

Wildflower



Poems, Prose & Stories by

Monalisa



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Wildflower

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DEDICATION

Rest in eternal peace Ma, I got this.

.....

In loving memory of another wildflower, J.C.

POEMS, PROSE & STORIES

INTRODUCTION *v*

I. GROWIN' WILD

Wildflower (*a collaborative piece with AmiriAmani Haki*) 8
Fighting 10
Wild Child 12
Trail of Tears 13
hYpNoTiC 14
Ghetto Angel 15
My Man & Money 16
Dreams...Too Many of 'Em 17
The Trust Game 18
Soulmates 19
Our Secret Meeting Place 20
Trumpet 21
Gemini-ish 22
My Peeping Tom 23
Conversations Between Lovers – Pt. 1 24
Music 25
Take A Sip 26
Untitled – No. 1 27

II. RAIN FALL DOWN

The Cleansing 30
A Brotha's Smile (*for Earl "DMX" Simmons*) 32
The Truth 34
Why U? 35
I Suppose 36
Conversations Between Lovers – Pt. 2 37
Lips 38
Tonight, I Cried 40
Bring The Storm 41
Peace 4 U and Me 42
Kinda Blue 43
My Wounds 44
Suicidal Thoughts (*contained*) 45
Church Folk 46
Breakdown – No. 7 47
Mother!@\$#&% 49

No One – Pt. 1 52
No One – Pt. 2 53
Wishful Thinking 54
In Season 56
A Painful Journey 57

III. THE ROOT

Teach Me Tonite 60
My 1st Love 65
Love Journey 66
If These Walls Could Talk 67
Untitled (4 Pac) 68
Strugglin (*poem & prose*) 69
Special 71
My Son (*for Eric, Assata, and Ameer*) 72
A Mother's Sorrow (*dedicated to the memory of Mamie Till
Mobley and all those mothers who have lost their babies to racist
murderers*) 74
There's A Time 2 Laugh...There's A Time 2 Cry (*a poem
inspired by Nikki, a poem for Nikki and a poem for us all*) 75
Second Thoughts 78
And The Oscar Goes To..... 79

IV. FERTILE GROUND

My Journey 84
Another Day 86
Take It Easy! 87
Feel Good 89
Funky Love 90
Passion 91
Dreams of U 92
A Pleasant Dream 93
I Could Die Lovin' U 94
Dance 96
For Me 97
My Childhood vs My Children's (*a reflection*) 98

I. GROWIN' WILD



I was once a rose
That had yet to fully bloom
My life's unfolding

~Haiku No. 1

WILDFLOWER

(a collaborative piece with AmiriAmani Haki)

[Monalisa]

I am a flower
that has not yet bloomed
Now this is my life
and it's starting to unfold

Seems I've had plenty of time
to take in the sunshine,
to grow from the rain,
to develop within fertile ground

Inside of me is a rare fragrance, sweet and captivating
Inside of my enclosures are colors and beauty that my outer beauty hints to

This nectar will produce honey that is healing to the world
But the world may never know
I may never come to realize

I fear someone may come along and cut my lifeline short
Or that no one dares nor cares to come close due to these thorns stickin' outta me
Or that I never fully bloom therefore I'm overlooked and eventually wither and die

My life is unfolding...

[AmiriAmani Haki]

...I seen her from a distance
Thorny, but distinctive in nature
Everyone walked by her
Trampled over her
Never noticing her beauty

From afar

I pushed through the crowds
To get to her
Before another step possibly destroyed her
I grabbed her
I admired her
Protected her
While others ridiculed me
I took her home
Gave her love
Replanted her in better soil
Watered her
Dreaming of her beauty
Patiently, I awaited her resurrection

One day I awakened
Noticing that she rose
Her color had bloomed
Her stem became strong
Her Horticulturalist became ill
No longer being able to take care of her
He died
She died
Good-bye Wildflower

It's

MUSIC

I'm makin' love to tonite

Not U

U stand before me,

Eyes wide and poppin'

Apparently, hot in the pants

But it's

MUSIC

I'm flirtin' with

See my hips sway?

That's for

MUSIC

No need to come much closer

Music and I need space to get our groove on

As only we know how to do it

I dance for

MUSIC

As if no one else is watchin'

And.....I.....Am.....Free

TAKE A SIP

Often times,
I prepare my love a nice meal

From sunup to sundown,
I am busy readyin' this meal
For my love

But oh no, not tonight!
You shall not even sip the nectar

"Well," I hear you say
"I'm not hungry anyhow"

But you shall be sooner or hopefully not too late for you

"Well," I hear you say
"I'll eat elsewhere"

Though you know nothin' compares to my soul food
And only I know exactly how you like it
It'll be salty when it should be sweet...

And for that
You definitely shall not eat tonight! Oh no!

"Don't play games" I hear you say

Well, I don't want to play games with you
But I refuse to be the only one gettin' played!

So tonight, instead of gettin' hot & bothered preparin' your meal...

I think I'll soak in bath water of sweet scents
And you will probably come along, stomach still a growlin' and wishin' to at least sip my
bath water

But oh no, you shall not eat tonight!
You shall not even take a sip!



THE CLEANSING

begins with me
the cleansing begins
alone in my sanctuary

it is my safe place
where i can peel off the facade and stand naked before me

i can smell the world
that must have crept through my clothing and penetrated my skin

so, i light the scented candle then another and another and i burn the stick of myrrh
just in case

and the cleansing begins

but there is still much more that needs to be done

i see the stains on my face where i cried, where mysterious lips left their mark

i see the blood on my hands and the shit on my feet, where i tread barefoot as if i
were free to do so

so, i run the water and prepare the solution

i turn on someone else's thoughts so that i can discard my own
sad, misled, confused, weary thoughts

and the melody saves me from myself
and the cleansing has begun
and i'm no longer ashamed nor disappointed
looking at myself sitting there with all.....sorts.....of.....potential

i am singing along now

thank God for music!
i'm being saved
i am saving myself

i inhale deeply now and feel the warmth of my breath

the warmth of life; that was once cold
i want to scrub so hard that i erase the filthy past
but i find that the stains remove easier when i take the care that i so wanted others to
take with me

and it feels good to be touched this way!
i am smiling now; the cleansing has surely begun

but i can't stay here forever; but i can stay awhile longer
so, i do

and the candles are still burning, though the myrrh has run out
but i'm no longer afraid and no longer need its protection

i feel safe here
i feel loved here

i'm almost looking forward to going back out and getting a little dirty again

just.....so.....i.....can.....come.....back

and i know the time has come
so, i release
and watch my pain go down the drain
followed by my fears and all the lies and all the confusion and all the disappointment
'til nothing is left but me

and i say a silent prayer for strength and protection when i grow weak
for knowledge and understanding when i am wrong or just don't know
for life and love and everything else to get me through
and i give thanks for my sanctuary
as i step back out
into the world