



I Am Poetry



WRITTEN BY:

*floetic
flo*

I Am Poetry



by

Floetic Flo

inner child press, ltd.

General Information

I Am Poetry

Author : Florence Malone

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*A*cknowledgments

First, let me say Thank you to God for giving me the words to write and letting me survive Life.

Thank you to Inner Child for believing in me! Thank you to my children for supporting & listening to me.

Thank you Michael Crump for putting up with me, because I can be a handful (smile)

Thank you to Visions Day Care and Audrey Crump for the use of your computer when my computer crashed & I was ready to give up.

Thanks to Tamiaka Brown for being my ear & to everyone who listened to me recite, spit or brainstorm. I appreciated the time you gave me

*D*edication

I dedicate these words to my children Ashley, Jasmine, Kenneth, Lyric Myleka and Ronisha who have supported me through this and know me better than anyone.

I dedicate this book to my dear friend Michael Crump who believed in me when I didn't believe in myself.

I dedicate this wisdom to my Grandma who gave me her strength and did her best by me.

I dedicate this book to God who continues to walk with me on my journey but most of all . . .

I dedicate this book to every little girl, every woman , every female, and every person who has had a struggle and made it thru, or is still trying to figure out how to get there.

Trust & Believe

Foreword

Words that heal!!! That is what I hear and see when I speak to Floetic Flo. When you believe in what you do, that transcends into everything you believe. I have become a fan of Floetic because she is always ready to help somebody. Helping people does not always have to be financially, but making sure their emotions and feelings are good is also important. That is what Floetic does with her words. To touch someone spiritually by speaking to them can make all the difference, especially when those words can heal.

I have had the pleasure to see Floetic perform and do poetry at many different venues, and to see at least one person walk up to her and say "your words touched me deeply, thank you" reflects on her gift. Many people joke around about how she will perform anywhere, and I have seen it. Floetic has done her spoken word in parking lots, restaurants, grocery stores, and laundry mats. One of my favorite quotes from her is "God is using me as an instrument" because when a person asks to hear her poetry, they are asking to be touched by her words. Her writing and performing has grown over the years for the simple reason that her words help heal.

Floetic Flo's book "I Am Poetry" is a poetry book for anyone. There is a poem that everybody can reflect on. This book shows how Florence became Floetic Flo. How her story talks to all aspects of people. How the little girl became a woman, mother, friend, spiritual advisor, and backbone to her family. How to believe in god. How to show the world that you care. How to take your life story and not be afraid to help other people heal with those words. So when I say "Words that heal" I am speaking of Floetic Flo.

Michael J. Crump

Preface

I write my life in black & white for the world to see
I disclose my hopes, my goals & my fears.
I unpack the baggage that I have accumulated thru-out the years
I tell the tragedies that made me.
Share the love that has maintained me.
I appreciate the Clay from which I was molded from!
With every stroke of my pen,
I share with you a piece of my life.
From the man that molested me to the momma that left me.
From the birth of child that at the age of 14 that I carried;
To the family members that I sat back & watch die.
Love my Granny that's still holding her head high.
From the angel's that wrapped their arms around me:
when I was on the E-way doing a 360.
To the Lover who put a gun to my head.
I write these lines because of the way I feel.
For this is My Poetry Book
& I don't write it for the world to enjoy
I write it, to cleanse my soul
I write it, in hopes of keeping me sane
I write it, because it's my release.

Every word is a tear, which needed to be shed
& the ink is the blood that I bled
I don't write it down, so much as to share
But to help me have a better understanding of whom I am.
For this is my Poetry Book
& yes, I keep it open.
It's your choice if you choose to read
because sometimes my pages are detail .
Sometimes my words are understated.
You may not understand what you read
& if not
well that's reality
& I do mean that figuratively
because this is my Life,
My history & my pain
My joy, my laughter.
My birth & death
This is my Poetry Book
written by Me!

Florence Malone
aka
Floetic Flo

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I Am Poetry



by

Floetic Flo

inner child press, ltd.

*Regardless of the circumstances and occurrences in your life,
in the end the decision to be who you are is up to you!*



The Unknown

The woman who gave birth to me,
I wish I did
But.....
I don't
I don't know her.
I often wonder, would I recognize her face?
Does she look like me?
Are our gestures the same?
If we were in a crowded room,
would she recognize my name?
Or is it true,
she was just a mother in name.
Gave birth to a child;
but her body was just a vessel to claim.
A vessel that remains unknown

12:52

12:52 a.m

was the time I exited the womb.

From the moment I was conceived,
terms of negativity wrapped around me.

For I was told by my mother that
I was the product of tragedy.

For she was the carrier of my father's unwelcome seed.

So rather than feel love,
she was repulsed by my being.

She walked away from her baby screaming obscenities
With that being said,

My purpose has always been a mystery.

Sometimes my life had no meaning.

I was considered to be abomination of the flesh.

Trials and tribulations bared heavy on my chest

I spent many sleepless nights

Of not getting no rest.

Teen pregnancy, substance abuse, molestation and family deaths
but I didn't cry,
nor did I whine.

I just learned to reach deep down inside and reposition myself

Most of the time I went right

but every now & then I took a left.

Floetic Flo ~*~ I Am Poetry

Sometimes I made my life an even bigger mess
Like the time the guy put the gun to my head
& said if I can't have you, then you better off dead"
However, God just keep wrapping his arms of protection around me
Until finally one day he whispered in my ear & said
"Flo revelations' lives now speak
Hence like the book of Proverbs & Psalms
I became Conscience Poetry.
Thru my words I tell my story.
In hopes that others will follow
Rather than walk around hollow.
Maybe my words will help to heal,
or teach people how to deal
But if not truth be told these are my tears
And with each drop of ink I reveal who I am
& who I came to be.
A woman of God, a mother of 3, somebody you can come to in your time of need
The backbone of my family
but most of all the voice of conscience poetry
Gifts bestow upon me by the most high
When I was no more than a twinkle in his eyes
& when there were those who didn't believe
Well God looked & saw the best of me
Hence I became Floetic Flo,
the voice of poetry!

Motherless Child

Singing: (Sometimes I feel like a Motherless child, a long way from home)

Every now & then,

I feel her creeping through my memories.

I wonder does she ever think about me.

She got my emotions feeling a little perplex
all because she left.

She got me feeling like I'm undeserving,
like I'm unworthy
of knowing a mother's love.

But.....

I knew the moment he ejaculated me into her womb
that it was way too soon,
that she wasn't quite yet ready to be,
the woman I needed her to be.

So I try not to question why she parted with her immature seed.

She couldn't watch me grow,
had no time to sow, her love into me.

She walked away & never looked back
because for her I was a harsh reality;

but I still wonder does she ever think about me?

Floetic Flo ~*~ I Am Poetry

On that one day a year
does my birth bleed thru & disturbed her sanctuary.
Or is the situation, quite contrary
& she feels tranquility
because she thinks she did the best by me.

When she reads the newspaper
& kids are found dead in the street.
Does it ever occur to her that might have been me?
Or does she play along with the fantasy
that I am a motherless child.
Does she accept the fact that she wasn't around?

I think to myself "How can she live with what she did"
I feel a little jealous sometimes wondering "Did she have more kids?"
I ponder the thought "Did she keep them?"
Which brings me to question myself
so I asked "Was it something I did?"
But.....
then I stop because I knew it was way too soon,
the moment he ejaculated me into her womb
that she wasn't ready to be the woman that I needed her to be
so I remain a Motherless child.

The Dress-Up Game

Tiara, Ballet slippers
Flowers in her hair
Fishnet black panty hoes.
Daddy makes her dress up & nobody knows
They play house, when no one is around.
He grabs at what's not yet develop & makes grunting sounds
He takes what doesn't belong to him
but justify his actions because she's a part of him
Neighbor's suspect but ignore the obvious
because they feel as thou she is living better than the rest.
Never realizing that material objects are her compensation
because she's is her Daddy's fixation
Her mouth stays sealed for years,
outfits change,
games remain the same,
pain becomes her reality
She begins to realize that it's not just him,
so she easily accepts the gifts that other men give
Lipstick smeared across her face,
Her father looks at her, with a look of confusion,
like she's a disgrace

Floetic Flo ~~ I Am Poetry*

No longer his little girl;
she's become a two dollar whore
promiscuous deeds & she's only a baby.
She uses her secretions, as venom;
her nectar becomes poisonous to her victims systems
Entry between her legs,
becomes a cage
capturing those who think they want to save
but she was lost the day
her daddy made her play the dress-up game.
Low self-esteem,
G-strings,
life's a party.
Popping pills helps her to forget certain things
She gives her body rather than her brain to anybody
with the hopes that somebody will
because nobody ever thought enough of her too.
Now she a little older;
her mind is disease,
canker sores make her not so pretty.
Clothes stain,
she's got a new Daddy
pretends to be happy
but knows that she'll never be ;
because she'll always belong to her Daddy
playing dress- up in fishnet black panty hoes.

She Hears

My Momma hears
but doesn't listen to me
So when the villagers interfere,
she politely tells them to go mind their business
For she won't have strangers telling her how to raise me
She has them convince that I'm no more than a liar
& that my elevation of self destruction;
will only go higher.
My momma hears but doesn't see
but my screams are evident
by the crimson color stains that mark my sheet.
They speak louder than words
My momma hears but closes her ears
to a little girls fears.
She closes her ears
to a little girl praying the boogie man away.
She orders me to hush my fuss,
while whispering
"It's a shame that women make men do such thing."
My momma hears but doesn't listen
as he invades my dreams
of a fairy tale prince,
giving me my first kiss,
No more Happy Birthday wishes
because my only wish is that he'll stop violating my innocent being
& that she'll stop sacrificing her baby.
She'll realize that he is not her
King
Nor is he the key to our happiness's.
My Momma hears but doesn't listen
but instead.....
sends me to the monster, that comes into the room in the middle of night prison..
My Momma hears the creeping of my floors,
the squeaking of my doors,
the cries that escape me.
My momma hears but simply doesn't give a damn!!!!
because she's too busy trying to save herself.

What's your color ?

My mother once told me
That the only women who wore red were whores
So I hid my bloody panties
Every time he touched me
Because I didn't want her to think less of me
Because she thought less of the women
Women who proudly wore lipstick
that was the same color of the stains,
that marked the betrayal of my flesh.
She swore that she would never let one of these women into our home
Because these were the type of women that could not be trusted around a man
It never occurred to her, that he was the one that could not be trusted
So I hid my panties.
In fear that she would kick me out of the only home that I ever knew.
Because I wore red just like they did &
no daughter wants her mother to label her as a whore.
I often would hear her tell her friends how pitiful she thought these women to be
And how sorry she felt for them
And I always wanted to ask her
Do you feel just as sorry for me?
I wanted to ask her
If she could see the pity, that was developing inside of me;
but these were questions I couldn't ask her,
So I continued to hide my panties.
Waking up before the crack of dawn.
Bleached stained finger as
I scrubbed away my existence
Of being classified
Because I wore red just like they did
And momma said
The only women who wore red were whores
So I continued to hide my panties
Hiding myself at the same time.

On Paper

My mouth was sealed
before I learned how to speak
because I was told by my mother,
never to tell what he did to me.
So I kept my secrets hid.
Buried like precious treasures;
I prayed that no one would ever dig
because some secrets simply should never live.
Rather than let the truth dribble from my lips;
I did the best next thing and picked up my pen.
I learned how to write in an attempt to create my escape
because on paper,
I murdered him day after day!
I wrote in hopes that my pen would be the sword that sent the devil away.
No longer was I the scared little girl, rubbing his manhood for play.
On paper, words became my salvation
saving the next innocent child from games that made no sense.
On paper there were no worries about making mama upset,
I didn't think about lips that sucked on buds that hadn't quite ruptured yet.
On paper I was free.
I told what he did.
Described in ink how I lived.
On paper I saved myself
because I created what was to become of me.
I lived on paper using my pen as my lasso
I became Wonder Woman and I escaped the evil villain who made my life miserable
with the smell of his breath on my ear.
On paper I was free,
I became Alice in Wonder-Land
and I drank the drink so I could become big and step on him.
On paper bad things didn't happen to good people
and I used my pen to write happy endings.
On paper I soared as high as I could
because on paper I became unsealed
so I learned to live on paper.

Tick-Tock

Tick, Tick, Tick, Tick, Tock, Tick Tock, Tick Tock
I was a ticking time bomb, waiting to explode;
as I crossed over the threshold.
On my way to becoming the bride of life
I said the words "I do", even before I could speak
Because like generations before me I was married to the streets
At the age of 5, I begin to like a boy by the name intoxication
because my mama would make me take a sip;
So I learned to enjoy the warmness of the liquor on my lips.
At the age of nine, I begin to like a dude name weed
because I had a need, to get in where I fit in
in hopes that I would blend
At the age of 12, I became engaged to a nigga named molestation
Because I was told by my family that my father wasn't a rapist
& stuff just happens.
Tick-Tock, Tick-tock
I was a ticking time bomb waiting to explode
Because I had secrets (shhh be quiet!)
That couldn't be told
Knew things that little girls shouldn't know
Which made me not so little
Mama blamed me for getting touch
So when my belly erupted
& social services stepped in, asking
"How, What, Where & When"
All I could say was I go to schools & get straight A's
So I was label as another fast,
tail girl who was on her way to becoming a ho
Tick-tock, tick -tock
I was a ticking time bomb waiting to explode
As I held my hand to my bloody nose
Screaming "he ain't never gone do this again to me no more"
But the problem was I didn't know where to begin
To make the story end

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I was use to being a punching bag
I like popping pills when I got sad
I enjoyed the slapped of a hand
Whether it was my nigga or dad
Lies meant telling the truth
Sex & good head, meant he really you
& I really wanted to be loved
Tick-Tock
A body was found
Tick- Tock
lying face down in the street
Tick-Tock
I was arrested
Tick-Tock
And I said these words repeatedly
He looked like my father
Tick-Tock
Could have been my lover
Tick-Tock
Or a pimp called my mother
Tick-Tock
I don't know who did this to me
BOOM!
I finally exploded!!!

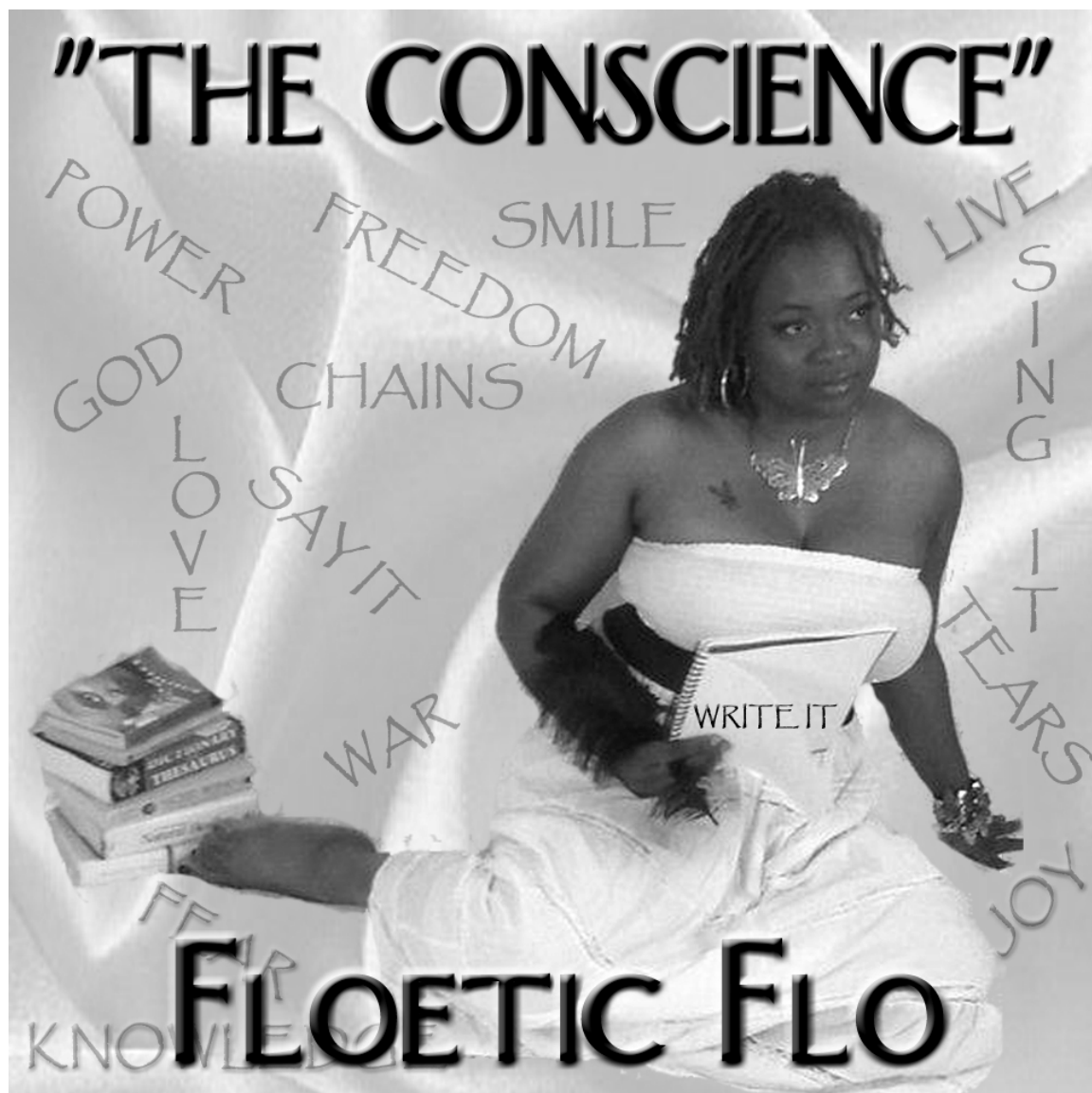
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Epilogue

Floetic Flo ~*~ I Am Poetry



Florence Malone

Youth Mentor * Spoken Word Artist
Motivational Speaker * Poet * Writer

about the **A**uthor

Florence” Floetic Flo” Malone is a single mother of three children, residing in the state of Ohio. An avid young adult advocate, and cast member of the Coochie Chronicles. She is also the former host of Nati Family Phlo. A former teenage mother herself, Florence believes that we have to help the youth in each of our individual communities learn to express themselves thru art rather than sex or violence.

Floetic Flo has been writing since she came out of the womb and she will never back down from an old school dance off. Her CD "The Conscience Floetic Flo" was released in the summer of 2011 and is rapidly going up the charts on Reverb Nation. Floetic Flo new CD titled "God let me swallow a dictionary" is scheduled to be released in 2013.

Currently Floetic is in the process of creating Children’s books. Flo’s first book is entitled "Me and My Street". Ms. Malone’s books are scheduled to be released in 2013.

Florence is a woman that keeps delivering for everybody with her gift to teach and heal through poetry.

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a word from *Flo*

Let me start off by simply saying Thank you! I thank you from the bottom of my heart for giving me a chance to be heard. A chance to be read; thru these pages I live. I come alive with every word, the dreams of a little girl whose life was one of misfortune, one of trials & tribulations. I remember entering the 30 for 30 contest hoping for a chance to win a publishing contract. I didn't win, I stated that I would never write again but keep my pen flowing because "I Am Poetry". Then a month later someone said to me, I believe in you let's write a book. Dreams do come true and God does listen even in the darkest hour. These words are some of my darkest & brightest moments. I thank you for taking this journey of survival, love & growth with me.

Blessings

Florence Malone

Endorsements

Who is Floetic Flo?

She is the C.E.O of her own beautiful essence and struggle and fully owns every triumph she's earned; SHE is the conscious heartbeat of America. She's about as real as they come with a brutal honesty ambiance about her that stings the soul and will have you nodding your head tryna high five the air, you'll be like... umpf like I know that's right!!

Any Purchase from this phenomenal poetess is an opportunity to be blessed and schooled. The Consciousness CD and now the Book WOW!! Where they do that at? :0) They do that over at Floetic Flos'; her verses are like miracle grow to the soul....

Jamie Bond

What can I say about this woman, mother, daughter, poet, writer. She is a woman of many different talents. I feel truly honored to be blessed with Floetic's words. When she speaks it feel like she cut open my body and touched my soul. I love Floetic Flo and her work. I am now and forever will be her biggest fan.

Tamieka Brown

Avid Reader
Cincinnati, Ohio

I am so excited about having my own personal autographed copy of "I am Poetry". This book covers it all spiritually, socially, and emotionally. Great job.

Lillian Woods

Childhood Friend

Floetic Flo ~*~ I Am Poetry

'I Am Poetry' is the highly-anticipated book of poetry we in the poetic world have been waiting for from the super-talented Floetic Flo! Her immense passion, talent, realism, and dedication to poetry make her a must-see artist in the performance realm, and now a must-read author in 'I Am Poetry'! But don't take my word for it, run out and get your copy today and see for yourself why the poetic world is in love with Floetic Flo!

Mark Goggins

CEO Black Poetry Café

Author, Poet

Columbia, South Carolina

Florence Floetic Flo Malone is a seasoned Poet who has always inspires me with her writings she is an Artist who paints a picture of real life situations as her words come to life!

William S Leary aka Life

Poet, Spoken word Artist

Cincinnati, Ohio

Having the opportunity to work with Florence Malone aka *Floetic Flo* is truly a Gift and an Honor. To be able to touch and be touched by her spirituality as it comes alive through her words has been an empowering experience. I am humbled by the opportunity.

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher

Inner Child Press

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Floetic Flo's

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Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative “Written Work”.

For more Information

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“One of my favorite quotes from her is "God is using me as an instrument" because when a person asks to hear her poetry, they are asking to be touched by her words.”

Michael Crump

“She is the C.E.O of her own beautiful essence and struggle and fully owns every triumph she’s earned . . .”

Jamie Bond; Author, Poet, Spoken Word Artist

“When she speaks it feel like she cut open my body and touched my soul. I love Floetic Flo and her work.”

Tamieka Brown

“Her immense passion, talent, realism, and dedication to poetry make her a must-see artist in the performance realm, and now a must-read author”

Mark Goggins; CEO Black Poetry Café, Author, Poet

Florence Floetic Flo Malone is a seasoned Poet who has always inspires me with her writings she is an Artist who paints a picture of real life situations as her words come to life!

William S Leary aka Life

To be able to touch and be touched by her spirituality as it comes alive though her words has been a empowering experience. I am humbled by the opportunity.

William S. Peters, Sr. ; Publisher, Inner Child



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