

**HER!**

*Handwritten signature*

*Her.*

*Please Mrs. Jentry*

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I do not claim  
to be a great poet,  
but a great observer of her.

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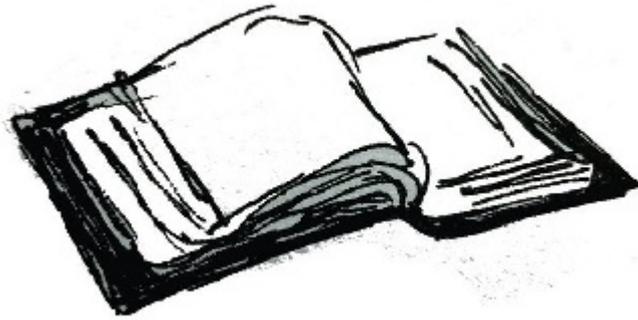
[Her](#)

She's a poetry book.

You must read every letter,  
and digest every word.

Every part of her paints  
a part of a bigger picture.

You can't love her,  
if you do not intend on  
reading every page  
and learning how to  
comprehend every piece of her.





What good are flowers without water?

What good are promises without actions?



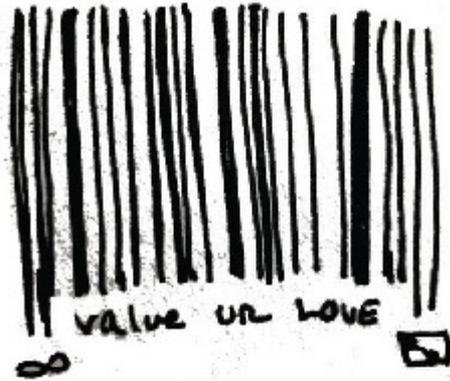
She wasn't  
created  
for everybody,  
her heart  
wasn't  
made for  
everyone.

Her love won't  
be enough for  
just any man.

You are more  
than worthy of love.

However,  
you will never be  
worthy enough  
to someone  
who isn't worthy  
of your love.

She is everything  
a *man* will  
desire and need,  
as well as everything  
a *boy* will not understand,  
value and  
take for granted.

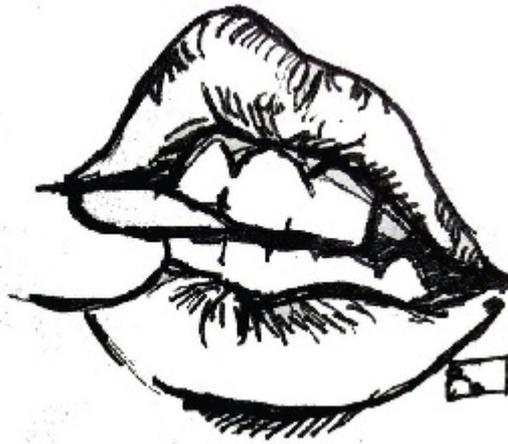


Do not expect her  
to just get up  
and forgive.

Have you known anyone  
who has been shot in the heart  
and didn't bleed or  
suffer from the pain it brings?

To demand that she acts like  
it didn't hurt and put that  
in the past easily  
is to ask her to be a robot,  
rather than a human who feels.

Leave her to heal.



Dear,

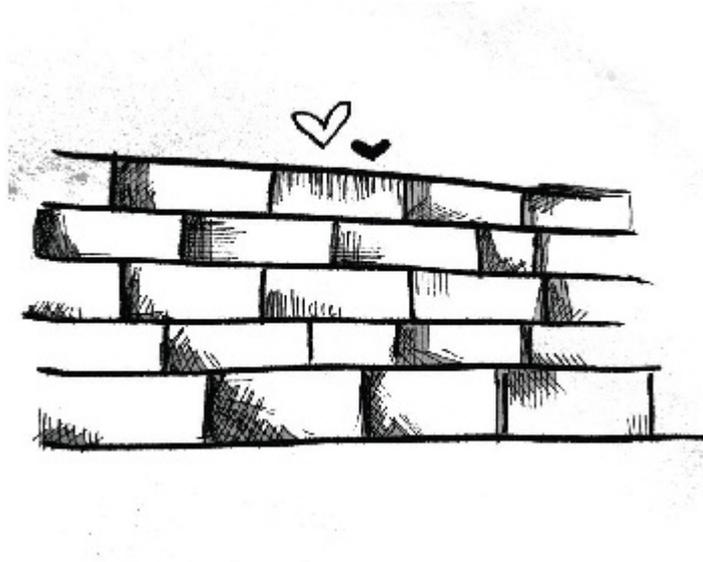
You're priceless, not a dime.

Never change that for some dollars.

You are more than a diva.

Do not wrestle against the idea of being a  
good woman and settle for being a bad  
chick.

She is looking  
for a man  
who will devote  
less time questioning  
why there are walls  
around her heart  
and more time  
jumping,  
climbing,  
breaking,  
doing whatever is necessary  
to get through those walls.



Once upon a time,  
persuasive words would give her  
goosebumps,  
sweet nothings would satisfy her cravings,  
the keys to her heart belonged to thieves.

But now  
she has grown to listen with her eyes,  
to only trust actions,  
to study behaviors  
and let time be the inspector to see what it  
will reveal.

Dear,

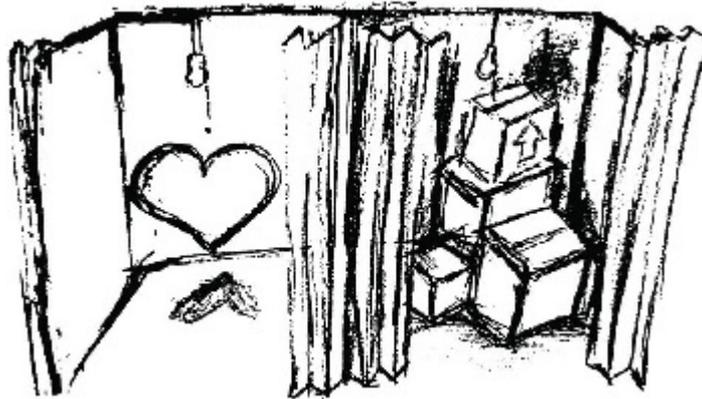
Your smile will be like the sun cracking  
through the clouds to the man of your  
dreams.

She wants  
to be loved  
with an  
honest tongue,  
devoted heart  
and exclusive eyes.

Women  
like her  
are only hard  
to love  
by men  
who believe  
love is just a word.

Only people with big hearts  
like yours find love,  
those with small hearts  
cannot endure and persevere that much.

Small hearts do not leave room for love  
when they've faced enough, They become  
storage for bitterness and resentment with  
no space for anything else.



There is nothing  
wrong with being  
an old soul  
waiting on  
new love.



It's not her shape,  
her face, or her hair  
that makes her beautiful.

Neither is it the smoothness of her skin,  
the boldness when she stands or the  
perseverance in her heart.

But the condition of her heart, the  
gratitude she lives by and her love for God.

She can be difficult,  
there are times her words will be heavy  
with stubbornness,  
her tongue will be sharper than a new  
sword and attitude like a two-year-old.

Aren't we all difficult at times?

Isn't she human like everyone else?

Love her the way you crave to be loved.

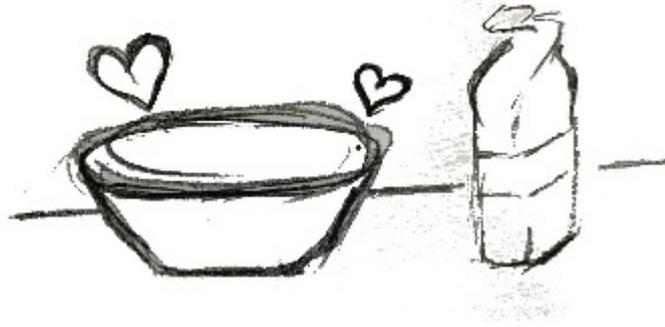
Maybe you should not have given them so  
much of you.

Maybe you would have never known a  
little of what love tasted like if you didn't,  
Nor would you have learned that you can  
be enough for someone, yet, too much for  
them.

She isn't meant  
to be handled  
with caution,  
but to be loved hard.

She is to be  
passionate about,  
caressed deep down  
to her soul  
and understood  
in her silence.

Hearts  
aren't made  
to be broken,  
they are meant  
to be fed love.



She desired consistency  
and substance that would  
quench her thirst  
for something real,  
loyal  
and with a passion  
that would feed  
her hunger for love.



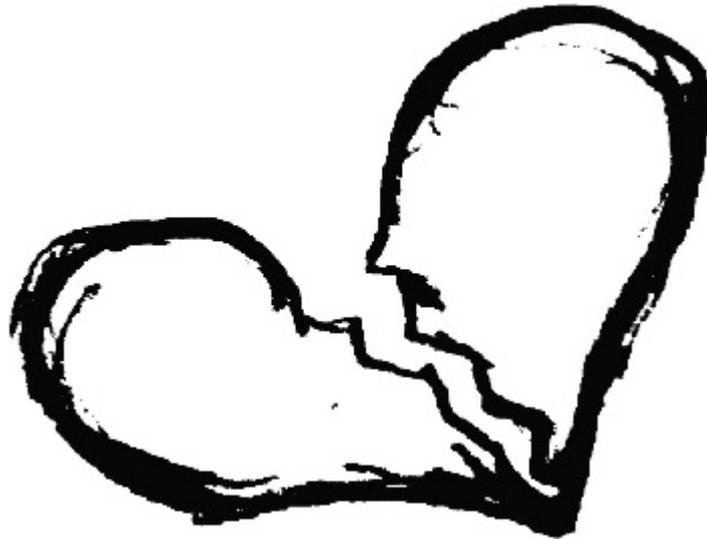
You deserve  
to be with  
someone  
who searches  
for the beautiful  
things in you.

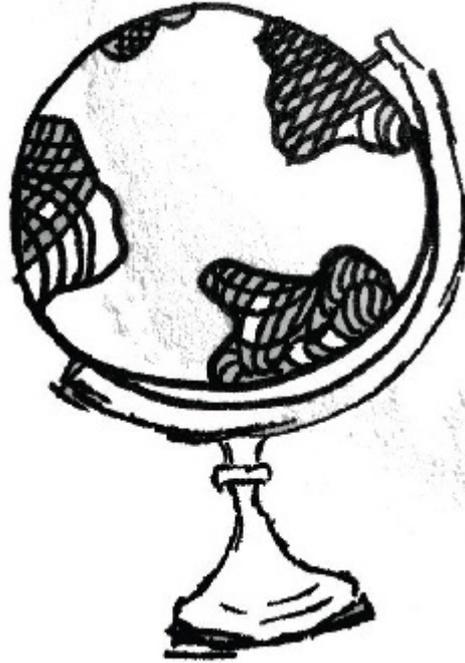
She is more than  
a good woman and  
a good person.

She is  
a beautiful soul  
who carries  
light in her smile  
and love in her bones.

Her broken heart is searching  
for a new reason to love again  
more than it is trying to find  
a hand that will help it  
get back together.

It knows eventually  
it'll become whole again, but it must  
have the hope that once lived at the center  
of it to be there before it is restored.





She has had  
plenty of men  
willing to give her  
the world  
but none were willing  
to make her their world.

If you thirst  
for a love that  
will drown all of the doubts  
growing in your soul  
and the fear vacationing in your mind,

You must never settle  
for someone who lacks passion  
in their eyes when they stare at you.

Desiring a man  
whose efforts speak  
in a higher tone  
than his promises,  
isn't too much to ask for.

She is  
the same as wine,  
without patience  
you will never  
see how better  
she gets with time.



The pain will come,  
let it visit,  
cry it out,  
vent it out,  
bleed it out.

And then ask it to leave.

Do not allow it to build a home  
and call it broken.

We aren't meant to be broken forever,  
that is punishment to our hearts and minds.



Them losing interest  
doesn't make you  
any less interesting.

Only a joker  
can misdeal  
a beautiful  
heart and  
a queen  
like you.



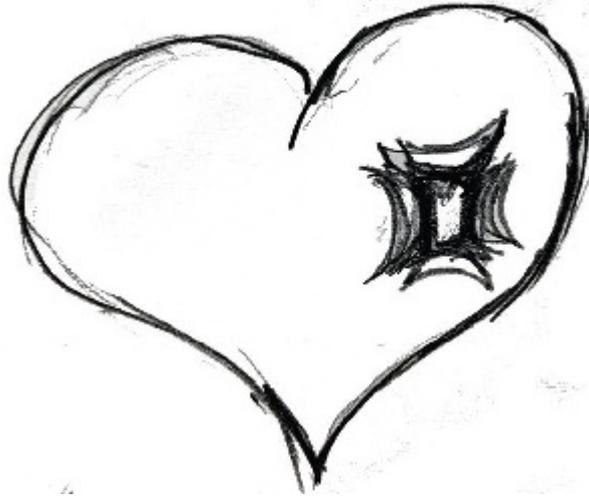
She's everything but crazy.

They've mistaken her passion  
for aggressiveness,  
her needs for silly demands.

Her flaws were too much to handle  
and her love was too real to accept.

If you aren't willing  
to love her,  
do not put dents  
on her heart  
that will influence  
her to believe that  
she is hard to love.

*That is cruel.*



She is far more than  
what meets the eyes;  
you will not recognize  
how beautiful she is  
until you start looking  
at the things the eyes can't see.

Do not judge  
her by her past.

She is still having  
dialogues with that  
version of herself,  
trying to figure out  
what the heck  
was wrong with her then.

Do not condemn her,  
she already struggles to forgive herself.

She is the type of woman  
you never want to stop  
making memories with,  
the type of woman  
your love should never run dry for.

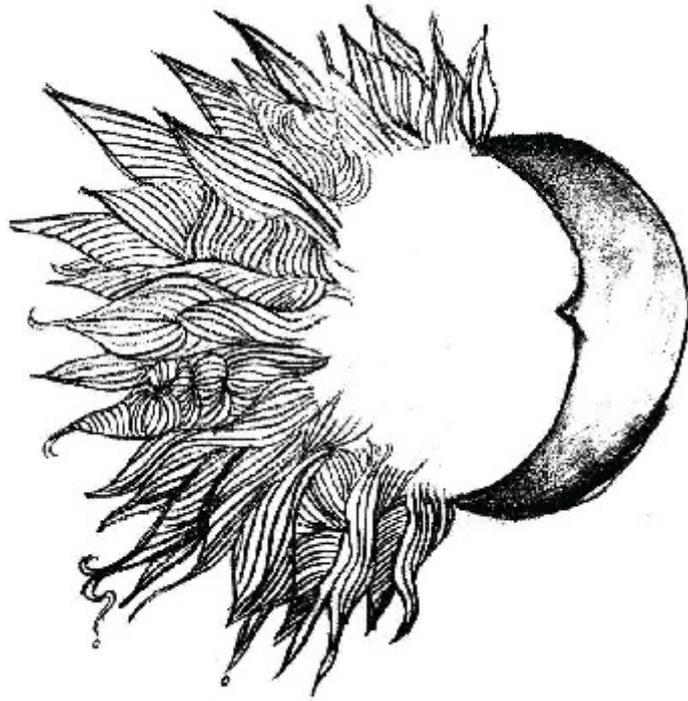
If their love becomes poison to you.

You've grabbed the wrong bottle.



She did not choose  
to be alone;

she simply chose  
to love herself more,  
and that required her  
to be the love of her own life,  
until someone  
comes to fulfill that position.



The sun and the moon  
take turns admiring her,  
the sun watches her rise,  
as it finds its way to  
the other side of the world  
to cover its next shift.

The moon tags in  
to watch her sleep.

If you  
cannot  
swallow your pride,  
you do not  
have enough hunger  
for a woman  
like her;  
you are not thirsty  
enough for her love.

Sexy describes her being  
and amazing was her first name.

Whoever's last name she carries,  
they should know that they've  
been struck by luck.



If she cannot dance without care,  
laugh and tell you about the most  
embarrassing moments in her life.

She is not yet free in your presence.

She is in love when finds comfort  
in your presence.

Dear Black Girl,

Your skin is a beautiful place to live in,  
your hair is grass from heavens and your  
shape is a beautiful sculpture.

You are not magic; magic is only an  
illusion.

You are more than a miracle,  
an unexpected blessing.



You owe no one an apology  
for being yourself.

Yes, be unapologetically you  
but you do owe *yourself* an apology  
if a better version of you  
does not come alive in long periods of time.

You are meant to grow and evolve.

She's been in many rings,  
fighting for love alone and losing.

Yet she waits for the one  
who will see the champion in her,  
the one who gives her a ring and forever.

Love is meant to  
blossom  
through the good  
and  
endure through the bad.

If it cannot persevere through the bad,  
don't call it love.

The day you hold her,  
You will feel as if you are carrying  
the world and all the beauty in it.

She is tender and innocent,  
yet tough and full of fire.

She's far from the devil  
they've claimed that she is.

They acted as Lucifer while  
demanding that she gives them heaven.

Heaven was made for angels,  
it's not a good home for those who  
resemble fallen ones.



Your love  
will only  
be priceless  
to someone  
who recognizes  
your worth.

If you  
do not  
recognize this,  
you too  
have not  
recognized your worth.

The failed attempts were  
only losing a small battle.

You will win the war  
when love becomes yours.

Do not let the small losses  
keep you from the win that matters.

She hesitates  
when it comes to opening up  
because she has fallen in love  
too quickly before and none of those  
she fell for opened their arms to catch her.

Can you blame her for making sure that  
your hands are big enough  
to hold her heart,  
your intentions are true enough  
for your arms to open,  
and you're strong enough to catch her.



You ought to live without a man,  
but do not let your heart  
be stolen by one who doesn't  
put up a good fight against oxygen for you;  
one who won't stop taking  
your breath away on many occasions.



The love you deserve is meant to last.



Until you truly realize  
that you are a queen,  
jokers will invite themselves  
into your heart masking themselves as kings.

She is meant to be loved  
with every breath,  
she has to be worth dying for,  
for you to understand that.

If you ever find yourself  
lost without them,  
find your way home.

And if their heart is no longer home,  
find who you were before them.



Don't dare her to be different.

She already is.

Dare her to be herself.

Your love is like liquor,  
Strong enough to cause any man willing to  
drink all of you to become drunk in love.



If loving them means  
not loving you,  
it is not love,  
but lust playing  
it's trick on you.



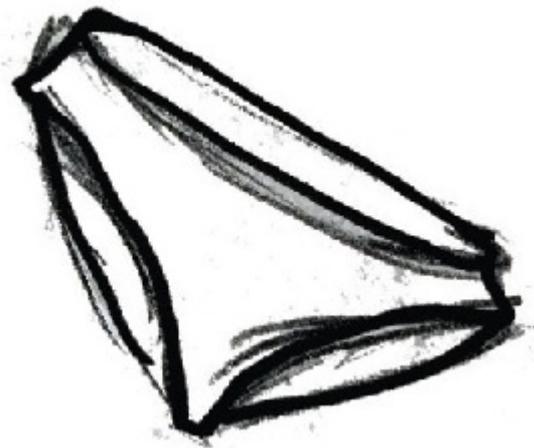
When you look at her,  
if you do not feel  
blessed to have her.

She is not yours to keep.

She is another man's blessing.



If they have yet  
to fall in love  
with your naked soul,  
your naked body  
should not be available  
for them to make love to.



To her past,

I see you replay the worst scenes of her life  
over and over, trying to convince her that  
she is less than good.

Listen to me, I will love her until you  
become a memory faded;  
until your words are without sound and  
empty to her ears.

I will love her until you no longer get the  
best of her, until you are nothing to her.

She shouldn't have to  
change to be a recipient  
of your love.

Only ask her to be yours and  
be by her side as she changes.

That's the way to love  
and grow with her.

Maybe it wasn't love,  
maybe it was what you wanted it to be.

Her worth is priceless  
and she is fully aware of that.

It is why she doesn't attract many  
and only those with quality taste  
and genuine hearts  
can afford a woman like her.

She is used to good dogs  
and bad boys.

There is nothing different  
about the two.

Good dogs are usually bad boys.

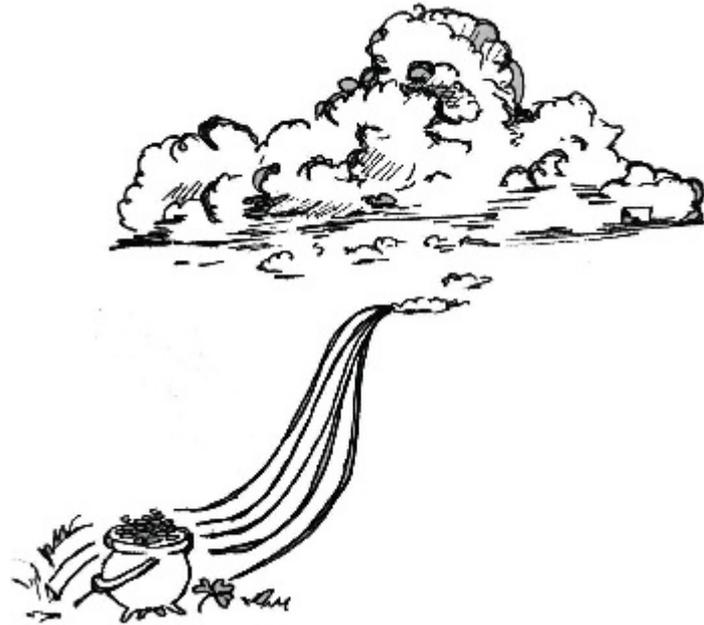
She longs for the day when  
she can find a good one in both.



Love doesn't knock,  
it comes like a tornado  
looking to blow away the walls  
around your heart,  
leaving you open and vulnerable.

She can sometimes  
be the thunder  
while life rains on you,  
don't expect her to always be the calm.

If you need to be certain about anything,  
It is that she will always be  
the rainbow and the sunshine after.



God took his time on you,  
you're proof that His most  
beautiful design is a woman.

She is strong  
but when you hold her,  
know that she is fragile.

Be gentle,  
speak soft words to her,  
slowly run your fingers through her hair.

Hold her as if she is a newborn,  
and it's the first time  
that you've laid eyes on her.



She's a tree  
and her fruits of love  
will never come into fruition  
if you do not water her.

Pour affection, attention,  
communication, motivation  
on her roots.

You both were once strangers  
looking for love,  
and now  
you are both strangers  
afraid of love.

She chases after her dreams  
as if she is running for her life.

Don't get in the way  
if you won't help her reach them.

How many women like her  
do you know live as if life is nothing  
if they don't become something?

Her ear craves,  
"I love you,"  
from a voice that makes her  
feel secure and valued.

She needs to be loved deeply  
and her inner beauty  
ought to be treasured;  
but never forget to remind her that  
she is beautiful on the surface.

There's no stronger poison  
to a woman's heart  
than a man with sweet words  
and bitter actions.

It keeps many women  
bittersweet about love.

The sun rises behind her smile  
and the sunset is in her eyes.

Broken hearts can still love  
and broken people are still loveable.



If you do not love yourself,  
others will use that to  
justify their inability to love you.

To describe her  
is to write  
sweet poetry  
about the  
beauty of life  
and survival.



You shouldn't  
lose sleep  
over someone  
who was only  
a nightmare to you.



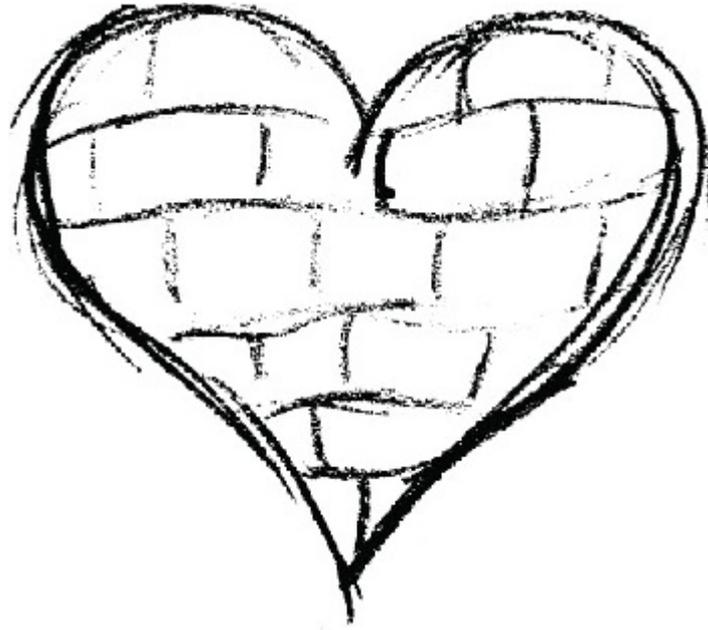
She is an angel  
that is more  
beautiful than the heavens.

There will be times you will have  
to be your own friend and lover.

Your own shoulder to cry on,  
use your own hands to wipe your tears.

Those times will feel lonely;

But they will teach you how to stand on  
your own when no one has your back.



People have a strange way  
of telling you that they are guilty,  
they will start by acting as if they are not.

If we do not drop  
the weight  
of our past,  
misery will await us  
at every stop of our journey.

It'll be heavy,  
it'll smell  
and it'll be loud.

Have you seen any miserable people?

They aren't that hard to recognize.

You can't  
keep trying to  
suck the love  
out of someone  
who sucks at love  
and do not intend on  
changing that.

She has a lot to bring to the table.

She can provide for her own  
and has done many things on  
her own strength.

When you come into her life,  
offer your help and provide it  
whether she freely accepts it or not.

She is independent, but that doesn't  
mean she doesn't like having someone  
she can depend on.

You are perfect  
the way you are;  
without the perfect body,  
perfect hair,  
perfect skin.

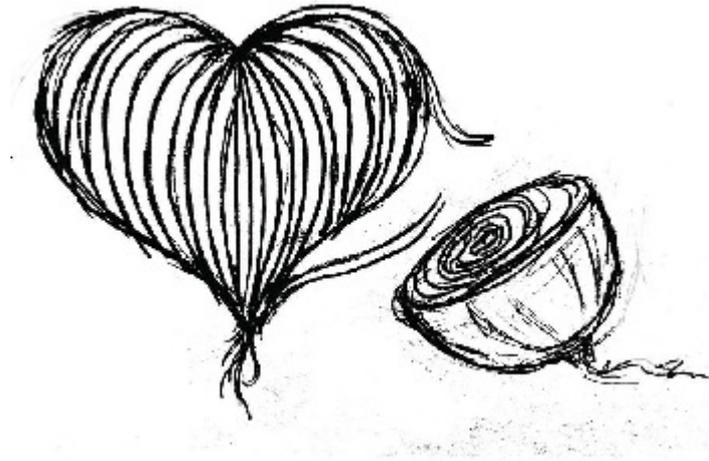
Your imperfections are what makes  
you perfect to love.

There are very few things  
as adventurous  
as exploring her mind.

Her heart is covered  
by layers of pain.

It is love that will  
peel the layers off  
and trust that will bring  
the walls down.

Trust her and love her,  
and do not forget it won't be possible  
without patience.



Perhaps breakups  
are such tragedies  
because we give so much  
to people who weren't meant  
to be candidates of our love,  
yet we chose them anyway.

She is a mermaid,  
going against the flow.

The wave society expects  
her to follow,  
isn't who she is.



We want to be understood,  
our hearts to be treasured,  
and to be loved  
for who we truly are.

They say love is blind  
but she isn't invisible.

Maybe they're blind  
and this love is too much for them to see.

Love is a marathon,  
but she kept running into sprinters;  
those who wanted her prize,  
but weren't willing to go the distance.

Maybe they are fools,  
Or maybe their endurance isn't built to  
pursue a woman like her.

If a man gives her room to,  
her love will pierce his ego  
and destroy the false ideologies  
of manhood in his life.



She is art  
in a beautiful museum  
we recognize to be this world.

Although she was beautiful,  
sophisticated and captivating,  
not every one cared to appreciate that.

*And that's okay.*

When she didn't  
want to be fooled anymore  
was when he chose to  
not be a fool anymore.

Talk about bad timing.

Love is a miracle  
that happens  
to those who believe.

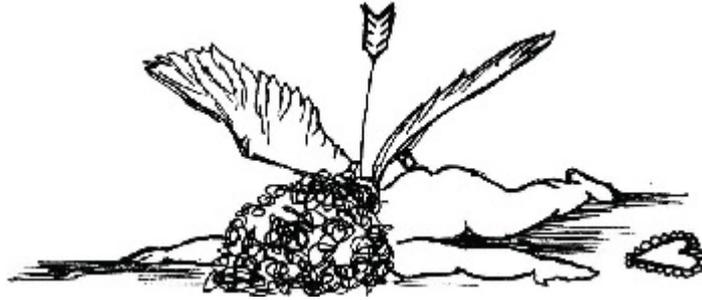
Don't stop believing.

Her defensive ways  
are safety checks  
for those trying to  
enter her heart.

She was a brave soul,  
a rebel at heart.

Unwilling to be a 'love' hater  
despite the failures  
and the circumstances  
she has met on her love journey.

She remained a believer and lover  
despite the trail of blood that  
followed her from the leaking of unhealed  
wounds, stabbed back and cut heart.



She loves him  
more than he'll ever know,  
and he loves her  
more than he'll ever show.

*What a tragedy.*

Her skin is made  
out of the finest silk,  
and tastes like honey.



She wants a love  
that will not cage  
her independence  
but contribute to her freedom.

To her Ex,

I will never thank you for hurting her, but  
I will acknowledge you for making her  
strong. Because of your bad choices  
towards her I will have a strong woman.

How she feels?

It'll show on her face,  
It's shifted her walk,  
It'll appear in her tone.

You have learned that  
her body language doesn't lie,  
and her lips will say things that  
aren't truly how she feels.

It'll help you know what she isn't saying  
when she is saying something.



Your love  
is the ocean  
and  
the man for you  
will dive deep  
to explore  
undiscovered  
parts of you.

I cannot tell you how to love  
a woman like her,  
but I can tell you half-hearted love  
won't do it.

Fight for her  
by fighting with her  
when she is fighting  
for what you both had.

You don't let a  
fighter like her go.



She refused to become a slave to the false  
opinions they uttered about her  
and trained her ears to be deaf to the false  
assumptions and accusations they spread.

That's what makes her powerful, nothing  
irrelevant can lure her attention.

Do not kiss her with lying lips,  
Nor French kiss her with a sharp  
tongue and a deceitful heart.

*That is a crime.*



Love  
should  
not  
cost  
you  
your  
sanity.

If you cannot serve her your heart,  
do not set a table of hope for her.  
Do not serve her lies and  
feed her false promises.

She's a lioness,  
wild at heart  
strong in mind  
fire in her bones  
love in her veins.



Convince her with effort  
and love her with your heart.

Words and promises do not hold enough  
weight to convince her anymore.



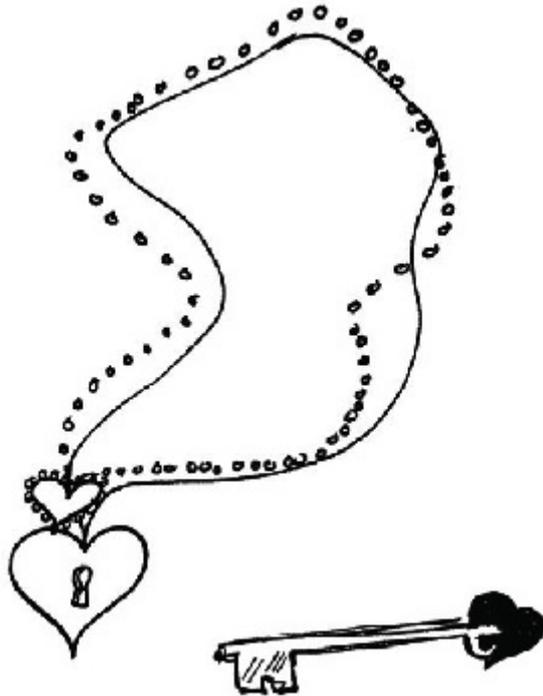
Another word for beautiful is,  
"be yourself."

Be yourself my dear,  
it's a beautiful thing.

You can learn so much about  
her by exploring her scars and asking  
about her fears.

She is still guarded  
because many thieves came in before,  
broke her trust,  
and held her mind hostage.

She is still trying to break free.



Isn't it ironic that the perfect moment for them to admit that they need you in their life is when you finally realize that you're well off without them.

In other words,  
the devil knows when you are getting close to heaven.

If only you picked your man  
in the same manner  
you choose which selfie to post,  
which outfit to wear,  
or which restaurant to eat at.

Being picky can help secure the right pick  
at times.

Beware, there are some who will come to  
play the role of being a good partner;  
they don't want your heart  
they are auditioning for other parts of you.



She doesn't believe  
in settling anymore,  
in her eyes, that is signing  
a contract with disappointment  
and begging to be taken for granted.

The girl who once settled,  
no longer lives in the same flesh as her.

She is more than a perfect dimension.

She stays in shape because she is in love  
with being a well-rounded person.

If you see her perfect shape before you  
look at her perfectly shaped heart, you will  
miss so much.

Her kindness made her one of a kind.

Her confidence made her beautiful.

Her heart of gold made her precious.

She's more than medicine  
to a man's hormones,  
more than something to satisfy  
their natural needs.

Her body is more than an object.

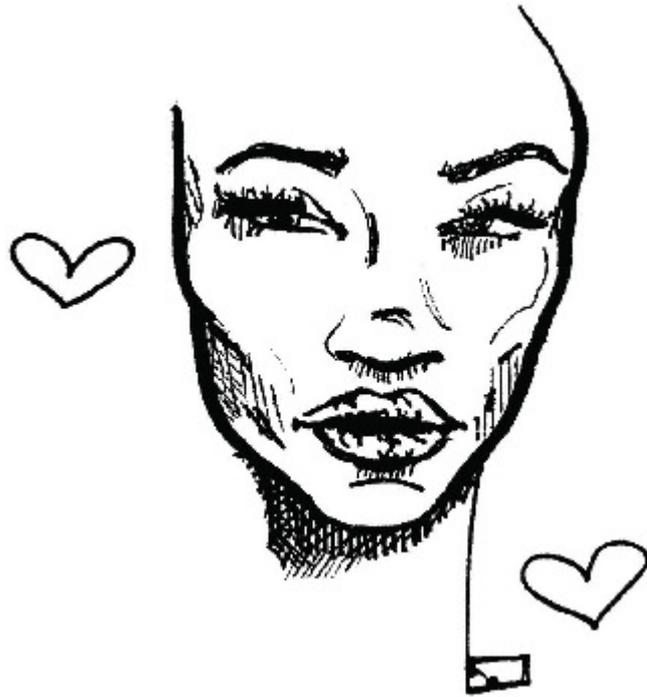
It is a beautiful temple where God's  
princess calls home;  
It is the bed of a leader.

People are just people,  
Some are poison,  
Some are sweet,  
We aren't all the same.

We aren't all good or bad.

To let a woman  
like her go freely,  
is to prove that you are a fool.

You have to love the parts of her  
that aren't easy to love  
and the parts of her that others  
and even herself have struggled to love.

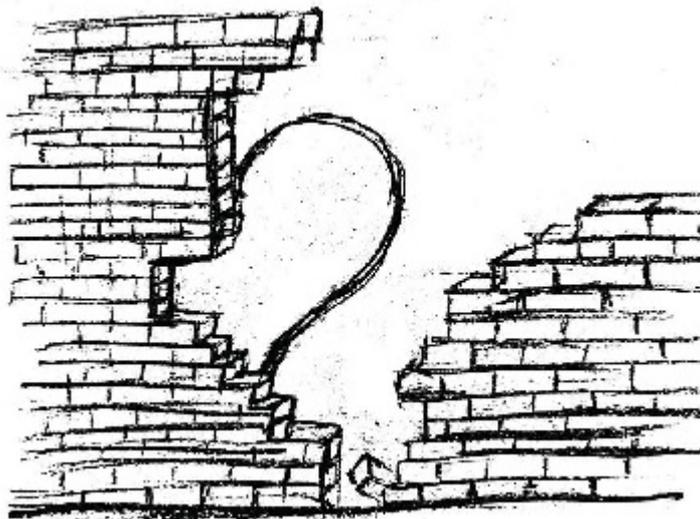


Perhaps if you wait  
for a husband  
and stop treating  
boyfriends as kings,  
you will no longer kiss the wrong frogs.

Please understand that closure will not  
come when you walk away, you will only  
find it when you find a reason to stay away.

Guard your heart,  
but do not make it a  
forbidden place for everyone.

There will be people who are  
worthy of entry.



She didn't need a hero,  
She didn't need to be rescued,  
She needed something different from the  
bad she had known.

She wanted a man whose mouth wasn't full  
of half-truths and heart crippled by the fear  
of commitment.



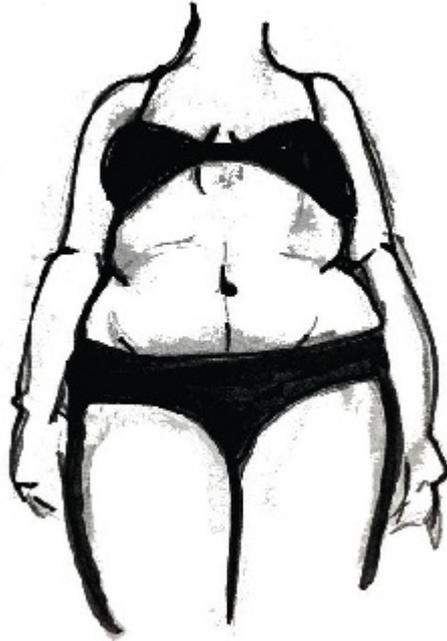
In a generation of people who want to be heartless, savages and empty of feelings, it'll be hard to find someone who is what you need, but do not become like the world.

Be loyal, be truthful, be emotional, be full of feelings, be hungry for love, be thirsty for affection and anything else human beings ought to desire.

Let them be foolish and cold.

Don't dim your light to become as dark as they are.

You shouldn't feel ugly  
because the ones who had you  
couldn't appreciate  
the beautiful things about you.



There is no greater  
revenge against  
someone who shattered  
your heart into pieces  
than letting go  
and opening the door  
for something good  
to walk into your life  
when the time is right.

If he only knew  
how sexy consistency was  
to her  
and how beautiful vulnerability  
was in her eyes  
he would not get too comfortable.

*Thank You*