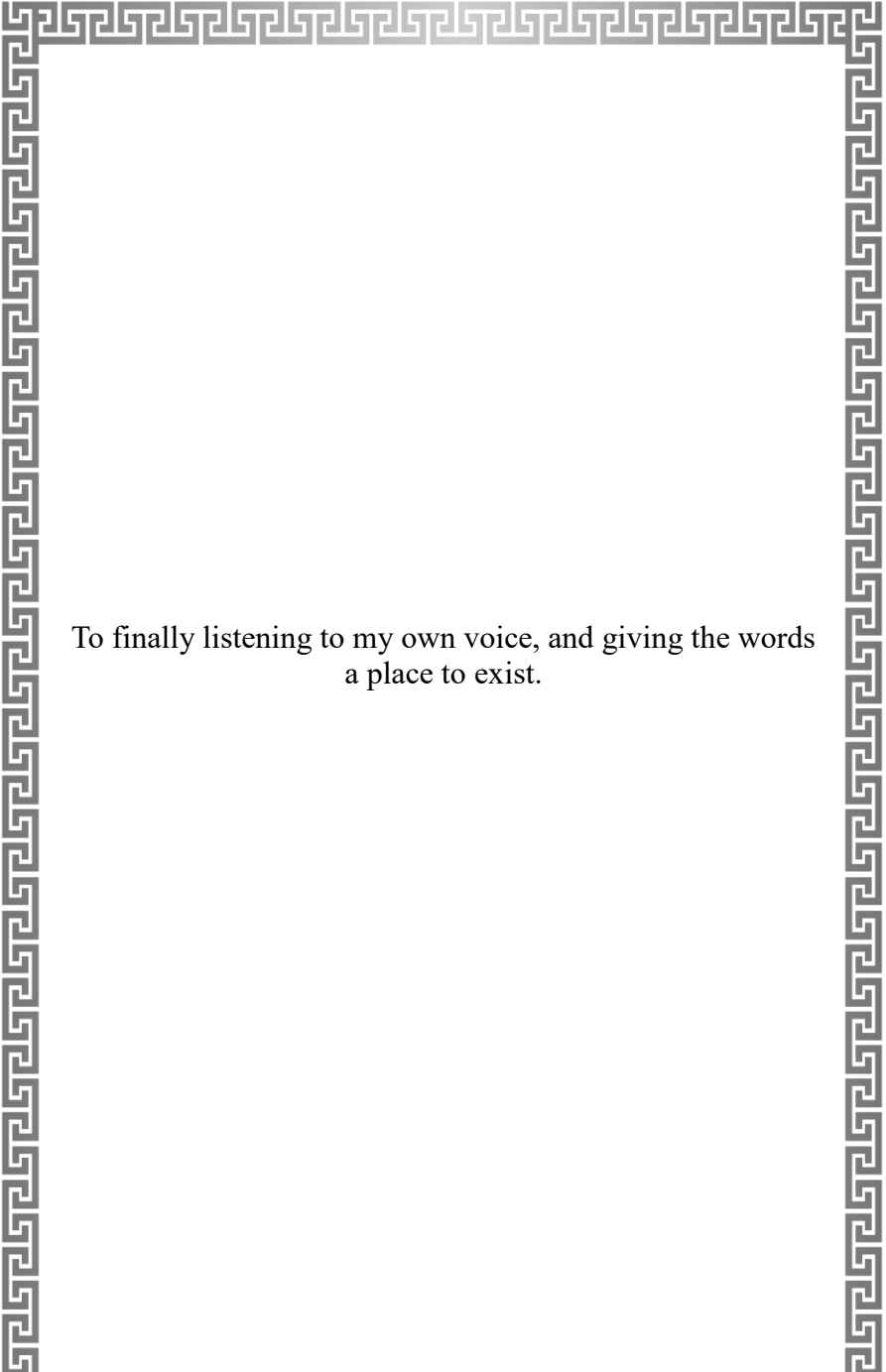




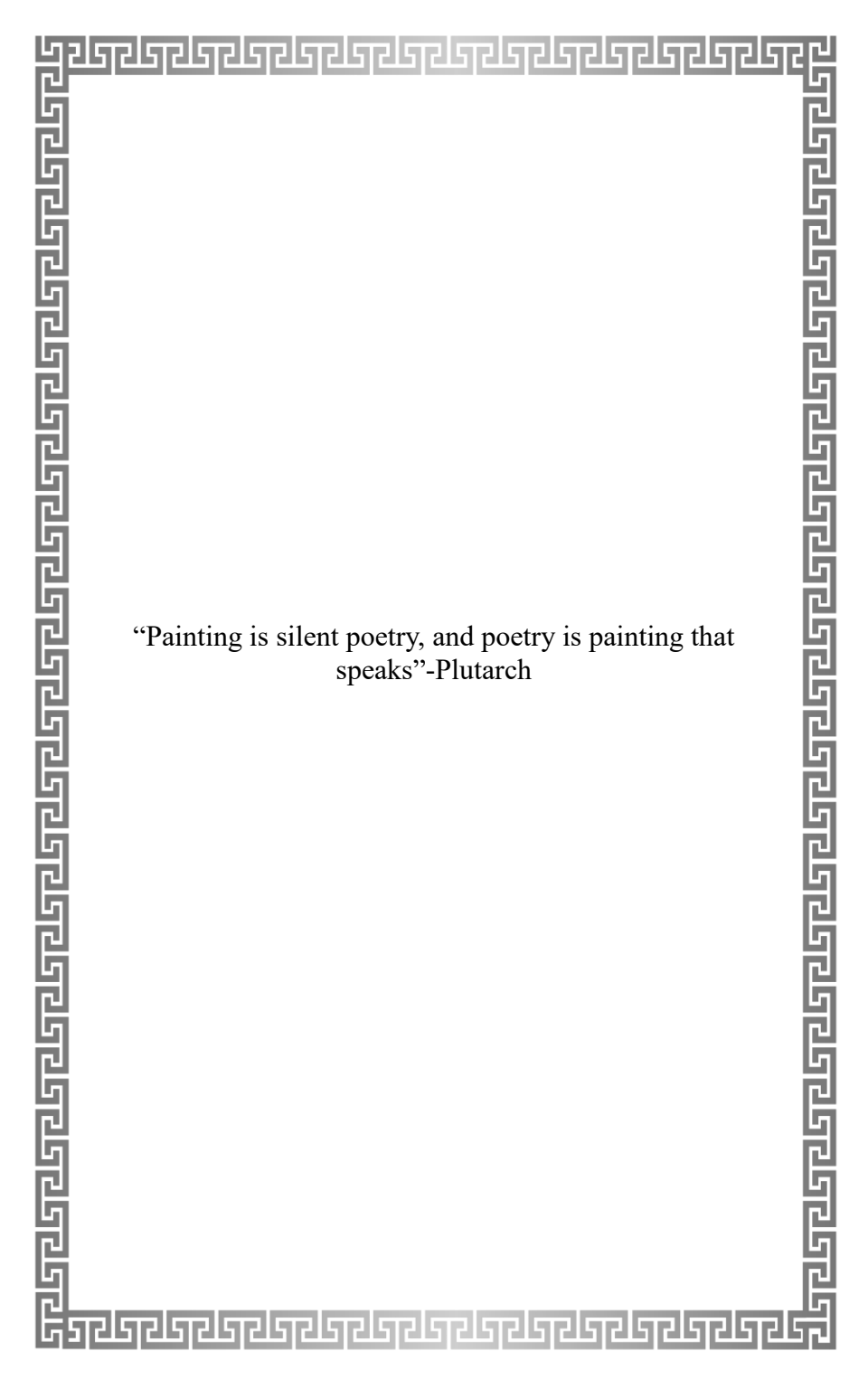
THE MULTITUDES I CONTAIN

A Book of Poems

Brianna Turner



To finally listening to my own voice, and giving the words
a place to exist.



“Painting is silent poetry, and poetry is painting that
speaks”-Plutarch

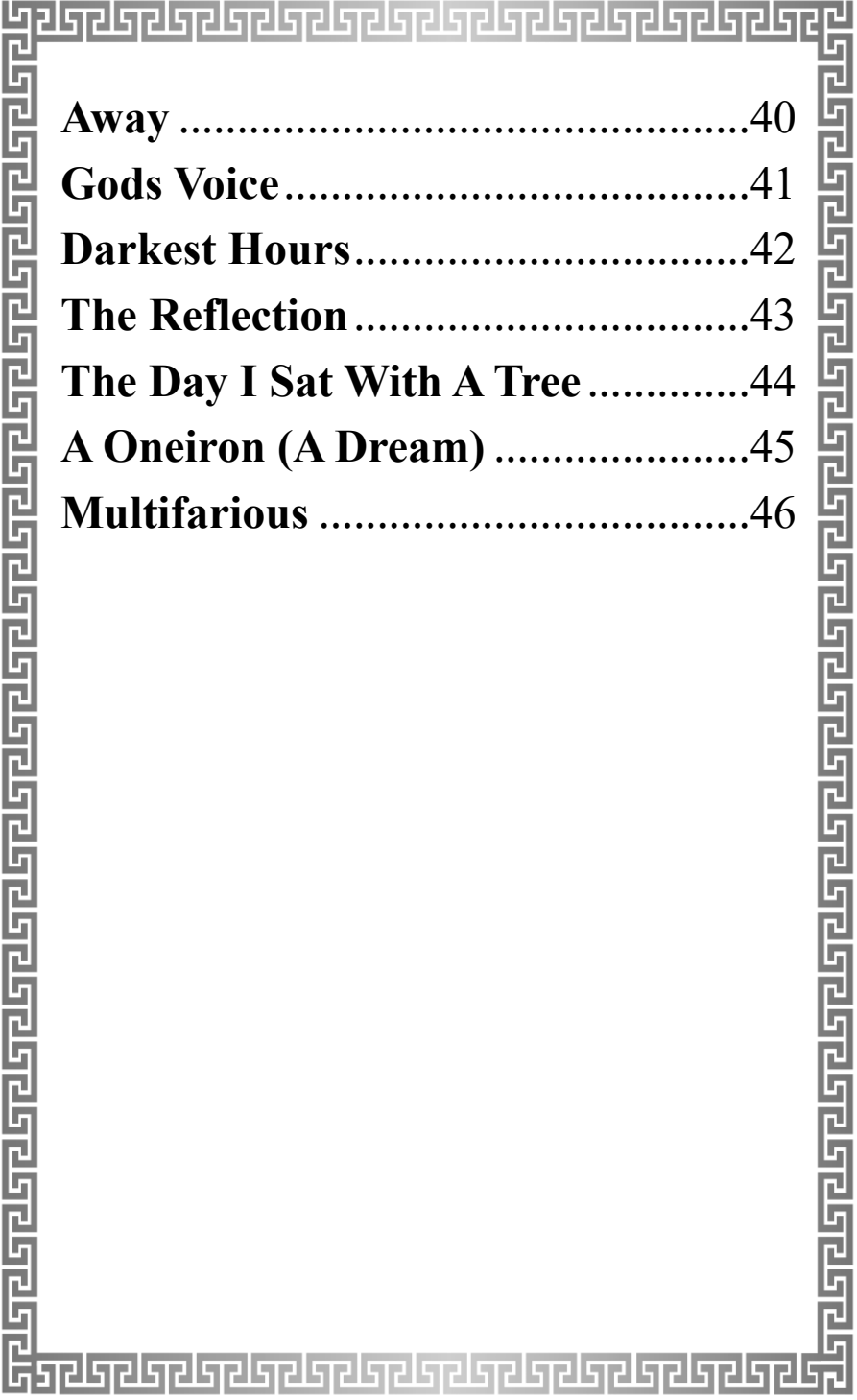


TABLE OF CONTENTS

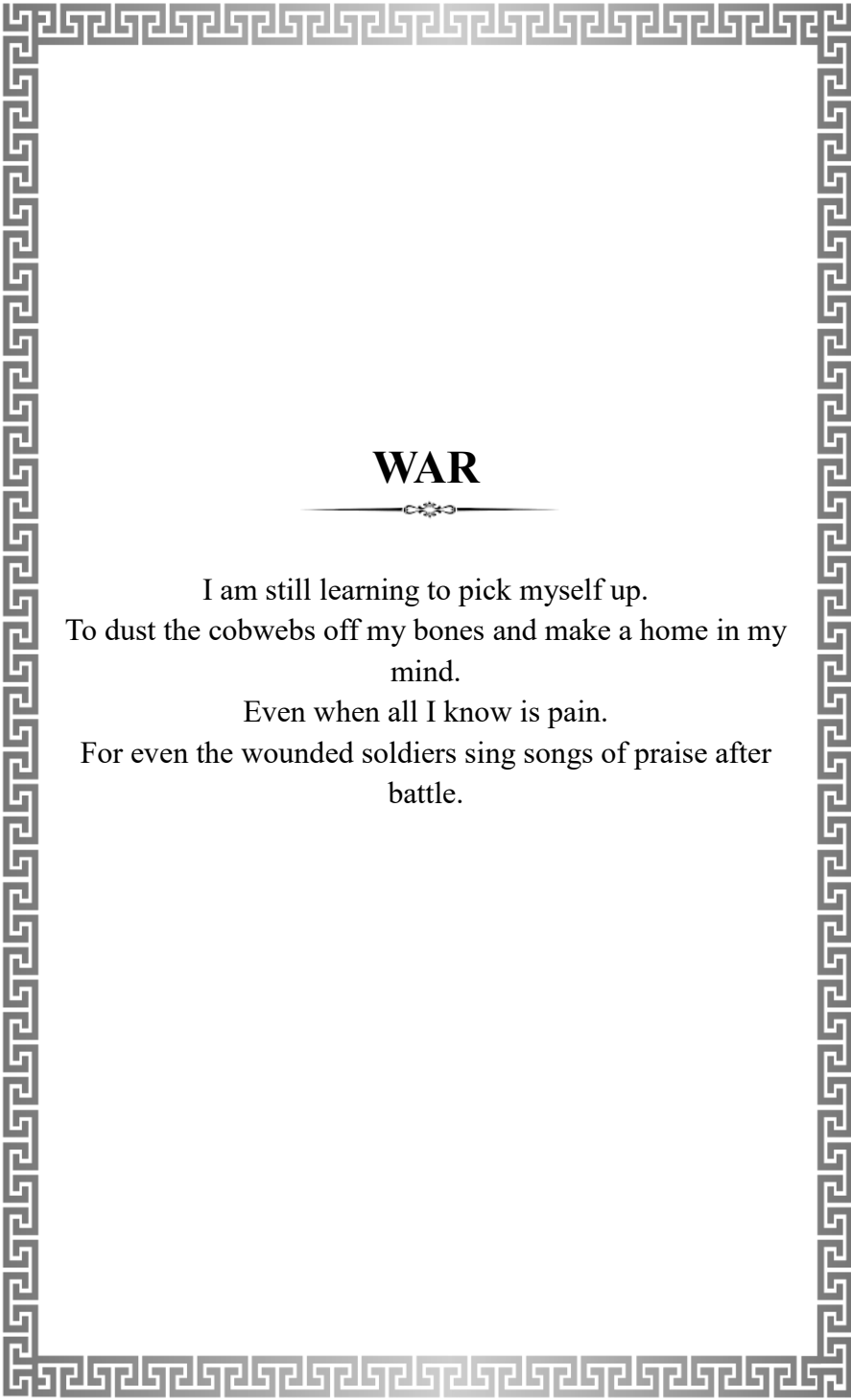


WAR	7
Sorrow	8
Comfort	9
Forgotten Dialect	10
Genesis.....	11
Constant Motion	12
Amateur	13
Color Me Nostalgic	14
The Phone Call.....	15
Ancient Artifacts.....	18
Divine Feminine	19
A Different View	20
PAIN	21

My Story	22
Boundless	23
Glimmer	24
Minuscule	25
Devotion	26
Unconditional	27
Undeniable	28
Tender	29
Storytelling	30
Sacred Poet	31
Gratitude	32
Anxiety	33
Paradise	34
Me	35
Already Gone?	36
Peace in the Unknown	37
Release Me	38
Tautogram	39

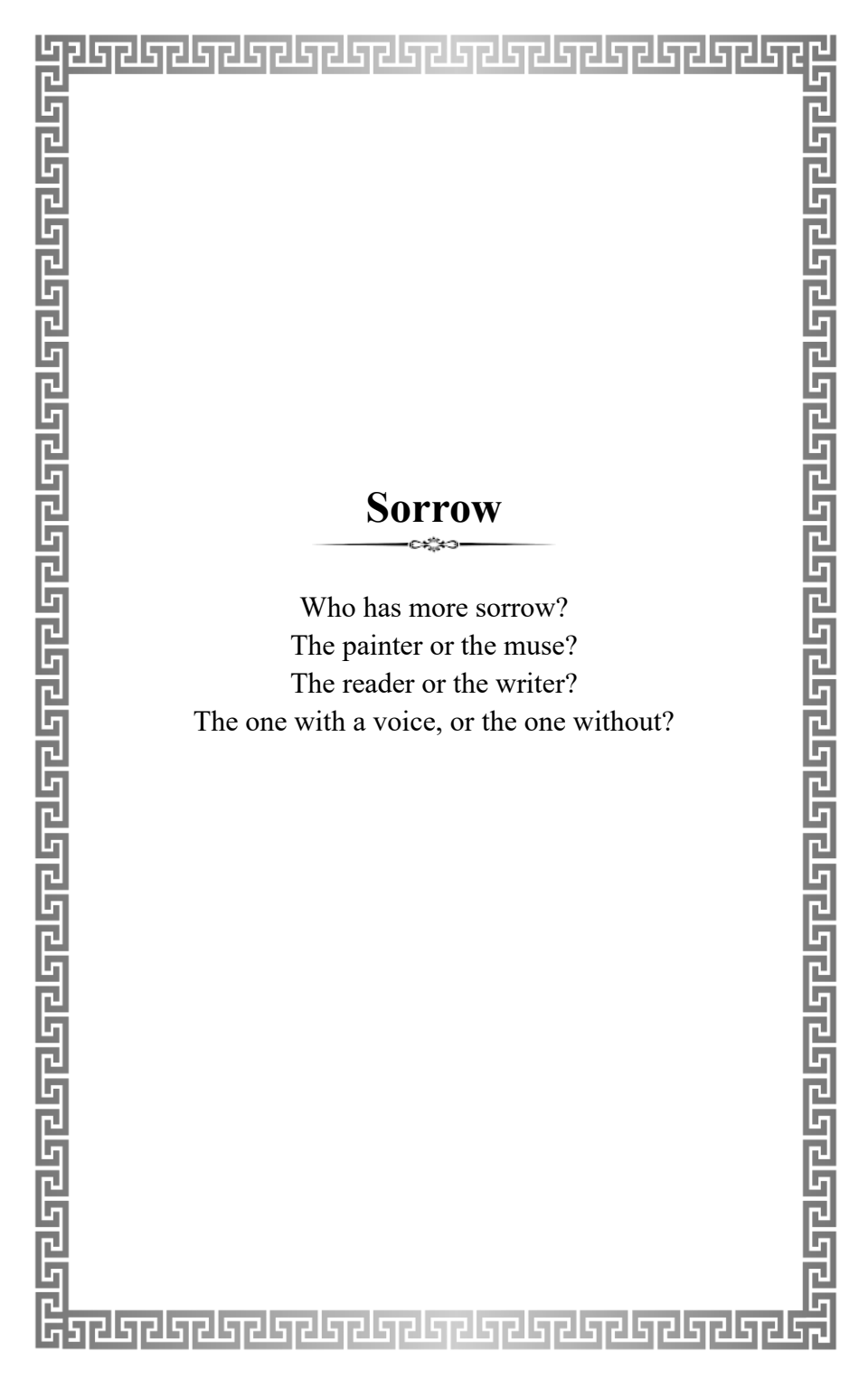


Away	40
Gods Voice	41
Darkest Hours	42
The Reflection	43
The Day I Sat With A Tree	44
A Oneiron (A Dream)	45
Multifarious	46



WAR

I am still learning to pick myself up.
To dust the cobwebs off my bones and make a home in my
mind.
Even when all I know is pain.
For even the wounded soldiers sing songs of praise after
battle.



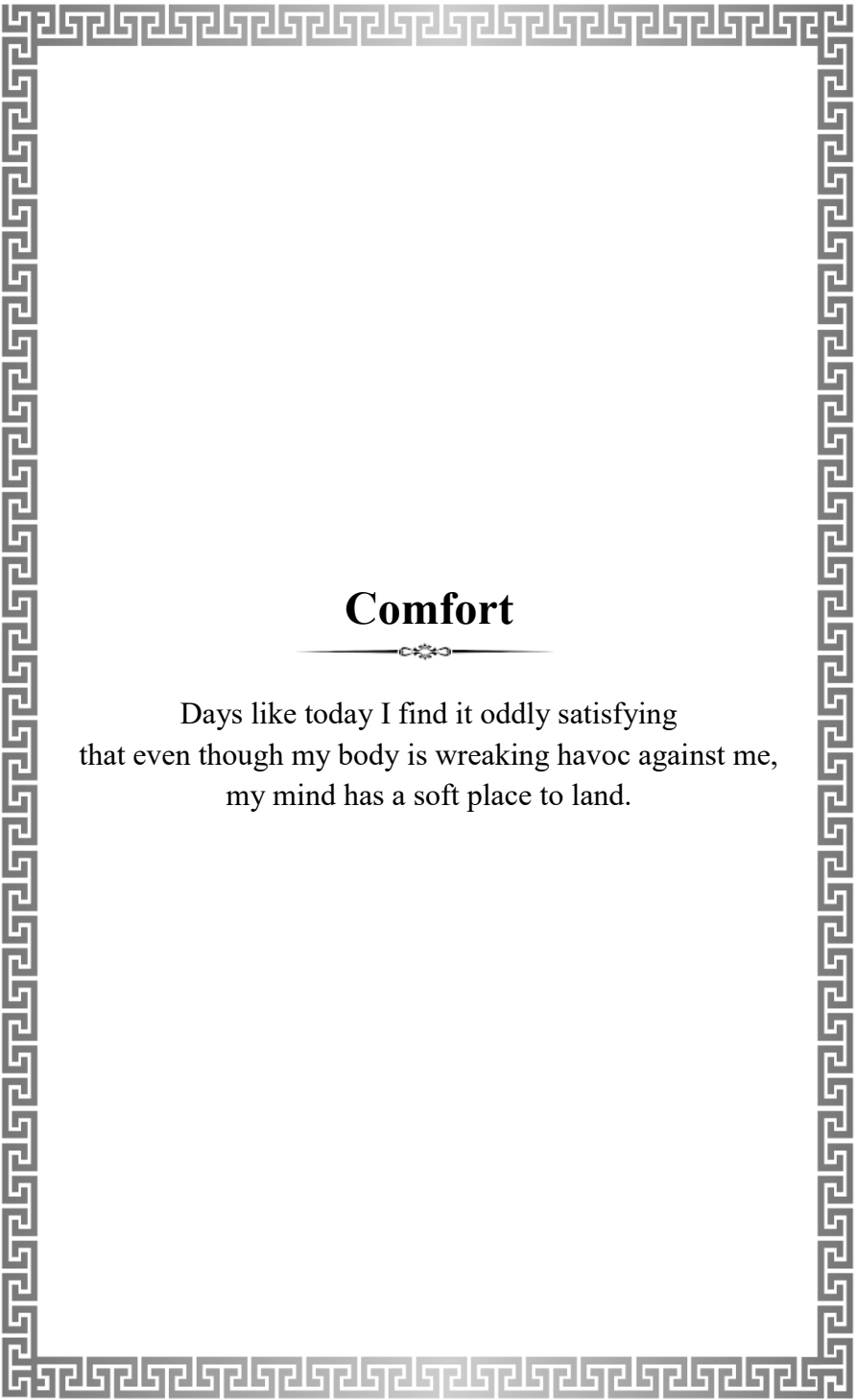
Sorrow

Who has more sorrow?

The painter or the muse?

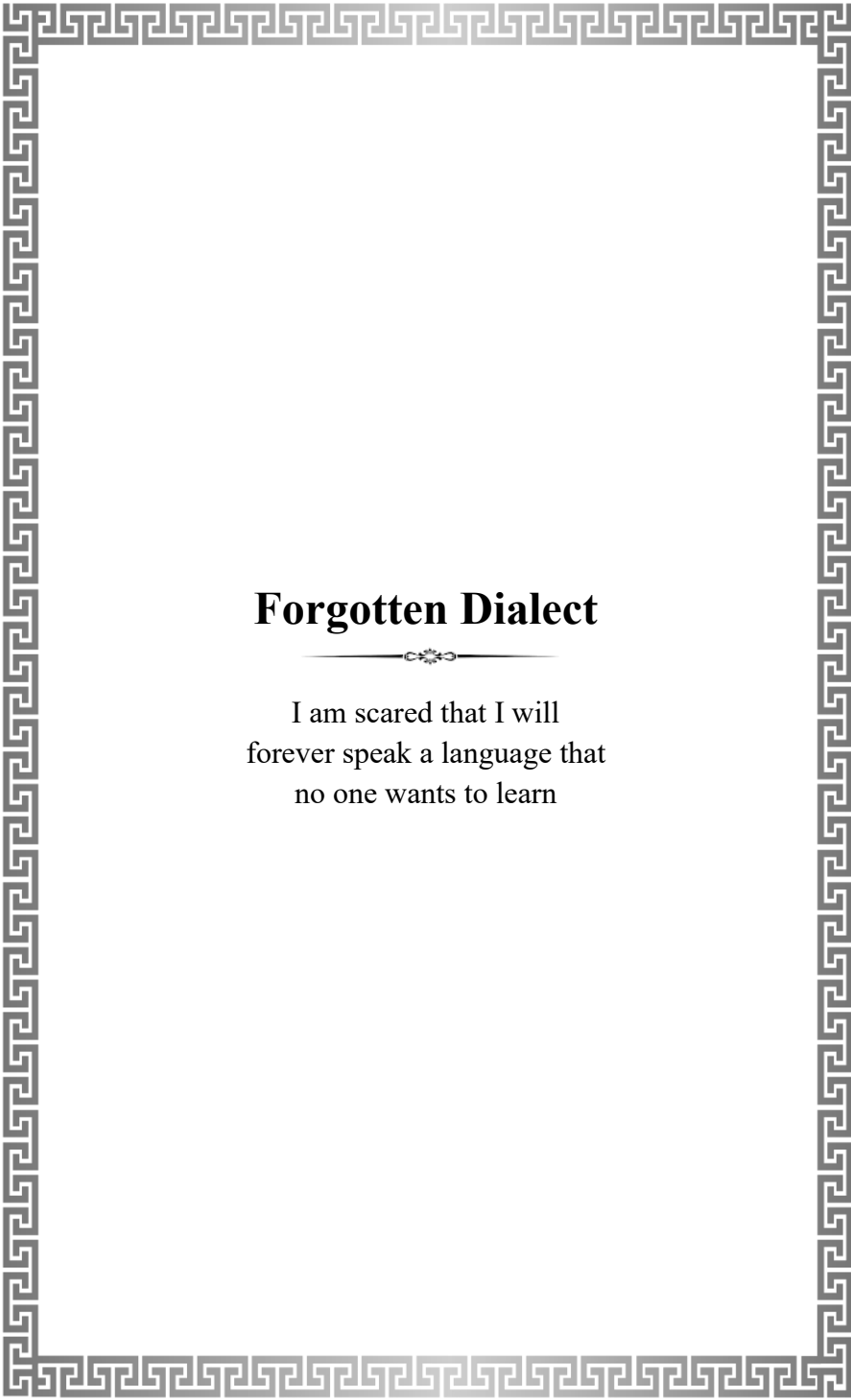
The reader or the writer?

The one with a voice, or the one without?



Comfort

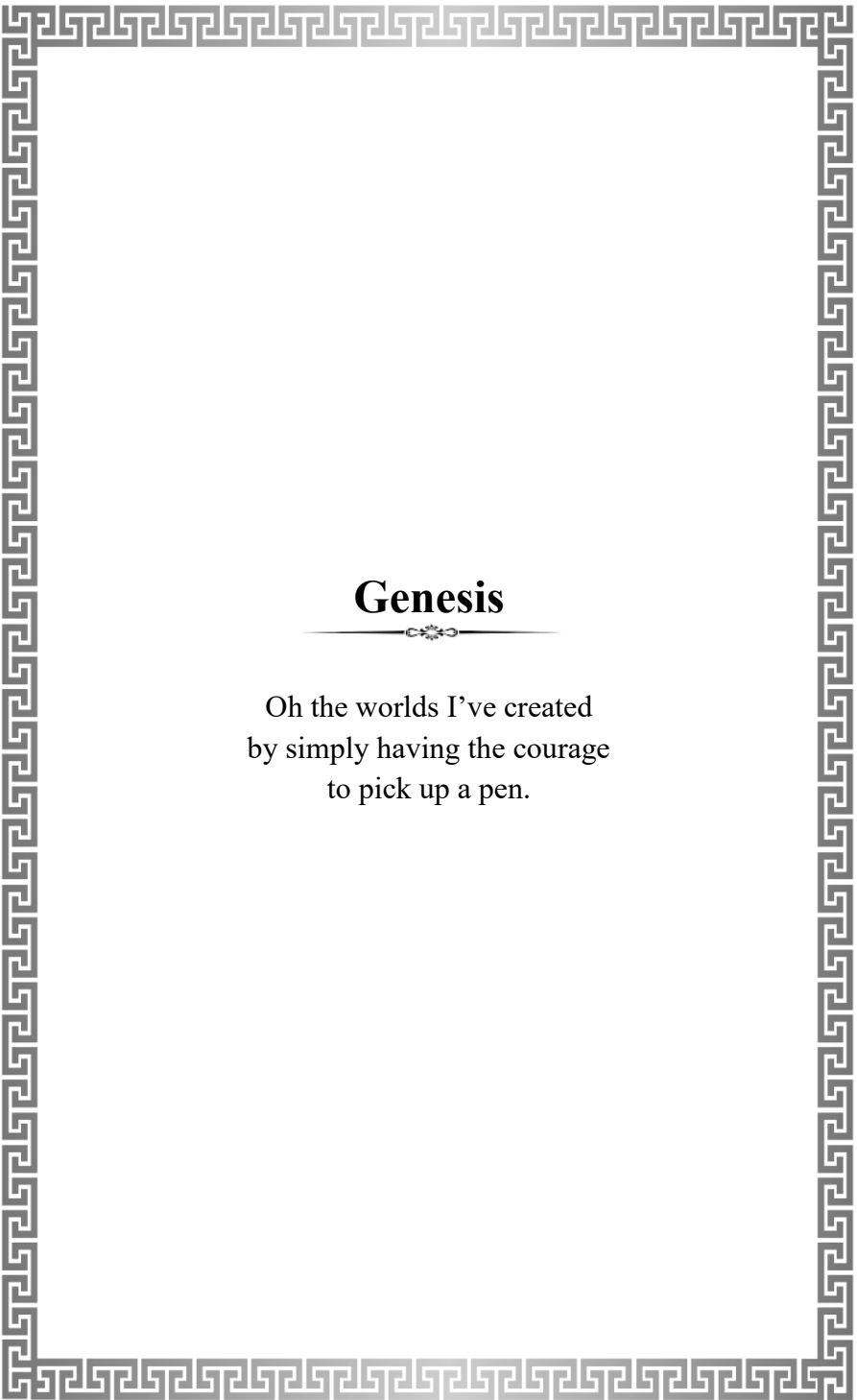
Days like today I find it oddly satisfying
that even though my body is wreaking havoc against me,
my mind has a soft place to land.



Forgotten Dialect



I am scared that I will
forever speak a language that
no one wants to learn



Genesis

Oh the worlds I've created
by simply having the courage
to pick up a pen.

Constant Motion

I am deeply rooted in my own anatomy
I have feelings so deep that I can not tell
where they all stem from

My urge to connect to a source powerful enough
to contain them keeps me up at night

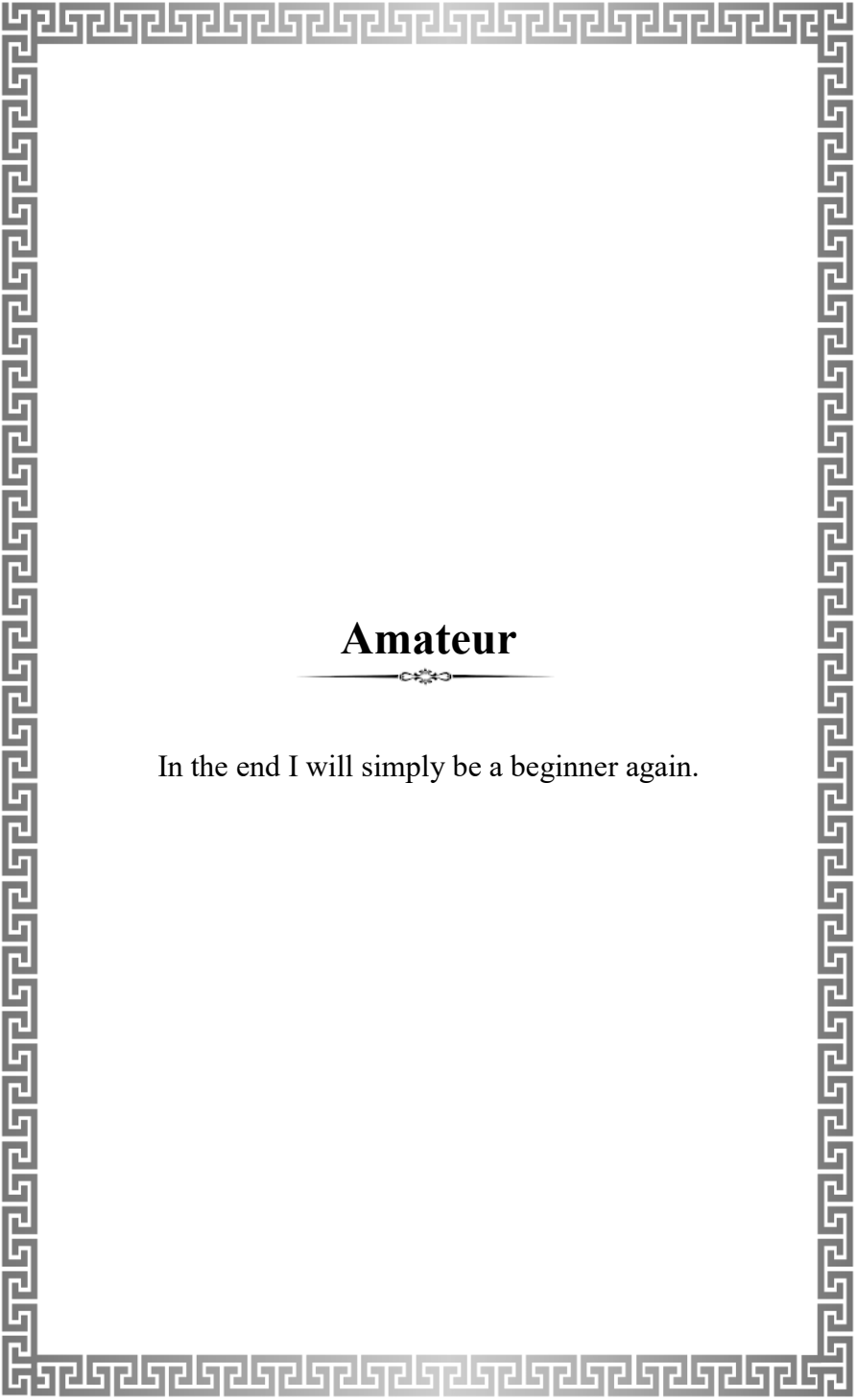
I dream in vivid illusions that wake me and leave me
breathless

My mind never ceases and my heart races like a horse fresh
out the stables

I wonder often and often I wander

I do not know how to keep still in any sense

My cerebrum is an apparatus full of light and sounds
constantly in motion



Amateur



In the end I will simply be a beginner again.

Color Me Nostalgic

I woke up at 7 AM today
Outside of my window everything was blue,
the sky, the snow on the rooftops of the houses,
the air had a beautiful hue to it.
I saw my brother go out to catch the bus in the brisk
morning air that I once
had to catch the bus in.
Oh how I enjoyed that morning nostalgia.

The Phone Call

One day I picked up the phone and a voice asked me ‘are
you free?’

The voice sounded familiar but I couldn’t quite place it
when I asked who it was she said ‘me’

I started to hang up and she said to just answer But I
wanted to know her name

She said ‘all will be answered, I promise just as soon as we
finish this game’

I said yes, I’m free

She said ‘no you’re not’ And I said, well, how did I get
here?

She said ‘all you do is walk around in constant turmoil and
fear’

I was getting upset so I simply replied you think you know
me so well? She laughed

I rolled my eyes

She said ‘sweetie you’ve been going through hell’

I asked again who is this?

She replied ‘I said it’s me’ Who’s me? I asked
‘Give me some time and soon you’ll surely see’

‘Next question’ she said

Oh great more questions, what could you possibly ask

She paused

Took a deep breath

‘Why have you let so much time pass?’

I was confused

What could she mean Time was a constant for all

I guess I’ve been busy with life

She chuckled

‘But you made sure to pick up *this* call?’

Well I guess I had a minute to spare

‘A minute is all that it takes, you used to call all of the
time’

Okay this was getting ridiculous And I felt I was losing my
mind I’m sure I should know who you are by now if you
say we spoke everyday

‘Not every day’ she sighed

‘Just more than this’ And a thought came creeping my way
How did she know about the hell I’ve been through Or the
fears that’s deep in my bones

Her voice was inseparable

Almost recognizable And she knew I would pick up the
phone

I have a question now

I made sure she heard me loud and clear

‘I’m listening’ she said And by now I’m shedding a tear
The girl on the phone waited patiently

As I mustered the strength to say

Are you free?

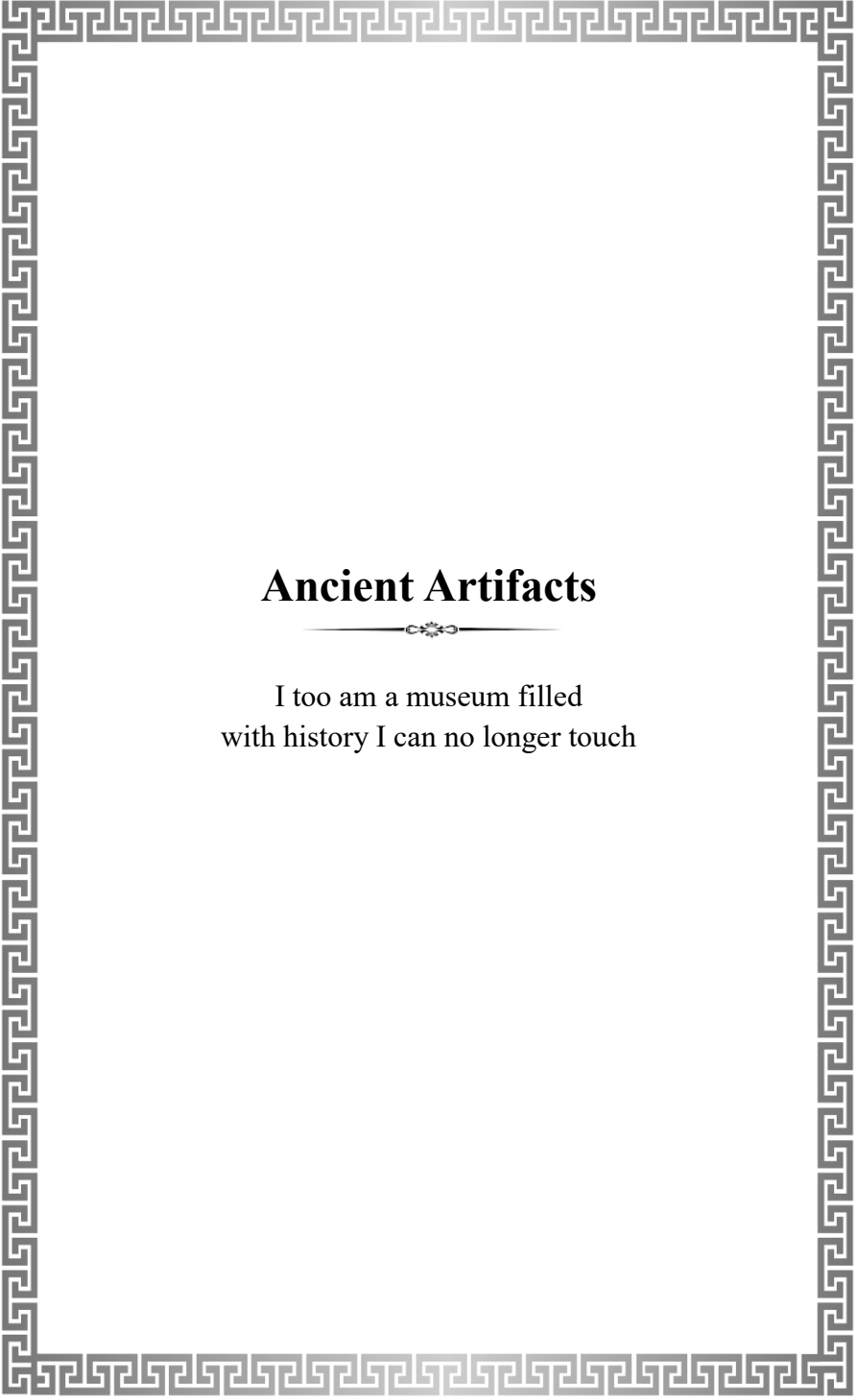
‘No, I’m not’ she replied

‘But I hope you are in some way that’s why I called



Just as a reminder to make sure you are living your life
And not just simply getting by
But actually living it right

This was a test to see if you could answer some questions
that might not always be fun But please don't forget to
remember just how far you've come Don't forget to check
on the girl who's still bound by her hell and her fears
And next time, oh next **time**, please don't let it be years'



Ancient Artifacts

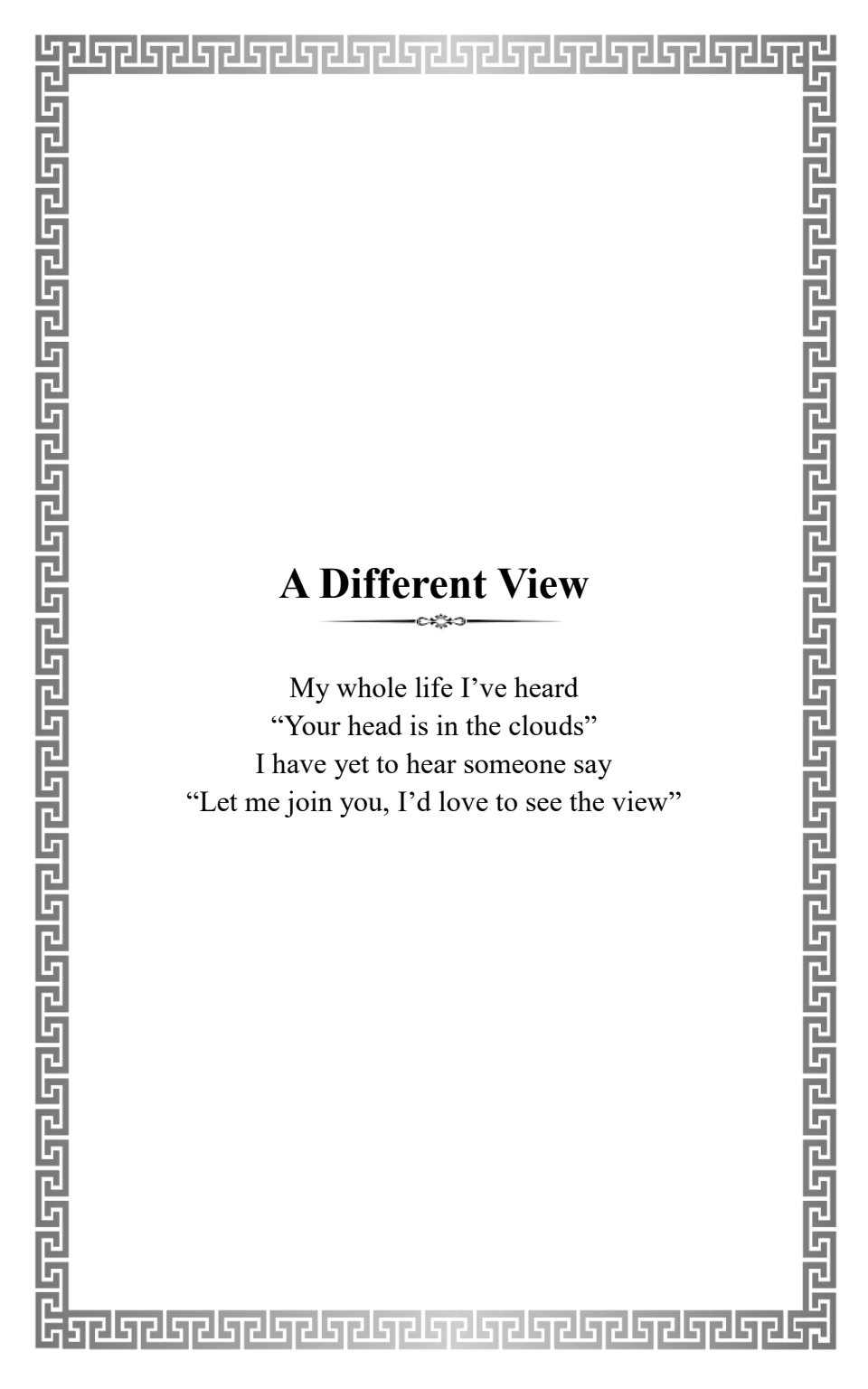


I too am a museum filled
with history I can no longer touch

Divine Feminine

It's the energy you exude that leaves me speechless
The way you demand attention without even trying
Passion flows through your every fiber and explodes into
your existence

Showing that beauty is never about looks
You handle everything with such grace
Even the heavens look down in awe
The peace you offer is the silence after a snowstorm
Divine Feminine
In everything you do
You radiate



A Different View



My whole life I've heard
"Your head is in the clouds"
I have yet to hear someone say
"Let me join you, I'd love to see the view"

PAIN



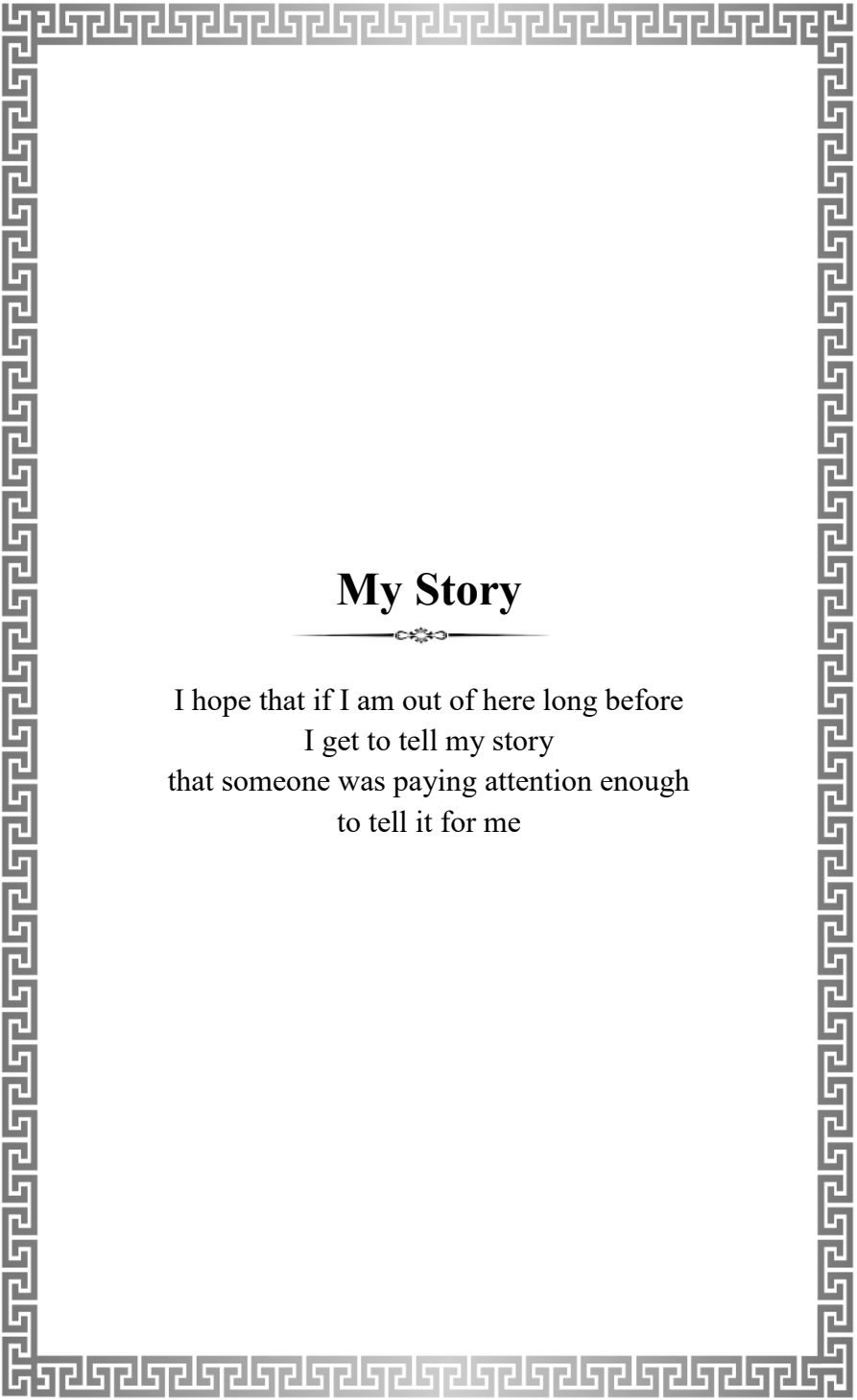
I am a plethora of pain
I feel everything so deeply

My bones ache

My stomach churns

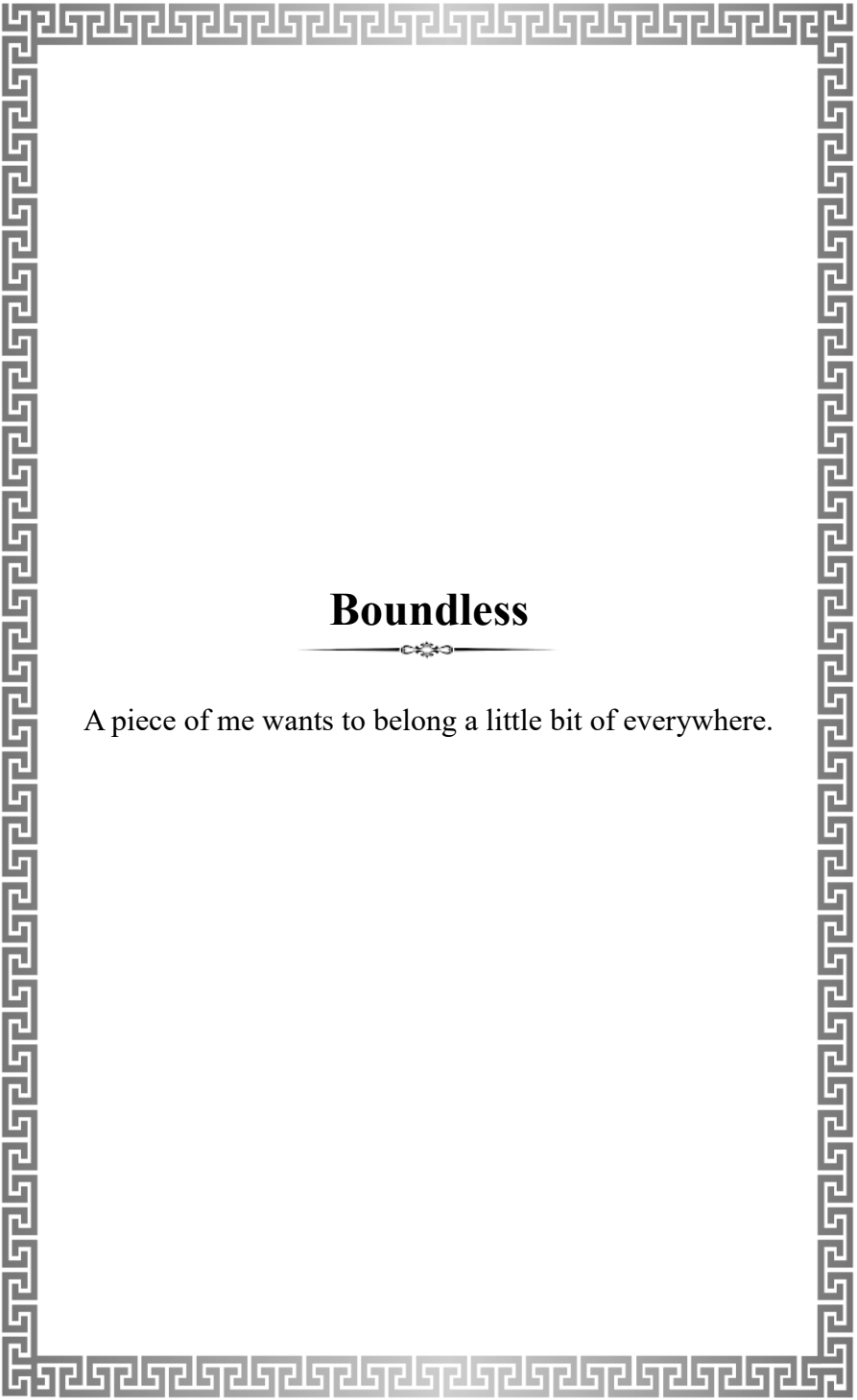
My head spins

The cosmos have had softer existences than I.



My Story

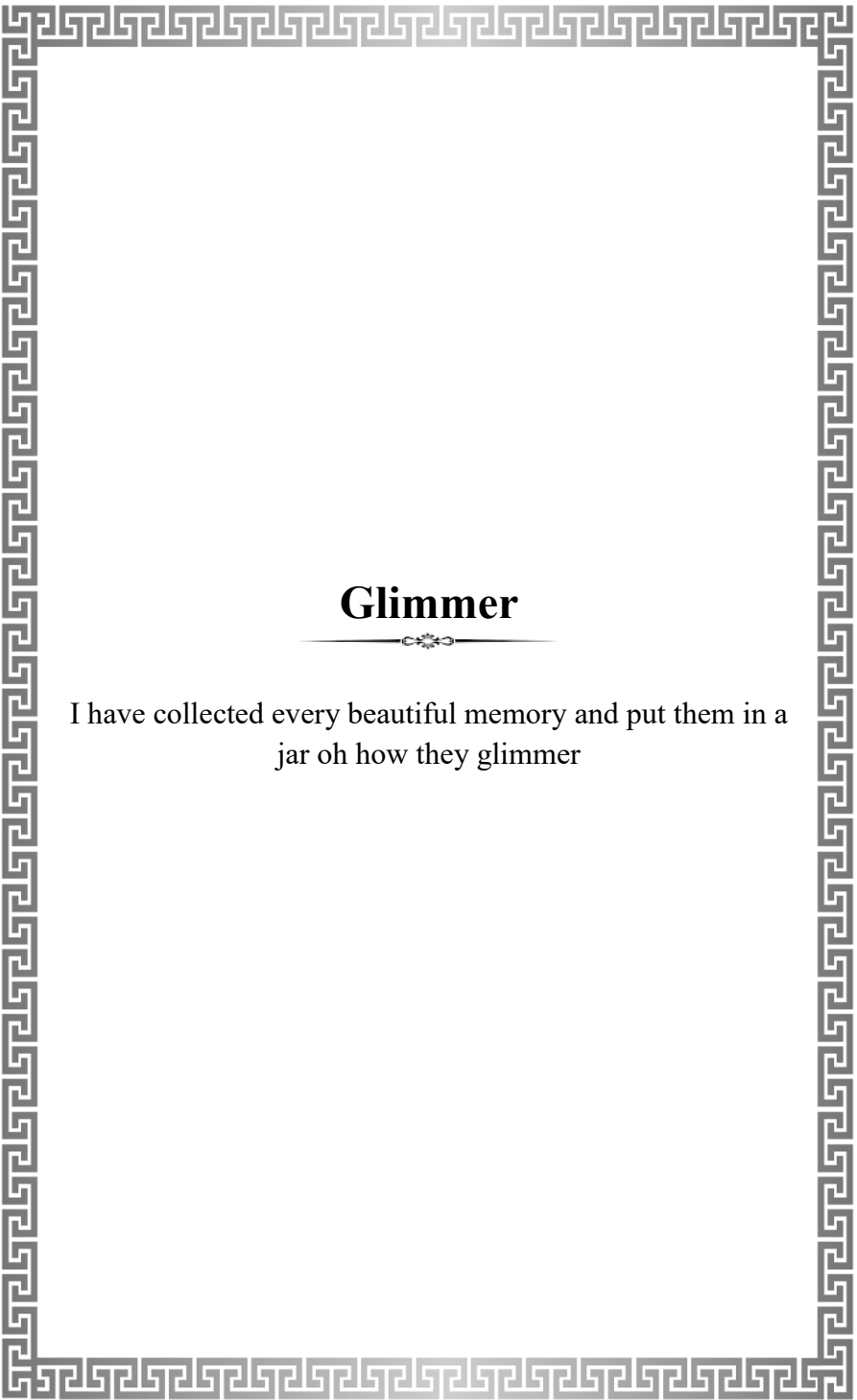
I hope that if I am out of here long before
I get to tell my story
that someone was paying attention enough
to tell it for me



Boundless



A piece of me wants to belong a little bit of everywhere.



Glimmer

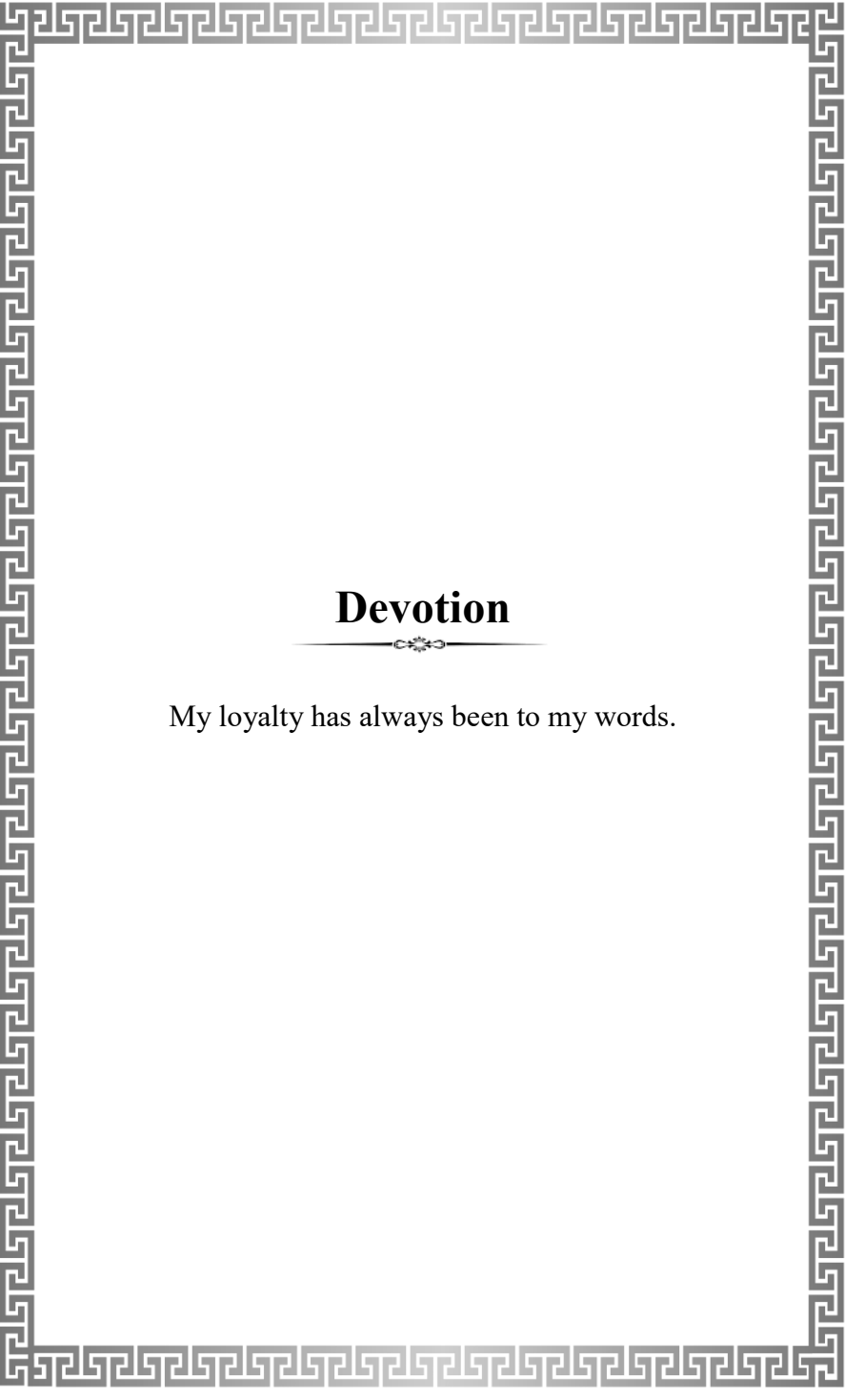


I have collected every beautiful memory and put them in a
jar oh how they glimmer

Minuscule



I smile at the simple thought that I am so small in
comparison, so small so small



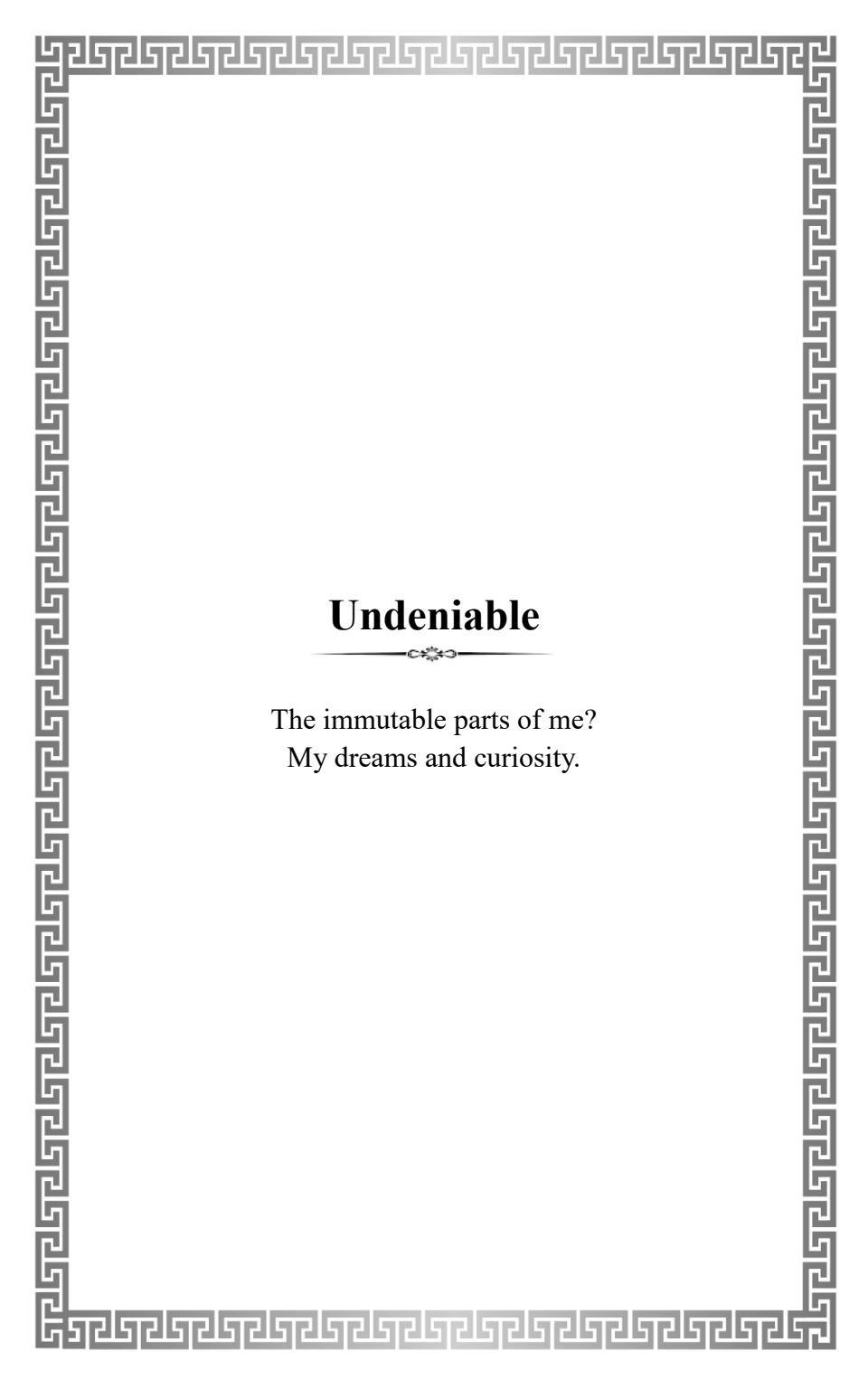
Devotion

My loyalty has always been to my words.

Unconditional



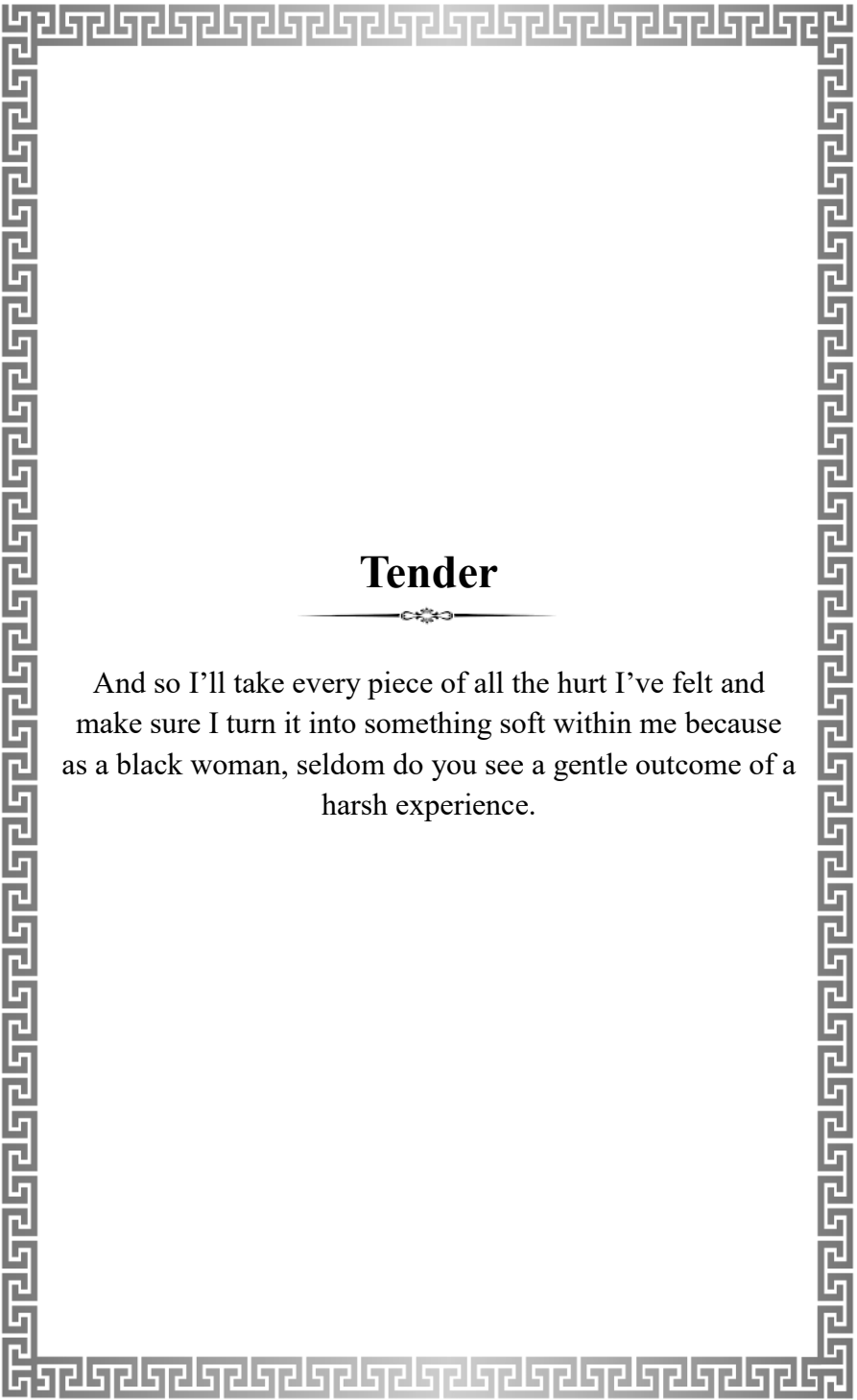
Long ago I fell in love with stories
They were my first love
I liked the way the words would hold me
When no one else was quite enough



Undeniable

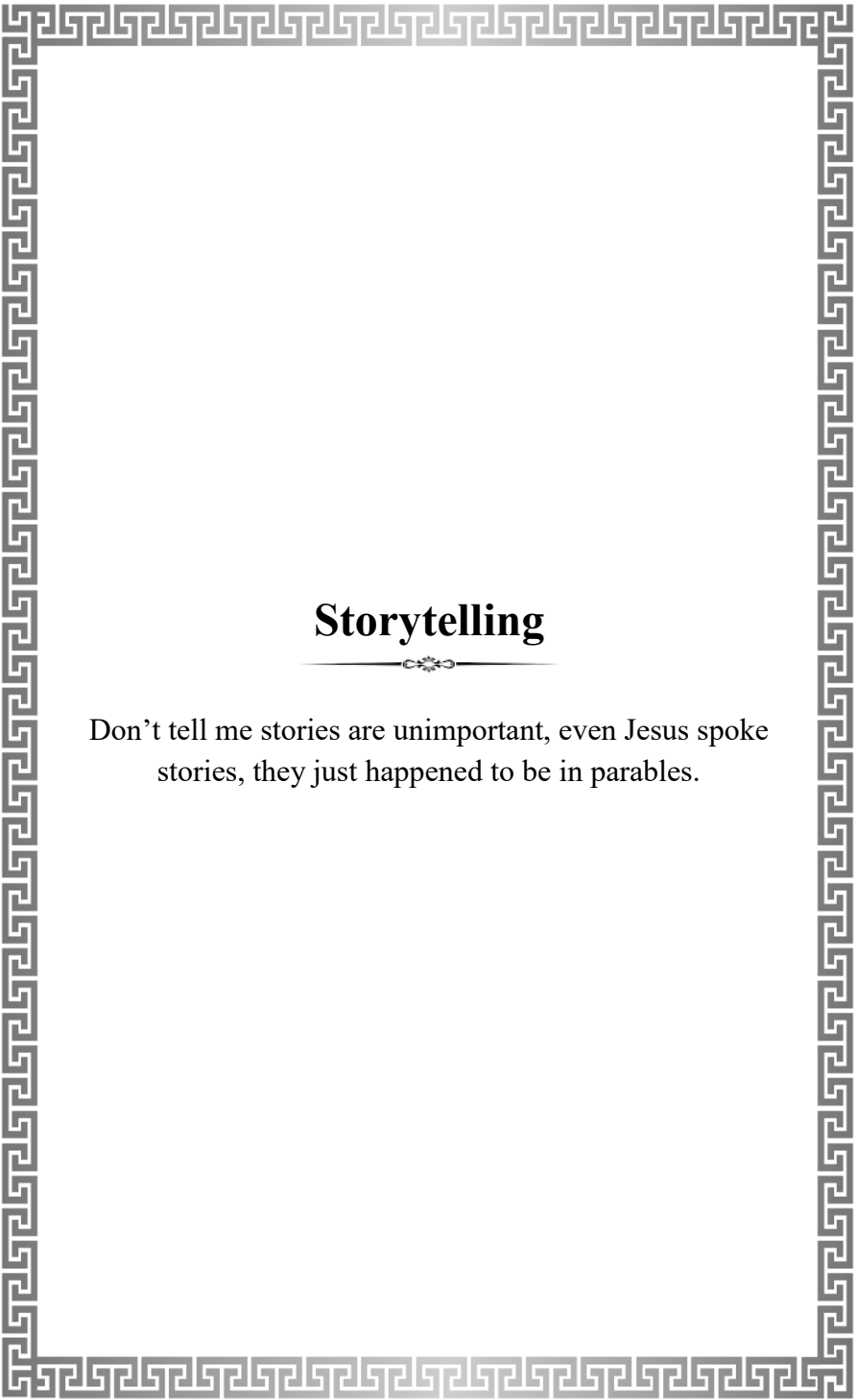


The immutable parts of me?
My dreams and curiosity.



Tender

And so I'll take every piece of all the hurt I've felt and
make sure I turn it into something soft within me because
as a black woman, seldom do you see a gentle outcome of a
harsh experience.



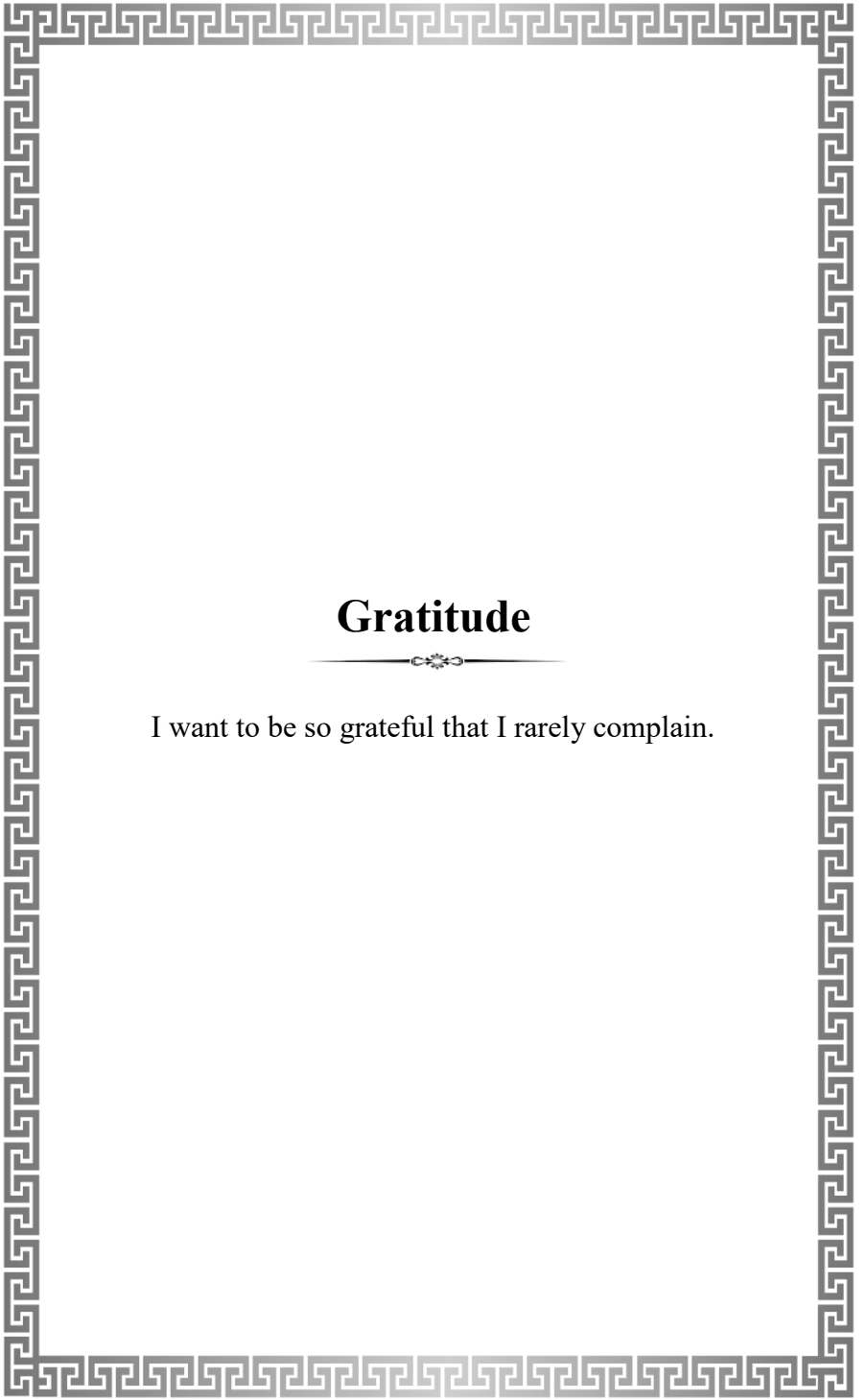
Storytelling

Don't tell me stories are unimportant, even Jesus spoke stories, they just happened to be in parables.

Sacred Poet

My favorite poet is God
Who else do you know can recite a poem in your dreams
Or speak outside of words.

Sure all the greats have found a way to write or sing a
beautiful ballad But this poet speaks through the wind.
He writes using grains of sand. Natures existence is one of
his greatest poems, But when he talks to me through my
dreams, leaving me to decipher what the message means,
all I can do is smile at the fact he chose me as his audience.
How beautiful is it to experience something so holy?



Gratitude



I want to be so grateful that I rarely complain.

Anxiety

I hear words uttered that I try to catch
Always reaching for them But they never quite latch
They flow and they fly by
Leaving me questioning why I always have to think back
The moments are fleeting
And my hearts always beating too fast
Why is it I have to dissect every interaction Eons after
they've happened I'm sure it's because I was so lost in the
way that the air smelled Or maybe because I heard
someone yell No it can only be Because of my crippling
anxiety

Paradise

Peace wrapped around my body and would not let go
Being on the island was an experience I will forever know
The waves gently singing to me as the breeze played in my
hair

The laughter that filled my belly the whole time I was there

The endless mountains from left and to right

The singing karaoke that went on all night

The exchange of secrets between friends

The way I wished it would never end

The sun kissed skin that suited me well

The lounging around outside the hotel

The unknown in each day for what was to come

The sand that stuck tightly to my bum

That week on that island left me feeling alive

Paradise was witnessed but not just through my eyes

ME

See I hold space for the multitudes inside me And let my
emotions guide me
There is nothing I am not worthy of
So know that I am filled with love

I have given myself grace
And learned that peace comes at a steady pace
Nothing about me has come from a place of hate
I'm even smiling more as of late

Now see this didn't come easy
I had to learn what it would take to please me
Listen to my own voice
Drown out all the noise
Until all I could hear was Bri

Already Gone?

Already gone? Already?

That went by too fast

Please come back

I wanted this to last

The happiness I had

The innocence galore

The fresh set of eyes

I don't have anymore

Pain oh pain

has made its home here

It's come and got comfortable

for too long I fear

This is the outcome of past decisions

The choice I made that now I must live in

So ill kick out the pain

and start a new journey

because pain does not deserve to own me

I know ill be fine

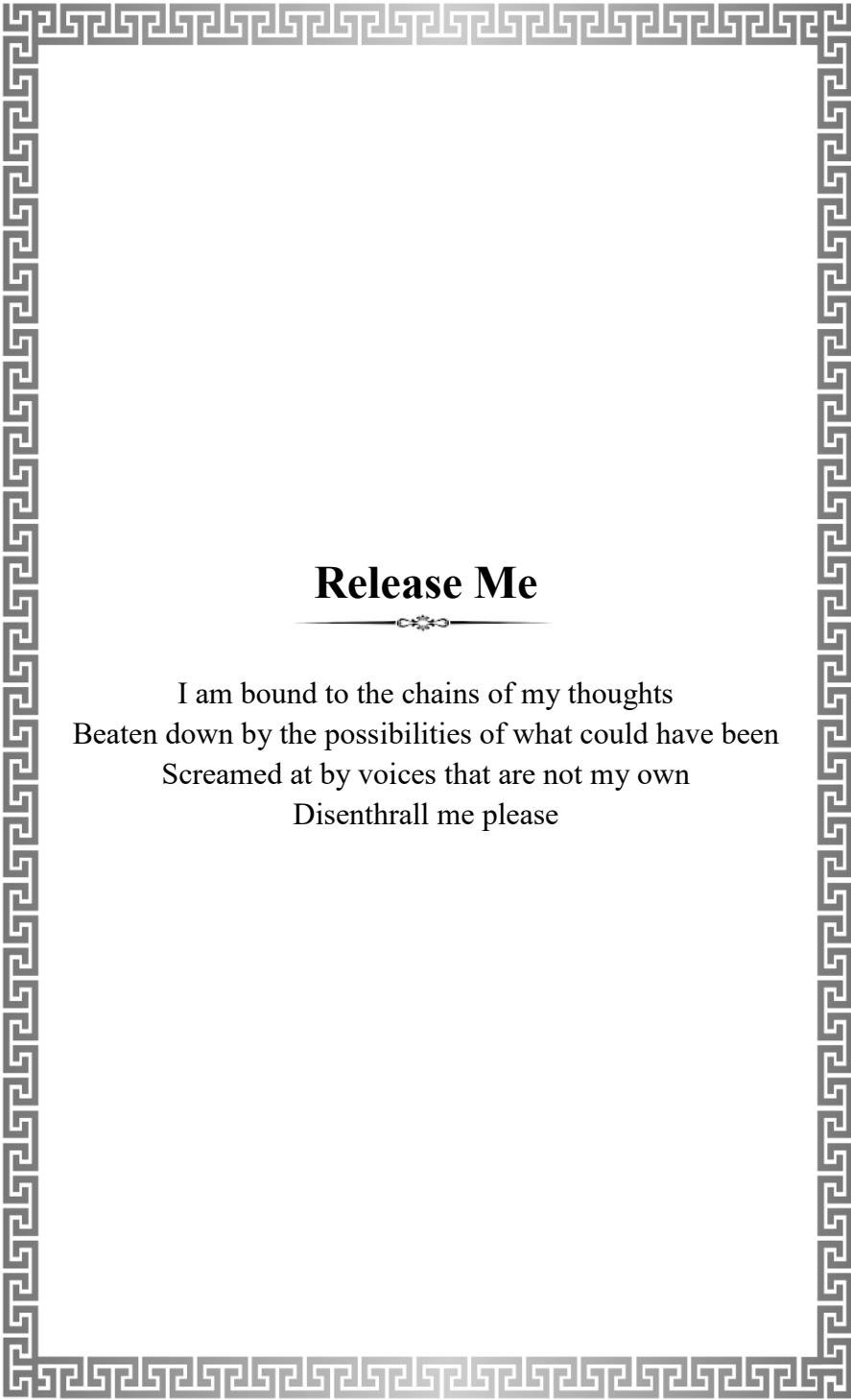
I'll just take it steady

But are you already gone? Really? Already?

Peace in the Unknown

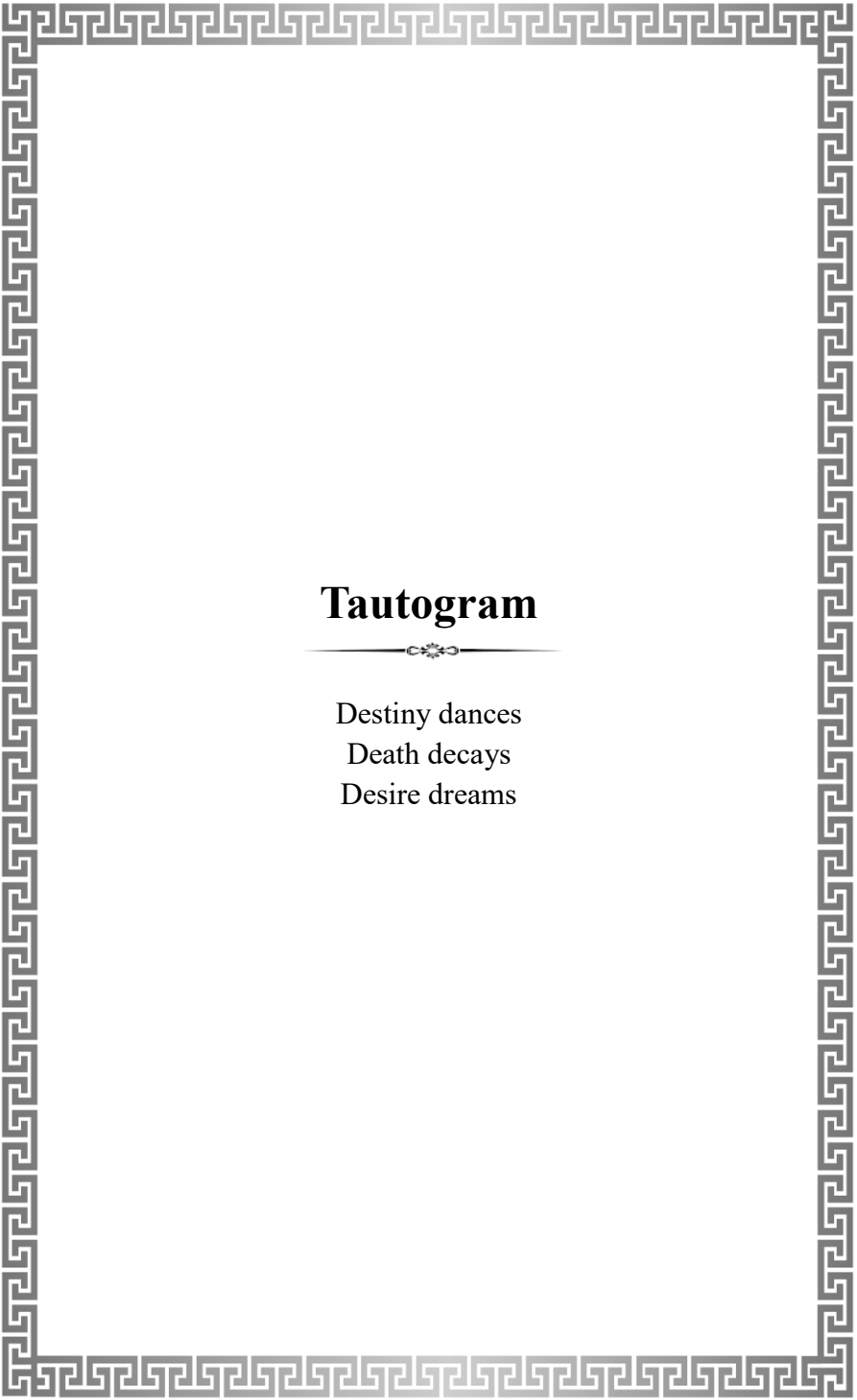


What a privilege it is to have no idea what's coming next.



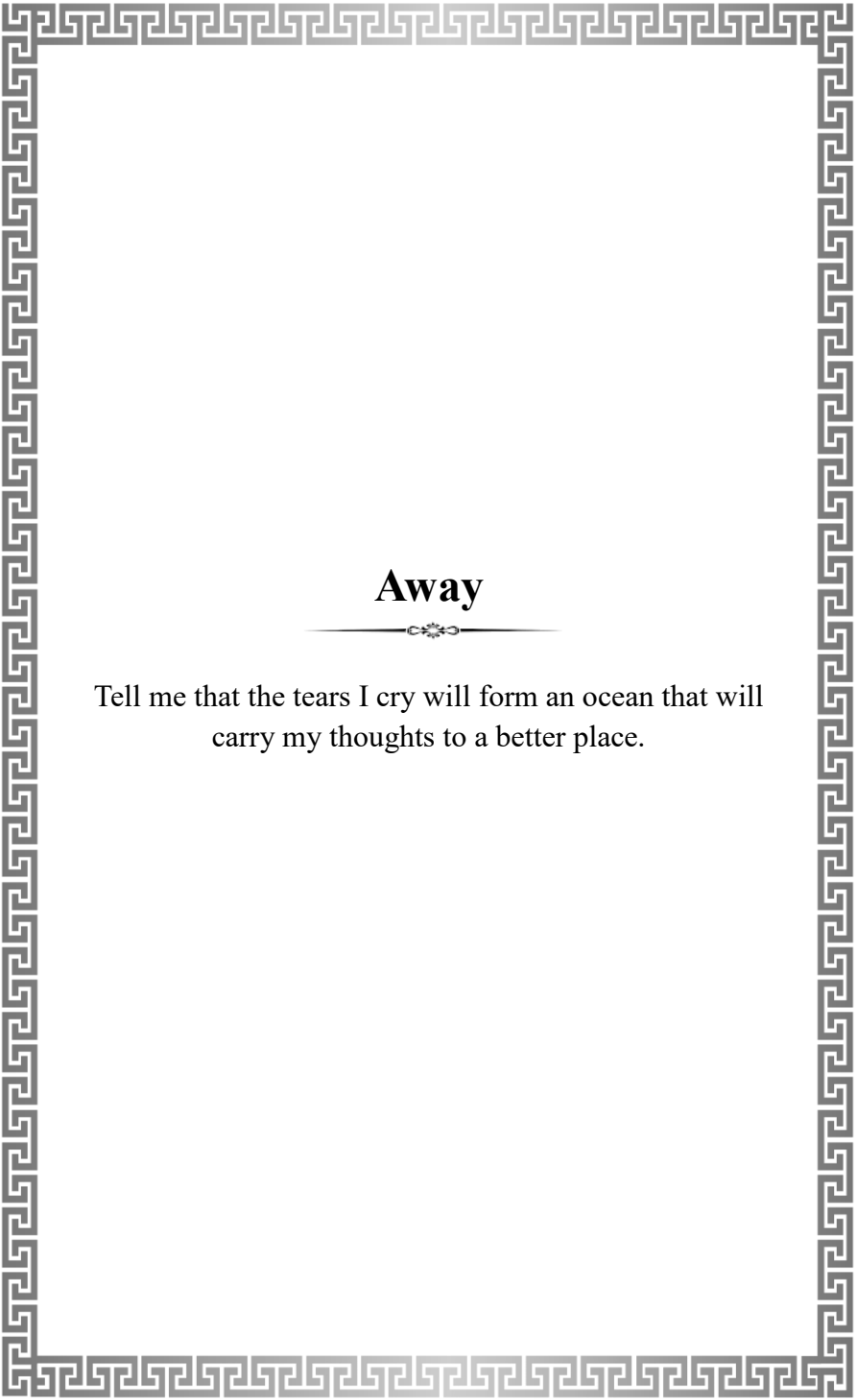
Release Me

I am bound to the chains of my thoughts
Beaten down by the possibilities of what could have been
Screamed at by voices that are not my own
Disenthrall me please



Tautogram

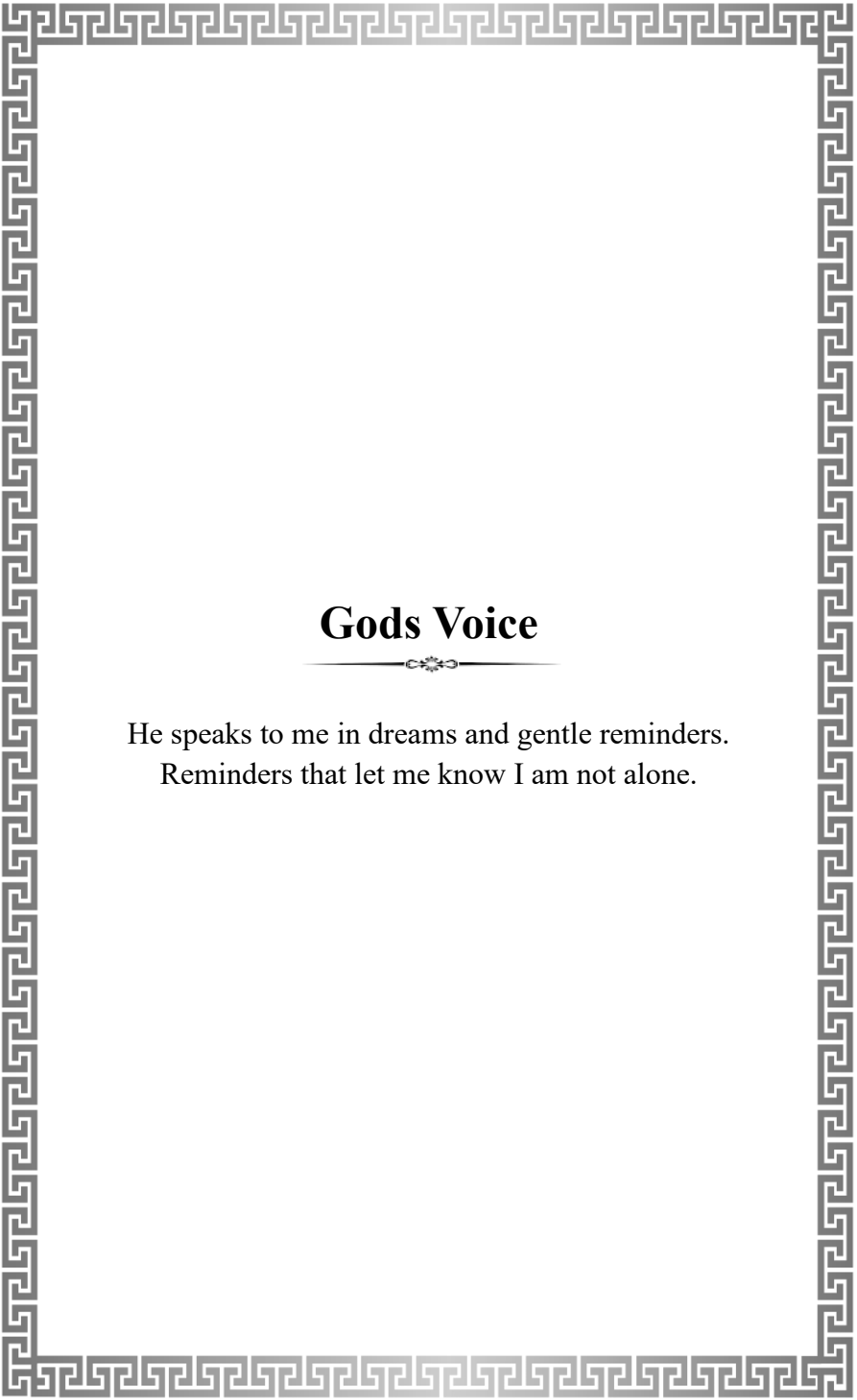
Destiny dances
Death decays
Desire dreams



Away



Tell me that the tears I cry will form an ocean that will
carry my thoughts to a better place.



Gods Voice



He speaks to me in dreams and gentle reminders.
Reminders that let me know I am not alone.



Darkest Hours

Somewhere between night and morning

I am once again writhing with pain

Pain

Pain

Pain

Don't cry

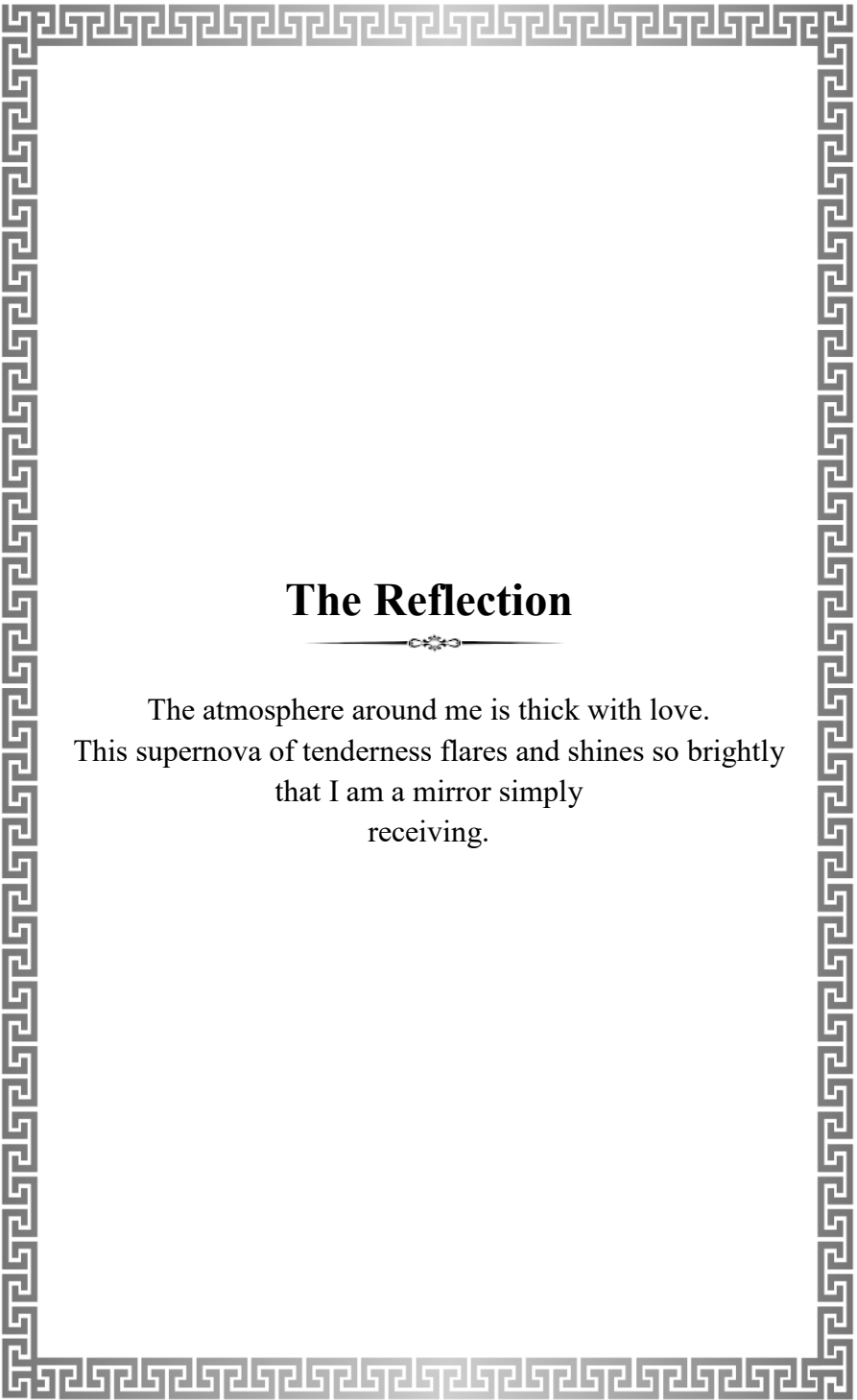
Now isn't the time

Breathe

Breathe

Breathe

I am tired



The Reflection



The atmosphere around me is thick with love.
This supernova of tenderness flares and shines so brightly
that I am a mirror simply
receiving.

The Day I Sat With A Tree



On a nice summer day I sat with a tree
I asked it to tell me the things it had seen
It told me that it constantly saw something new

New people

New flowers

New buildings and roads

New ferns

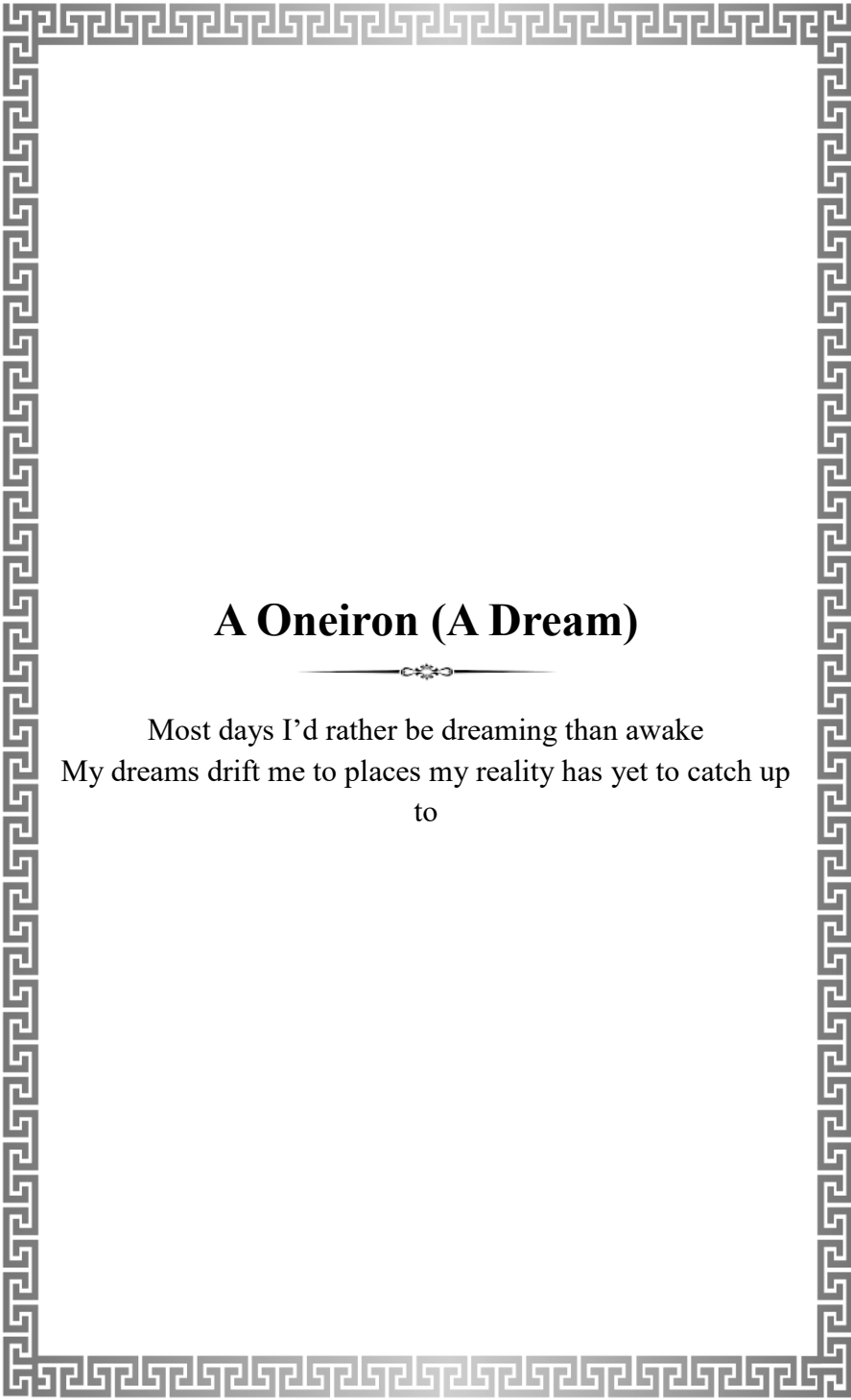
New birds

Foxes and toads

Life flowed all around

No day was the same

Then the tree said, 'you know what, I am the only thing that
remains'



A Oneiron (A Dream)



Most days I'd rather be dreaming than awake
My dreams drift me to places my reality has yet to catch up
to

Multifarious

Gone far too long masking my intricacies
To become easier to take in
I refuse to shrink myself down
For someone who sits uncomfortably in their own skin
The complexity of my demeanor is the best thing about me
Nothing about you is complex and that's what's so
frightening
Some may look at me and think I'm too far out
I wish they would go further
Take a different route
So I'll take my perplexing self where she'll be appreciated
Because in the end I'm simply what God has created

Afterword

This book came into being because I wanted to dedicate something to all the different pieces of myself. "The Multitudes I Contain" is just that, a book of sporadic poems that came to me at just the right times in my life and helped me through whatever I may have been going through at the time. I will forever be grateful for the time spent creating this book.

Acknowledgement

Thank you, God, for my mind and my heart to write and create.

To my mom, thank you for surrounding me with music and art and stories since I was a baby. I am eternally grateful for you and hope I make you proud.

To the smartest man I know, my grandfather, who helped and guided me through the process of creating this book, thank you for believing in my vision.

Sheila, my best friend, thank you for being a genuine soul and reminding me that the dreams I am reaching for are not far-fetched. You have helped me to see that there is nothing I can not accomplish and I will never forget that.

Micah, my god sister, thank you for everything and for being right there with me in the excitement of creating this book. All the phone calls about the poems, and the process and the aftermath, you helped me to keep the joy of creating alive.

To my brothers, Joshua, Emmanuel and Dalmar. You all make me so proud and I hope I do the same for you all. Thank you for believing in me and being there to cheer me on.

