

Red Gold

They say, "You cannot give a person, what you never got" I did not have much
of a child hood. She was always gone.... there but not present
There is a difference and may have masked itself in my sub consciousness
Wrapped in a box
Of inabilities I gave you building blocks of insecurities
And now you hate me the words that you utter As if I didn't make sacrifices
the countless times I carried you on my back
Spineless.....knees Spinning 360
I took parenting Classes to learn how to Love thee more freely.....more in-depth
I cried, and I prayed yet I dropped the ball when I showed you that I was
Infallible I am human your father was as Good as His semen (but I never expressed it to you)
I let you form your own Opinion So I sit in this Puddle of Red Gold
With this belt Strapped around your
Neck!! I am sorry !!That I did not see it invisible before I stare at your
Door waiting for you to open it but you are not there
Anymore Baby girl, please know
in my attempts to correct what has been Brokena generational
Cursed planted carefully by the Devil Himself researching data through this families
History Like an analyst !! Removing the access Waste ~ dialysis
Maybe When I told you to pray
I forgot to tell you that patience Is its twin that no matter whom or what you are you stand tall
in confidence . Maybe, I forgot to tell you that trust in HIM is how you build
your spiritual Immune system.....Maybe, I am just a child burying her child.....Maybe, I should

not have listened to you when you Said, "Mom I don't want to go to therapy."

I should have never giving you an option.....

The suicide note read

"I am sorry for being ugly."

Day 25

The night stretched far into infinity where folk songs are sung,
fables are told where the young have respect for the old where the price of one's soul is never sold a
magnetic field where light and energy dance to hip-hop, jazz, and reggae
we, are music are bodies swaying in unison

you are the whole note and I am the sixteenth (*****the stars) are watching us
and they hold a secret that only like mines can tell they whisper love! They
encourage chance all we have internally the giving of more than our anatomy
our souls combine

and like fine wine (we) get better with time EXISTING in a neighborhood
of dreams where butterflies greet you with the greeting of peace and the laughter
of children radiant in your being this is the ultimate love this is what you and I have
been struggling for this is happiness and blissfulness this is me.....

Holding on

I would have giving you my immune system, in exchange for all that you have giving me
It does not equate.....cancer and capitalism in my belief hold a direct negative
correlation Allah says, " He will test us with loss of wealth and loss of lives
but give glad tidings to the Patient . (Al- Baqarah: 155)

Watching you in pain made me want to die silently I wished it was me

In nooooooo way, am I insinuating that I am READY for the questions of
the grave

Min Rabbuk (Who is your Lord?)

Min nabbiyuuk (Who is your Prophet?)

Man dinnuk (What was your religion?)

I have sooooo many sins that need repenting toooooo many good
deeds to perform you are the epitome of peace in the midst of
life's storms it is through the vessel of your love I learned loyalty
a tree that would bend but never break

You were grace

never displaying Your displeasure or ingratitude With The -Most High's decree

You filled the earth with the fortitude of one who believes. Strength & piety is all I
have ever known from you, for that I am Grateful

for the woman I am today is not the woman

I was yesterday indeed (the best example in my life)

you are rare..... The discoloration of your skin the protruding of your bones the

abdominal tumor & clots crushing your lungs you were grasping for air and I had to pretend to hold back the tears and I SWEAR I prayed for you in almost every prayer..... my Dear, I hope that the fruit of our friendship reaches the next life until then.....I am never, never, ever letting go I'll keep holding on