

BEAUTY

Black is radiance, the kind that kisses the sunlight before it meets the core.

Black is the reason America's sound is silent but deadly.

Black doesn't creep between your nightmare and daydreams it anguishes all those who envy and create reality.

Black is no buffoon, I am not your Black nor is he or she "we" are Black, we have all viewed our differences of shades.

For all tales come in colors that don't blend with morning. We are not this world's tragedy. The spice in our tongues will allow us too no longer taste their unwanted hardships.

We are "Black" coded so heavily with hate, but not to mourn our greatness but to embrace hate.

Black "your" Black "their" Black,

The fragrance of exhausted wounds from disappointed reassurance. The beauty deeper than melanin, described so perfectly death's whispers crawl back into its hole.

Your black the one that nobody can quite yet find reasons not to love for the lack thereof, don't be ashamed of "their" black, their black maintains evidence.

The evidence of why our black has never washed heather gray or exposed the shaded areas of brightness. Thank everyone for changing our worlds outlook on "us".

Not only have we prevailed, history will forever be made, pages constantly turning, to fixate on all that will be of Black because, you, us, and we will never erase the beauty beyond Black. Only create the minds to free our names from just "Black".

No 3.

I should have exhaled before our bodies melted into honey.

The sweat that exhausted, the red wood grained headboard left smudges in our skins.

Slowly seeping coconut water from a seamless sheet

Every piece of fruit pleased bountifully.

Gasping unconscious of where our minds may take our voices

Let's hope you believe in a higher being for his name's sake.

There is no room for competition

The air has suffocated one's breath

Your adrenaline has fevered the burst, exploding the archway of your back

Moisture feels the rhythm of tongues, siding your neck

While hands take place between unknown energies, craving to be freed
Closing my eyes, thrusting away all treasures for us to indulge
Tighten the grip, clutching my wrist
Slaving to sweet satisfaction
Please don't forget to anoint my soul as you arrive to the destination
Every drop of heaven soaked your palettes
Grace had no mercy and hell envied your sin
Finally, my shivers are at ease
My posture now flaccid
My aches now calm
My hunger no longer starved
We have overly fulfilled the purpose of this journey
Just to endure freedom once more again

Missing Image

Mindboggling conversations elude from your mouth, dismaying uninviting gestures enclosed upon your face.

Though memory of what I described to be unforgettable slips away day by day.

Has one yet wondered why detailed, footsteps traced and slight habits one made composes my life so completely,

Too imagine it as a painting, every stroke counts, one, two, three

Breathe...one stroke, two stroke, again now, and three

As the luminous light quivers within and out again across my window, painting you is now simply memory,

Yet, my imagery fades between every movement of bristle sweeping across my canvas

Frightened of not knowing the exact location of your eyes, once larger than life, however, now could not inspire a child

Abruptness clenched your jaws so firmly, though painting them now seems so soft
Shallowness never fulfilled your mind, henceforth, intellect became a fruitful thought

Dreading, to foresee what beholds my bittersweet love, embodying with vengeance

Only mere moments were breathtaking though not apprehensive, despise all misconceptions of “us”,
stagnant movement gained not much.

Society gated happiness for oneself, while you surmounted it with tall tales of “us”

Foolishness arises within my mind constantly, hoping to hear you say that particular word, I’m better
off listening to weeping songbirds.

Although one may never encounter these lines, in their lifetime.

Spontaneous as you may discover that this painting shall remain unfinished until my image is no
longer missing.

No. 4

Clutter,

For tonight’s theme I need you to be discrete as possible

I understand the boundaries of eyes and hands move in separate rooms but ease the tempo

The mission tonight is to watch flawlessly as the conversations explore eccentric elements of
laughter, the fun between lips never ends

Please, don't shout to an unknown audience only whisper between the closeness of breath

Only our patience will survive tonight

Care for a seat, the one served for four, seated for two, and loved by many

Normally, isn't normal so the slower the better

Swiftly placing new aromas on intricate pieces in this house, your couch our masterpiece

Timid at this point, and now clutter we meet

Rain exposed before sun

Pause, I heard you say something, though vacant

Smelling the burnt oven of sweets but sweetened by the thank you

Still waiting for the response, again silence

Light must have hidden tonight, candles must have misled the showroom, and blinds started darkening the pain

Dropped keys, tumbled steps and a beating heart racing to keep calm

Now the rain again before the sun, only the sun can help but helpless sun didn't see the rain