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This Jazz Song

Pure liquidity pours in me
high pitches to low croons
emotional euphony
releasing my unspoken
unbecomingly tunes
this jazz song

hearer's lyrics written
on cranium space
secured in the bosom
saxes stroke the kitten
mental lovemaking for one
this jazz song

traveling bag in hand
trumpeter's navigation
bass man serves the drinks
drummer guides the landing
anonymous destination of
this jazz song

creativity masters
beautifully resounding
rapid rhythmic tunes
sexy melodic lines
dancing in my mind
this jazz song

hip swaying
finger snapping
toe tapping
eyes crying
lips kissing
lovemaking to
this jazzy jazz

When the Music's Loud

He beats us when the music's loud
of this no one knows
He beats us in ways that the marks don't show
It pleases him when we're scared
and our look of fright
Mommy can't tell that in our room he goes at night
He says everything we have is his
even our fruit
My father a man of tyranny
my father a man of brute
My sisters make me run
and they make me hide
They ask him please let me slide
I tell them I'm no tree
no fruit can he take
They tell me of something he can break
I only know he beats us when the music's loud
He beats us when the music's up

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Akili Amina lives in the Washington, DC metro area with husband and children, but grew up both in the Carolinas. She recently earned an associates degree in Information Technology in 2007. She is a poet/writer who works from home as a customer service agent.