

Ambreia Denson

# How was your walk ?



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How was your walk ?



I dedicate My book To the women who walked different paths of life.  
Abused women, Women with ambition, Women with children, Women  
before and after me, stories never been told. Each walk leads to greatness.



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## Execution of the soul

Live for others and not your self  
Live to please but not to conquer  
Live to breathe and not to see who you are  
Get comfortable in darkness  
When your skin craves light  
It's your skin that keeps  
you in connection to the light  
Be out at night during wicked hours  
And refuse the enlightened  
As they walk in day  
Carrying things that's light  
Moving in the dens  
execution of the soul  
Is coming tonight  
If cleansing of the mind  
isn't done right

## **The walk in the forest**

As I walk I smell the trees  
As I talk I talk with ease  
I find my way with a breeze  
The trail was designed to  
Separate us  
Them from me  
Only sounds of voices  
To bring us peace  
The sky is the limit  
But who's brave enough to climb the trees

## The untrusting

Some people will  
go down dark paths  
An take you  
then blame you  
tell everyone an shame you  
Build barriers to tame you  
Sell you an slang you  
Right under your nose  
An give you a rose  
Or help you pose  
Working together to  
Destroy you in rows

## Grabbing fruit

Even In darkness  
I smelt fruit  
Following my heart  
Using my mind  
Feeling my way  
As if I was blind  
Black an white  
Suits like I committed a crime  
Shackled to the unknown  
Scared to find  
I smelt fruit as  
I saw the light shine  
Where was it ?  
It smelt so divine  
Feeling for the vine  
As I got closer the light shine  
Bumping into a mirror  
Seeing the vine  
Falling fruitful from my mind  
My heart shinning into  
A vision of evolution an time  
Bright enough to see where  
I could climb  
Grabbing fruit from each vine

