

A black silhouette of a woman's head and neck in profile, facing right. The silhouette is filled with a solid black color. Inside the silhouette, the words "FOR THE LOVE" are written in a red, serif font. A white heart outline is positioned on the neck area. The background is white.

FOR THE
LOVE

Poems By
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For the Love

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For the Love of A People

In The Projects

Let me tell you about the things that I see
In the projects
The faces of people who look just like me
In the projects
Bricks and concrete, refuse and waste
A fiend on a mission, a crazed look on his face
His life's purpose gone
Without a clue or a trace
In the projects
Discarded needles and an empty shell case
Sting of regret and the shadow of disgrace
Fancy cars blasting radios booming with bass
In the projects
A homicide detective trying to make a case
Single mothers with no idea how they got to this place
I see pain that no liquor or drugs can erase
In the projects
A couple of teenagers holding hands
I see a woman stand strong and represent for her man
A young man who'll succeed cuz he thinks he can
In the projects
Families of every color, make up and size
Unbreakable spirit and the will to survive
Visions and dreams unmaterialized
Unlimited potential that has yet to be realized
Are the things that I see with my spiritual eyes
In the projects
Seeds of intelligence and room for growth
The power to regenerate the ability to cope
Refusal to submit- determination that shows
I look at the babies and I know that there's hope
In the projects

For the Brothas

Gunshots and sirens- police cars and violence
Involuntary compliance- submission and defiance
Chance after penitentiary chance
The things you do to feed the babies
The way you try to make your stand
The daily jeopardy your life is in
The enemies disguised as friends
The day you enter this world
Your struggle begins
I know life can beat you down
But let me try to make amends
My Serengeti king
Ruler of the desert land
The beginner of civilization
The original man
My father, my brother, my friend and my lover
We can both stand tall if we lean on each other
Let me kneel down and wash your feet
And dry them with my hair
I know you die for me daily
I feel the depths of your despair
I understand what you go through
I respect who you are
I don't care if you're a CEO or a ghetto superstar
Let me lift you when you've fallen
Let me build your self esteem
Let me be your inspiration
Cuz to me you're all those things
Hold your head up
You're a king
Never give up
I'm your queen
I support all of your dreams
No matter how bad things may seem
You'll always rise, cuz you're the cream
God is every man of blackness
Don't forget where you come from
You fashioned the pyramids with your mind
Chronicled the movements of the sun
You wrote the archives of our story
Before his-tory had even begun

You're the father of creation
Let me show you my adoration
Let me help you in your struggles
Cause together we are one

My Favorite Color is the Color Brown

Of all the colors in the artist's pallet
And all the shades of the rainbow that can be found
My favorite color is the color brown
Autumn sunsets, golden light and fertile ground
My favorite color is the color brown
Cream-filled éclairs and strawberries that are chocolate covered
The object of my affections
My Hershey sweet lover
Quiet moments of reflection and romantic interludes
Cocoa flavored kisses and the sugary things you do
Your silky smooth complexion
And the way you put it down
Without a doubt, my favorite color is the color brown
Cinnamon, sienna, taupe and mahogany
Auburn, bronze, copper and French vanilla coffee
All collide in a delicious swirl
When ginger-hued boy, meets caramel coated girl
Warmth and compassion
The stickiness of truth
I like brown best
Cuz it reminds me of you
Shades of your amazing touch
The creamy mocha of passionate sound
My favorite color is the color brown
Of all 31 flavors, I'll tell you what I've found
Hands down-
My favorite color is the color brown

For the Babies

Listen child- hold up your head
Do just like the Bible says
Don't place your feet where the wicked tread
Be thankful for your daily bread
Don't do what evil people do
Trust the Lord
He'll see you through
Listen close to what I say
Sleep while it's night and work while it's day
Life is hard, child- but so is death
Do all you can and give it your best
For when the great reward is come
You'll hear Sweet Jesus say "Well Done".

For the Love of Self

Power

The ultimate aphrodisiac
My power's in the way I'm stacked
Femininity is stronger than steel
Breakin' brotha's wills
With sex appeal
But the fact that I'm a fly female
Doesn't mean my power is for sale
I give and I demand respect
My power's in my intellect
Never underestimate
The lineage that makes me great
Nefertiti's child
Cleopatra's daughter
My tears bless the earth
Like holy water
Goddess of fertility
The world exists
Because of me
The embodiment of royalty
My power is
Because I be.

Whatever Happened to the Softer Side of the Female?

I used to be afraid to lift my voice, and I walked with my gaze to the ground
Because there was a time, when lifting my voice, or my eyes
Meant rape, or death- or both
So I lowered my head, and spoke softly, although the reward for such meekness was
Often rape, or death- or both
And then the time came, when I was afraid to defend myself, because if I did, my
children would starve- a time when I dared not say- If you put your hands on me again
The penalty will be severe- because I had little girls that needed protection, and little boys
that needed growing into men
And, such as he was, I needed him to help me
But then things changed.
I threw away that pressin' comb- traded in the dress and those high heels and those God
awful stockings- pulled out my dashiki
And raised my fist
Because, after all, Black is Power, and since I had seen and felt so much blackness
That my soul had become dark- I was more powerful then ever before
I took that bra off, and marched alongside females who thought they were better than me
Because of the color of my skin, but who accepted my help
Because there is strength in numbers
We rebelled against the men, while I, in solitude, rebelled against the man
And since my children were starving anyway, and since my boys had to become men on
their own anyway- the weight of responsibility became so heavy on my back- that
My words became hard
My touch became hard
My prized walk, lost its seductive gait
And became hard
Until I awoke one morning, and all of the softness was gone
And so was my man.
Because his hardness, and my hardness could not co-exist
And he no longer had a soft place
To lay his head

Etre (To Be)

The me I really am
Is not the me I've always been
If I loop back around and
Retrace my steps
Will I find myself again?
Tell me how did I get lost?
Or was I ever really found?
Where is the me I was?
Is that somebody still around?
I'm in between
As far as I can tell
The me I don't know at all
And the me I thought I knew so well
The more I learn about the real me
The less I know about the me
I used to be
The closer I get to discovery
The harder it is to recognize
The person I see
Is there really a difference
Between the me I are, is and was?
I'm beginning to think not
By way of explaining it's because
The common thread
That binds the three
Is the ability
Just etre
To Be

A Woman's Soul

The sincerity of my smile
The softness of my lips
The rhythm of my step
The sway of my hips
The grace of my stride
The purpose in my walk
The melody of song
In the way that I talk
All the mysteries of a woman
Are the things that make me- me
My unique perspective
My individuality
No one can ever take away
The things that make me whole
I possess God's most amazing gift
The gift of a woman's soul

Black Women Don't Swim

Swimming pool? The hell you say!
I just paid damn near a hundred dollars
To have this hair clipped and flipped
Fried and died
Laid to the side
And besides-
I don't do water
Treadmill? The hell you say!
I got Lil' Keke, Larhonda
Big Mike, Lil' Mike, Man-Man and Tawanna
I gotta drop off, pick up, chaperone, volunteer
Always movin' cuz I got shit to do
And besides
I don't do sweat
Tofu? The hell you say!
I like my food wrapped in bacon, smothered in
Grandmama's gravy, coated, glazed, dipped
Sodium-filled, sugary sweet and
Fried! Fried! Fried!
And besides
I don't do soy
Live? The hell you say!
Too busy tryna survive to live
I got things to do, places to go, people to see
I'll rest when I die
And besides
I don't do
me

For the Love of You

Intimacy

Caress my eyelids with soft whispers
As you gently touch my face
Seduce me with your intellect
Let your thoughts be your embrace
Tease me endlessly with promises
Of the future that we'll share
Arouse my desire to know you
While your orations stroke my hair
Touch my soul with you intentions
Make me shiver with your dreams
Tell me all the ways I move you
As we do forbidden things
Penetrate me with your integrity
Set the rhythm with your plans
Give me fever with revelations
As you create fire with your hands
Build to climax with your honesty
Then, please bathe me in your light
Soothe me with your inner voice as we commune
Throughout the night
Make me love you for forever
Put it on me with the truth
Move me with your aspirations
Until I'm sprung on thoughts of you
Satisfy me with your knowledge
And when our interlude's complete
Wrap your essence all around me
As we both drift off to sleep

If/Then

If me looking at you is the same thing
As me telling you I love you
You must be infinitely exhausted
From hearing the same thing
Echoed over and over
If my casually placing my hand on your arm
Communicates how deep my feelings are
You must be drowning
In an ocean of my adoration
If my soft kisses on your neck
Are music to your ears and food for your soul
You must be eternally confined- trapped in an endless loop
Where the senses feast and the rhythm is life
I'm your Bonita Applebum
And hip-hip lives on
If caring for you is revolutionary
Then I must be rocking fierce afro-puffs
Platforms, black bell-bottoms and a multi-colored dashiki
Fist raised, chants of "Black Power!" shouted from my lips
Geronimo Pratt is my father, Assata Shakur my mother
If I could tell you how you make me feel
Then words would have expound
Making speech unnecessary
And my intentions clear
If I could love you without fear
Would you let me?

Love is a Four-letter Word

Since when did saying "I love you"
Become synonymous with a curse?
I'm not quite sure
Which is worse
To feel it so deeply and have to hide it
To say it with my kisses and then turn around
And deny it
To lie with the same lips
That just brushed across your fingertips
My dilemma is this:
I love you too much not to tell you
But I like you too much to let it be heard
Because love is a four-letter word
When you look at my facial expression
And ask what's on my mind
I have to look away
Because my eyes might betray
What I'm too fond of you to say
So we continue to play
This game
Because saying I love you is like
Calling you outta your name
And when you want to know
What it is I've been thinking about
I have to say it's nothing
Cuz saying I love you is like
Cussing you out
Once the words leave my mouth
I can never take them back
To think them gives them life
But to utter them
Makes them fact
Which equates to a verbal attack
Nevertheless-
The definition of love
Is to surrender control
To freely expose the very essence
Of your soul
And so-
At the risk of offending you
In the very worst way

I ask you to forgive me
For being confrontational enough to say
I love you

My Love Is

My love is
As complex as algebraic equations
And mathematical theorems
Chemical formulations and medical serums
As simple as the need to have you around
To see your angelic face and hear the melodic sound
Of your voice
Just the way you say my name
My love is
Difficult to explain
Extraordinary pleasure mixed with pain
My love is
Past, present and future tense
Love in the political sense
Love of a people, love of self
Exploration of the soul and material wealth
My love is
Sometimes underestimated and abused
Taken for granted
Thrown away and misused
But don't get it twisted or confused
My love is
Strong
Fierce like a panther on the attack
As deep as the color black
Addictive like crack cuz
Once I let you hit it
I guarantee you'll come back
My love is
Like candy
Colorful, sticky and sweet, satisfying and complete
Good enough to eat
Powerful enough
To make advancing armies retreat
My love is
As ancient as Nubian civilizations
Soothing as the ocean
Relaxing as Caribbean vacations
The origin of every emotion
Intoxicating as a witch's brew
The mystery solving final clue

Sometimes moody
Like the color blue
But then, now and always
My love is
Just for you.

As Far As

As far as
The East is from the West
The end from the beginning
Zero to infinity
The measure of you and me
As vast as
The Earth in all her fullness
The universe from end to end
An unbroken circle of commitment
Like a priceless band
Placed on the fourth finger of the left hand
As deep as
The philosophies
Of Socrates
The Mississippi after a summer of relentless rain
The blackest depths of the ocean
Likewise
The bottomless well of my devotion
How far can our love go?
Imagination is the only limitation
Fear the only enemy
I and you being the equivalent of you and me
Divided by the ability to love freely
The sum total equals we
Faith, hope and charity
Have we not
The greatest of these three?
The possibilities of what we
Together can achieve
Go far beyond
What the mind can conceive
All things are possible
To them that believe

You Are

You are

Those enchanted hours between sunset and dawn

The distance between sanity and madness

Every second of every minute of every hour of every day

The difference between happiness and sadness

You are

Every letter in the alphabet

Every word in the dictionary

The resurrection of forgotten languages

The definition of poetry

You are

Golden sunshine- the source of my pleasure

Ebony storm clouds- the cause of my pain

The raging cyclone that stirs my emotions

The gentle breeze that whispers my name

You are

In each thought that crosses my mind

The obsession that consumes all of my time

The addiction that demands satisfaction

The compulsion that drives me to distraction

You are

The past that I turn away from

The future for which I long

But in reality

You're lost to me

What you are actually

Is gone.