

Anthology of Edward Milfort



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

Dedication

These poems I write, express my feelings of the women in my life, past and present. It is to these women this book in which I will continue til nye and day are the same. There are few in which the names of the women exist to which they are not to make injuries to anyone's ego. These are more of a therapeutic form of reverence to which I'm able to release the emotions afforded to me by these women whom, again are not being judge, ridiculed and chastised in any manner.

One of such woman was my mother, Jacqueline Simone Milfort, who by any beautiful name shall be described as ,

|||The Living Angel. |||"

Acknowledgement

I would like to thank my writing professor at Keiser University in Jacksonville, FL who has believed in me since day one and has encouraged me to always write no matter what I wrote. My psychology professor also at the University, Dr. Jones who thought me to release your emotions in the form in which you best express yourself.

About the author

Born August 27th 1968 in Paut au Prince, Haiti, to an electrician apprentice and a school teacher, then Pierre-Edouard Sylla and my little brother migrated to Brooklyn, New York at the age of 2. Later when my parents became citizens of the United State my name was later slightly changed to Pierre Edward Sylla, an error afforded to me by the department of social security. I never cared for my first name so I dropped the Pierre and only went by Eddie. Later, after a huge falling out with my father I then changed my last name to my mother's maiden name.

Poetry was always a form of expression for me. When I was a teen I saw a book on my father's shelf and written on the side where the leaves met was my name, "Eddie". Green Thick book and I was immediately attracted to it and more so when I started to read the contents. It was a book filled with poetry some extremely long and others were short and not signed. I thought that to be a bit odd then but nonetheless it was good reading and the only thing that made sense to me after my mother past the year before my freshman year of high school. I kept writing but never publish not one in the many years of poor, dead end relationships I bottled up a lot inside and no longer did I write my feeling nor pick up another book of poetry. At 48 I decided to revisit this lost art of mine.

summary

DAWN

DAWN

To some, dawn is early and to others on time.
To me dawn is amazing. How she sparkles and
blends with her surroundings. With twinkles in her eyes
dances towards the morning sun.
How beautiful she looks as she dances and each curve and
blend sends me in awe as I watch her
raise her arms towards tomorrow and lets the sun
come in.

Edward Milfort