

*The
Millennial Wife*



She Knows

Tree moss waving in the wind
As if saying goodbye to an old friend
Warm breezes won't cut the heat
Concrete so hot you'll need somethin' on your feet

Something else blows now in the southern air
A wave of old secrets...How'd they get there
So much history on this small land
Holds our country's pain gently in its hands

The land remembers when things were clean
Before beaches were polluted by factory machines
Before our air had smog, and acidic rain
Before recycling became a real thang

Like red clay the south is a statement
American colonizers laid down the pavement
They set the rules & paved the way
A lot of those same laws are still active today

They're still enforced even though the laws are dated
We've waited for change, waited & waited
But laws such as "stand your ground"
Continues to claim lives of people who are brown

She Knows continued...

You see history here in the south can't be forgotten
It doesn't matter if you're democrat or republican
You didn't hear about it in classes you were taught
But the land holds our ancestors who all fought

Fought for freedom fought for equality
They fought for things that should come naturally
Like drinking from a fountain & desegregation
They put their lives on the line without any hesitation

Living in the south, one needs to have a voice
For the books we read in school are no longer our choice
They want us to forget the history & just move on
But the hold from our ancestors is just too strong

The new south looks different in a way
Unsure of who to trust & where your family should stay
Unfortunately not everywhere is safe
For your brown babies to go out & play

No one wants another civil war
The land already knows it's heavy & what's in store
The land in the south remembers the pain
America sees what we're doing & she wants us to change

Past Loves

The ick I have for the men in my past kept tormenting me. The pain they left still lasts. The pain lingers in my mind, in my heart, in my womb. The pain lingers for a baby but now there is no room. The pain lasts and lasts... I try to move on, to grow and evolve. I try to get rid of all the problems, I try to find a way to solve solutions to all the questions that I leave in my head, (oh the tears I've shed) the solution to the pain, the pain left in my bed.

My past relationships have shaped me and molded me to the woman that I am today, but the woman I am today is stronger in new ways. She is confident. She is bolder. She doesn't even look a day older. She's happy, she is in love, she receives the love from her father above.

Past relationships left me hungry, left me starving, left me wanting. For something greater, something stronger than...Something more pure than a post on my social. Something safer than the day I told him no.

I thought I knew love. I was so damn sure! My loves in the past left me empty, left me broke, left me barren. My loves from the past made me regret all of my sharing. Made me regret my choices, made me regret some decisions. Because a narcissist knows how to manipulate the situation. He knows how to get you vulnerable, to get you weak. He knows how to make you crave things you shouldn't even be, things you shouldn't seek. No seeking bread crumbs left behind from those past loves. They have decomposed and believe me it shows, because the woman I am today... knows when to leave and when to stay.

How To Be His Wife

I don't know how to be his wife
I'm just me, someone nice
How could he want to share a life
With someone who has an obscured sight
I'm bringing in all my baggage
Before him, guess I lived ratchet
Will he turn and run away
Does he mean every word he say

I don't know how to be his wife
I'm not traditional nor very bright
I can cook, I can clean
Oh and my ride game is mean
But this man wants me to dream
What all together we can accomplish
It's hard to do, I grew up selfish

I don't know how to be his wife
I am flawed but polite
He use to call me gullible
He might be right
He says he loves me unconditionally
Never had that, what does it mean

Worship

The ultimate act of service

Act of love

Intimacy

Generosity

Vulnerability

Who knew worshipping could be so sexy

Ephesians 5:21

As husband and wife,

submit to one another

Out of reverence for Christ.

I submit my body

As a living sacrifice.

Receive this love

Gift of grace

Here for pleasure

Also recreates

You've intertwined with my soul

Love more costly than gold

Here on earth to bring God glory

Our love helps tell his story

So come kiss my lips

Let us worship

Uncomfortable

In some towns
everywhere I go
I feel uncomfortable
In some spaces
I need to know
What exactly
I need to do
Code switching
many times a day
So many times
Not knowing what to say
Trying to be accepted
In this uncomfortable place
Trying to show them me
Not just my race