



*In My  
Feelings*

An Ode To Love

By Tiffany Simone



## In My Feelings: An Ode To Love

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### Dedication

Jesus, of course I am dedicating this book to you! Thank you for all the new experiences you've brought into my life. Thank you for all the work you've done on me in private to bring me back to life. You always know just what we all need, and I thank you for being patient with me, loving me, and helping me. Thank you for holding up a mirror to my life. Thank you for not allowing me to become complacent. You are simply amazing!

Mr. Daul!!! My 7<sup>th</sup> Grade English teacher who I loved so much! Thank you so much for recognizing my talent. Thank you for encouraging me to write, and freestyle. Thank you for singling me out by asking me to do it daily for my classmates before you began teaching. I don't know if I'd have this love for poetry, or the boldness to share it, if it weren't for you. Thank you! Thank you for playing "Dear Mama", on Mother's Day and making us write about how it made us feel. Thank you for teaching us how to be in our feelings, how to hear the heart of lyrics, and how to turn words into art. You were used by

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God to bless me, and I thank you. You are absolutely responsible for me officially becoming a poet. I hope you are having fun in Italy!!

Mom, thanks for birthing me.

Anicka, you're lit. Thanks for having my niece.

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# In My Feelings: An Ode To Love

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## Preface

Hi! I am so grateful you decided to read this book. I pray that it contains poems that will become some of your favorite. I have wondered how this book will be received. In the rawest way possible I am presenting to you all the things that sometimes accompany love, or our pursuit of love. The joy, awe, excitement, the mistakes, rejection, abandonment, the uncertainty, the challenges, the battles. Love can be bloody, humiliating, lonely, glorious, worthwhile, and majestic. If this sounds farfetched, just think of the life, death, burial, resurrection, and glorification of our Savior, Jesus. His display of ultimate love is still difficult for me to read. How much more difficult was it for Him to experience? Love requires sacrifice, can be one-sided, demands change, and the list goes on. That said, love

is the most rewarding experience in existence. We all are wired to need it; we pray for it, dream about it, and strive daily to master it. In the most amazing way, Jesus is with us every step of the way as we experience, or pursue, love. Jesus comforts us, guides us, teaches us, gives us wisdom, and is an ever-present friend as we figure this love thing out. The Lord brings perspective to our experiences with love, and He gives us the grace to handle the intense joy, or the disappointments, love brings. I hope, "In My Feelings: An Ode To Love", wins a few snaps from you. Enjoy!



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## Morning Prayer

Jesus, this morning my stomach is filled  
with the butterflies of shame.

I am humiliated and in pain.

I repent.

You know my heart; you know what I  
meant.

I was safe in you, my Strong Tower.

But I stepped away into the snare of a  
fowler.

I didn't see the trap.

You told me my husband was coming

But you didn't tell me about that.

About the feeling of my heartbreaking

The feeling of my heart racing

About this agonizing healing that takes  
patience.

How can I be still when my soul is shaken?

And it's still shaking.

You said things will get better

*But Lord I'm still waiting.*

*You said you've given me a future.*

*But what's that?*

*"A place of healing, a place of hope."*

*Until I get there, please help me cope.*

*Please help me pretend that I'm okay*

*While you heal my heart today.*

*Please help me smile to hide the tears.*

*Please help me joke to hide my fears.*

*Please help me to stand upon your Word.*

*I've hid in my heart all that I've heard.*

*You told me to abide in you.*

*Can I be there and broken too?*

*"Daughter, I'm closest to the brokenhearted.*

*I'm going to finish in you the work I've started.*

*This pain adds potency to your testimony.*

*Your mistakes all work to bring Me glory.*

*If you're too weak to walk, I'll carry you.*

*If you're too hurt to talk, I'll speak to you.  
But child, I'll never give up on you.  
I shed my Blood and died for you.  
Whatever it takes, I'll pull you through.  
Remember, my name is Faithful and True.  
Instead of hiding how you feel, just hide in  
Me.  
In Me there's joy, righteousness, and peace.  
As you leave out to face the world today  
Remember I'm not only here through good  
times, but always."  
Amen.*

## *This Wall*

*Every time I was lied to, I laid a brick.*

*Every time I was stood up, I laid a brick.*

*Every time I got hurt, left, or used I laid a brick.*

*Anytime I was unappreciated, tested, made to look like a fool, I laid a brick.*

*Now there's this wall so tall, so high, so thick, so wide Prince Charming can't climb over it.*

*I heard he was coming, but he took way too long.*

*Now the happily ever after we were supposed to have has been torn out the book...and look...look at me sit behind this wall all by myself.*

*Forever reminded of what life gave me and what life will never give me.*

*I know you're standing behind this wall, I can feel you.*

*But how can I know for sure that you won't break my heart too?*

I heard you won't be like the others, but the others stole all the love I had stored up for you.

It's quite nice behind this wall, I think I like it so much because no one can see what building this thing has done to me.

It's worn me out, made me sore, tired. Certainly not the woman you thought I would be.

I bet you don't have anything powerful enough to tear this thing down not dynamite, not wrecking balls.

There's nothing strong enough to make this thing fall.

Just have a seat, pray for me, wait patiently.

Maybe one day God will do the impossible in my heart.

Maybe one day I'll want to see you.

Maybe one day we can ride off into the sunset.

Prince Charming, you know some people aren't damaged like me yet.

Maybe you should go find them before it's too late.

Because I think it's too late for me.

Listen, I won't bore you anymore, you can go, please go.

If you ever come back again, I may be on the other side standing, waiting.

I pray you think I'm worth it, I pray waiting for me is what's best.

Because somewhere along this road I lost control and this wall is helping me keep the little control I have left.

Either I fall in love or die behind this wall...I haven't decided what is better for my heart yet.

## Jesus Please

I surrendered the atmosphere to the Holy Spirit.

I found the perfect melody and played it low.

I lit two candles to fill the air with vanilla and birch.

And then I opened the Bible.

In a dimly lit room filled with sanctified love songs and fragrance,

I found my feelings written in these pages;

The Song of Solomon five and eight, trust me sis I can relate

I know the type of sickness that you speak of

When you tell your girls that you are sick with love

Nothing tastes better than thoughts of him,

So, you trade in your meals to indulge in them.

Besides the reality that you can't eat,



*You try to have eloquent conversations, but  
you can't speak*

*All the words you know sprout wings fly and  
go*

*And conversations with him are so childlike,  
they sound simple.*

*"Hey you, what's your favorite color?"*

*"Blue."*

*"What a coincidence?! Mine is too."*

*He says, "What do you like to eat?"*

*"Fruits and veggies but, hold the meat."*

*He says, "What's your favorite song?"*

*"'All I Need' by Anita Wilson.*

*Through all my years of loneliness that song  
has fostered healing."*

*"Well, what's your favorite love song? If you  
have one let me know."*

*"Hands down, it has to be Al Green, 'Simply  
Beautiful.'"*

*Ya'll know, sometimes I feel guilty because I  
love to think of him.*

But Jesus showed me to embrace love  
through the Song of Solomon.

One day I'll be the garden he comes to.

As he leaps like a roe, I'll be the one he runs  
to.

One day he'll tell me I'm stacked like the  
young fillies Pharoah had.

One day my kisses will be so good they'll  
make wine taste bad.

Until then I'll humbly pray before the Lord  
kneeling,

"Jesus, please help me to get out of my  
feelings."

## Nowhere

You have my heart, my mind, my hand, and  
you're leading me.

Wherever you want to go, I'll follow happily.

There's this sign up ahead that says we're  
headed straight for "Nowhere".

But maybe you know a place we can turn  
around, make a left or a right before we get  
there.

Or maybe this is a trick and "Nowhere" really  
means fairytale ending.

Because this feels too right to be the wrong  
path, like the one I traveled back then.

That can't happen this time, you see

This one is different if he didn't want me then  
he wouldn't be leading me...

To a place called "Nowhere"...something  
must be wrong with these signs.

Because I see paradise when I look into his  
eyes,

When he talks, I hear waves crashing onto  
the shore of a pink sand beach.

When he smiles, I get a glimpse of depths of  
the ocean I never thought I'd see.

When he laughs, I feel the sweetness of  
tropical fruit on my tongue.

His attention feels like a tall tree shading me  
from the heat of the island sun.

But no matter how lost in him I become, I'm  
sadly still aware

Of the signs straight ahead, that says we're  
walking on the path to "Nowhere".

All the dreams, fantasies, hopes, prayers,  
desires I have for him

The connection between us, it just feels too  
real for me to end up "Nowhere" again.

Please don't let me go, I won't let go of you  
since you're the closest that I've ever been to  
perfect.

This may sound desperate but even if we do  
end up, "Nowhere", I'll go because you make  
the journey worth it.

Yes, you're worth the sleepless nights, the  
pain, embarrassment, and tears.

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*I'm too close to paradise, a hope, and a dream to be stopped by fear.*

*So, I'll let you lead me, and I'll follow you pretending to be completely unaware*

*Of the signs above our heads that say we're headed straight for a place called "Nowhere".*

*...Maybe*

*Maybe if my hair was a little longer*

*My arms were a little stronger*

*My waist was a little tighter*

*And my hips were a little wider*

*Or my skin was a little lighter*

*Maybe then I'd be good enough.*

*Maybe if I was a little bit smarter*

*And wasn't so chill but worked a little bit  
harder*

*Maybe if I were a better cook*

*And if I could just dress with a more mature  
look*

*Maybe then I'd be good enough.*

*Maybe if I weren't so tall*

*And was dainty, petite and small.*

*Maybe if I made more friends*

*Or traded in my old model for a newer Benz*

*Maybe if I didn't like to dance so much*

*Or if the Brooklyn in me didn't like to show  
out and act up.*

*Or maybe if he would just like me back.*

*Yeah...it's that.*

*I want him to see the value in me, but he sees  
it in someone else.*

*I don't live up to his standards and it makes  
me question myself.*

*My friends tell me I'm sexy and I'm  
beautiful.*

*But those words offer temporal gratification  
because they don't come from you.*

*I want you to see me but sometimes I think  
you're blind.*

*It's easier to think that, than to accept I'm  
not worth your time.*

*This is how it feels when you're a part of a  
love story that never begins.*

*You just sit around all day thinking and  
being in your feelings.*

## Sharpshooter

Jesus.

“Yes.”

Can I write a poem comparing my prayer  
life to the skill of a sharpshooter? I don't  
want to shoot anyone, you know? It's just...

My prayer life has seen much success

I get my answers sent express

I live a life that's truly blessed

Because I've learned how to caress

The hem of your garment Jesus. So, can I?  
Pleeease? I won't be Brooklyn ratchet. I  
promise.

“I'll let you do it

And talk you through it.

Let it be filled with love, grace, and peace.

Keep it classy Tiffany.”

Okay, but sometimes you know prayer ain't  
classy.



*The enemy can get very nasty.  
He puts out hits and tries to blast me.  
If my guards down, then he'll attack me.  
Because of you he'll always miss.  
But as for me, I'll always hit.  
I sit real high, and tucked away.  
Blasting from the secret place.  
And when I start to speak in tongues  
I loose more power than a gun.  
In Jesus name they start to run.  
Trust me, I get the job done.  
Pow, pow. Bang, bang!  
In dry seasons I make it rain.  
I want it and I stake my claim  
To Father God in Jesus name.  
I'm hungry, I ain't eating.  
I'm tired, I ain't sleeping.*

*My phones on silent, I ain't speaking.  
I ain't doing this for no reason.  
I want my husband, Satan loose him.  
Until you do I gotta keep shooting.  
Thief, 7-fold is my restitution.  
In prayer I'm ruthless as a shooter.  
I hit more powerful than Rugers.  
Coming for princes and rulers.  
Knock them one by one, real savage  
I decree it, it's established.  
I'll take at least one to two karats.  
Planning for my Kingdom marriage.  
I have angelic bodyguards.  
I'm girly soft, but still go hard.  
Bang, bang. Pow, pow.  
In Jesus name I make them bow.  
I want my stuff, so loose it now.*

*I don't pray low, I scream it loud.  
Let my stuff go or I go wild.  
The spirit realm recognize the sound.  
There she goes in her prayer closet.  
Demons try to make me stop it.  
But if you ever try to stop her  
That will just make her go harder.  
And when she starts fasting and praying  
It's much worse than a shooter spraying.*

## Perform

I told you all my love was waiting for you to  
come and claim it

You said you didn't want it and I am simply  
your acquaintance.

But God said, "Daughter, call the  
intercessors and go get on your knees.

What I said is coming to pass, it will  
certainly be.

Satan is attempting to stop the power in you  
two becoming one.

Because he knows that's a blow his kingdom  
can't recover from.

Don't lose your faith, don't lose your hope  
daughter, tell Me what you see."

"Father, my vision is attacked but still intact,

I see a rod of an almond tree."

"Thou seest well daughter."

"But Father, tell me what this means"

"It means the season is here

for it to blossom and its fruit to appear.

*It means the miraculous, the powerful, the authority is about to bud.*

*It means I am going to shake kingdoms and nations when you two fall in love.*

*The rod is bare, but I am watching it and will supernaturally adorn it.*

*So don't despair or cry my dear for I will hasten my word to perform it.*

*The stage is set, lights, camera, check! Let's go, I won't prolong it.*

*Again, woman of God, I will hasten my word to perform it.*

*I have established this word in the mouths of three of my prophets, and I am not a liar.*

*Find rest in Me during this unexpected season, I know that you feel tired.*

*And you feel hurt, but this season won't end without restoration and healing.*

*Don't rebuke them, daughter I gave them to you; embrace all of your feelings.*

## Jesus Is Better

Jesus, can we talk?

Okay, thanks because I have a lot to say.

You told me to do it, so I broke up with my boyfriend today.

You said you had a better plan for me

And that he didn't fit the person I am going to be.

I love you so I decided to give Him up

But I do anticipate singleness being tough.

I've never been through this before, so I have some questions for you.

When I am having a bad day, will you tell me I am beautiful?

When I'm overwhelmed and life gets hard, will you look me in my eyes and say, "You're doing a good job?"

When I feel cold and lonely at night, can I count on your body to warm me and your arms to hold me tight?

*“Daughter, you’re comparing me to a man but that’s much more than who I am. I can do more for you than he can, so please stop limiting me to him. I affirmed your beauty when you were first formed in my heart. And I destined you to succeed in life before it was time for your life to start. My love will hold you much tighter than his arms, and the fire of my Spirit burning within you will keep you warm. My love constantly gives, provides, and multiplies; unlike with his love you’ll never be left unsatisfied. And with me you’ll never feel pressed to sin or compromise. When you’re one with me you’ll never again question your salvation. Your place in my Kingdom will be solid, and in my Kingdom you will never be shaken. You’ll never feel insecure because I will call you the fairest among women. I created your lips so*

*you can speak to me, so know when you talk, I listen. I've been waiting to have you to Myself, my unique creation, you aren't like anyone else. Embrace this season of singleness, it is designed to bring you into unbroken fellowship with me. It's designed to make you stronger and propel you into your destiny. My daughter stay obedient, loving, humble and righteous in all your dealings. Walk in the spirit, fast and pray so you can get ahold of your feelings."*



## My Kind of Love

Daddy, he said my feelings for him don't make any sense.

And that this confusion has been sown by Satan.

Can you make sense out of what I am feeling?

You seem to affirm my feelings, tell me Jesus, what am I hearing?

Daughter, I affirm your feelings because they come from me.

You'll learn my kind of love, through this situation you'll see

How you can love others, but they still will reject you

You can hang on a cross, bleed and die but they still won't accept you.

You can be glorious and beautiful, perfect in splendor and strength.

Most people still don't love me, now does that make any sense?

*You can make yourself available to them all the time, but they still won't want to talk.*

*You can bestow gifts upon them and inspire them with what you've taught.*

*This is all that I do, and all that I've done still isn't enough.*

*So, sometimes it won't make sense when it's my kind of love.*

*My kind of love is not provoked by your goodness or pursuit of me.*

*My kind of love is sometimes one sided and can become lonely.*

*My kind of love puts itself last because you're my main concern.*

*So, my kind of love usually doesn't receive anything in return.*

*My kind of love is vulnerable, intense, and often overlooked.*

*My kind of love is free and transparent, you can read me like a book.*

*My kind of love doesn't take, it gives.*

*My kind of love breathes and lives.*

*It believes, it bears, it hopes, it endures.*

*My love is certain about you, although when  
it comes to me you aren't sure.*

*The love you feel is real, and yes, it's me that  
you've been hearing.*

*One day he'll understand and see there's  
nothing wrong with what you're feeling.*

## The Promise

Does all of God's promises carry the same majesty, the same level of importance?

If yes, this means that you're just as majestic and important as my eternity.

Because you are who God promised me.

I think of you from time to time, all I know is what I've heard.

I don't know the color of your skin, but I know one day I will.

I don't know the shape of your eyes or how your smile will make me feel.

Just like I don't know how many jewels are in the crown of life or the different types of angels and what they look like.

But I know one day I will.

The place that has been ordained for me since before the foundation of the world, is in the sky and in your arms.

The promise of heaven has just as much depth, power, and significance as the promise of you.

*And I have a feeling that you'll be just as beautiful as heaven too.*

*Vast and deep, full of wisdom and mysteries, mysteries that I'll finally be able to understand.*

*About love and about life.*

*Our wedding day will be the symbolism of the marriage supper to the Lamb, so I'll love you like I love Christ.*

*And you'll love me like Christ loves me. Always, forever, and unconditionally.*

*Just as I patiently wait to see heaven, I wait patiently to see you...I wonder if you're waiting for me.*

*I hope you are, there's no one better for us than each other because you and I are a match made in heaven, literally.*

*So, no matter who I'm with if it's not you then I know it's a waste of time.*

*We're already connected, sometimes I even feel a sense of loyalty to you, we've never met but I know that you're mine.*

*And I'm already yours, has God told you about me?*

*I pray that I surpass the expectations for  
who you imagine me to be.*

*I pray the same sense of arrival you feel at  
heavens gates, is the same sense of arrival  
you feel the first time you look at me.*

*Just like the rainbow, the rapture, an  
inheritance, the new world, rulers with  
power infinitely.*

*God made sure that He gave these beautiful,  
matchless promises to all of those who  
believe.*

*And when God spoke all those promises, He  
spoke a promise that was created just for me.*

*And it's you.*

*A promise from God, just as majestic and  
important as my eternity.*

You and I

I'm the clay.

You're the Potter.

I'm the child.

You're the Father.

I'm the vessel.

You're the treasure.

I'm no good.

You make me better.

I dig you.

'Cause you're deep.

I eat you up.

You're Word's so sweet.

I seek your face.

You never hide.

I open up.

You dwell inside.

And in my shame.

*You think I'm pretty.  
And when I'm low.  
Your Spirit lifts me.  
I pass my test.  
You're my Reward.  
I fight for you.  
And you're my Sword.  
I lift my gates.  
And you come in.  
I lose alone.  
In you I win.*



## Your Love

I dropped my nets and left it all, they say  
I'm crazy.

But thank You Lord, their opinions can't  
phase me.

Your love is great, amazing grace completely  
changed me.

Your love blew the weed smoke out of my  
lungs.

Your love wiped the taste of alcohol off of my  
tongue.

Your love turned my heart away from  
fornication.

Your love knocked my socks off, Jesus I'm  
sprung!

Your love makes me feel young as I get old.

Your love heats my heart up when it starts to  
get cold.

How can love so good be poured out for free?

There's no compromise, no sin, and you'll  
never leave.

*No one compares to you Jesus, you're the  
man of my dreams.*

*Not My Battle*

*Is he thinking of me? Maybe.  
Am I thinking of him? Daily.  
My mind is sober, I see clearly.  
We're not done. Oh no, not nearly.  
I'll play it cool, he'll come around.  
Jesus said  
"Relax and go sit down.  
You gave it to me I've got this now.  
Just watch and pray, don't ask me how.  
Stand in your faith, in worship bow.  
Watch what I do, you'll both say 'Wow'.  
And in no time, you'll both say vows.  
Yes, you must fight but you've already won.  
Yes, he's said bye, but I'm not done.  
Father, be glorified in your Son."*

## Girl Talk

Me: Girl, I think I met him!

This dude is glorious like Heaven.

Her: Girl stop! Is he that fine?!

Thank you Lord, it's about time!!!

What's he like?

Is he funny?

Is he nice?

Is he saved?

Got a fade?

Or rocking waves?

What does he do?

Does he likes you?

Me: Girl, he's chocolate!

Her: Girl, please stop it!!

Me: I ain't lying!

Feels like I'm flying.

He's been saved since he was thirty.

*Not too thick, but nice and sturdy.  
His smile is so hypnotic  
And his wisdom defies logic!  
There is no one else like him.  
That first hello had me hooked in.  
He be preaching.  
He be teaching.  
Drops mad knowledge for no reason.  
I know he's faithful  
Won't be cheating  
Got me dreaming  
And I'm not sleeping.  
Who knew love would be this good?  
He's really saved  
But lowkey hood.  
His pants not tight.  
They fit him right.  
And yes, he's funny.*

*And got money.  
He always knows just what to say.  
He calls me and insists we pray.  
And by the way, he rocks a fade.  
Her: Sis, it sounds like he's the one.  
Let's double date and have some fun.  
I've prayed for this.  
You deserve the best.  
A real good man.  
A place of rest.  
You've been through a lot  
And passed your tests.  
This time it's right.  
Your union is blessed.  
Let me pray for both of you.  
'Cause the enemy is upset.  
Father God, in the name of Jesus  
Lord, we thank you on this evening.*

*You are Alpha and Omega.*

*You're the Lifter and the Anchor.*

*The Beginning and the End.*

*Our present Help and constant Friend.*

*Right now, we cover our prayers*

*With your precious Blood, oh Lord.*

*We bind all spirits who bring fear.*

*We cut them down with your two-edged  
sword.*

*Father, I am praying for my sister*

*And the man you've placed in her life.*

*Lord, we believe that he's her husband*

*And she is meant to be his wife.*

*So, right now we come against the enemy*

*And all his plans of strife.*

*I loose your Blood to purge all wrong things*

*And to strengthen all that's right.*

*Put your armor on them Lord, as they travel  
on this journey.*

*Let them never fall asleep but may they  
always walk alertly.*

*May your perfect will be done*

*In this covenant and union*

*May they never want for nothing*

*And pass wealth onto their children.*

*May their marriage bed be blessed.*

*May my sister's womb be blessed.*

*May their lives be full of peace*

*With no unnecessary stress.*

*Please remove all the wrong people*

*All the Hagar's, all the Saul's.*

*May every mountain be removed*

*And every Jericho wall fall.*

*May your will for them be clear*

*We bind all doubt and confusion*

*It's the sound of rain we hear.*

*And it's bringing restitution.*

*It's the enemy's will we're binding.*



*And it's your will that we're loosing.*

*Your Kingdom come, your will be done.*

*Forever and always.*

*We seal these prayers up in your Blood.*

*In Jesus name we pray.*

*Amen.*

## Her

What do you see in her that you don't see in me?

You don't realize who we'd become?

Why did you let her pull you away?

You really think that she's the one?

Is it convenience, or just a thrill?

Is it forced, or is it real?

My feelings are hurt.

Do you care?

While you play,

I'll be here.

Hoping, praying,

Wishing, waiting.

Playing things over in my mind.

Can we go back in time?

I was blinded,

She was watching.

*And the devil was just plotting.  
Waiting for the perfect moment  
To usher in my new opponent.  
Did I mention that I'm hurt?  
What can I do to make it work?  
Or, are you just focused on her?  
I'll guard my heart the best I can.  
And hope that Father has a plan.  
I'm on an emotional rollercoaster.  
As you and her try to get closer.  
I think it's best that I move on.  
And stop listening to love songs.  
I'll try not to withdraw  
As I get lost in this Bible  
And pray within my heart  
One day I'll meet someone just like you.  
And if I don't, I'll be just fine*

God's Spirit keeps me occupied.  
My confidence got hit  
But I refuse to hide.  
Is her conversation stimulating?  
Does she flow in power too?  
I must confess you made me nervous,  
That's why I wouldn't pray for you.  
I'll leave you and her alone  
I'll move on with my life.  
You deserve all the best  
Joy, peace, and a wife.  
I'll search for love within myself  
As you search for love in someone else.  
I guess feelings lie, 'cause I thought I felt...  
Never mind.  
Goodbye.



## Black Womb

Man, sometimes I can't help but feel like my womb is the enemy.

I've seen enough black men laid in the streets.

I ask my dark skin body, why would you do this to me?

I can only make a man that people want dead before his life even gets started.

To know that I am capable of creating a living target....

Why can't I choose his shade and his mind?

I can create him but he sure ain't mine.

He belongs to the world and the world will have its way with him.

When he walks out those doors, I may never see him walk back in.

I may never see him laugh again.

Because he's black.

Oh, how I scream on the inside.

*Me and my womb we cry.*

*Because no matter how educated and respectful and accomplished he is.*

*No matter if he cures cancer, runs the country, feeds hungry kids.*

*Lodges strangers or never lift his hands in anger.*

*Even if he never breaks the law.*

*His brown skin is a fatal flaw.*

*Deadly and unforgiveable is the skin*

*That I'm destined to make for my son to live in.*

*Child forgive your mother if I ever happen to fall in love.*

*Don't cry your first tears because of a doctor's pull and a nurses' tug.*

*Cry because your new life may end too soon.*

*And please don't hold that against me and my womb.*

*If you find yourself in jail or a refrigerated room*

*For unjustifiable truths.*

*Like your life doesn't matter if you're black*

*Don't be an officer because a badge can't change the facts.*

*Don't run, ask questions or try to fight back.*

*Keep your head low and your pride hid.*

*And if you make it far enough don't keep the truth from your kids.*

*Tell them that they're hated because of the color of their skin.*

*Tell them there was a point in time when we weren't recognized as humans.*

*Tell them that they try to make us hate each other.*

*Tell them we're so busy trying to survive that we forget to look out for one another.*

*Tell them that to be successful they don't have to play sports or rap.*



*Tell them that getting education is like  
finding a treasure map.*

*Tell them that if they love black women then  
black women would love themselves.*

*Tell them to get married, start families and to  
never run off with someone else.*

*Tell them that their worth is not associated  
with their jewelry and clothes.*

*Tell them that their power is wrapped up in  
what they know.*

*And tell them I love them and I'm sorry  
about hate so old that somehow stays new.*

*And for the mess that was created because of  
me and my womb.*

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### About the Author

Tiffany Simone is a native of Brooklyn, NY, currently residing in the south. Tiffany is in fulltime ministry as a teacher, counselor, deliverance minister, podcast host, and author. Tiffany is a certified health coach, a certified life coach, and certified in plant-based science and nutrition. She is an expert in veganism and health and is passionate about people living healthy lifestyles.

Tiffany loves Jesus, prayer, serving others, evangelism, hiking, running, live shows, writing, art, Ethiopian food, music, animals, dancing, and the beach.

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