

LOVE AND FURY

Last night I dreamed of you, sunflower kisses that scorch my skin which left a burning sensation through my veins, wine of desire a love to entice passion, pays a price. Sadly I'm forever in debt in this violent romance paints my rhythm blue when I dance as you engulfed me in your tunes. I call you my dark sweetness a breathing poem so true.

Bees provide honey that's sweet but they also sting like being with you, anguish and joy twins that roughen me up and then soothes. We are frightening fits of beauty and madness, our intellect so intense I think we argue just for kicks.

With our relations we try to be traditional but our perverted rituals make it difficult, revealing the true demons of our love-drunk song it's a hell's fire blaze when we're on the binge.

Agitation of my soul, the ecstasy to my heart right or wrong we can't stay apart. An art of kinesis powerful to the senses, my dark sweetness a breathing poem so true why you do me like you do?

Don't Speak

Silence is a virtue, noise is a nuisance. Escalate your motives not your voice.

I'm not denying freedom of speech but its useless if all you going to do are preach.

Words document is sealed to pursue, exasperated talk is airless thoughts with no fuse.

People say they have the gift of gab but saying the right things with the wrong purpose leads to confusing contradiction of focus. A loose mouth leads to troubled gossip; you have two ears and one mouth so peace is still, listen more and keep quiet. Selling rapid talk isn't

worth buying when constant moving lips are often lying.

You can't own pimp game with slick talk and no claim.

Blabbing is for children so grow up and hush it.

Being loud is fruitless words without seed.

Just Be. Don't Speak!

Natural

Scratched, washed, blown, permed, curled, cut wrapped and braided... UGH! Tired of bothered hair, tired of my hair being bothered. AH! So let my kinky curly locks are recognized away from the hair spray and lye.

Because I wasn't born with straight hair don't even have any white in me anywhere; nor do I have that wavy European silky shit I'm not a creole or a Rican and that's just it. I'm tired of people trying to tame my wild kinkiness crown. I was born with this hair, grew up with this hair so why should I place someone else's hair that's not even mine or straighten it out when I know my hair isn't that fine. Because this entire weave is suffocating my scalp, all these chemicals are burning away my precious roots.

Ain't got time to look like that chick in the hair magazine because that'll never be me. So there's no need to stress of the good hair that I can't have or the money to take to have those miroplaits a mile down my back. I just can't get down with all of that, so I'm leaving my hair stress blues behind. Rocking my natural locks because its mine. It's my style, my uniqueness and it fits me.

It's just as pretty and wild as I am African beauty.

The Essence of a Woman

How can I describe to you the yearning of a woman's touch? It's more than just the soft texture of her skin; it's what vibrates off her spirit when she is being allured by another woman with the same hunger of desire as she. It's the longing of that first kiss to being blessed with her fruitful mist. It is the intense passion that is between two angelic creatures that at the same time can be as wild as the wind.

An unpredictable radiant of beauties, two madams of sweet misery quenching each other's heart yet tormenting their pure souls of this sinful temptation. Lovemaking of two women is an divine design of an perfect storm like a devouring sensation, bathing into one another with lyrical passion, unleashing the forbidden of Pandora's box with such tremendous pleasure that a mist of tranquility glows within their aura.

Women are a replenishing and provocative force that becomes such an erotic power. Two erotic beings fused onto each other is a dangerous seduction. She's my agonizing rapture, the love of lascivious chaos. She becomes heaven when my mouth makes her dark oasis glisten like stars in the night sky. Her orgasmic screams is musical to me, her body that of an Egyptian dream. She is my sweet escape, my beloved dew that when she loves me I become a flourish flower.

Unpredictable

She's straight but not in her sex,

She's sane but emotionally disturbed,

She's sweet but bitter in her ways,

She stays within her boundaries but yet continuously crosses the line.

She's calm but yet wild in her soul,

She's focus but yet hard to control.

Like a bomb she's constantly ticking waiting to blast off anything that sets her in a rage.

She's so provocative; inflame in her lust as she blows a kiss to the sky virtuous as she is.

She has a radiate variety to love; she comes across so bold but yet has a delicate heart.

Intricately in her shadow, her innocence is broken allured in her sins.

Misleading in everything that she do, she rejects anybody she come close to because she
can't seem to find the truth.

Sacrificing her body to the desires of the night of ongoing pleasure and diluted fantasies will
not hide her melancholy melody that dances in her lost heart.

She does not seek for prayer but she whispers prayer to be heard.

She speak for what's real but is a dreamer in her mind.

She escape from commitment but always seeking someone to love her whole.

She has everyone to go to but yet has no one at all to pick her up from her constant fall