

# Anthology of KomfortKorner

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



## Dedication

*I dedicate this Ebook to all of the individuals in my life that gave me hope in times of doubt, courage  
in times of fear and love in my darkest moments.*

## Acknowledgement

To my mother, you are and will forever be my pillar

To my late sister Mya, your memory will live on as long as I am on this earth

To my late secondary mother Connie, your words of wisdom continue to help carry me

To my son Christopher and my daughter Caydence, mommy loves you more than any joy this life can bring

To my support system, I could never forget to thank you for hearing my thoughts and drying my tears... for being present during my lows and remaining constant in my highs, I love every single one of you.

## About the author

Born in Louisiana, bred from Texas and raised in Anchorage, Alaska - my story is far from short and especially far from over. I hope this short ebook provides an awakening in you as it did me while publishing these pieces.

## summary

Tides

Disconnect

To Have and to Hold

Untitled

Balance

Purpose, On purpose

Mixed Emotions Revised

Destiny

Chords Stricken

Where There's A Will There's a Way

## Tides

New flames come and gone  
Old flames come and gone  
The need for love is false  
Tides wash away the stillness of my soul  
Clutching my heart as I am swept back to reality  
My eyes stinging from the tightness of the wind  
Tides wash away the stillness of my soul  
My feet gripping the sand burning my soles like tiny needles  
Loud shrieks from the sky dwellers gracefully embracing the hugs from the sun  
Tides wash away the stillness of my soul  
I take one step then another one foot in front of the other  
Rocks brushing against me as a warning but I walk faster  
Water at my waist wind in my hair arms outstretched  
Tides wash away the stillness of my soul...

## Disconnect

Wanting to scream and cry out to the heavens  
Instead she embraces the trials that come  
Smiling on the outside  
Lonely on the inside  
She walks tall and loves hard  
Bringing the false intentions of those that surround her  
Many are called few are chosen  
The word burning a hole inside of her  
As she embraces her calling and takes each day with stride  
Never backing down from a challenge always ready for battle  
Wielding a sword of justice gripping an impetrative shield  
She protects her village at all costs  
Knowing one day that village will surround her without hesitation  
Now time for battle she stands alone  
The disconnect is clear  
She is left to conquer armies on her own  
Head held high chest puffed out  
God is my shepherd I shall not want  
Patiently waiting for her kingdom to be resurrected once again

## To Have and to Hold

Moving too fast left with nothing but the dust after it's settled  
Hurting and healing time and time again  
Only to make the same mistakes  
Overplaying my position in the lives of others  
Watching my friends and family start new chapters of bliss  
I yearn for the same success but wise enough not to envy their moment  
My moment will come  
Praying for a partner in this life that understands my complexities  
Looks past my faults  
Does not stay for personal gain  
I have the strength of one million people but am only one soul  
Anita referenced this sensation as a "rapture" but the sensation will eventually die  
The next spring will bring beautiful roses to bloom and pink skies of wonder  
What will it bring me?  
'Time will heal all'  
The only gift given to me by time are experiences of heartbreak and pain as I attempt to rebuild  
pieces of what should have been left in the past  
Trying to see the good in everyone only lowers my shades blocking out wisdom gained by  
repetitious flaws  
Insecurities swarm in my mind as the silence grows louder  
Conversations become nonexistent  
Heart becoming colder and years passing faster  
Simple things I have longed for in this life seem more and more difficult to grasp each instance a  
broken souls attach to me in the hopes to rob me of my virtue  
When will my time come?  
Tears falling each day as the veil is lifted revealing the love standing across from me is... no one.  
If you haven't met your love 'they're on the way' HA  
I have met my love she is me and we choose to love ourselves unconditionally  
The questions is when will unconditional love, love me?



## Untitled

I just want to be happy..

To laugh out loud and be truly happy.

It seems I give more than I will ever receive

Destined to live a life of sorrow and temporary pleasures

What is the meaning of life but what you make it

Always in last place cheering on everyone else

I'm slowly dying as I fade into the backgrounds of what's expected of me

Allowing myself to be dull in order for the next to shine

What am I besides loving and transparent..

A mother, a black woman, a daughter, a sister, an aunt..

A translucent being waiting to resolve earthly dilemmas so that I can finally pass to the other side

## Balance

Tip the scales and see for yourself which way they lean  
You seem to beg for the heart on my sleeve.. even though for you it bleeds  
On this side you weigh me down with negative connotations of everyday life  
On that side you weigh me down with hopes of delight  
I hold my poker face steady to see where love lies  
Khalid made sense of the emotions you falsify  
Fear ruling our fate as cars we seem to collide  
Inside you know what your heart wants outside you play shy  
Fast pacing we make it to a finish line of sorts but as the story goes  
Slow and steady wins the race  
Be my friend and then my lover so it can all make sense  
Give me your intellect  
Toss out the rest  
I want to see more than meets the eye  
Fill me with your words like a pitcher filling glasses  
I want to be so full that I forget the time passes  
When I have you where I want you and make you fall in love  
I'll have you falling to your knees as you're left to wonder what was  
Unmatched energy  
Disappointed  
Used and abused  
Real love will never leave you wondering or keep you confused

## Purpose, On purpose

Worthy and empowered is the woman embracing peace

Do you hear it?

Sands of time

Broken wings heal themselves as she basks in the waves of convalescence

Hear the breeze passing by giving soft kisses of understanding

Can you feel it?

The winds of change

Sprinting into the skies of adoration she hugs herself while breaking through each glass ceiling  
meant to knock her down

Will you hear it?

Now or never

Coming back down to earth

It's your turn to no longer stay silent

The greatest love of all is that which you give yourself

No more watching no more waiting no more hoping

Set free from worries of what's coming next

Finally, purpose.

Will you grow it?

## Mixed Emotions Revised

You see me  
You hear me  
You intrigue me  
You were here for a moment  
You're gone  
You love me  
You comfort me  
You awaken me  
You inspire me  
Time wasn't meant to be on our side  
We were meant to be separate  
In order to grow and heighten the senses  
It's always hard to let your love go  
Cannot waste time wondering wishing or hoping  
Be free and conquer all is what I pray for you  
If this love never returns the lesson was not learned in vein  
Done wanting another or the chance to love again  
It was always you...  
You touch me  
You know me  
You encourage me  
You understand me  
You were here and now you're gone  
I see that I was completely wrong  
Too late to turn back  
*"tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all..."*

## Destiny

Embracing the possibilities that were once far from my grasp. I have been dreaming, hoping and praying for these days to come fast. Freedom is never free. Sacrifices - blood sweat and tears - have brought to fruition dreams bigger than my fears. The day is here the time is now to regain my joy and straighten the crown. God has graced me with visions much bigger than the 5 foot 1 woman I am forever to be. No credit due to any man or woman no credit due to me. No team in sight no honest support behind me taking off so fast when you look up you won't find me. I would rather be successful in His grace and alone than confused with bad company around me.

Love yourself unapologetically.

## Chords Stricken

Woke is an understatement of my awareness  
Heightened senses bleed into the recesses of my my mind  
No sleep for the wicked was the most ingenious rhyme  
Stepping into the crowd trying to blend in hoping not to be seen  
The spotlight beams nearly blinding I duck and hide  
The masses point me out giving me up without a second thought  
I look down at my feet shifting and my palms sweating  
I didn't ask for these gifts and talents nor did I ever want to feel special  
I swallow my fears and push the doubts no scream no shouts  
I raise my right fist the people stare I raise it higher and match their glares  
I am a proud black woman hear.. me .. roar  
We will not be quiet anymore

## Where There's A Will There's a Way

Since the new year rang in I have been met with more pain and sorrow than I care to address so I guess I'll just write about it...

Pain radiating through my veins

The signals traveling throughout my central nervous systems traveling at speeds far beyond the normal limit

Each moment that I can finally catch my breath the other shoe drops

Here it is

The definition of a victim ", a person harmed, injured, or killed as a result of a crime, accident, or other event or action."

The definition I am given as a victim , " another angry black woman scorned."

Growing up in a society of consistent injustices young black girls are taught that pain and suffering are placed in our path to build us

But the reality is we are genetically built tough and are scorned for wearing our hurts and flaws on our sleeves being told " you know better," following with a seething "what is wrong with you!?"

As a mother, women are expected to travel around and around in seas of confusion left with the bearings of 'figuring it out'

As a *single* mother we are not only swirling those seas we are engulfed in it

Given validation from kept wives with children bred of the same or different fathers

Flashed looks of hatred from the fellow single mothers that can't stand your ability to make our struggles look easy

Inside all you wish for are other pure souls that see your efforts, daily battles and insecurities

Only to be met with friends, family and acquaintances waiting for the chance to catch you slipping so that this leverage can be executed oh so swiftly

You've succumbed turning the other cheek for so long that when you finally rise up to reclaim your strength and defend yourself the only response you are given is silence... A shrug.. the look away... Or the most infamous "oh I didn't know."

Most of us young black queens do not get the luxury of being victims because society and most notoriously our black men, black women and all together black community seem to think that the normality of a black queen shouldering the burdens of everyone around is the way of life we somehow chose for ourselves.

The heart breaking reality is.. it is *always* and I mean ALWAYS chosen for us.

Queens, of all races and creeds, will you stand? Will you fight? Will you speak up? Will you continue to tolerate? Will you be bold? Will you be proud? Will you demand respect?

Will you?