed
With mere words
You have possessed
My soul

Tamika Stubblefield

After The Date

Will you
Fantasize about me
Tonight?
The thickness
of my lips,
softness of my skin
will you beckon me
into your dreams?
To do things
To me there
That you dare not
Do in person
Will you
Wake
With my name
On your lips?
Reaching for me
As the light
Cast liquid shadows
Across your bed
Will you think of me tonight?
I will of you...

Tamika Stubblefield

Cancerian (Moon Child)

I catch a glimpse
Of you
Through the trees
Your radiance-
Overwhelming
Tonight,
You are dressed in pale pink
As if you are blushing

Your fullness has caught my attention
I am intrigued by you
I search you out again
But my view is blocked
The train is moving so fast
My eyes want to linger upon your beauty
But you are lost behind shadows
My heart sinks
Knowing how seldom you appear to me this way
And suddenly- you step forward
As if you tasted my salty tears of abandonment
You tower above
I feel so small in your presence
As you give full view of your heavenly body
Nothing could bring me more pleasure
Than to touch you
Become one with you
But with the rise of the sun
You disappear- faintly
Like a ghost

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Cinquain #1

Someone
Please save me from
Myself cause I can not
Stop being afraid of these words
That come

10/30/02

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Cinquain #2

Running
From destiny
I trip over my fear
Landing in the pocket of Faith
Safe-ly

10/30/02

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Cinquain #3a

Alas

I must accept

Loves light has dimmed on us

Like the setting of the sun we

Must sleep

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Cinquain #3b

Alas

I must accept

Loves light has dimmed on us

And like the tide from the shore we

Must part

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Closure

Last night

I wrote a letter to my lover
Swimming with silky sorrys
of my wrong-doings-
Humble acknowledgments
of dishonesty, fear, doubt

Last night

I gave my lover a letter
and walked away in silence
there was nothing more to say

Last night

My lover read my letter
and did not call me
did not feel me

Last night

after having rid myself
of the letter
I felt much better
And did not cry myself to sleep
All that I had to give
was in those words
that I wrote with my heart

Last night

I found closure
Peace

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Dawn (Haiku)

Sun rises to kiss
Sky. She blushes intensely
Clouds weep. Earth is born

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Giving All

HERE I STAND
WITH MY HEART
IN MY HAND
MY SOUL
EXPOSED
I AM NOT AFRAID

I STAND HERE
WITH LOVE
LOVING YOU
AS GOD DOES
WITHOUT JUDGEMENT
OR CONDITION
YET YOU CLOSE YOUR HEART
AND DO NOT LISTEN.

9.21.99

Tamika Stubblefield

Got Game?

brotha's be trippin' sometimes
approachin' sista's with those lines:
"hey baby! "
"how you doin'? "
"I don't care if you got a man,
 I can treat you betta than he can."
First of all brotha,
Let me tell you this,
You don't even know my name
Yet you continue to kick your game
And I may be smilin'
But inside I'm dying
Cause your breath...
Is killin' me!
Take a step or two back
Show me some respect
Use your intellect
And stimulate my mind
Instead of plannin' how to get me in bed,
Ease on up inside my head
Speak to my soul
You see it takes some skill
You just can't be all up in my grill
To win my attention and affection
So take you time
Polish up your lines
Because I am a woman

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Haiku #1

Drawing you nearer
Unsure if you should resist
I am seduction

10.9.02

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Haiku #2

Drunk with desire
Passion, unable to quench
A sweet hangover

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Haiku #3

If I hear one more
Love poem, I swear I just might
Explode into bits

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Haiku #4

The light of dawn casts
Liquid shadows across my
Bed where you once lay

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I Like Being Brown

I like being brown
Caramel with red undertones
I love my thick lips and wide nose
I can create kinky masterpieces from my locks
And yes my round hips can be seen for blocks and blocks

These things are part of my culture you see-traits, characteristics
Yet they don't define me
They don't tell you that I don't like to fly
And am sometimes afraid of the dark
You can't tell by them that on Saturdays
I take my son to the park
My intelligence cannot be seen in the color of my skin
The thickness of my lips does not tell you what kind of person I am
You may assume from my kinky locks that I am a certain 'type'
But only by knowing my heart, can your predictions be right

See whether you are red or tan, white, yellow or brown
With curly or straight hair, eyes slanted or round
Be proud to show love for your culture and your heritage
And celebrate your fellow man as he shows pride in his

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In And Out Of Love

In

Like night
when all is calm
Like dusk's pink rose skies
Like honeysuckle vines so sweet
Is love

I remember you
in summer smiling softly
Like a silent breeze

My spirit seeks to
seduce your soul with her song
so in your heartbeat,
to your rhythm, I will dance
like fireflies on June nights

Out

If I hear one more
love song,
I might just explode!
Why lie with lyrics?

Singing songs like she
doesn't even exist while
making love to me,
images of her smile dance
Wildly in your cheating heart

No more
songs about love
cause you don't love me and
my soul is rebelling against
abuse

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Just Me

You know how some people
Are just met to be petite?
They can just eat and eat and eat and eat
And not gain a pound
Remain as slim as can be?
Well that's not me...

You ever seen those model chics
Tall and bone thin
Strutting down runways wearing
Size zero dresses?
I count my blessings
Cause that's not me....

Then of course there are those
Brickhouses
Tight jeans and even tighter blouses
36-24-36?
All that ass and hips
I got
But for the rest...
Well as you can see that's not me

I'm in that other category
You know
The less heard of story
I'm a Big Girl
Ain't no need to mince words
Fat, rotund, obese, chubby
Heavy, stout, plump, pudgy
Yea, that's me
Ain't no shame to my game
I don't have no thyroid condition
And I ain't big-boned
I don't fool myself into believing
That all I need is to get a little toned.
No...I'm a Big Girl
And I don't have no worries
I eat what I want

My vision is not blurry from
No anorexic stunts
I digest my food and keep it down
Don't count calories - Don't count pounds
I'm healthy and that's all that matters to me
And now for the morale of my story
Stay true to yourself
Whatever your situation may be
Give thanks to God
Be humble
Be free

2003

Tamika Stubblefield

Midnight Blues

Sometime after midnight
Lonely lurked in my doorway
dressed in a hue of blue

He rat-ta-tat-tattered on my window
and when I did not answer,
wafted through my openings
with the wind

Lonely slithered silently up my stairs
gathering splinters of heartache along the way
He passed by rooms where memories of love lay dormant
unattended to and forgotten

Lonely came straight to the place where
rejection sulks in dusty corners
and joy is immersed in a well of my tears
gasping for breathe,
Life

Lonely has come
cloaking my desire in blue hues
claiming my heart
his home

2003

Tamika Stubblefield

Monday

Thunder jolts me awake
5am
Blurry vision clears to reveal
Monday
Workday
Weekend's end
Reality kicks in

Showered and dressed
Hair a mess
I don't wanna go!
My inner child groans
As I slip into my mask

Raindrops plunder mercilessly
Please God
Let a tree
Be struck down
In front of me

Dragging feet
Life's too sweet
To be spent slaving for a 9 to 5

Staring at this computer screen
Meetings, deadlines
Trying not to scream

Feeling completely confined
Escaping only in my mind
But they want ownership there too

Let me be free
of this misery
I write and
I pray
But still comes
Monday

2003

Tamika Stubblefield

Poetry Undefined

Poetry is a great many things
to each poet you see,
Poetry even has various meanings
as to what it is to me

Overall,

Poetry is the means
By which my heart communicates,
My mind finds the words
For these feelings and translates

Sometimes,

Poetry is my lover
My fantasies he fulfills
Beckoning me to crisp, white sheets
where my blacks and blues I spill

Or,

Poetry comes as a mysterious moon
appearing softly in the night,
age old secrets of the universe
he reveals to me with his light

See,

Poetry is my spirit
the connection to the Divine,
It lets me see what I am to be,
let's me soar when I feel confined

So,

Don't try too hard to define
What poetry really is
Just know that what you get from a poem
Is all a poet had to give

11.25.02

Tamika Stubblefield

Single Parenthood

In my single parent 'hood.'
Black mothers rise before dawn
Kitchen lights blink on
Maybe a minute or two
is spent enjoying the calm
before the storm.
'MOM! ' breaks the silence
and brings an avalanche
of someone else's needs and wants.

In my single parent 'hood'
Black mothers run for buses
with babes in tow
Out of breath, searches for her fare
which she doesn't find
Cause nothing is fair

In my single parent 'hood'
Black mothers bring home the bacon
and fry it up with some eggs and grits
to feed the man-child
Growing too fast for his own good
Searching his mother's eyes for a father

In my single parent 'hood'
Black mothers spend lonely nights
Finding a mate or even a date
is like searching in the light for the dark
He ain't tryin' to raise no other man's child

In my single parent 'hood'
I sit with my son on front steps
Watching people come and go
Waiting for 'DADDY'

2003

Tamika Stubblefield

Spirit Speaks

Time
For me
is an illusion.
Existing only for the mind,
offering solitude to the body.
As I exist
on all realms.
Reality is
yet it is not
I exist in a space of
continuousness
Experiencing the entire spectrum
concurrently
Joy
Pain
Confusion
Clarity
Light
Dark
Love
Always love.

Tamika Stubblefield

Tanka #1

I reach for you
Hoping that this is a dream
And you will return
From the garden, a rose
In hand and love on your lips

Tamika Stubblefield

Women With Words

Women with words
Work wonders with
Amazing anecdotes and
Analogies,
Memorable metaphors,
Sassy similes
Performing personification-
Onomatopoeia oozing over
Lyrical lips
Rhythm riding 'round
Harmonious hakius
Trailing tasty tankas
Telling tales of
Obscene offenses
Like lukewarm love

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