

Beyond These Glass Walls
BEYOND THESE GLASS WALLS



A Memoir in Poetry



Malene Tiombe

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By Malene Tiombe



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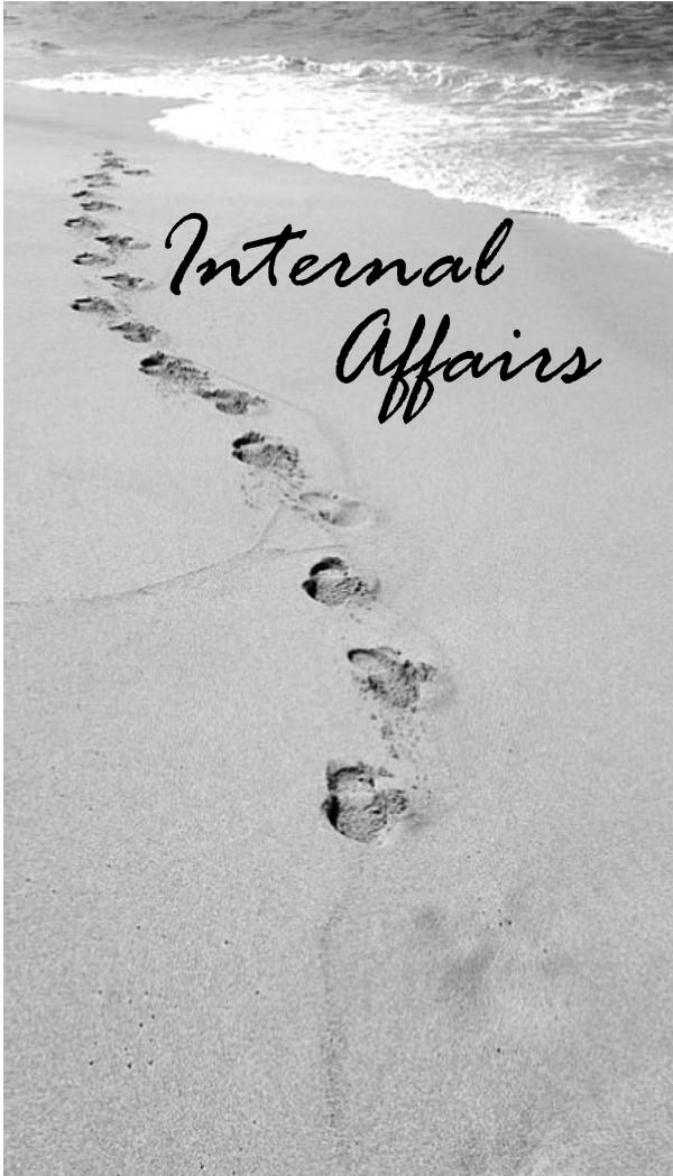
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Table of Contents

Introduction	7
Mom	13
Dad.....	19
Life	25
Relationships.....	41
Internal Affairs	53
Self Discovery	65
Acceptance	64
Faith	83
Blessed Am I.....	95
About the Author	99



*Internal
Affairs*

The quest to find what was going on inside me seemed to lead nowhere; with questions unanswered I continued to come up empty-handed. The walls that stood before me started to cave in. Just as I thought I was beginning to move forward, the more I realized I was in the same place. I didn't know who I was, where I was going or what I was doing. I just existed in the world I knew that was called Survival. Dreams unobtainable, goals unfulfilled, and the determination to make things better, I stood still. My feet wouldn't move. Progression wasn't in reach. I couldn't put my fingers on it. But it was something. So I began my journey

I am Walking in Darkness

Isn't it interesting how ignorant some may be
To the ways of our people
and all our possibilities
From where we've been
to where we've come
and things that have yet to be done
It pains me to think
That who I am, I do not know
because my eyes have not seen
and ignorance stunts my growth
I am walking in darkness
My ears may be open
but my eyes remain closed
to the wonders of my past
and to the widening of my nose
Although there is a calling
for me to be more
To acknowledge where I've been
and to open up those doors
Still I remain silent

and move with the wind
as I struggle to find my way
in what society has given
I am walking in darkness
Still I do not realize
that in order for me to press on
my ears need to be open
my eyes should never rest
From the past that holds my future
From the path my ancestors paved
Because in it lies my ability
to discover of what I am made
I am walking in darkness
Knowing full well of this
I continue to struggle on
Knowing full well of this
I continue to weather this storm
To press my way through
Thinking that I am better than that
This knowledge that I need
From its doors do I lack
I need not open it
Because me, I am ok
Still I am walking in darkness
blinded by my ways

Slow Loving in the Dark

Blinded by the perception
Of how things should be, could be, had been or
could have been
As the passion of the caressin'
the messin'
and the sexin deepens
Penetrations of emotions
of explosions
ignited in the moment
While drips of perspiration leave trails of
excitement
The feeling only lasts a moment
As soon reality fades in
and the notion of what my mental, emotional
and physical state allowed disappears
I am left with the emptiness that your
satisfaction filled
For it was your movements that guided me as
my every desire followed
the feeling of acceptance and beauty as your
touch took me to a place of forgetfulness
Wrapped in your transparency everything
became clouded
As the moments slipped away and I was left to
mingle amongst myself alone
Longing for the touch
Eyes closed
lights dim
I can see nothing

But feel everything as my desires of touch,
taste, smell and feel
Were being fulfilled
But when the light started to shine my reality
set in
When things seemed to dwindle and you
seemed to fade away
I was left with no touch
no sound
no taste and no smell
The very presence of you brought something
that I failed to acknowledge within myself
The love made
felt
given and received had gone and I was left
empty
Waiting to be filled once the darkness came
again
Because I never did imagine, couldn't even
perceive that this moment, that time
was just that moment in time
That was over and left me alone longing to fill
that void
of being beautiful, touched and loved
That only ME loving ME could provide
As each moment with you lasts but for a
moment
But every moment with me is forever in the
light

Concealing My Truth

Hide
Conceal
Cover
Protect

Veil
Shield
Disguise

Penetrate
Reveal
Unveil
Release

My mask covers me
It protects me from harm
It shields me from hurt
It hides me from shame
It suppresses the real
It conceals my truth
It guards my heart
It disguises the pain

It's a shelter
A safeguard
A veil
My Defense
My Security

Self Expression

What is self expression?
Is it a simple word or two?
Is it your thoughts compiled or the things that
you do?
Is it just the mere thought of letting it all hang
out?
Putting on those baggy jeans?
Is it that scream that you shout?
What is self expression?
Is it grabbing the mic stand?
Giving them your spoken word
As the rhythm grabs your rhyme's hand?
Is it your picked Afro, funky braids or short cut?
Tell me what is self expression?
Is it giving yourself up?
You think expression is your freedom
Spoken words from your heart
Gives you peace from such
To begin where I start
Is it like the rivers?
Verbally does it flow?
Is it your personal statement?
Of who you are and what you know?
What is self expression?
Do you feel the vibe?
What is your self expression?
Heal your spirit and free your mind

Running Away

Roughneck on the outside
Tender at heart
Run Joe run
Run non-stop
Put up a front
To get down with your crew
All the while on the inside
Yearning to be true
Roughneck on the outside
Tender at heart
Hiding from the world
No one can see in the dark
Keepin' a low profile
Of who it is I am
I can't let no one see
That I am running a scam
Roughneck on the outside
Tender at heart
I can hear my heart beat
Gotta be tough in these streets
Only the strong survive
While the weaker get weak
My mind is steadfast
On what I can see
Roughneck on the outside
Tender at heart
Running game, running game
This the end with no start

My Reflection

The reflection in the mirror
Is an image of you
The armor of strength
That shields me from harm
Exposes my weakness
And slowly transforms
The reflection in the mirror
Is an image of you
My hope and my fear
Is to be just like you
Running from confusion
Hiding from hurt and shame
Being you for me, just isn't the same
The reflection in the mirror
Is an image of you
The person staring back
Isn't me that I see
It's you in my reflection
Staring back at me
If finding my truth
Means letting go of you
And finding me
I am setting myself free
But as long as I look in the mirror
It is you that I see

Confused

I am confused
You said you want it
But you don't take it
You said you know it
But yet you ask
You said it's yours
But yet it's mine
You said you need it
But yet you decline
You said you love it
But now you don't
You said you will
But now you won't
You said you receive it
But give it back
I am confused

I Seek You

I don't know you
But I seek you
The knowledge of your existence

I don't know you
But I seek you
The presence of your being

The knowledge that exists in you
In me, it too resides
The purpose of my living
The definition of my life

I don't know you...
But I seek you

Heavy Loads

I am not my mother
For so long I carried her on my shoulders
I couldn't even recognize myself
I was angry, hurt and didn't see it
her issues were mine
I had no identity
I had taken on hers
Identifying my mistakes with hers
Afraid of repeating the same things
Scared of taking on her addictions, I couldn't let go
Letting go would mean abandoning her
But I wouldn't
They were her issues not mine
Releasing her allowed me to live
I let her go

My father
I had nothing to do with it
the things that kept him away were issues of
his own
Yet again I took them on
I wanted to be worthy
Of his affection
Wanted to prove that he could be proud of me
I wanted to know
What was wrong with me that he wouldn't be
part of my life
But his issues weren't mine
I didn't ask to be here so I had nothing to prove
I was already worthy
There was nothing wrong with me
I did nothing to push him away
It wasn't my fault
I gave it back

About the Author

Malene Tiombe Dye was born and raised in Central New Jersey, where she lived in almost every part of the Trenton area and attended almost every school while growing up. She graduated from Trenton Central High School and from Mercer County Community College. She is the mother of three beautiful children and works for a local corporation.

Malene writes poetry as both “therapy and an inspiration to others” and performs her poetry in the tri-state area of New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania. Malene can be reached through her Facebook page by email at Malenetiombe@gmail.com