

“The Poetry Book About M.E.: Mind Elevation” by Chanekka Pullens Excerpt

YOUR TUNE

Mountains form by a thousand years, and
sometimes smiles form by a thousand tears, and
bravery is formed by a thousand fears.

Yet, our cries are ignored by a thousand ears.

Sometimes it seems that the world is mean;
and I know you feel like a peasant, no queen.

But through these feelings, remember you have a purpose.

Remember you're worth it, even though you're not perfect.

Just keep on working on yourself.

You must continue to build, continue to live,
continue to move, and sometimes groove.

Because dancing frees the soul, to the tune only you
know. And before you know it, you'll be going, even if
you doubted that you could go.

MIND ELEVATION

I don't understand why I'm feeling stuck,
feet melted to the pavement.

Heat from my soul traveling through my body, blessed I'm not brain dead.

"Is this only on me solely?" Or "Is someone else to blame?"

I ask myself those question, and I only come up with my name.

So yea, I guess being stuck is on me, so it's on me to be free.

Even if I must bend down and claw at the melted debris on my feet.

Since I'm blessed with today, it's another chance to try.

Break free from self-doubt, their doubts and lies.

My mental state can't suffer, for the mind is a terrible thing to waste.

If you do lose your mind, you'll become an oppressed mindless
slave. So my mind I'll cherish, stay strong, and keep my head
raised.

Mind Elevation over mind deflation.

A mind that matters is over everything.

BLACK ROSE

Should I view it as a blessing or a curse,

To be the last rose picked not first.

The longer I stay, the longer I live.

The longer I thrive and heal.

Yet, the longer I stay and the roses around me are picked,
the longer I feel less beautiful, important, and real.

Time after time, season by season,
I remain attached to my roots, unaware of the reason.
Could it be thorns that pricks the pickers fingers, or the
scent of what's unappealing, around me that lingers.

Is a petal or two missing, or are my petals not as red?
Is my outside finally turning the color of my inside, for my inside feel dead.
As more time passed, and I am attached for another season, I finally realize
that my
petals are Black, and being
a Black Rose is the reason.

REVOLUTION GENESIS

Revolution starts in the mind, when the soul is exhausted.

Revolution begins to find the truth, when the truth has been lost in,
the web of lies, lies entangled through time. Revolution begins to
unveil the sight, because the sight has been blind.

For years, they showed that some lives matter, as long as the skin isn't black.
For years we've been killed by the same people that swore to protect.

Constitution neglects, laws enacted, to keep us where we're at.
In poverty and dependent on a system, with basically no blacks.
But what should we expect? Lives intended to pick and build.
Nothing can truly save us, except us.
We are our truest shield.
Only knowledge will build us, and only then will we pick one another.
Revolution starts in the mind to find the truth of the beautifully colored.

LOVE SURROUNDS

Love surrounds me so much that I know I'm loved.
Yet, lonely calls my name.
Not lonely as with nobody,
but lonely as my soul is alone.
My soul bare. Hidden tears.
Broken hearts. Deadly fears.
So, I sit silent. Hold in my lonely soul as for no one to know.
Because after all, love surrounds me.
And my love surrounds them.
So what love that heals, should be denied because of how I feel?
It can't.
I'm only the one that holds the peace together.
Although holding hurt in makes my mental shatter.

Broken down. Permanent frowns.

If only I could slip into the slipper of glass, and beautiful gown.

But, my life isn't a fairytale.

And I can't yell. And I can't scream.

But maybe, that's all I need.

But it's constant love surrounding,

So I smile because I'm the reminder.

That we won't be broken.

MI KENNY AMOR

When I walked in, my mother's skin, was as

cold as her soul. Frozen in, a time when his

words and presence was near.

In her dreams, she never dreamed of her biggest fear.

And me, well my soul almost slipped away.

Only moments after the bomb entered my ears,

on the same day.

How could I continue in a world, that when I came into,

you were already here.

Had a year worth of laughs and tears.

Ya'll already had a bond, before my life begun.

And from my first day, you were her son and my sun.

My light through the darkness that we endured.

Blessed that I was able to find peace, although for a broken heart there's no cure.

THE PRODUCT OF A LIE

They say lies hurt, yet they lie,
passionate lies on the bed side. Words
spoken, but truth choking, can't be
told, so they hurting. Because they
said lies hurt, yet they lie, hurting
others, lies multiply.

Losing meaning, forfeiting purpose.

No one can answer, "Was it worth it?"

Because they say all lie except two.

I promise one is me, can you promise two is you?

Guarding my soul for the promise land, but my
heart could be yours, don't you understand?

Granted,

sometimes my emotions show bare, words, "I
don't care", heart cold for sixty seconds and
smile not there.

But you see, they say all lie, except two.

My soul knows I'm one, dubious of you as two.

Because when my emotions are bare, I'm hurting, and the hurt is
the product of a lie.

THE GREATER RISK

I know my mind is strong, although sometimes I break.

Sometimes my mind overloads, which cause my body to shake.

Like the earthquake.

Two things can separate, by two tectonic plates.

Natural occurrences, natural disasters.

Maybe sometimes it's natural to break.

Break away from the place where the motion is constant.

Rather you feel movement or not.

But when it does get to higher ground and regardless,

I'm marching to the top.

Mark my words.

Because this is a cause that I'm willing to risk everything on.

This is a voice that I'm willing to speak.

This is a vision that I'm willing to see.

A journey I'm willing to walk.

If it starts with an idea, I'll have the thought.

If a heart is what it takes to bring it to life,
I'm willing to sacrifice mine.
If the scent of change must be smelled, I'll inhale.
And when darkness inevitably arrives, my mind will prevail.

HIDDEN DEPTHS

As I look into my poster, realizing life is getting older.
I wonder if the deeper I go, will it get colder?
Deeper in thoughts, hidden depths is what I call it.
Would I be able to handle the truth?
Or write this book?
Would I be able to face myself and take a look?
If I got one peak would I notice me?
Is the hidden depths of myself someone I could meet?
The hard truth buried, the easy lies is what lies on the outside.
Buried deep within, deep in the hidden depths, but can be seen deep into my eyes.
The line between selfish and self-less, is as thin as love and hate. Like knowing something is bad, but craving the good taste.
I write what's on my mind, my thoughts can't be wasted. My thoughts become forever, even when memory comes in and erase it.

There's a thin line between love and hate.

Even thinner between defeat and victory.

Apparently lies predict our present,

but what's more apparent, is that's there's a mystery.

Like, every religion basically says not to judge others, but
you look down on a religion that's not yours.

Just remember that we're all man, trying to live life before God pulls our card.

Cause at that second: no waiting, no talking, no singing.

No ands nor but. No begging, no luck.

No amount of money can buy you more time, after you've been
touched. So, when our Father reaches down, and calls home my soul,
mourn me not, just always remember my words like a song.

CONVENIENCE

My sister read me her poem describing being loved at others convenience.

I told her that I understood the feeling then, and now, I still feel it.

Heart soft in many places, although harder in more.

The hardness formed through the process of

healing, could have sunk, but I landed at shore. I

give my word that I love you, something about you I

adore. But my intuition steady itching, either it's

good or it's bad.

Is it my hand or my vein?

something I wish I never had.

That line has become a cliché, but so has lying.

My God delivered me on my birthday, and I came in as a lion! Your sudden outbursts, let me tell you how this is going to go. You're going to stop speaking down on me like you're high and I'm low. Show respect or show no love, no in between or no middle. My soul big and my heart is bigger, although my physical is little. But what's not little is my bite, don't let me bite down on you. Because I'll open up and swallow, and not chew, like you're soup.

So, lets just make your sudden outbursts less sudden, and we'll be cool.

I hope these words were convenient.

Purchase Book Here: <https://www.mindelevationforall.org/melanin-experience-chanekka-pullens>