

# The Beauty Inside

by Tangelia Floyd

(Excerpt)

“The Beauty Inside”

My children -

Carry my shadows,

Sing my echoes:

Stop, Live, Transform for me

Honor not just the beauty that you see

But the beauty that's inside of me

The beauty that makes me loving,

And even more lovely

Petals of beauty that float on winds,

And paint your earth and seas, Amen

--Breathing butterflies means life

And escape from prison surrounding he

And escape from prison surrounding she

Change our mentality

We are Eve, imperfect as that might be

We are more than this beauty that you see

There's this motivation and beauty inside of 'we'

We are the eve of a day ending, of a new day beginning

Of a new nation, a world being built

Creation soaked in knowledge, and power, and truths

We cannot change this world

But we can change ourselves

A better world starts –

Here

**(Full Piece)**

“The Beauty Inside”

Petals fall like tears

What takes one second

Lasts for hours

Lasts days, millenniums

Silk walls, shimmied locks

--Escape from prison surrounding SHE

This thing you see,

And call it beauty

But did you look inside of me

But can you see the real me

Petals fall like tears profusely

Because of a people

Who have degraded a queen

Who have minced words

Like minced meat

In mentality, in a society

Contented with darkness

And has not recognized the importance

Of her nobility, and her history

--Escape from prison surrounding HE

This is not locker room talk.

Attractive body and mind not immuned

Respect me

There are no punching bags, speak.

I am strong and intelligent too

Honor me

I don't stand in front of you or behind you.

I stand beside you

Love me

We do not choose to live this path hidden  
In senseless and sunless nights  
We choose to fly its journey lit  
By suns, and moons, and stars, and universes

If she has a broken wing?... Let it heal, then FLY!

Fly like Maya Angelou's,

"... And still I rise", FLY

Fly like John Mckay's,

"If we must die", then FLY

Fly like Langston Hughes',

"...Montage of a dream deferred", but still not forgotten, FLY

Fly like Gwendolyn Brooks,

"We are the last of the loud. Nevertheless live", FLY

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Paired with mural: Rachelle Terry