

Sunshine

Sunshine

Anthony L. Kelly

Momentum

Sunshine

Copyright © 2018 by Anthony L. Kelly. All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any way by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording or otherwise without the prior permission of the author except as provided by USA copyright law.

This book is a work of poetry. Names, descriptions, entities, and incidents included in the story are products of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, events, and entities is entirely coincidental

Published by Momentum

PO Box 725, Ridgville, South Carolina, 29472 USA

Momentum is committed to excellence in the publishing industry. The company reflects the philosophy established by the founder, based on Philippians 4:13, "*I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.*"

Book design copyright © 2018 by Momentum. All rights reserved.

*Cover design Artwork by Anthony L
Kelly*

Interior design by Anthony L. Kelly

Published in the United States of America

ISBN: 978-1726499125

Poetry
07.01.13

Contents

just a rose for a beautiful rose.	10
Connected to the World	11
Black Man’s Sorrow	12
Me Dhat	15
White Horse	16
Sweet heart,	17
Tiny Bubbles	19
Maybe	22
You ain't never been poor if—	Error! Bookmark not defined.
...Daddy just killed a man.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
..You're Beautiful..	Error! Bookmark not defined.
...Freedom Sings the Blues....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
...The calculated, cold, heartless bastard.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
not defined.	
Ego Trippin’ Out.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
...Warning.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
A New Season.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.

...Walk with a slave..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

What happened to the Puppy? **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

That night I cried..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Color of The Son **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Beauty **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

I Love You **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

“I am” Strong **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

...I just want to be free.... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

“I AM” **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Melody **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Am I only Cliché **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

***Are you there yet? *** ... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Pause **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Touch Down! **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Heavy **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Talkin’ Shhhh **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Use me Lord **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Heal Yourself **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Just a few simple words **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

People Unite **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

She's crying..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Untitled **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Just an Observation **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Awaken the Giant **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

How do I fend against something like this? . **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

In Spiritual Vases **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Extra Ordinary **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

she is **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

$C_{21}H_{23}NO_5$ **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Blue Drawers "Blues" **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Cry Baby **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

50/50..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Tender He is **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

To Hell **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

The Psychotic Bird **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

save us **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Sleepy Head..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Room for Love **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

*Change **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Action!..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Have a strong passion **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Sunshine..... **Error! Bookmark not defined.**

Anthony Kelly <akelly843@hotmail.com>

To

kmahlee [REDACTED] kdogg843@yahoo.com

09/23/05 at 6:28 AM

just a rose for a beautiful rose.
words can't express my love i suppose.
i can only hope through dorky things like this it shows.
just a musical note for she that gives hope.
for once upon a time my house was built on a slope.
but through love and strength, she *gave* me hope.
just a heart to represent what is true,
there could be no other to ever replace you.
just a little clock to represent our separation,
we must have patients to reach our destination.
just some tiny bubbles in a glass of beer,
thinking to myself, "DAMN I WISH SHE WAS HERE."
just msn messenger helping us get through,
the hardest ever task, both for me and you.
just a little gift, from me, to you,
it's just so happens to be wrapped in blue,
it represents the sky,
no limit for me and you.

Love you sweet heart. would have finished but
you just logged in.

P.S. I'll correct later.

Anthony Kelly <akelly843@hotmail.com>

To

KDOGG843@YAHOO.COM

12/14/05 at 10:02 AM

Connected to the World

Right now, the world is miserable, and I can feel your pain.

I see people crying on television, hooked on crack cocaine.

I'm not after your money, nor your legend and fame,
Hallowed be thy name...

I'm connected to the world, with an umbilical cord,
The Father is my God, and Jesus is my Lord.

My Tongue reflects my Heart,

And my Heart, reflects my Tongue.

Humble me Father...Humble me...

Anthony Kelly <akelly843@hotmail.com>

To

kdogg843@yahoo.com

01/12/06 at 1:12 PM

Black Man's Sorrow

(♪sing along♪)

Nobody can understand,

A black man's sorrow,

No white man in this land,

Can promise me tomorrow,

No,

Real man,

Can stand,

To see his wife burrow,

Sugar from someone else's hand...

Nobody can understand,

A black man's sorrow,

No man can stand,
To see his wife burrowed,
By another man...
Nobody can understand,
A Black man's sorrow,
No white man could stand the pain, that comes with
tomorrow,
But a black man can...

*It's as though I can still feel the pain my great great great
Grandfather felt all those years ago. Surely, he was a
slave.*

Some of them were prophets...

*My great Grandfather is gone now, never got to meet him.
All of the slaves are dead. The ones that brought you here,
they're gone too. Did they all slave, and then die in vain?
They never had the same opportunities as us. Reading was
even prohibited. Now we got Rappers/Prophets who can't
even read, but...never mind...never mind. (♫**Just sing
along**♫)*

Nobody can understand,

A Black man's sorrow,
Nobody can hold his hand, and promise him tomorrow,
But another Black man can...
It hurts, to see black men that I know,
They keep a mean mug,
Or some things on their mind—they just can't let go.
Our natural look is mean...
Probably cuz of all dem years used as machines.
Sometimes I find myself slumped over mentally.
Sometimes I sit and wonder why nobody's defending me.
The Black Man...

Anthony Kelly <akelly843@hotmail.com>

To

kdogg843@yahoo.com

01/19/06 at 8:16 AM

Me Dhat

Me no practice no genocide on me own brudder.

Me no ever disrespect me fadder nor mudder.

Me do love de whole world cuz "I and I" mean each
udder.

Me no never lay down wit a man for me lover.

Me done look to the stars, and to the stars me discover,

Dhat de way to the light is to take off de cover.

Anthony Kelly <akelly843@hotmail.com>

To

kmahlee [REDACTED]@com kdogg843@yahoo.com

03/01/06 at 5:37 AM

White Horse

White horse, white horse, running in the snow,
Picture a white stallion, with nowhere else to go.
He dances under a white moon, on a cold winter night,
He dances because the moon, shines so brilliantly bright.
White horse, white horse, trotting in the snow,
Picture his beautiful legs, moving so sleek and slow.
He moves to the beat of a drum, that he can only hear,
He moves at his own pace, as everyone stops to stare.
White horse, white horse, dancing in the snow,
Picture him with a partner, and together off they go,
They dance, they prance, they trot, they run,
They do all of this, because all of this is fun,
White horse, white horse, enjoy your beautiful mate,
His prayers were finally answered, she was his only fate.

Anthony Kelly <akelly843@hotmail.com>

To

kmahlee [REDACTED].com kdogg843@yahoo.com

03/09/06 at 9:13 AM

Sweet heart,

You truly are the love of my life. Just sitting here at the computer thinking about you, when the craziest thing happened. I pulled your hair out of my head. Not actually of course, but for some reason or another one of your old hairs managed to find its way up my back, and into *my* hair. Amazing ain't it? *I* thought it was anyway, but then again, I'm under the influence of—need I say more?

Get it! Need I say more.

Well Babe, once again, I'm sorry for not being at home when you called. Please believe me when I say, it wasn't a planned event. I hope you have a wonderful day, and tell Boobie I hope she feels better soon, and I can't wait to hug her and squeeze her. Tell the boys I said they better know how to use a reel-and-rod when I get back.

Again Dear, I love you and I'm not even trying to do the right thing anymore, it's happening naturally.

With my warm P!@#S%... I'm sorry... heart,

Forgive me.

Your Hubby, Anthony

Emily Kelly <kmahlee[REDACTED].com>

To

kdogg843@yahoo.com

03/11/06 at 4:46 PM

Tiny Bubbles

The color of beer

He's kind,

He's gentle,

And sometimes wise,

He could never be a person,

That I'd despise,

Until,

He takes,

That very first sip,

That's when the kind young man,

Begins to trip,

And stumble,

And fall,

Way down to the ground,
With liquor bottles and beer cans,
Found around.

It's nice,

To see,

That someone cares,

By reading this poem thus far,

Means *your* vision's not impaired.

He loves,

His family,

With all his heart,

The only thing he fears,

Is leaving them in the dark.

Somebody, please pray,

For this very young man,

By praying to his Father,

God is sure to give a hand.

Again,

For help,
I'll emphasize please,
All he ever wanted from his—
Was a squeeze.

...Epilogue....

This poem is not about me particularly. It's about all young men with plenty of potential, but somehow end up feeding their souls with bad spirits. I am not excluded however.

[kmahlee\[REDACTED\].com](mailto:kmahlee[REDACTED].com)>

To

akelly843@hotmail.com kdogg843@yahoo.com

03/12/06 at 9:58 PM

Maybe

To answer your question that is

When hot sand turns to glass, and cows chew on grass,

I see life through a clear green window...

When little boys turn to men, and little girls turn to sin,

I see rain, as more than a sprinkle...

Since time has passed, and my pockets have cash,

I see people giving the one-eyed winkle...

I often see too many things,

Like parents with diamond rings,

When their kids need proper dental...

They say, "it's no need to rush,

No one did it for us,"

As they go on their way to their rental...

When addicts use cash,

To buy their next dope stash,

I see the world in one *hell-of-a-fix*...

When drug dealers become squealers,
And abusers become losers.
I see karma pulling one of her tricks...
Life is a sensitive dove,
Swooping down from above,
We all should strive to see the best in her...
With no disrespect,
I'm not finished just yet,
But I'm not the judge, I'm just the messenger...
Now—do you concur?
Madam or Sir,
Karma is the title of this story...