

Title of book

3/19/14

Open up your heart.

Poetry book.

my poetry is the reflection of our daily struggles.

My current address.

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Home Address

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Even Though

Even though I welcome my dark side, that does not mean I'm evil, does not mean I cannot find life lovely, or beautiful, and does not mean I'm stubborn or blind.

Even though I cherish my mom, does it make me a "Momma's boy?" It doesn't mean I'm a sissy or a scary person; it just shows I'm loved.

Even though I might act crazy or uncaring it doesn't mean I don't know how to cry, to love, be passionate, or be sentimental, and love my woman unconditional. It doesn't mean I don't mind spending time in deep meditation to the sound of the ocean playing through my speakers. It doesn't mean I'll need a prescription for medication. If you don't know me, then don't judge me.

Even though I'll always be myself; not someone you expect me to be.

Even Though

#1, Bobby E. Brown

My little Sparrow

For a young Sparrow her song she sang was full of sorrow. She sang so softly high and low with passion flowing out of her delicate body, affecting those within hearing distance leaving them deeply moved.

The young Sparrow stretch her head up and thrust her wings back, allowing her little voice to flow with soothing harmony, that'll cause you to visualize about suffering in this world, and how to heal the pain, to wipe the tears away from the heartbroken, to feed the hungry children, to eradicate diseases that leave those hopeless, and full of inner pain.

Open your heart to the beautiful chirps. Close your eyes and become lost as tears flow down your face. What the Sparrow sang was not just the world sorrow but, the sorrow she saw on your face from seeing you every day from her nest. She cried for you, allowed tears to flow down her lovely brown face, because in her little-big heart, she understood sorrow too.

Every body has a Sparrow, you just have to listen.

#2. Bobby E. Brown

My Life

My eyes are open, but what do I witness? Ears that plead to hear. Lips that move in slow motion; words unspoken. I am he, who's locked in a world not of my own.

Searching for words not yet known to me; a verbal ghost. No sense to understand why, but unable to. A ~~hand~~ hand reaches out to me, afraid to connect, separated by forces of life and death.

Motions made, noises heard, how could I express? The anger, The need, The frustration. Who am I? Once again pushed, pulled, shuffled through this life of bad deeds, and sins.

Searching for words not yet known to me; noises heard, sounds altered, confusion, chaos, condemnation. What does it all mean?

My eyes which are open, but cannot see; My ears that plead to hear are deaf; Lips that move, yet words unspoken; promises made, but broken. Fragmented pieces of life, which turns to cheap tokens

Make Me whole

Crazy, loc-out, ?insane;

furious, like a tiger on the prowl with no prey.

A Gangsta Street Soldier, wounded by oppression and corrupted by the cruel life of the streets. I will never receive my purple heart for the battle that rises from the depths of my heart.

Crazy, loc-out, insane;

A Man who refuses to lose, yet, here I am: an angry man, not like a two time loser, addicted to drugs. I'm not close to weird, I don't care about grudge matches, nor do I sign in the Shower.

If you wrong me, you'll face eradication, surely. yes, I'm capable to cut glassy stares with sharper ones.

Crazy, loc-out, ?insane;

you can try to pray for rain, but could you stop the reign of my fury when everything is in motion?

I'm praying on one knee, asking God to make me whole.

Missive

You scream to me that you love me but in your heart, you know you hate me. Why front? you're telling me so many stories yet I still love you.

On so many fingers, I can count your wrongs; even though you turn your back against me asking, "Baby I made a mistake, could you forgive me?"

In my heart I was a fool, but I was overruled by my love for you.

Here I am singing this sad love song with my pen. Using it to express my pain and anger. Telling myself over and over that when I finish this, it'll be my missive, telling you I was some thing better than what you could discard, and forget.

You made your bed, and now you have to lay down in it. You lost a special man. As people would say, "what goes around comes around."

Sorry, at this moment, I'm at the end of my missive...

#5. Bobby E. Brown

You're Someone Special

"My dearly beloved," "My beauty," "My Angel," "My Queen" are the compliments that I bestow upon her with a smile on my face.

Damn, don't you know you cast a spell on me everytime you smile that gorgeous smile?

My Sweet love, your love hits me as if the moon fell on me from the sky. I can your love "sky fall."

Time is passing away. Don't want to miss a moment to say, "you're someone special," and chances are always forgotten."

I'm truly pleased to have met a gorgeous woman who's heart is gracious, kind, and genuine. You're someone special, but for other's you're consider a blessing.

My special lady, you knew from the start that you cast a spell on me. Please stay delicate like a rose, and may the blessing of love watch over you always because;
You're Someone Special.

I Sit alone, and Think

I sit alone, and Think of you, hoping you can hear me.
If I close my eyes momentarily, it's you I see clearly, as
I drift to sleep. Where everything is dark, I can feel you
here besides me, tugging at my heart giving me light!

<I Sit alone, and Think>

Anxiously I wait to hear a precious word; something to
let me know you feel me as much, as I feel you. I take
the blame, and apologize for my mistakes; it causes your
nights to be lonely. I've forsaken you, as these new moments
give me time to love your mind and to put you first.

<I Sit alone, and Think>

Allow me to take away your pain and wipe away your tears
before they stain your pillow. There's no cure for what I feel.
It's the pain inside of me for leaving you alone. It hurts
because I'm not there. That ails me. Modern medicine
has failed me. I know this is alot to take in, but I mean
each word sincerely, hoping you care, and feel my
passion, which runs deep for you.

<I Sit alone, and Think>

#7. Bobby E. Brown

I ask of you

When you look into my eyes, do you like what you see?

When I tell you I'll always give you that honest smile, because I'm feeling you, does your heart skip a beat, or do you get butterflies in your stomach?

If I tell you you're gorgeous, would you ask me to say more caressing words to you? Do you long for me, as if I was next to you?

When I tell you that I visualize kissing your body from head to toe, do you sit back, and close your eyes, and fantasize about my lips kissing every part of your body?

Until I can touch, kiss, and whisper your name softly in your ear.

I ask of you do you long for me?

If we could talk

Death is the saddest of all sad songs that came, and embraced me with its music. If I could have prepared myself for that moment, my heart would've not stop, but it did as I mourn for you.

As I look up at the sky, and imagine your face in the clouds, and ask for one wish; That I could hear your voice, and wonder would it be enough to stop shedding tears? You left your love in my heart, as if it was your name.

Before I loose track, your love was mighty, swift, and strong, but solid. You're my shield, my life raft to carry me through uncharted rivers of pain - I'll forever miss and love you.

Still, every night I talk to you, tell you about my problems, and at the end, I say, "I love you" Even though there's no response, a calm and peaceful feeling always settles over me, making my heart jump with warm feelings. As your love floats down from pulsating stars, telling me to go on, and it's okay. I see your face now amongs the stars. I am at peace - Thank you for talking to me

Longing for you

Sensationally wrong, unfair, loving, and awkward, but with uncanny ways, delicate, with many unpronounced ways, with unrecognized power, you're a beauty of longing.

Glossy pink lips, slim waist, curvy hips, ample bottom that'll have you mesmerized beyond all beliefs.

Erotic smile, tantalizing brown eyes, just one look, and you'll be hypnotized. long, wavy hair so luscious that shapes your beautiful face.

Who are you? mind and body no longer loyal to me dislodged from one another. My beauty, what have you done to me? Once again, lost in your fragrance called love. Holding you close to me, sniffing away, as your love embraces me. I need you.

Keen to your affection, as I only want more, and that's not enough to smother out the flames, "I'm only longing for you."

Just Believe

Just imaging being with you makes me smile. My dreams are filled with you, you are that one-of-a-kind star that I wish upon.

I am wondering could this be true, as I listen to my pen speak on what I feel; for it's my voice resonating telling you to let go of your disbeliefs, and to just understand that I am the one for you. Only one thing I ask of you, and that is: to believe, and believe in me.

In life, you got to let go of the doubts, because it'll only disable you to love, and that'll be your downfall. As I remove the disabling doubts that true love exists, my body is now in harmony to be that voice of love.

Looking into your yearning eyes is like looking into Heaven. Not a day shall pass that I'll not miss the enjoyment of your beauty. Today, I'm just witnessing this moment. Change is going to come if you, Just Believe.

#11. Bobby E. Brown

My Woman's Character

My love, yes, you are the one to whom I owe the rest of my days. I could only smile because you deserve all the praises.

You saw good qualities in me, when I felt incomplete and lost; you forgave my faults, and told me, "As humans we make mistakes." My love, your tears cleansed my heart and soul.

You are the one who changed the way I think with different beliefs but, at the same time, delivered the sun rays into my world when my life was dark.

You are my friend, my companion, my lover, the air from which I breathe. You were the only one who kept me afloat when I was sinking.

You brought me joy and happiness, as my pain along with sorrow was put to demise.

A Mother's love

A Mother's love is endless and righteous

A Mother's love is that prayer for her child's safety

A Mother's love allows her heart to feel glee when she sees her child

Your love is unconditional, while in your womb I heard your soothing voice, and fell in love with you. You told me my name, and read stories to me. I was kept safe and our connection would never be broken.

Even though a Mother's love is different from person to person, one thing a Mother's love has in common is that joy of carrying life in her womb.

Mom, our love is vast. Like the ocean, it'll never run dry.

A Mother's love is eternal, and nothing, not even death, could take away that bond.

You do So much for me.

You do so much for me with the stroke of your paint brush, creating the fabric of life.

you created the sky and allow the sun to shine, taking away the dark clouds, so my days will be brighter. Your designs are breath taking.

Everyday, I wish to hear your voice because it guides me. feeling the sun rays strengthens me. Your harmony is my motivation. It solidifies me.

As I watch you draw, you capture me, causing me to lose myself in your artistic designs. Your teaching is enlightenment to my dark soul. Your designs are inspiring, but you're more of a blessing, teaching me to escape the imprisonment that entraps me physically.

With a stroke of a paint brush, or my pencil, my story is being told.

You do so much for me.

With you

I'm hoping, and desiring to see you, touch you, just to get the chance to see what it do. You are a perfect match none could compare, and I cannot wait to spend time with you; your sexy smile drives me wild.

So many nights I would wake up late, because when I dream, I dream of you; your sexy smile is inviting, your lovely eyes are inspiring and when your hair falls across your face it's mesmerizing.

Being next to you is so easy, because I respect you, and I know you respect me. I must admit; I've seriously been wondering what it would be like if I gave my heart to you, would you accept it unconditionally?

You had me up so many nights. When I dream, I dream of you. Your sexy smile is inviting, your lovely eyes are inspiring and when your hair falls across your face it's mesmerizing, because you drive me wild.

"When I think about us, I think of being with you."

AT Last

I feel as though I have someone, or something greater than good deeds and sin.

Someone of whom I can walk with, and deeply understand. I feel as though I've found that fortune in developing a lady friend, and much more.

In this place where it's as cold as winter ice, and as fast as a raging river, I can strengthen my consciousness with warm conversation and true compassion.

AT Last.

To be thought about is an open chapter; a stepping stone, as this new journey of life unfolds.

Having the ability to learn with someone special. And, to have the opportunity to unite is phenomenal. I'm willing to go through hell, and let my guards down, just to see you smile.

AT Last.

I'll do my best to give you heavenly things, that'll be for you only. I feel it's my duty to capture your heart, and let it shine like diamonds in the sun they'll sparkle with lovely rays.

At Last.

#16. Bobby E. Brown

Dear ladies, you're a blessin'.

Allow me to express something to you. Maybe you'll understand more about us men. We may demean and be mean, but we don't mean half the stuff we express in harsh tones.

We appreciate the love, devotion and the special attention you give us. When we yell and pound on our chest, it's because we're at a loss of words to tell you, "you are our world." We'll ride and die and allow blood to be spilled, because we're soldiers; we are alone in these streets that got us stressin'. But, your beauty and essence alone are the voices which guide us home. We may be pulled and shuffled in this fast life, but thank you for your prayer and blessings.

We owe our lives ten times over to you. You're my Bonnie and I'm your Clyde, we'll ride and die till the end of time. But know this, as time expires, you'll see how much you mean to us. When I'm home in your embrace, and lay my head on your lovely thighs my swagger is at ease. Never could I leave you hurt or guessing wrong thoughts. When I clasp my hands in prayer, and a tear rolls down my face, my prayer is for forgiveness and thankfulness, because without you, there wouldn't be me.

Dear ladies, you're a blessin'.

Do you Struggle like me?

You See - I Struggle against my self and all who Oppose me. If I could only blow away, like a leaf caught in the wind, and travel carelessly along my lonely path in this life, where it's lonely, with no care in the world.

Does evil reside in my corrupt heart? yes. But, you See, I try to love, and have true feelings. So Many people rise against and tempts me. Only for me to acknowledge the murderous side of my personality which I try to conceal.

People tend to love and respect me. Is it because they fear me, let alone not wishing for us to be enemies?

Just a Single mortal person asking for love, and to be loved back. People today say outrageous things, only to say it was done out of anger, with no feelings to back it up.

I could respect you, love you, despise you, condemn you, yet not actually love you.

Do you Struggle like me?

#18. Bobby E. Brown

Before I Go.

Would you be upset if I told you that your beautiful or, that I simply admire you and that I'm amazed by you?

Do you find it strange that I ask you if I could be a part of your life?

Would you find it weird if I asked you if we could share an unconscious conversation?

"Before I Go."

Just one look into your gorgeous eyes, would suspend me forever in an infinity of unknown love and time just to be with you.

Would you walk the sandy shore with me? would you smile and share a special sunset, knowing that tomorrow isn't promising?

Forgive me for leaving you, this world is beautiful. But looking at you, your beauty is forever set in eternity. The tracks of your tears alone, money couldn't buy. You're one-of-a-kind. Before I leave I promise, I'll always choose you first.

"Before I Go."

#19. Bobby E. Brown

An Angel who Showed me Love.

This Angel visit me in the middle of the night. She was such a beautiful sight.

She said she was my guardian from above. In her heart she's seen true love. Don't run from what you feel, even though it might not seem real. It's only what's on the inside that matters.

What she said felt true, as we walk and talk about you. I ask her, "What does it all mean?" She said she knows exactly what I desire, and quickly removed my imprint of love from my lips and formed it into a tiny kiss with a promise to place it upon your lips.

As she held my kiss upon her delicate fingertips, as I bear witness, I could only hold my breath in hopes that my kiss won't fly away.

Don't be alarmed if you wake up in the twilight hours of the night, and there's nothing there, no one in sight, as you close your eyes and replay what you felt. It was only my Angel softly touching your lips where she applied my kiss with her fingertips.

Reflections of your self

Who's that person in the mirror? Never before have I seen him. He's smiling back at me. Mocking me. Is he real?

As a river ripples from the touch of a persons fingertips, the reflection is real. Why are your eyes so sad, yet your smile upon your face tells a different story? "Who are you?"

The gates to the dam open, as tears flow slowly down the mans face in the mirror, consciously I became aware of moisture caressing my face. As everything stood still and my world became transparent to another world and noticed billions of sad eyes staring back at me in the mirror.

Love Shows, Love grows, Love flows, and love is gone; one day, tears wouldn't flow any more.

Look closely and you'll understand and see that all reflections are a reflection of you.

Precious Love

Last in thoughts, admiring you for who you are.
As I move forth, placing you on the highest pedestal in the
twilight where the world can see your beauty, which
illuminates the Heavens.

Your precious beauty alone overtakes all who look at
you. Question; Could you love me for a little while? Could you
judge me not for being a mortal man who desires your
love?

From within the depth of your tender heart, could
you allow my essence to reside deeply within the
Chambers of your heart?

Question; Could you be my precious Love?

My Thoughts of her

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. And I've grown more selective, now that I'm older. Beauty is not just physical appearance: it's many things, including inner love.

In my eyes, you're the most beautiful thing on the planet. I am aware you were born, but I wonder if you landed. Just from our conversation, I'm in a state of passion. You're a complete package; right down to the fashions.

You have so many qualities that make you so stunning. If you were in a beauty contest, the competition would be running. It's mind blowing that my lady is Ms. Universe, and out of all the guys in the world, I'm her first.

It's clear to me that you're a gift from God, like he said, "be," and pointed his rod and staff here we are: a match made in heaven, and for kids I wish for seven, but hope you could handle eleven. Words are too small to express how I feel. I can only pray to God you understand that my love is for real.

My wish

I wish I could take your breath away, and see you smile with happiness.

I wish to be the sunshine that reflects goodwill.

I wish to allow your pain to be my pain, as long as you could keep my love, and love me for who I am.

In life we all make mistakes, and stumble. Many times we fall, but love, and friendship would pick us back up again, only to restore us.

I wish to be your number one wish, your dream, and your fantasy.

If I can wish for one thing only, I'll wish to love you.

I Am Called Black

Upfront my nationality is describe as black in which suits me best. I am different by far and wide. My mood is the reflection to a unique personality. Black is a color that some like, but distrust.

Black is beautiful, it's incomparable and flawless. Black is not soiled, dirty, wicked, or dismal. Something the American dictionary describes. We just have too much pride, and swagger. Black is power. Together we move like hurricanes. Close your eyes, and what do you see? yes, black is everywhere. We're nonchalant, and carefree at times, so what, it's our prerogative. Nothing could ever surpass this color of beauty.

Black is argulous, cultural, lovable, ingenious and joyful. Black is liberated. We're freedom fighters. Black would always be my color til' death. We are outspoken, determine, outgoing, calm and collective. Unlike the colors of a rainbow, we don't brighten up any rooms. We bring a coolness. A swagger none can copy or perform.

We're courageous, strong, intelligent, and phenomenal unlike no other, that was pass down from ancient Cush. Our state of mind is beyond comprehension. You'll never no our views. We stand alone, like the body of an ocean, or the dark vastness of space. Despite different shades of black, we'll always mix with all people of color, and still be called black. I am black, I am black by far and wide. I am who I am; A black King, beautiful and strong inside, and out. #25. Bobby E. Brown

The Monster inside

part #1.

when you finally close your eyes to rest and realize this; I see the world through these evil eyes. I cry, because I realize - I'm the monster people speak of. That's no lie.

I use to think that it was individuals close to me, sittin' next to me: was it you? no, it was me.

The one's I was kickin' it with, while sippin' on that Henny tellin' war stories. Listening to so call friends, telling me who my enemy was.

Trying again, I failed. I open my evil eyes and notice, I am the monster, the one, the mirror reflects. Who can tell me about me? no one.

My journey is on a red brick path of self destruction. Headed to a journey called death.

I see everything I touch does not turn to gold and everything I love gets burned. Now due to fate the hell hounds chase me away from Heavens gates.

I'm the monster that people hate. I created an image that projected self destruction. I'm my own worst enemy. Glancing into a mirror I only see

#26. Bobby E. Brown

The monster inside

Part #2.

a legion of demons staring back at me. I'll never blink. If to do so, you lose your soul. Walk a mile in my shoes. I don't hate you, I just hate me.

I would fight against the family positive words. They would say, everything gonna catch up to me. Do better, be better. Still, the monster inside of me lingers. Would never leave me be, hating me, making me my own worst enemy.

My mom would tell me, watch out for no good people. She was only referring to watch out for my self. Because I'm that monster that lurks around the corner, under your bed, in your closet, and in your head.

#27. Bobby E. Brown

My passion, My Touch

Your beauty radiates to all, and your strength is evident within you, as your love illuminates through the heavens.

Allow this deep passion, love, and lust be of us. From within your heart, I created a beat. When you feel the beat in your heart, it shows your true beauty because you are warm and pure.

Could our hearts beat as one? Could our essence be combined like the colors to a delicate flower?

Would you allow my passion and touch to excite you? Do you lose your breath when you see me, or from how I touch you? I dream daily of caressing your curves and tease your body.

Do you thirst for my love?

Do you yearn for my passion, My Touch?

My Spiritual Demise

Part #1.

My demise should be slow and memorable. Gently glide the blade with precision across the left side of my neck. Feeling the wound blossom as a flower would. As a waterfall my blood burst forward, raging as an angry current down my neck.

Far in the distance I hear drum beats beating loudly. Boom, Boom, Boom, clat, du Boom. The feel of my blood coursing and crashing my ears like violent waves slamming against a rocky cliff. My energy is quickly escaping away as my soul struggles.

No longer am I destined to be of this world. I wish for my demise as those wish for sleep. With blood in my eyes, I could no longer see the prize of my life that God granted to me.

I find it hard to shed a tear, difficult to look up at the sky in which I once adore. Why has mercy turned her back on me? no longer does her shield protect my soul, sunny days are no longer special. I believe death is easy, because life is hard.

#29. Bobby E. Brown

My Spiritual Demise

Part #2.

Believe me, losing someone it'll leave you physically, mentally, and emotionally scarred.

This drilling sensation vibrating all over my face as everything becomes slow, and hazy. As tears finally travel down my face, leaving behind a trail of unfinished stories, and the repulsiveness for those who isn't aware of their misdeeds. My sadness for the lost souls who haven't found their existence, and for me not being able to love those who could probably love me back.

Death is more universal than life, everyone dies, not everyone lives.

As my journey grows closer to an end, as roads reflection lined in chrome, give way to roads with greater bends, and empty signs that pretends they point the way home.

In this life we live only to return home as I'm thankful to be leaving this world that's not my home

#30. Bobby E. Brown