



The Ballad of a Broken Heart

by

RAGE

RJP7 (2)

bka

Jacqueline Nicole Harris

DEDICATIONS

FOR MY PASSIONS

FOR LOVERS (WHO HAVE LOST NOTHING BUT ME)

FOR MY FATHER WHO LIED TO ME ONE TIME (I LOVE YOU  
DADDY, AND I AM SORRY THAT I HATE YOU TOO)

MY FRIENDS (YOU NEVER NEEDED ME, BUT I STILL FEEL  
USED.)

MY ASSOCIATES AND INSPIRATIONS (YOU KEEP BANGING  
AND I WILL.)

MY ENEMIES (I HAD TO CHANGE MY DEFINITION OF friend  
FOR THIS. MUCH APPRECIATIVE OF THE REAL ENGLISH LES-  
SON YALL HAD TO ACT OUT. ONE.)

FOR ANNE

FOR NADINE

FOR SAUL WILLIAMS

FOR TALAAM ACEY

FOR J.O. BARR

FOR JANET KUYPERS

FOR MS. MUHAMMED (A REAL MOTHER TO THE END)

FOR MY ONLY REASON FOR STAYING SO LONG

THANK YOU SALLY ANN HARRIS

(MY REAL MOTHER AND MY ONLY FATHER. AND WHY I HAD  
TO CHANGE.)

# HIP HOP

Hip Hop is not dead

Death in lyrical terms

is only sweet short and wistful. (Like sleep)

I dream of words spoken over and words over spoken tones, speaking in unison with undeniable rhythms.

Both ring like crystal clear Bells.

True.

Hip hop is not dead, if,

Death is only sleep.

# DITTO (Bullshit)

“Ditto” in comfortable tones denotes an understanding between opposites in an uncomfortable situation.

Bullshit is still Bullshit, no matter what the smell.

But, you are right, it is what it is and it smells as bad.

We can ignore it together, okay? Ditto.

# A MESSAGE TO BONO, WITH LOVE, FROM A PYSCH WARD, "HUMAN BEING IN TRAINING" i.e., PATIENT

1 man sang in the name of love while his bestmates played the notes behind him.

BONO you were never bashful and always know when to swear even on Live Television. BUT IF I had to thank anyone 4 that Last Album, well, Damn it, I will thank myself because I bought it.

The Next Person to thank for U2's sake(s) would (4 me) be the bassist, ADAM!

Bono U have so much overflowing understanding, knowledge, hope, kindness, but dude---SHUT UP! Silence is golden.

Obviously, if, Adam got together with the lead guitarist from THE POLICE (not Sting, the bassist), hell, they could right a book couldn't they?

All the mysteries of life answered finally:

THE QUESTION: Can't we All just get along?

THE ANSWER: Hell NO! But, we can try.

MY (THE) PHILOSOPHY: "getting along" is just a theory, at best.

MY (THE) REASON: I don't have 2 find the relevance of ANYTHING that is already FUNDAMENTALLY, bullshit 4 me. I can just choose to live with or without it. Can't you?

Adam might have had to drink alot to anesthetize himself and VH1 that was HIS business!

But, Bono could you do something for me in public? Thank Adam. Hug

him, please. Who else can tolerate your mouth, on top of the noise the EDGE has to make to create a sound “HE” could do something with, and not have to start over again because one of you dicks has a finger cramp, or needs a throat lozenge?

I don't know how you got there Adam. I just know you've tolerate enough to be strong enough to stay Bassist of the World's Greatest Band! Thank you, in the name of love, thank you.

Wipe your ass with this paper dude!

Adam, you deserve it.

Hell, I wrote this by myself and 4 myself.

But, first, if I got all the facts twisted, I am sorry.  
Wipe away if you must, but leave enough paper for the behind of that Dead Sexy Drummer.

He could have been the host of America's Next Top Model, if he could have been. Naomi still could have offed Tyra, if she really ever had the chance too.

But you and he, Drummer & Bassist, are still there in the name of love, you are that incredible.

So . . .

Sit on the EDGE, so he can't get up.

Allow Bono to walk over to the EDGE, in the name of love, and ask, “Why are you sitting on him?”.

Please answer him however you choose.

Remember: Silence is Golden.

Know your truth? Good.  
Act on it. Bye.

# DEAD EMCEES (NEED NOT ENTER) ARE ALREADY THERE

{for Saul Williams, Talaam Acey, and Ms. Muhammad, a mother to the end}

Inspired by J. O. Barr's words.

I had to lose my mind  
to get back at myself,  
and find my own relevance.

I had to leave the protection that no windows could immediately provide while drawn & shut. For my inner eye was already clouded, malformed and cataract by "OTHER THAN SELF" words and perceptions. I hate because of my own inner blindness.

I hated.

My color, your color, all colors need the reason why I am already ugly by the SIGHT of my own INNER EYE.

Define Truth: Something that is true.

I hated myself when I hated you.

I need to try to love myself. That means, I need to love you.

Hate is addictive habit.

Love for me will need to be practiced.

I am still learning, while I say THANK YOU.

# CAN YOU?

CAN YOU CALL ME A LIAR IF I CAN NEVER LIE TO ANYONE  
AGAIN?  
INCLUDING MYSELF.

SAY NOTHING UNLESS IT MATTERS AND ONLY SAY SOMETHING  
WHEN IT COUNTS OR NOT AT ALL.

THAT IS THE ONLY THING NEEDED TO UNDERSTAND.

THE TRUTH IS WHAT IT IS:

true

# Et Tu, Cesear

NO ONE can say you are lying when they don't even know themselves what the fuck you are talking about!

My words

my reasons

My need 2 be heard, need not be as real as anyone else's UNDERSTANDING. I understand enough to know the relevance of my circumstances need not be done for pleasure.

Not for anyone.

not for myself

But the "need" is very real 4 me to acknowledge that even my lowest self or (life) position always preceded a name or a rank.

The RANK is given by power of AUTHORITY; power given is knowledge earned.

I know NOTHING of your authority. I see nothing walking with you, in you, or beside you that I want. But, you do TALK a good game. So, you obviously know enough to fool even yourself.

Wow!

Bravo!

Bravisemo!

Kudos!

Gracias!

Bella!



Man, that shit was dope!  
But, it is no longer getting me high enough. So, I could give a damn!

Higher Power is all I need to see through you without the tricks and treats  
of my own eyes.

I need to believe I know nothing about it so I can believe in “IT”! I need  
that real understanding that comes from having nothing left!

Higher Power isn’t given. It’s knowledge. So, it is EARNED.

But, now I have no reason or right to believe I can say it’s name, So, I have  
to try to “Act like it”.

If Harriet Tubman’s life is in anyway an imitation of Moses’s 40 year walk,  
than it can be done.

Anything is possible just read the Books.

Why did ODIN lose an EYE to gain WISDOM?

Why did he have too?

Why is PROMETHEUS so adored for HIS suffering, while PANDORA is  
still a “beautiful evil”?

What were we able to see about ourselves with PROMETHEUS’ Fire, and  
why are we even allowed to heal now? (Were we burning ourselves too  
much?)

I can’t really say I know what I am saying now. But-

I believe I have to act like “IT”.

One day it will be irrelevant what or who I say “IT” is.

Hell, “HE” could have Robert E. Lee’s face and speaking with a tongue,  
close to the shape of Harriet’s Rifle!

So be “IT”, Amen, Blessed Be, and All of That.

I don't have to give it a name, it knows what I am doing.

I want it to know I know, that "IT" has always been above me. I just want "IT" to give ME a new NAME. I have to Act Out to Earn my way IN. That's all.

END

# THE BALLAD OF A BROKEN HEART

**A ballad sung by a broken heart need not stop being sung because the song is all wrong.**

**The audience only demands that encore because the audience really can't be sure they got that whole story right the first time.**

**So, just sing on Broken Heart. Through hisses, boos, and dodging UFO's launched at the stage like flaming cannonballs from human catapults.**

**Clean up. Come Back.**

**Play it again. Play it differently, or Play it wrong, again. Play it off center; out of tune, or Play it straight down the middle.**

**That is your song, and you always played it right.**

**So, play it again. Always. One more time again.**

**Sing your song, and heal your broken wounds.**

**You are the reason for your ballad, you broken heart.**

**--RJP7(2)**

**(c) 2007**

**Haiku Poetry by an unaffiliated with Africa but like the sound of word  
with BLACK AMERICAN.**

# Growing up in Chains of Gold

The Princess could not  
believe how hard she was when  
the softest link broke.

# The Dead Don't Sleep Comfortably

Comfort is a gift  
to the living while the dead  
have only darkness.

# Why Am I Here, Now?

As it is with those  
in turmoil the answer is  
in one who asks it.

# Childish Reasoning

Why should rain go now?  
It will return. The sunshine  
is always first, right?



# Define Ugly: Irrelevant

**“What it is,” is not  
as important as where you  
are when you see it.**

# Define Beauty: Inner Strength

**What you see is not  
as important as who you  
are when you know it**

# Define Love: Obvious

**Nothing is as clear  
or important to you as  
this. It is that real.**

RJP7(2)

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Encore, Encore:  
More poems for the Ballad

# A Writer's Advice

Sometimes,  
it is best  
to let the poem flow through the pen,  
from your Soul and onto the paper.  
Let it live on the page and simmer  
in your imagination and grow effectively polished.

Then, speak from your heart when it is good and ready.

# For this evil, I have no sympathy.

I see the devil in the faces of men with pens.

They say that the devil made history with “our story” by  
exchanging metaphors with similes, and  
exchanging truth with lies.

And then having the nerve to say,

“This shit is just words!”

Just words?

Huh, like a woman is too blind to read between the lines these days.

I see your ass, split open in plain view, spewing verbal feces  
as truth, and all the while whoring out bullshit as logic.

What is this, People?

What the fuck is this shit, people?

This never-ending ride of rewritten history and factual  
misappropriations taking us to no where without any  
reservations!

Calling reality subjective?

Well, human beings, the root word of reality is real!

Your story can't be history if every word you write you steal!

Lies! Lies! Lies!

You Smile.

You smile and say, “Life’s a bitch and then you die!”

And I rise above you, no longer neutral, I defy you!

While spinning 360 degrees in infinite possibilities, I will  
reach my peak!

And, I will look down and see you. And then, I spit in your  
eye!

You ask, “Why?”

I say life’s a bitch and, now

truth be known,

so am I.

Dig it!

So am I.

Choose truth, choose life.

# On Passing for Black at NIU

Today,  
I will remember yesterday and  
try to let it go.

You see,  
I remember a time when  
I thought that I knew my place in my race,  
a place where I fit in with my own people.

But,  
I was to learn that  
dark skin and nappy hair do not  
a Negro make, nor are they the ties that  
bind us.

Still,  
I wondered,  
Africa,  
have I sinned against you  
because my voice sounds so white?

And,  
Egypt,  
have I sinned against you  
because my friends are white?

Now,  
Black I was,  
and Black I  
still am.

Just not  
pretty enough to be  
a queen,



She, (me, I)  
is just a female  
the kings would say.  
Oh, I say to you,  
my true black people,  
I have sinned against you all  
because I am ignorant.

Africa,  
I do not understand.

I can't change the package  
the Lord put me in,  
nor would I blaspheme  
by trying.  
No,  
no, I won't change His will.

Still,  
Black,  
I think you should know  
That White thought I was ugly too,  
and the White treated me the same way you do.

How can I not be Black enough?

Tell me,  
is there a paper bag test  
for my voice, my body shape, and  
my lack of beauty.

How can I not be Black enough when  
under the rays of Ra's sun  
my already dark brown skin fades into a deeper, darker,  
mahogani that glows like a living shadow?

How?

Africa,  
what do I need to do to win back your favor?

Egypt,  
what do I need to do to claim truthfully  
that your beauty is my own?

I asked myself these questions a thousand times while the echoes of ‘She  
sounds so white.’ and ‘She is so bogus.’ and ‘Just tell her stupid ass that  
you think she is pretty and you can get her.’ still rang in my ears.

Yet, there was a day  
when I could have shined  
for you all in my own way.

The day when one million men marched on Washington, D.C., Black spoke  
to me and said:

‘Don’t go to class Jackie it is a holiday for us.’

For us?

Oh, us.

That day,  
my people, I was just black enough to matter, wasn’t I?

I finally  
had a place.

That day, it was enough that my ‘so white’ sounding ass existed in this dark skin.

That day,  
because one of the royalty said  
that it was okay.

Well,  
I am happy to say today,  
that I went to class anyway.

I am what I was that day.

I am proud,  
I am alone,

and now, I am grown ass woman.  
You see, To just be black enough for one day  
is not enough for me.  
I am Black everyday.

With an ugly face,  
funny shape,  
white voice and white friends,  
I stand out.  
Even among you kings and queens I stand out.

A slave among slaves,  
A drop in a dark well,  
A ruby among black diamonds, I stand out.  
And today, that is enough.

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# AFTERWORD

**THIS IS MY FIRST BOOK OF POETRY. AND IN NO WAY IS IT INTENDED TO BE MY LAST.**

**I MUST FINALLY BE HONEST ABOUT ONE THING. I AM A INDISCRIMINATE BIGOT. I AM NOT PREJUDICE TOWARD OTHERS IN ANY WAY YOU CAN NAME. IF SOMEONE OR SOMETHING LOOKS STRANGE, UGLY OR WRONG TO ME IN ANYWAY, IT IS JUST BECAUSE I AM IGNORANT. I NEED NOT FEAR ANYTHING I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, I JUST NEED TO HAVE FAITH IN MY OWN PURPOSE ALWAYS TO KNOW THAT THING OR PERSON HAS A PURPOSE RELEVANT ENOUGH TO ALLOW ME TO CROSS IT'S PATH. (AND IT TO CROSS MINE.)**

**I HAD TO CALL THE POLICE ON MYSELF TO BEGIN THIS REVELATION OR PATH I AM ON RIGHT NOW. I WANT TO THANK THE PERSON, THE OFFICER, THE MAN, THE AMERICAN, THE FATHER, THE BROTHER, THE UNCLE, AND THE SON FOR HEARING ME AND SIMPLY DOING WHAT HE WAS THERE TO DO. WITH ENOUGH STRENGTH, PURPOSE, HUMANITY, COURAGE, AND RAW UNBRIDLE SPIRIT, HE CARRIED ME OUT OF MY CIRCUMSTANCES IN HIS ARMS AND ALLOWED ME TO LEAVE THE CIRCUMSTANCES I HAD FELT HAD ALWAYS LIMITED ME. HE SAVED MY LIFE, BY ALLOWING ME THE TIME TO MAKE ONE OF MY OWN, WITH EVERYTHING I HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO TAKE WITH ME: MY KNOWLEDGE, MY CHOICES, MY REAL NAME.**

**THANK YOU OFFICER FROM THE NORTH CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT. YOU HAVE RESTORED MY FAITH IN LAW AND ORDER. AS WELL AS MY FAITH IN THOSE WHO SERVE AND PROTECT THEIR COMMUNITIES FOR KNOW OTHER REASON THAN THEY CAN AND THAT IS WHAT THEY WANT TO DO.**

**GOD BLESS YOU AND YOUR FAMILY.**

**IN MY PRAYERS ALWAYS.**

**JACQUELINE NICOLE HARRIS**

**(THERE IS NO RACIAL QUOTA ON THE HUMAN SPIRIT.  
ALL IT TAKES IS THE ABILITY TO MAKE A CHOICE AND THE  
COURAGE TO SEE IT THROUGH TO THE END.)**

**(C) 2007**

# The Ballad of a Broken Heart

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