

Seasons of My Soul

A Poetry Girl's Prerogative



Danee Riggs



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Seasons of My Soul ~ A Poetry Girl's Prerogative

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Foreword

“Oooh chile, things are gonna get easier...”

The 5 Stairsteps

I am a girl—unequivocally and unapologetically. Today, I revel in my complete and total birthright as a female to bask in my emotions— and display them openly!

All of these thoughts, feelings and ideas have been inspired by first-hand experience, second-hand empathy or third-hand observations.

I'd like to thank my mom Debra, my grandmothers Joan and Lillie (the original Poetry Girl), the incomparable Maya Angelo, my beloved BeBe Moore Campbell — who've each inspired me more than they could ever know — and the host of wonderful women in my life who have taught me to embrace each season as they bring growth, maturity and LIFE.



She looked out and saw

A sea of fears reflected

And jumped anyway...

Danee Riggs



REFLECTIONS

When the fiery sun has become no more than embers
And time has passed on things you've forgotten to remember
And the children have met with slumber, so sweet
The steady breathing of your mate says they're too fast asleep
Or if the space that you share is with yourself alone
And friends have all gone to each home of their own
When the slow tick of a clock beyond where you can see
And the creak of empty rooms are your only company
And your mind reflects like a mirror into itself
And naked you stand in front stripped of your wealth
The many layers of things that make up your life
Stripped of houses and clothes, kids, your husband or your wife
Your job and your woes, your joys and your cares
Completely nude and it's you reflecting you standing there
Then the question becomes, one more important than others
More than money and possessions even fathers and mothers
I say again, nothing covers, each imperfection exposed
When each door leading out and each window is closed
With your view unobstructed (and honest assessment is key)
Only you standing there...

Do you like what you see???

Danee Riggs



DO YOU KNOW

I miss the feel of you on my lips
The sweet taste of you on my tongue
I know I'm not your only girl
But I know I'm your favorite one
I close my eyes, you fill those places
Deeper than anyone's ever been
And you never disappoint, always satisfies
So it is much to my chagrin
That I only give myself to you
When no one else can see
Like we're creepin' on the down low
Afraid to just be...we
Know that it's not 'cause I'm ashamed
That I keep you on a shelf
I'm trying hard to explain
Sometimes I just want you for myself
It's really not philosophically deep
Except for me to say
The very basic part of me
Needs you in a carnal way
To receive each innate desire
And I give to you 'til I'm numb
And in turn what you bring forth
Shows that you've welcomed every one

Danee Riggs

So attentive you have been
So very patient with all of my ways
A gentle lover of my soul
Intimacy to last for all of my days
Still, if what you need from me
So that my loyalty you'll know
Is a display for all to see
Then hell, let's give 'em a show!
My lips will take the shape of you
And when the lights go down
The heat we make, make no mistake
Will consume those all around
I'll start off slow, build up the pace
Our oneness we will share
Our flow so good, they'll see your face
As if you're standing there
But the only way they'll really feel
Your vibe is 'cause they'll hear it
They'll fall for you just like I did
All lovers to my

Lyrics