

About the Book

Can You Feel Me?

Even Death Can't Keep Me From You

I dreamt of you last night.
In my dreams you were holding me tight.
You ran to greet me at the Pearly Gates.
It felt so real almost like Fate.
If only we'd known you would be gone by August,
I would have conceived your child, made you a father.
The way you smiled at me reminded me of how much you cared And protected me.
Was it so long ago, you wanted to marry me?
There will never be another like you.
Why I ever left you, I must have been crazy.
I know you honestly loved me.
You told me every day.
I constantly think of you.
I pray to see you again someday.
I miss hearing you whisper sweet nothings to me.
Your generous words are songs to a melody.
I know where we went wrong.
Everybody was in our business.
They all had a piece of advice to give to us.
When they jumped in, all we did was fuss.
Those same people stopped offering advice.
All mouths shut whenever we had a fight.
They were all glad to know we were finished.
On to the next couple they moved, sticking their nose in Somebody else's business.
A valuable lesson I can pass on to all.
Keep the world out of your relationship.
They don't know what's going on.
They only know what you tell them.
Back to me and you, sometimes your temper scared me.
I was afraid you would stop loving me.
I was wrong.
Even after your death, I am still not free of you.
Your love has lasted beyond death.
I want to run back to you.
I want to stick our bodies together with Superglue.
But you left me here on earth and went home to Heaven.

I don't know when I will join you - could be in one week, a Couple of months, or even several years.

I'm sad you are no longer here.

On your obituary, there lives my dry tear.

Every other man I find myself with,

I compare him to you.

One of my male friends got mad at me?

He had the audacity to scream, "Don't compare me to no dead Man!"

If only he knew, I am your biggest fan.

Accepting you are gone is not easy.

I didn't need him to remind me.

If you are reading this poem or listening,

Reserve a space for me.

I will someday be with you.

I don't care if it is twenty years from now.

I will find you somehow.

In the afterlife, I will search for you.

My soul will never be at rest until I can be with you.

On bent knees moaning for you to make me your bride, in white Garments I will fly to the other side,

To an invisible chapel where wedding bells ring,

Husband and wife you and I will finally be.

My spirit will taunt keepers of the gate.

Nothing will prevent me from finding my soul mate.

Once I cross over and leave this flesh,

All else will be forgotten. In your arms I will rest.

I need to hear you say you want me.

Tell me you still need me.

Say it.

Send a sign in the wind.

Try harder to communicate with me.

You can do it, I know you can.

Why make me suffer this miserable life?

Visit me more often in my dreams.

It's not fair how you make me wait.

Talk to me.

Rub my cheek.

What I am saying surely makes no sense.

You left me too soon.

I love you.

It's like you're still here.

I'm having trouble dealing with this.

Before I close my eyes, give me one last kiss.

You're Watching the Clock

Forget life and all of its stress,
Always something to combat with.
Debates all the time – in the home – and on the job.
Overworked, underpaid, no one cares when you get
Sick.
All you do is make the boss rich.

Administrators step on your face,
Constantly saying things to make you click.
You're fed up and ready to respond.
You're very angry, so you purchase a stress ball.
You know what's best, so you don't resist.
You know they're in control, and they'll force you to Quit.

After leaving the job and working all day long,
Next it's off to the expressway, extra busy, way too Violent,
Stuck in the traffic with irritated drivers.
Cars everywhere, releasing nasty fumes, you drive on Pressed to get home.

Living from paycheck-to-paycheck, hardly paying the Bills.
No extra money for vacation,
Still wearing the same old clothes you purchased years Before,
Busting loose at the seams, but you have no other choice.

You recall to yourself how the years have all flown by,
In between your struggles, you've had lots of time to cry.
It seems your predicament has gotten worse every Minute.
Then to top it all off, you're stuck with bad credit.

Disgusted with life, on the verge of a fit.
The next person who tests you is sure to get hit.
Ready to explode.
You question it all.
Anxiously awaiting your income tax return,
The money will be used to pay for bounced checks.
You had to write them.
Your car needed gas.

Your kids need new shoes.
The car needs a new tire.
The house needs to be painted.
Your daughter set the kitchen on fire.
Your neighbors need to mind their own business.
They're beginning to get on your nerves.

They don't call the police when their son is selling drugs.
You're going in circles trying to make ends meet.
This is not how you hoped your life would be.

Nothing but problems shown everyday on the evening News.
You could care less about everyone else.
You have enough blues of your own.
If the people want a true story, they should focus on you.
You'd tell them about how hard you work and explain to Them how much butt
you kiss just to earn a measly buck.
You are at the point where you don't give a darn about What people say.
People will talk come what may.
When you're good no one gives you a compliment,
But when you're bad everyone passes out judgment.

Let's hear it for welfare recipients.
Some watch the Soaps all day and collect food stamps.
Some collect the money and go to school.
Some quit their jobs and travel the world.
You applaud them for having guts.
At least they're not like you, stuck in a rut.

Monday through Sunday you go to sleep early.
No movies, no dates, no dinner invitations.
Saturday morning you clean the house.
Saturday night you wash dirty clothes.
Sunday morning you worship with the Lord.
Your options are limited. You've tried to find a new job.
You're not very educated, so you can't do much.
Your only release comes when you sneak away to the Gym.
And then your cellular goes off. It's your complaining kids.

All of this drama clouds your mind.
You're strong, and you're firm, but your heart has grown Cold.
You want a different life with more opportunities for your Kids.
You're sick of living with the same conditions.
You don't know how much more you can take.
Your heart tells you to throw in the towel.
Yet your spirit says it will be okay.
Yes, you want to believe that small voice from inside,
But that small voice can't heal your hurt, and it sure can't Dry your eyes.
So where do you go from this moment and time?
This is still your life.
You must determine what's best for you.
If you want to get different results, stop doing what You're doing.
Try something new.

Do some exploring.
What harm can it cause?
Don't give up on life.
No need to be alarmed.
You're holding yourself back.
You are your worst enemy.
Stop nagging all the time.
Make your dream a reality.
You can do better.
Start improving today.
Set goals for yourself.
This is the only way.

When life tries to force you into the dumps, refuse to give in.
Keep on looking up.
Kick the junk off your path.
Never mind where it goes.
Keep on moving.
Strive to accomplish your goals.
Make plans for yourself.
When you see a problem, let it go.
You can't save the world, so start focusing on you.
If a dilemma arises and you are not to blame, give your Advice quickly then move on to better things.
During your travels on the rocky road of life, expect Troubled days and expect days filled with strife.
But one thing for certain, and two things for sure,
Once you've changed your way of thinking, then your life Will have more meaning.

This Can Be You

The three candidates love their men too hard. They all have different men but similar situations. Each of them is suffering from a broken heart.

Candidate number one ran with a trail of men. She wasted her younger years having sex and illegitimate kids. Later in life she decided it was time to finally settle down, but the man she chose makes her look like a clown. He embarrasses her in the presence of his family. He calls her bad names, even talks about her body. He pays the bills and takes care of her three kids. This isn't enough for her because he cheats just for thrills. Now her world has come tumbling down. She caught him in a hotel room in another woman's

arms. All he could say was, “You forced me to it. Never stop arguing. I’m sick of this mess.” She broke down for days, almost lost her mind. Hospitalized to combat the pain, sedated to stay sane. Her problems are still not over. He is cheating again.

Candidate number two was a wild thing from the start. Did everything she was big and bad enough to do, practically broke her mama’s heart. Ran away from home as a teenager, rebelled and stayed out all night. She constantly caused trouble in her home. The family was a wreck. She was worrying her poor parents to death. This overactive girl loved a good fight. One day she finally grew up and analyzed her life. She has three kids and four ex-husbands and a train-wreck of a life. Then Mr. Right supposedly walked through the door. He showered her with love and affection, placed her feet in the right direction. She loves him more than any other man she has ever met, but her love is not strong enough to let him lead her to death. See, he had a secret. He kept it from the world. His grief and selfishness sealed his lips shut. By rambling through his things, she found the truth. Her man has AIDS. What is she to do? This explains why he is always sad and blue. Back to the chopping board she goes once again. This time around she vows to be a Christian. Her AIDS test came back negative, which is all she can hope for. Lately, men don’t attract her. She now depends on the Lord.

Candidate number three was the finest girl in school. What the boys wouldn’t do to get in her jewels. She held her ground a couple of times. By her senior year in high school, her beauty made her vain. An older man came along, bought her big gifts and a ring. Eventually, she lost control and dropped out of school. She got married. She thought being a dropout was cool. The years proved to be treacherous as she saw herself hitting rock bottom. Her husband went to prison and left her with three children. On welfare she went to pay the bills. Shoplifting here and there. Prostituting on the sly, making money, and steadily getting high.

Then he came along. Sweet as sugar, enough to fill her cup, charming enough to make her blush. Moved in with his luggage, promised to stay forever. She had sworn to never have another child. After one year, she was down for the count. Nine months later, she had his kid. He ran off, left her behind. She couldn’t handle his deceit. She had a nervous breakdown. Today in a psychiatric ward she walks. Crazy to the core. Not sure which hand is left or which hand is right. Her kids are in a foster home. Growing up without a mom, facing life alone.

The moral of this poem is to stay on the right track. There is no peace within if you’re living solely for a man. First, you have to look to God. Wait on Him to find you a mate. He knows what is best for you. He knows what you need. When you take matters into your own hands, you will live to suffer the consequences. You may even start hating men. Study these three candidates. Where did they go wrong? Decide if you will be one of them. Be smart. Let God decide where you will go. Your road will be sweeter. Your path will be lighter. Your life will be better. Your heart won’t be heavy. Your mind won’t be destroyed. Your life won’t be exhausting. Satan has been working at treachery way too long. Even before you were born, Satan was recruiting a few good men. Satan will destroy you. He will work through your man. Trust God to bring you a mate.

Know that God can defeat Satan today. Stop being stubborn. Wipe the tears from your eyes. Believe that God is able. He created man. He can make a player faithful.

God can do all things if only you give Him the chance. You must become lesser for God to become greater. Remember God is a way Maker.