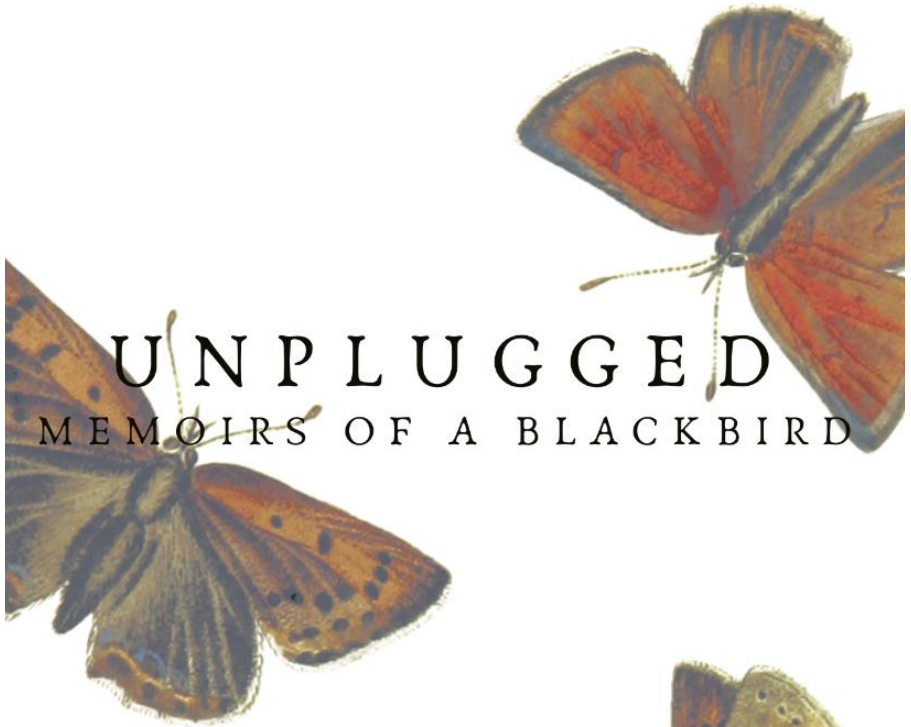


FROM THE JOURNAL
OF



UNPLUGGED
MEMOIRS OF A BLACKBIRD

AHAVA MAMA

Unplugged: Memoirs of a Blackbird

Bree Ahava

**formerly known*

as

*Briana Devonae**

Acknowledgements

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A Note to My Readers

Unplugged

I used to think that my experiences in life were so much different from everyone else around me. But the reality is that my experiences really aren't much different from those of others, specifically those of my melanated sisters and brothers across the globe. I wanted to initially create a website blog, not to advance any career or establish a brand for popularity, but to reflect on my thoughts, feelings, opinions, and emotions that are results of my experiences as a melanated woman in this matrix. To release words that fill and haunt my mind, heart, and spirit. To reflect on experiences as a Goddess, a divine melanated being, in America facing the psychological, emotional, mental, spiritual, and physical deficiencies that are results of the institutions and traps that were designed and planted for my people to fail. The reality is that these Europeans and their western institutions have affected every aspect of my existence before I was even brought into this world through my mother's portal, beginning with the fall and conquering of our Ancestors' ancient empires all over the world, including the genocide and enslavement of our indigenous Ancestors here in America.

My grandparents today can give recollections of their experiences during the Jim Crow Era. My parents were born during the Civil Rights Movement. My siblings and I were only given what our parents knew, as far as discipline and forms of love and affection. They were only given what their parents knew. It goes all the way back to the beginning of time as we know it. It's not that we aren't capable of loving and being loved. It just means that people can only give you what they have, and we were forced to make do with what we were born into. Many of our Ancestors were forced to give up the natural way of life, while others were killed and some gave it up willfully. The universal and natural laws, in which love and righteousness were at the core, were broken. I do not blame my parents, grandparents, or anyone who has been raising children in this system the only way that they know how. They could only work with what was forced upon them. The treatment of melanated people has caused so much psychological and spiritual damage, and it has trickled down through each generation. The ill treatment and devaluation against us by Caucasians is reflected in the ill treatment of us by our own selves. Their hate for us has caused us to hate ourselves even more than they do.

The European, the Caucasian, is what I would consider a puppet, here to cause destruction and reverse the laws of nature, thus why melanated beings are at a state of disunity and hate today. The family unit has been damaged, and it's placing an even heavier burden on our children. A dysfunctional family cannot produce a healthy child- mentally, spiritually, or emotionally. Children are way smarter than we give credit, being that they are pure souls whom have a closer connection to the spirit realm. Children also often times do as we do, not as we say. The problem is that we look at children as empty cups, when they are already full. As empty cups, children have been learning negativity from their parents, peers, media, etc., and if not addressed, those negative and toxic messages and lessons will continue to be passed down to future generations. This is not okay. I come from a family with a history of dysfunction, as we all do. I have been damaged, but the wiser I become on this chosen path, the more I realize that this matrix was designed this way. It is not completely our fault, although we do play a major role. The destruction and disunity of melanated people was premeditated. Our only fault is not educating ourselves and becoming wise enough to accept these truths and do the necessary internal work to improve our conditions. Our only fault is not rising back up to our divine place on this planet. Damaged children become damaged adults who damage their children and so on. I'm learning and growing every day. I'm learning about the history of our people and how this system is full of distractions and illusions that uphold the delusion of white supremacy. Systems that are designed to exploit melanated people in every way so that we cannot bask in our true power. I've learned to accept these truths and examine the impact on my family. I've learned to face and accept the roots of my issues, including how to love myself so that I can love other beings. This is vital in the journey to self-love and inner peace.

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This is not just my story. This is a worldwide phenomenon amongst melanated beings all over the world. This collection of memoirs exposes my vulnerabilities, but I'm fine with that. This was my therapy, as well as a viable aspect of my creative expression. My way of reflecting and releasing my unexpressed thoughts and feelings. This is my journey to a spiritual awakening and higher consciousness as a melanated being in this matrix. In the physical sense, I am a human first before anything, but I am also highly aware of the differences between the conditions of melanated people and other so called races, especially here in America, which many may call Babylon.

I have shed many layers and let go of many things that no longer serve me. I have evolved in many ways, including the way I eat, the way I speak, the way I dress, the music that I listen to and so much more. I am learning and remembering who I really am and why I reincarnated onto this planet.

My only intention is to achieve the level of transparency that allows my words to open hearts and minds, helping other souls acknowledge and accept these truths so that they too can learn and remember who they are.

I also aim to let my sisters and Goddesses know that we are not alone. Whatever we go through is happening for a reason. My brothers, if you're reading, you are not worthless. You are not thugs.

We are divine beings, and melanated people are the indigenous people to this planet we call Mother Earth. It is imperative and essential to our survival that we understand, innerstand, and overstand this information in order for us to prosper. But first, we must look within. That's where the healing begins.

Elevation sometimes requires isolation. In order for us to get in tune with our own thoughts, feelings, wishes, and desires, we must be alone. Stillness allows us to be present and actively listen to our inner voice. It is always calling. We just have to answer.

- Ahava

Unplugged

Unplugged:
Memoirs of a Blackbird

White vs Black

It's currently my junior year of college and like many other college upperclassmen, I was so excited to get the ball rolling on Spring semester because senior year is coming and graduation is Spring 2018- I SEE YOU. I was excited for my courses, but there was one that I was second guessing. That was Sociology of Women. Now, I'm a black student at a PWI and everyone knows you will not learn about historic involvement, achievements, and advancements of Black people from white professors at a PWI, let alone a white feminist. However, her syllabus and her emphasis on a "multicultural perspective" is what drew me in. I went into this course with an open mind, despite my knowledge of the true history of white feminism and the many articles and blogs that I have read by black women who constantly address the very issue that I am about to press even further. It's necessary.

Let's clarify something first. I do not identify as a feminist, womanist, black feminist, or any of those labels. I'm not particularly too fond of the notion of labels that place limits on my thought processes, but if I were, womanist would be more of a sound fit.

Now, my professor has ticked my buttons a few times since the first day of the course three weeks ago, but I am officially over her and her white supremacist tendencies when discussing and teaching the history of the feminist movement. She really tried to get the entire class to believe that white feminists were advocating for the equal rights of all people. I don't know who she fooled, but it sure as hell wasn't me. Not only did she blatantly state these lies under the pretense of a "multicultural perspective", she also ignored the instance where a fellow classmate- a brother- stated that he would identify more as a womanist. You should've seen her face as she tried to negate the existence of such a movement, but still saying "yes I've heard of it... we'll discuss that in a moment". She never spoke of the movement again. I wasn't surprised. White people don't surprise me anymore.

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She proceeded to tell the different types of feminism, quoting Gloria Steinem and Betty Friedan. White feminists who perpetuated the false idea of white supremacy. All I could do was shake my head and be thankful that I've been educated on these things prior to this course, as I would have been miseducated once again otherwise. Another instance is where she spoke of the images of women in the media- most women in these images being white and slim, fighting sexualization and objectification in advertising. The images of black women? Queen Latifah and Beyoncé, but only noting racism and colorism in terms of underrepresentation and only being considered beautiful with lighter skin and straighter, longer hair. Black women face all of the following not only in the media, but in life all together: colorism, racism, underrepresentation, sexualization, objectification, not to mention the stereotypical portrayals in different roles and reality shows. To top it all off, she placed an article on Blackboard by a white feminist telling women of all colors to be thankful for those who came before "us" and I just had to say something.

White feminists are just that: white. They ignore anything that may be offensive to black people. They have no concern for the struggles and barriers that black women faced and still face within the so called feminist movement. They ignore the fact that their foremothers were racist. Susan B. Anthony, Alice Paul, Elizabeth C. Stanton, etc., were only demanding their rights to vote, and it was the result of the black man being able to vote before they could. They ignore the fact that their foremothers refused to remain ineligible to have a voice in regards to who controlled their taxes while negro men had the illusion of the right. Black men couldn't even vote if you consider all of the eligibility requirements that they created, which were impossible for black men to fulfill. They were so hatefully moved that they created the feminist movement.

They ignore the fact that Sojourner Truth and other black feminists were told to march in the back of the parade or not at all. Typical Caucasian shit. They also ignore the fact that Margaret Sanger, founder of Planned Parenthood and one of the first advocates for birth control, was also a supporter and practitioner of eugenics and the involuntary sterilization of black women. Typical Caucasian shit.

You cannot claim to take a multicultural perspective, yet still perpetuate white supremacy by purposefully negating from course material the contributions, involvement, and ill treatment of black women and men within this so called movement. You're still perpetuating white supremacy, the bullshit that it is, by neglecting the developmental issues that little black boys and girls become subjected to through a whitewashed media.

So, no I will not say thank you to anybody other than the courageous and outstanding Black leaders of past generations. That's like saying thank you to the white soldiers who fought in the civil war to prevent the abolition of slavery. Why would I thank my haters and oppressors? Those are your heroes... not mine.

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Perception

It's bothersome how some people are so quick to speak judgment before considering how their words may impact someone else. I stand strongly behind the phrase "it's not what you say, it's how you say it" and people don't realize that to be true. Words can hurt, but it's also about perception as well. One of my good friends did not realize this. I did not realize this.

We were having a conversation, two close friends and I, about makeup. We were talking about different brands of lipstick, concealer, and foundation. My roommate, who is one of these friends, had some foundation that was too dark for her lighter skin tone. She asked us to look at a comparison of the foundation on her hand, and I said just that. "Yeah, it's too dark on you." Our other friend looked up and without thinking, quickly said "damn that shit is dark as hell". I immediately felt some type of way because I was thinking it may be a better match with my hue, but she had a negative tone when speaking on the deepness of the shade. You see the dilemma? Then, they both told me that it would be a perfect match for me. Hold up... its dark as hell but will be a perfect match for me? Listen to how that sounds, especially to someone battling low self-esteem, anxiety, and depression. I marked my hand with the foundation, and it matched perfectly. But I was so ashamed and embarrassed that I just said it didn't match and I didn't like it.

A part of me is saying I perceived the whole situation in a negative way and I need to fix that. So yes, words can definitely hurt, but only when you allow them to. But we must also remember to be mindful and think before we speak. You won't know someone's state of mind unless they've shared it with you or you ask. They won't know unless you tell them. It works both ways.

Love Never Dies

You've been on my mind heavy lately. Sometimes I sit and I wonder what my life would be like if we weren't separated. What would life be like today if I was still blessed with your daily affirmations of love and positivity? Would I be better off or would my journey to self-love still have been the same? Unfortunately, that cannot be answered right now. Fortunately, though, I was blessed enough to have even witnessed and been a receiver of your humility and gratitude. Your ability to manifest your greatness in everything that you did. I was thankful to hear you tell me you loved me. I was thankful to see you express that love through your actions. I was thankful to see your smile every day and feel the radiance of your positive and compelling energy.

Your energy was like no other and I am grateful, forever thankful and blessed, to call you my cousin. My brother. My right hand. My best friend.

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I still cry, especially when I could use your uplifting energy, because you were such a moving and loving force in my life. We were like one. People thought we were dating, but you were family. You are family. Our bond was so strong that it made people uncomfortable. It made some people happy, though. Our bond was so strong that it was felt by others wherever we were and whenever we walked in a room, our energy was radiant enough and vibrant enough to illuminate an entire room. I pray that you continue to live with and through me, alongside the Most High, as I do the work and spread the love that was meant for me to spread as well as keep your legacy alive. I pray that you guide me as well, and continue to bless me with your vibrant and sweet energy that got me through high school. Stay with me as I continue this life on this Earth, and we can reunite in the next. I thank God for allowing me to be influenced by a love as great as yours. When times get rough and I begin to turn to negativity, guide me back to the positive. As much as I wish you were still here in the physical, I still appreciate your spiritual presence, and I know that you will never leave me. You are me, and I am you. Our love and bond has not been broken, and you will always be the most influential and positive force in my life.

I love you and thank you for everything. I love you.

Blood Enemies

Everyone seems to always push the notion of family being the most supportive and significant influencers in our lives. “Blood is thicker than water,” “friends come and go, family is forever”: two phrases and quotes that I honestly get so sick of hearing and seeing. These quotes, although promoting the value in family relations, discredits the value of true friendship.

True friends do not come and go. True friends are your family. In today’s society, family is defined and described as a system established and upheld through genetic and biological aspects. However, even your relatives can be enemies. Your biological sister, brother, cousin, aunt, uncle, etc. can hurt you. But because they are your family, you’re expected to turn a blind eye and forgive solely due to the fact that we are genetically and biologically connected. Blood relatives can be some of the most negative energy sources in your life. True friends, however, can be the contrary. True friends love you unconditionally. They support you, comfort you, listen to you, and help you distinguish yourself amongst others. Blood does not determine the value of a relationship.

Blood relatives can be your true friends, yes. But the point is to not undermine the value of true friendships while promoting the value of a loving and functional family system. Yes, I love my family. But some members of my “family” are not my friends. We share the same blood line, but our relationship has no depth for various reasons. My true friends, as bad as it may sound, are sort of in those empty slots in my life, and I also fill that position for my friends. We help each other, and love and support one another. It doesn’t matter how long we’ve known each other. Family, on a broader spectrum, is not defined by blood lineage.

My true friends will not come and go, as some of them have made more positive contributions to my life than blood relatives. I now understand this, and I both understand and acknowledge the value of true friendship. Those “friends” who have come and gone were not my friends. If so, they would still be here.

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She Doesn't Know

I came home with the intention to get away from isolation and see my family. Actually, I came home because I felt like by at least showing my face that people wouldn't suspect my depressive state. As long as I come around, although not nearly as often as I used to; as long as I force a smile and still painfully force a laugh; as long as I could successfully hide my true inner impairments and put on a front; as long as I could keep up the strong suit; as long I could completely mask my illness, my anxiety and depression, I would be fine. But it's hard. I can hide it, and by looking at me from an outside perspective, you wouldn't be able to notice or decipher my mental state. But now, I'm at a point where hiding is breaking me down even further, and its showing.

When I got home, no one was here, but there were two little boys playing catch in our yard. I've never seen these two boys, but I didn't run them out of the yard like I would have normally done. They saw me too, but they ignored me like I did them. They eventually left, and I went in the house. I didn't mind that they were in the yard because it was clear that they were having fun, much more than I was.

My mother was on the phone when she got home. I was in the family room and my dad was frying chicken wings with a side of mac & cheese. I usually would also retreat to the kitchen, engage in conversation and even try to take over cooking. But I just sat here. I sat here until my dad told me to get something to eat. I feel so bad because I know he cares about me. He loves his daughter, but he doesn't know that his baby girl is silently suffering. Silently crying for help. The help that she can't bring herself to reach out and ask for.

I walked by her as she was sitting at the kitchen table on the phone with one of her former coworkers. “Hey ma,” but she didn’t say anything. I felt her stare and follow me as I proceeded to prepare myself a plate. I knew I wasn’t going to eat a lot, if any at all, so I made sure to only get a little. Three small wings and a corner of mac. I only ate one wing and half of that corner, when I would normally eat about four wings and a lot of mac and cheese. Why didn’t she say anything to me? She always spoke back, even when she was on the phone. I thought it was my fault. Whatever the reason was for her not responding was my fault.

She was trying to talk to me, but I was so disconnected. I’ve isolated myself from the things and people that make me the happiest and bring me the most joy. I felt a different type of emptiness when attempting to even listen to her as she spoke to me. She spoke with so much energy and enthusiasm. She sounded happy to even see me, and be able to have a conversation with me. I tried to fake it. I tried to laugh and smile it away, but she felt it. I know she did. I felt her hide her frustrations with my lack of being. My lack of genuine joy and enthusiasm. My lack of sincerity. My lack of true self. I can’t blame her for becoming frustrated because she doesn’t know. She doesn’t know what’s really wrong with her baby girl. She’s already dealing with so much and tolerating too much. How would she respond if she knew her daughter was dealing with this mental illness? For the second time? She played a video on her cell phone. It was Lauryn, my niece and her granddaughter, and myself. I was teaching Lauryn how to say “train” because she was so fascinated with the horn every time it blew. She was so beautiful. She climbed on the little Mickey Mouse foldable chair and after I told her to get her butt down before she hurt herself, she leaned closer so I could grab her and pull her closer to me. It was so beautiful, and I felt my spirit rise for those 60 seconds.

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She doesn't know how she helped me just by showing me that video. She doesn't know that I thank the Most High for her. She doesn't know that the root of my depression and anxiety lies within her life experiences, and that all I really want is a better life for her. But I just don't know how to satisfy her without neglecting myself further. She doesn't know that I love her beyond words, and I hate to see her silently suffer. She doesn't know that I too, her daughter (youngest of two), am suffering in silence. She doesn't know that I want and need her to tell me that she loves and cares. In ways that don't involve money. She doesn't know that by not loving and being emotionally supportive, her daughters are suffering. And it's all because of her. My mother doesn't know that by neglecting her own health, she is teaching us to also neglect our own health. She doesn't know that by being a "strong Black woman" teaching her daughters to be "strong black women", not only is she killing herself, but she is making it easier for us all to kill each other.

There is Always Light

It's like I'm drowning in my own blood, sweat, and tears. This feels like everything I have ever felt, or never allowed myself to feel, is coming back full force. This time with a vengeance. It's back, this time like a steak knife that has been sharpened to cut and tear through even the toughest meat. It's stabbing my soul, heart, and mind. It's hurting so bad and cutting so deep.

I would run, but it's too dark. I can't see. I see a little glimpse of light, but it's tiny like a single star in the sky. I reach out to it, but it's so far away and over taken by the darkness.

I guess the good thing about it is that eventually more stars will manifest in that dark sky. And even then, the sun always comes out of that darkness and shines. Even if it's for a little while. This just means that we have to embrace the light and our shining stars, so that when we do get confronted by darkness, we already know that there is always light.

Unplugged

Maybe I Should Call

I can't stop crying. I'm always crying and it won't stop. I'm so tired, it is so exhausting.

I want to go to the hospital so they can officially diagnose me, but I'm not taking any western medications. Plus, I'm not ready to be vulnerable. I'm not ready to face the fear of everyone calling me crazy. They all are going to call me crazy. "Off the shits" "Lost her mind" "Half crazy". No, not half crazy because at this point its full force. It's embarrassing and dehumanizing.

My friends call me, but I don't answer. I miss them so much, but I'm not the same. They might not want to be responsible for this burden, me. I want to tell them, but they have issues too. Everyone has issues, not just me. That's why I don't want to tell anyone because with their own problems, who wants to be held down by some "crazy" person.

I know they'll call me crazy. Maybe I should call. Are they worried? I don't know. Do they even care? At this point, I don't know but I don't think so. I have no fucking idea.

Relaxed Frustrations

“Five Signs Your 3rd Eye is Opening”

The video I watched last night. Ralph Smart, “Infinite Waters”, reminded me that 11:11 is a sign. It’s 11:11am right now. However, I’m supposed to be in class right now. I just couldn’t pull myself together this morning. I have so much that I’m trying to focus on at the time, and I’m overwhelmed. The brother also stated in a separate video that we must slow down. Always rushing and pacing trying to keep up with this false concept of time. Even writing this, I’m so out of tune. I’m finding myself so tense and writing faster than I should be. I just laid back down on my stomach and I’m fully dressed, with even my boots and jacket on.

I feel myself slowing down. Trying to relax. This is truly my therapy. I wrote this to air my frustrations with my lack of patience. Tonight, before I end my day, I will pray to the ancestors and ask for ways to develop this. Patience is a virtue. I’m trying to teach myself to meditate and I’m not being patient with myself. That’s my issue at the moment. Stop being so hard on yourself. I have a book with positive affirmations that I am now, at this moment that I am writing this, committing myself to speaking daily.

I need to slow down. Be patient. Don’t get caught up in time. Be free. You have plenty. It’s okay. Nothing happens overnight. Trust your inner wisdom and manifest your greatness. It’s yours.

Unplugged

Therapy

I haven't written in this journal since 3/12. Ten days since my last therapy session. No wonder I'm out and not performing.

Ten days. Imagine not taking your prescribed medications for ten days. Your routine, your regime is ruined. Well not ruined, but let's say out of whack. This is my medicine. I must commit to this to keep myself well. I will be fine as long as I write and release. With the right food, I'll be more energetic. With more time dedicated to writing, reading and creating, I'll be more relaxed and content. I'm in the process of adding meditation, but I must commit to one at a time.

Again, be patient Queen. Commit to what's right for you, but be patient as you embark on a journey that feeds off of your self-discipline. Understand that it'll take time, but you have plenty. Understand that it may be challenging, but the only thing stopping you from achieving is you.

Peace and love.

Understanding Love

There I was apologizing for my own illness. Who is it impacting more? Them or me? Of course, me. But as always, I do what pleases others or what I think is in the best interest of everyone else, ignoring how I'm being affected. I guess that's just the goodness in my heart. That's also the cause of my current situation. Every time I make a decision, I think of everyone else first. That has to stop. I need to care for myself, and everyone else will reap the benefits also.

I want to give to others, but I can't care for anyone if I don't care for myself. From this day forward, I'm coming first. Selfish and selfless. Eat right, pray, meditate, strive to take care of the Earth, and our people. Live righteously.

Be what you are, who you are. When you love yourself, you allow others to love you. When you love yourself, you vow to put yourself first while still being selfless. Love is much simpler, yet more complex than our society has deemed. It is not exclusive to romantic relationships. Love is defined properly as an action, not just a feeling or emotion. When you love, your actions coincide with the empowerment and spiritual growth of yourself and others. That's love.

You can love anyone and be loved by anyone. Not just a romantic partner. Love is as love does. When we adapt this into our thinking, we will prosper. But we must first love ourselves. That is the only way to live a fulfilling life, and the first step on the path to righteousness.

Unplugged

Slavery by Another Name

I want to drop out. Withdraw from this institution called college and sell my unneeded collections so I can prepare to leave. I choose to free myself from this illusion of accumulated debt and free myself from the enslavement by the creators of this system. This evil beast. Slavery has not ended, but we can choose to free ourselves. We have that power. All we have to do is free ourselves from these mental chains.

My mother is going to flip. People are going to talk. I don't care. Money is not going to rule my life. Fuck the system. It wasn't created for us to be free in our divine right. I don't care about how people are going to feel or what they may/will say because people talk regardless. I'm not doing this for them. This is my journey.

I'm no longer submitting to this false concept of independence and freedom. I will be free, as it is my divine right as an expression of the creator and as a human being. As a melanated being. My life, my decision. I've never truly made life changing decisions for me, but for what I believed to be the only way to survive. Fuck that. I'm 20. I have time, but no time for playing checkers with the devil while he's playing chess. The time is now. I never wanted to be here anyway.

Paid to Slave

I have plans and I will be great. I will give back to the people and live righteously. Free from illusions. I understand that the green paper will allow me to live comfortably, but only melanated people will get my support.

My only hope is that by leading by example, more will find themselves. I can't free anyone but myself, but I can be of aide to my people. Eat from nature. Love nature. Be one with nature again.

Fuck a degree, fuck all of that. I don't need a piece of paper to deem me qualified for anything. Paying the white man for a white piece of paper to show to another man who may or may not feel I'm qualified either way. Accumulating what we call debt to get a job to pay back the debt, and still live in debt paying rent and all that other shit. I don't need a degree to pay rent. And I damn sure don't need a damn thin sheet of paper that doesn't even guarantee shit but the accumulation of more debt. I'm taking my freedom back. By staying here, I would have to take out yet another loan and that's dead. I can sustain without a degree, and I will manifest my divine purpose on this planet without it.

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Protect Your Energy

I am beautiful. Inside and out. When you stop worrying about what other people may or may not think of you, you feel so much better about yourself. That inner peace will shine bright and people will feel that energy from afar. Some people with good, righteous spirits. Some are parasites. Trust your intuition and guard your space. Protect your light.

People will uplift you, but some will try to break you. They can only do what you allow them to. The only person responsible for your hurt is you. The only person responsible for your happiness is you. You are the ruler, dictator, and Creator of your reality.

With knowledge of self, we can do and receive anything we want and need. I am still learning and embarking on the journey to manifest my divine purpose, but I have knowledge of self and I have faith. That's all I need. Growing and glowing all at the same time. I'm gaining the confidence that I lacked before and I'll be damned if I give that all away. We are all beautiful. We just have to learn who we are and accept where we came from so that we can get to where we were put here to go.

Fight to Finish

I can't believe I let these motherfuckers convince me to stay at this shitty school. I don't give a fuck about getting that piece of paper. I'll finish this shit, and it hurts my soul to even say that. I look around and see all these lost souls who really think this school will really prepare them for what's to come. Fuck that.

Listening to All Falls Down by Kanye and it's right on time. The black people here cannot be happy. If they are, it's only because they're lost. I'm not happy because I know I don't belong here. Just thinking about any more work is like a punch to the face. I feel my spirit cringe because it's wrong. I belong in the tropics. Not solely because of Natureboy, but because I no longer want to power this system. I no longer want to be a slave. One day I'll get there. Sometimes, I think I want to sacrifice that though. Sacrifice my complete freedom and total happiness to wake up my people. Even though my environment needs to be better for my spirit, I'll fight. I'm a fighter.

But damn. There I go again fighting for everyone but myself. I'll fight for a little while longer, but then I'm leaving. Going where I belong. I wish I could take Lauryn with me, but I'm sure she'll find her way. She's been here before. We all have. This lifetime, I'll get it right.

As long as no one asks me about school, I'll be fine. Just let me finish this last year and get the fuck out. Fuck all that talking. These attachments got me stuck. I'll walk across that stage though. Just know I'll never go to school again. Fuck the system.

Unplugged

The Truth is Love

So many thoughts. I never know where to begin when I write. There's so much going on in my head and I'm learning to release it so that it won't get lost in my subconscious. That happens a lot. I want and need to teach myself how to meditate. Once I master that, I'll be better equipped to reach my higher self. I do want to leave, but I have to embark on this journey of self-exploration. Sometimes I let my environment and thoughts get the best of me. I want to end everything and start over. I won't do it though. I have come so far, but I still have so far to go.

My parents know where I stand with Christianity now. Maybe I shouldn't have been so quick to tell them the truth, but they needed to hear it. They'll look at me differently, maybe or maybe not. Either way, Jesus Christ never existed and it isn't wise for black people to be worshipping him. Everyone isn't ready to hear that information. But it doesn't negate the fact that they need to hear it.

It's no coincidence that I woke up when I did. The universe works in wondrous ways. My journey thus far has been interesting. Hurtful. Nonetheless, I'm thankful. "Peace and blessings manifest with every lesson learned." Peace to the Queen. Erykah Badu. That is so true. I definitely see my growth and I'm thankful for the lessons. My growth is a blessing. I'm beyond thankful for even my worst moments.

J. Cole's Crooked Smile just came on. "No need to fix what God already put its paintbrush on." "Baby girl you're a star, don't let em tell you you're not." "What's real is something that the eyes can't see, what the hands can't touch, what them broads can't be and that's you." I'm thankful for Jermaine using his craft to touch souls. He definitely touched mine. I just shook my head too crazily and got a little dizzy. I'm thankful for that too because it made me laugh.

It's the simple things. Be thankful. Be grateful. Be appreciative of your journey. Be thankful for the ones you come across because good or bad, they come for a reason. To teach. Whether they know it or not. Everyone you encounter in your personal life are merely reflections of you. Here to show you what you need to fix. Pay attention. Be mindful. Yet let the universe work its magic. Your magic. It's all up to you. This is your journey. Realize that and watch yourself transform. It's not easy, but it is so worth it.

Spread love. Be love. Love is as love does.

Who are you? What do you want? Learn yourself. Love yourself. Watch the people love you as well. You get what you put out, but you must start with yourself first. It's 2:54 now. I have class at 3pm. Luckily, I'm already in the building. Beauty is whatever you make it. It runs deeper than the physical.

I love everyone. I love myself. We'll make it.

Unplugged

The Simple Things

God really works in wondrous ways. I understand now. Every little thing is coming together. The little things. The things we take for granted. If no one takes anything from me, I pray they take these words: Thank the Most High for the little things. The moments we don't appreciate as a child.

Self-reflection is so powerful. When you can come to terms with your faults, you can accept them. Once you accept them, you can proceed to fix them. Don't get me wrong, we all have some things we don't like about ourselves. If we could change them, we would. If not, we just accept them and love them because we understand that they make us who we are. We wouldn't be who we are without them. Like a gap in our teeth. A mole on our cheek or under our nose. People might joke, but you don't care because you love yourself. You embrace the little things that make you *you*.

But those are only physical attributes. Like thick thighs and a miniature waist, and the perfect ass. The physical body is only a portion of who we are.

The physicality of our existence is very materialistic in this society. Think of your body and other physical features as a vehicle. A car. This car is yours and belongs to you, so of course you want it to look nice. You get a paint job, new decorative rims. The makeup, clothes, shoes, hairstyles, etc. are these enhancements. Notice how this is only the outer appearance. So think of the person driving that car. Do they possess positive personality traits and characteristics? Or are they horrible? Think of a pedophile driving one of these nice ass cars. The car doesn't matter. Yeah, it is nice, but the owner is a pedophile. Your soul is the driver of this body. Yeah, you look good and have "money", but are you truly a good person? Think about it.

With that being said, we must care about our character and cater to our soul as much as we cater to our outer appearance. We should care about our souls more than our physical body.

We must come to terms with our internal flaws, as well as our external. We must accept them and learn from them. If they can and need to be changed, we must have the courage to accept that we were put here to fix these things. We must have the strength and patience necessary to bring about these changes. It is a journey, not an easy one, but it is so worth it. If something cannot be changed, we must learn to accept and love these things. They make us who we are.

Accept and appreciate the lessons that this life teaches us. Everything is before us for a specific reason. For us to grow mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. Embrace every flaw. Embrace every interaction. Embrace every attachment. Every heartbreak, every success. Every little thing. Our spiritual growth depends on it.

Unplugged

Activation

[12:31am] I just had the most amazing experience. I activated some of my chakras. 6 of them. I just had a moment where I felt this Godly sensation from my root chakra to my pineal gland. At first, I didn't know what was happening. But when I finally did realize, I had full control. I just felt them tingle that area of my body where they are located. I did it with my mind. Once I activated my third eye, the feeling was so intense yet beautiful. I felt pressure, right above my eyebrows, but not reaching my crown chakra. I was unintentionally meditating at this point. It just happened.

[12:55am] I think I just activated most of my chakras. My light body. I felt it as it happened. I felt every single one of these in my body get this tingly sensation. Like a vibration. From my root chakra to my pineal gland. My arms and legs. Intense, yet pleasurable. My entire body. I heard Young Pharaoh say that we have thousands of chakras, but he only mentioned 7 main ones. I was just coming into consciousness, so I admit that I wasn't educated and fully aware of the makeup of our bodies. But I felt them. They just sent an array of tingles and peaceful jitters through my entire body. I've never felt anything like it before.

I've been preparing myself for this moment. I can now fully grasp the reality of my existence being only a reflection of what I truly wish. Whatever you want is already yours. You just have to prepare yourself for that blessing. You just have to be ready. In the meantime, grow. Learn. This is the time to put in action where you see your purpose and life path. Righteousness is a key ingredient to happiness.

This is amazing. My mind has never been this powerful before. I just went from not feeling like I have full control of my mind to actually feeling like a manifestation of my higher self. I just want to go look at everything now from old movies, cartoons, tv shows, commercials, politics, live concerts, music videos. They literally have been revealing to us our current and future state as a human race. They are and have been playing with our minds right in front of our faces. Blatantly.

We have been so brainwashed. Mindfucked. Everything this system stands for is grounds for complete destruction. Everything is coming together now.

Unplugged

Divine Kreationz

There are so many talented people in this world. Creatives. Healers. Teachers. It's so amazing to be able to witness the people utilize their craft in such a brilliant way. Ways to reach out to others. To assist in the process. So many beautiful souls. So many who know their divine purpose. So many who can portray and convey their thoughts through art. Art being us. We are art. Everything about the human body. The mind. The soul. Erykah Badu. Willow Smith. Jaden Smith. India Arie. Bob Marley. J Cole. Kendrick. Joey. Krit. Lauryn Hill. Valencia Clay. Just to name only a few of my favorites. I have plenty. Of course we are surrounded by so much divine energy. We are just so amazing and a beautiful people.

Once we understand that by hurting the planet, we're hurting ourselves, we'll be better. All we have to do is do right by Mama and watch our reality shift. Transform. We're letting them kill our planet. Our trees. Our animals. We're eating the wrong food. Black people have an underestimated and forgotten connection to the source. We are divine beings. As long as we continue to participate in the destruction, we will continue to suffer.

I innerstand that I am an expression of the Creator, and the divine creative energy wants to flow freely through this physical body. So many divine beings who understand this and use their talents to spread this message. Through whatever that craft is. We are artists. Musician. Author. Model. Photographer. Writer. Poet. Painter. Teacher. Singer. So much that we can do. We are universal. We have no limits. But only when we have knowledge of self. Let the sun activate our melanin and decalcify our pineal glands. Become one again with the Creator. Love is understanding.

I love myself, so I have no reason to not love others.

Earth Tones

Why do we still hate ourselves? Why are we still competing for the title “Beauty Queen”? By European standards at that. I get so much inspiration from music. The words resonate with my soul. This was inspired by Kendrick and our sister Rapsody. Complexion (A Zulu Love). To Pimp a Butterfly. “If you like it, I love it. All your Earth tones been blessed.” So much love in her words. My soul felt every word.

As I was walking (by the way I was walking to class while this was playing) across the street, my eyes caught the attention of the grass. Two shades of green. Flowers. Pink, fuchsia, orange, yellow, red, ivory, green—a different green from the shades of the grass. The brown soil. The root. The source from which they all grew. Then I heard Rapsody’s words. I instantly thought: Wow. That’s deep. As above, so below. Understanding that we are the manifestation of the Creator is nothing short of love. Love is understanding.

So many shades. Tones. The beauty in diversity. Divine diversity. So many people love the rainbow. But little understand that we are the rainbow. We are the light spectrum’s many shades. We are light. We are the original. The archetype. I love myself. My black sisters are reflections of me, so when I say I love myself... I’m talking about you too. We are all one. I understand this now and it pains me to hear this light skin, brown skin, dark skin shit. Get it together. We have to learn to love ourselves so that we can love everyone and everything around us.

The beauty in music. The soul that conveyed their thoughts through melody and words. The beauty in divinity.

Unplugged

Don't Ignore the Signs

I'm thankful. Grateful and appreciative of everything that I've experienced thus far. I'm thankful for the let downs. By others and myself. Thankful for the whispers of envy, jealousy, and admiration. Thankful for the discouragement. The encouragement and empowerment. I'm thankful for every loved one that I've lost to the system and manmade diseases. Thankful for the fakes. Thankful for the genuine. Thankful for the crakkas who thought they were smarter than me because of my skin tone. Thankful for the experiences and people that I attracted to myself. Thankful for depression and anxiety. Thankful for every low moment, especially my lowest. Thankful for my darkest moments because I finally found my light.

Everything is energy. The signs are everywhere. Don't ignore them because you put them there. They have been waiting on you. It's up to you to put the pieces together. No one can do that but you. The ancestors may assist you, but it all revolves around your strength. Your courage. Your patience. Wisdom. Knowledge. Knowledge of self, most importantly.

Don't ignore the signs. There are divine gifts from the Most High. One day, you will understand. I didn't at first. But that's why our separate journeys are so unique. We have placed ourselves in certain environments and manifested certain experiences. All to one day wake up and put the pieces together to our puzzle. Everything we go through happens for a reason. Once we begin to realize this, we will be closer to our highest level of existence. One step closer to living out our divine purpose. We were not put here to pay bills, eat shit, and die. We are divine beings. Physical manifestations of the Creator. Don't ignore the signs. You put them there.

Pure Souls

I asked her for a pen and she handed me one. “Thank you.” “You’re welcome.” She said them both, and didn’t give me the chance to say anything. The beauty in a young child’s heart. We have to be patient with our babies. They are the future. Patience is one of the most important virtues. Patience and compassion. So many of us lack both. I’m learning and growing every day. They pick up on everything. If we show them patience and compassion, they’ll grow up with that in their hearts. It’s not easy, but it’s worth it. Love is understanding. Be patient. Be compassionate. Be more understanding.

Unplugged

No Motivation

I'm finding myself losing all motivation for school. The little bit that I never really had in the first place. I procrastinate on things that don't serve my soul any nourishment. Any enlightenment. Empowerment. This schoolwork is all bullshit. Anything that isn't good for my soul, my soul rejects. My soul has been rejecting this so called education, but I've pushed myself, even to do the bare minimum. To get this far. I'm so anxious for my last semester. Ready to be done with this shit.

I know all I have to do is do the work. But when your soul rejects something, it's so much more difficult to just do it. "Just get it over with." "Stop procrastinating." Easier said than done. I feel like it's getting in the way of my true heart's desire to help my people. But maybe this is happening for me to learn how to get through the blockages that I placed before me. It's still difficult. I do know that in the end, I'll be much more thankful for this journey. This obstacle. This hurdle that I signed up to jump over.

Reflect and Release

I love to write. Reflect. Self-reflection is powerful. Writing is my therapy. A way to use my God-given talent to reflect on my inner conflicts, observations, growth. A way to clear my mind so that my subconscious can be emptied and not control my actions.

Our subconscious mind, when neglected, can have a negative influence on how we live. Subconsciously, we do things that we can't explain. Things that we have the power to change. But this change can only happen when we dig deep into our subconscious and deprogram it. We have to consciously act, react, and accept our responsibilities. Accept our flaws. Accept our shortcomings. Accept the things, places, events, and people from the past that have impacted our lives in some shape, form, or fashion. For me, writing makes this easier. I already have the gift of transferring my thoughts from the inside to paper, and many struggle with this. It's so powerful when you can reread your work and measure your growth.

Admire the talent that you are blessed with. The talent that will allow you to touch others. It's so amazing. I don't sugar coat a damn thing. There's no beauty or growth in doing that.

Unplugged

Beauty in the Cracks

I'm having a great day. I was stuck in traffic for close to an hour this morning. I missed my first class of the day because of it. Most people would probably freak out and get so angry and frustrated. I didn't put that negative energy into the universe. I'm learning to take control of my emotions and turn negative into positive.

It's a beautiful day. Nothing short of beauty. I did a lot of walking. I walked to the library, did some work. Walked to the housing office, which is pretty far, but I wanted to walk. It's too beautiful out not to. I ended up walking there for essentially no reason because I already knew the answer to my question. But I didn't mind. I usually would have been irritated by walking there for nothing. I see myself growing. I feel it. I'm loving the changes. On the way back, I noticed a trail surrounded by beautiful flowers and trees. I had to stop and sit on the bench. Listen to music. Breathe in the fresh air and aroma from Mother Earth. I had to take pictures. The only thing I love about this school. The beauty in spots like this where they have yet to place an unnecessary building.

Not for the Weak-Minded

I'm thankful for the gift I have to be able to put my thoughts into words. The gift that allows me to deliver messages from the Most High and Ancestors. They speak through me. I love when people compliment my posts. It just reminds me that the message is being heard. The words that I speak and write are merely messages. Divine messages that allow me to help others see through illusions.

Some people hate positivity though. I think it's because I get too deep. Excuse me if I get too deep, but it's in my nature. This body is young, but this soul is old. I can only be deep. Regardless of the slang that I choose to speak at times. What is proper English? Proper grammar? Some shit that's not even our original language. I'll speak however I so choose and can't nobody tell me I'm any less than a Goddess. Fuck it (inserts crying laughing emoji).

My words resonate with the people, and that means the Ancestors are being heard. That's all that matters. Fuck your English and proper grammar.

Unplugged

Scattered Brain

I hate that I put so much on my plate at one time. I get so excited when I get a creative idea and I rush to get it started, regardless if I finish the others I've started or not. Most of the time, I haven't. Next thing I know, I'm frustrated because I have so many abandoned projects and I don't know where to go when I get free time to express myself creatively. Unfinished scrapbook. Unfinished blog website. Unfinished books. Community projects. Schoolwork. My mind is so scattered. Not to mention I'm thirsty for knowledge. Consciousness. Spirituality.

The one thing I do consistently is write in this journal. I also try to pray daily. Give thanks in the morning when I wake and give thanks as well as ask my ancestors for continued protection and guidance when I pray before bed. I try to meditate, but my environment isn't as peaceful as I would like it. I'll keep my prayer consistent for now. Add meditation when I return to a more peaceful and more natural environment.

So thankful for this journal. It says "unplug" on the cover, which is what compelled me to buy it. I definitely unplug. Let it all go. I always feel better. Even if I'm not feeling bad or down. Just the acknowledgement of any emotions and thoughts, positive or negative, is the key to a clear conscious. I'm thankful. That's one thing I always have to say. Give thanks for everything. Every bad thing that happens is just preparation. And not every bad thing is truly bad. Some are blessings. It's all in your perspective. Perception. So maybe the scattering of my projects is just a lesson that I must learn. It shows my creativity and drive. I just need to learn to not limit myself, but take things slow. Stop putting so much on my plate when it's already full. Or maybe it's not full. I just need to stop trying to eat everything in one bite. Stop biting off more than I can chew. Patience. The key. At least one of them. I'll get there. To where I want to be. With patience. Time is on my clock. I'm on my own time. Stop rushing to hurry and make a statement. You'll get there. We'll get there.

Power in Imperfection

What do you want? Who are you? What's your purpose? 3 questions many of us struggle to answer. Happiness. Love. Peace within. Is that what you want? Are you sure? Do you know who you are? Not your name. But who are you? What is your purpose for walking this Earth? At this moment, I can only say what I think I am. At this moment, I don't really know.

Self-reflection really requires you to dig deep. I have uncovered and released so much inner turmoil, but I still have so much more to do. I knew this journey was not going to be easy. I'm still realizing so much about myself. Having to come to terms with my faults. I know I'm not perfect, and none of us are. But I strive to become the closest to perfect. Perfection to me is innerstanding and overstanding who you are. Where you come from. Accepting your flaws and having the patience, courage, and strength to change those which can and need to be changed. It's a process.

Everyone always says they want this or they want that. Why do you want these things? How will you use these things to better yourself and help those around you? These are questions that we need to ask ourselves. How are you working or what are you doing to get you closer to receiving and achieving these things? Are your actions aligned with your wishes? Pay attention and be careful. Don't make yourself susceptible to failure, hurt, or heartbreak by simply wishing and not feeding your spirit with the proper nutrition that it needs to manifest these wishes.

We are powerful. But only if we allow ourselves to be.

Unplugged

Seek Wisdom

There's so much information out here. The age of information. It's like my soul is thirsty for all of it, but my brain can only process so much at one time. Take it slow. Take it easy. Focus on self, and the information will come to you. You are information. Focus and connect with your highest self. Raise your frequency. Balance your energy. Love yourself. Learn yourself. Then you can receive everything else that is meant for you. The only thing you need to worry about is you.

Knowledge of self trumps everything. With knowledge of self, you are everything that you say you are. You are everything you wish to be. With knowledge of self, you will attract all other knowledge and be able to apply it to your own life. That's when you achieve true wisdom. It's more than simply seeking and taking in information. Once you are able to take that information and apply it to your life, live the information, you become more than knowledgeable. You become wise. Strive for wisdom, not only knowledge. But you cannot become wise if you do not innerstand and overstand your true self.

Be the Change You Wish to See

I feel as though my purpose is to spread the message of the importance of love. I just don't know how to do that exactly, aside from writing about it. I feel as though I was put here with the primary struggle in my existence being receiving and giving love. I've been surrounded by love my entire life. I just didn't know how to receive or give it. Not only that, but my definition of love was so backwards, much like that of everyone else around me. If we do not understand what love really is, how can we accept it from others or love others? If we do not fully understand what love is, how do we begin to actually love ourselves?

I speak of self-love a lot, but it is so important. Everyone cries. "He doesn't love me." "She doesn't love me back like I love her." Ask yourself, do you really love you? Do I love myself? Do I understand that everyone and every situation that I attract is a reflection of myself? We must innerstand that if we do not love ourselves, no one is going to truly love us.

When we begin to make changes in our lives that are no longer at a negative frequency, those who are still at that level will become further away from us. They will try to emotionally trap us and make us feel bad for loving ourselves enough to remove ourselves from negative environments. When we begin to love ourselves and innerstand that we deserve better because we are better, we will attract people and situations that reflect that innerstanding. We will no longer have to say he or she doesn't love me. We will understand that they do not love us because they don't love themselves. Those new people will love us because they love themselves. We will love them because we love ourselves. We will attract positivity and love.

Bad things happen to us because we look for love externally. In the wrong places and people. Once we find that inner peace and self-love, we won't have to look for it in other people. It will already be there. In our hearts. It will come to us without question. This is when we will be able to receive it. We will be at a love frequency.

Unplugged

Many of us do not love ourselves. In return, the universe sends us people who do not love themselves, and in turn cannot love us. It's all a cycle. The Law of Attraction. What you put out is what you get back. You will reap what you sow. If you sow seeds of love and positivity, you will benefit others by reaching them and allowing them to express their love for self. If you don't understand the science of self-love, you will need to do a lot of self-reflection, and if not, you will never truly get the heartfelt experience of loving and being loved. So, again, look at the situations and people in your life. Do you understand that these are reflections of how you really feel about yourself? What do these things and people tell you about yourself?

We must learn to understand and love ourselves. It is the key to bringing the change that humanity needs. We often want to see a change, but neglect being the change. Start in the mirror. Be the change you wish to see.

Prayer for Hard Times

Dear God,

I pray and ask for the strength to persevere through the toughest of times. I also pray and ask for the courage and strength to accept my flaws wholeheartedly, and understand that I must not put myself above others. I ask for patience that is needed on this journey to a higher consciousness. I pray for acceptance in my own heart, for I know that I will project that self-acceptance onto others. I pray for strength, courage, and patience to forgive those who I have allowed to hurt me in the past, as well as myself for allowing them to. I also pray for forgiveness for allowing myself to egotistically hurt others without apology.

I pray for the strength and courage to allow things and words to speak from my soul. Through this body and through my divine creativity. I pray for the strength, courage, and patience to manifest my divine will and purpose. I pray for the ability to love myself and project that love for self onto others. I pray for a non-judgmental heart, and a being free of self-doubt. I ask for strength to not let the negativity of other beings affect my energy.

I vow to live righteously, and not seek validation from outside entities.

I pray for strength and courage to accept my flaws, the strength and courage to change my shortcomings that may be changed, courage to accept the things that I cannot change, and the wisdom to know the difference. I pray for infinite love, peace, and protection. I pray for the strength to not be led astray. I pray for the patience to not make rash decisions to feed the ego.

I give thanks and show gratitude for these things in advance, as well as the experiences of life that have and will lead me closer to these wishes. The power is within me, and for that, I am thankful.

Help Yourself

Unplugged

We often hear and say that we must release all negativity. This is true. But what we don't talk about is the emptiness that comes after releasing. We need to talk about the process of refilling. Refilling our spirit with positivity. We can't just dump everything out with no intention to fill ourselves back up.

Many think that good things just come. This is the problem. Good things don't come to those who wait. Good things come to those who put in the work. Opportunities present themselves every day. If one isn't working and paying attention, you will miss out. Every day is an open classroom, but are you missing the lesson? When you pray or meditate and ask for these things, they will not just come. You must physically do what will allow you to manifest what it is that you want so that your spirit can be fulfilled.

Don't empty your glass and wait for someone else to refill it for you. Empty your glass and refill it with that which you need to drink. No one knows what you need but you. Don't look for external sources to do your internal work.

Save Yourself

Sometimes I just want to write. With no desired or specific topic, just let the mind guide the pen. Just let the soul speak. Sometimes I just draw blanks. But even that's not really "nothing" because I'm still reflecting on something, as crazy as it may sound. Right now, I really don't know what to write about. I kind of feel empty, but it's just for this moment because I know I have tons of things to write and reflect on. I just have to let it all come to me. I'm having a calling to write.

I'm experiencing a great and appreciated spiritual awakening. This journey has not been easy whatsoever, but nonetheless, it has been one of the most divine experiences. This healing process is hurtful, but beautiful simultaneously. I look at everything and everyone differently. I see with brown eyes instead of blue, green, or gray. I see the matrix for what it is now. I see that many don't realize that we are not these bodies. It makes me sad because I have to keep telling myself that not everyone will be saved. I also have to save myself, and dwell not on what I have no power to change. I just feel so inclined to help my people. I hate to see my people, other melanated beings, not understanding our current state. I want all of these niggas to wake up and we can be as great as we used to be. Live how we are intended to live. But sometimes I get so caught up in what could be that I lose focus on the experiences of living in the now. This journey will be so worth it. I just think sometimes how beautiful it would be if all melanated people came together as a collective to heal and eject from the matrix. Beautiful it would be. Wishful thinking. Too many lost souls. Too many demons. It'll be fine though. We'll be fine.

Rasta Mentality

Unplugged

I'm so excited to start my loc journey. I have been contemplating on whether I wanted to loc my hair or not for a while. After watching videos and looking at photos of so many beautiful beings on their loc journey, I decided. Why the hell not? This is my chance to start and really commit to something.

Some people grow dreadlocks without knowing or understanding the importance and significance of our beautiful hair. Dreadlocks are more so a sacred and very spiritual aspect of our history. Of our existence. Our hair in general is very powerful.

For me, my locs are going to be my crown. Being that my locs are my crown, I will cherish them and carry myself as such. When we see and speak of kings and queens, they have crowns as they sit upon their thrones. When they are no longer deserving, they lose their crowns and no longer sit upon that throne. Many of us are not deserving of our crowns. If we see ourselves and want others to see us as Kings and Queens, Gods and Goddesses, we must carry ourselves as such. Our hair is our crown. Nature is our throne. We must get back to that.

I gather inspiration not just from our ancestors, elders, and those who have parts of their existence that resonate within me. I watched the Bob Marley documentary on Netflix, and even visited the Rastafarian Village when I was in Jamaica two years ago. A Rasta innerstands that the hair is sacred. If any Rasta does something ungodly, they must cut their hair. They are no longer deserving of the crown.

No, I am not a Rastafarian, but I take this principle and apply it to my existence. This is the next step in my journey. Cater to my crown and prepare myself for my throne which awaits.

Starting off as two strand twists, just my preference, but letting the hair do what the hair does. Grow. Flourish. Freeform. No retwisting.

I'm so amazed at my growth. I never thought that I could make such huge commitments. But I made a vow to the ancestors and myself that I don't care if I quit anything else. This journey is mine to embrace and this one I will not quit. I mean that.

There are no bumps in the road that I cannot get over. No roadblocks, only minor bumps. Potholes. It's nothing to just keep pushing. Keep it moving. Discuss the bump on the way, but keep it moving.

Unplugged

Dead Men Walking

I see and hear some really disturbing things. I don't understand how people have come to be so heartless, misguided, and cold. Heartless meaning we cherish and express love for the wrong things. We direct our energy to the wrong shit.

Parents love the damn internet more than themselves and the babies. You can't tell your baby needs to be changed because you're too caught up in the damn programming. Watching a video of a lady get beat up in a wheelchair like its fucking entertainment. I could not bring myself to watch something like that. Let alone giggle at the shit. What is wrong with humanity? It drains me. Parents do better. You're so caught up that you don't realize that your children are at the stage of development where they should be able to express themselves through words, but they can't. Stop neglecting our babies. They must be nurtured and protected. They are the new leaders and teachers.

Not only that, but so many souls are lacking the ability to be empathetic. No compassion. We laugh at other people's misery and hopelessness. We laugh at abusive relationships. We hunt and eat animals. We don't question anything. We just let the system suck all of our energy and inner intelligence. We do not think for ourselves, and let the matrix dope take over.

Matrix dope is not a hard drug to ditch. Once you cut that shit out, you will never want to experience such a dumbed down experience ever again. In fact, you might just become extremely judgmental of those who can't seem to understand or kick the fucking habit. They try to make excuses and defend the shit, asking you questions like you're crazy now. You'll get mad and say they're the ones crazy, not you. They don't understand. They think you're different, but really they don't know themselves. They don't know that this, what they think is normal, is not natural. Being in this environment living how we are is not at all natural or healthy. It is hell on Earth. This matrix is full of hate, fear, injustice. So much negativity.

I really need to separate myself now. Even further. I have a mission that I will get done. Just not as directly with people as initially thought. I cannot be around too many humans who vibrate at these low frequencies. Only those who I know truly mean well; I can hear and feel their souls cry out for help.

The ego has taken over and loves things instead of people and other living organisms. The soul loves every living entity and doesn't rely on possessions. I'm feeling the need more and more to enter a place where I can fully express myself creatively. A place surrounded by other high vibrational beings. Beings on my frequency or higher so that I can raise my frequency and allow the Most High's creative energy to flow loosely through my being.

One can only do so much, and only help those who wish to be helped. It pains me to witness and experience, see and hear so many foul things. Heartless, mindless, soulless actions.

Unplugged

Free Spirit

I'm getting better with my meditation. I had the concept of meditation wrong. Misunderstood. Meditation is all about listening to Self. It's something that can't be explained, but has to be experienced. People call others crazy for talking to themselves. But that's all meditation and prayer really is. To me at least. Listening to your higher self guide your soul. It's the way to connect to the source. Your higher self. At least one step in the process. One very important step. It's not about astral-traveling. It's not about asking or thinking about others. The only person in your head that should be there is you. I'm learning to listen to myself and trust my inner wisdom.

Any outside sources can either push you away from the source or assist you in the ascension. That assistance will only be in the form of confirmation. Confirming what your soul was already feeling. No one can tell you anything about yourself that you do not already know. That's the power of self. There will be demons, or beings trapped in the lower self, that will attempt to bring you back to your lower self and hinder your ascension. But you must let them go. Do not give them your divine energy.

Speak and live your truth. Do not be afraid to spread your divine message and light. Be free. Freedom begins when you free your mind. Free your mind, and everything will follow.

This Chosen Path

Learning and uncovering the truth is so great. Nothing is more fulfilling than realizing and remembering who you are. What you are. How divine this experience as a human being really is. Waking up, unplugging, and seeing through illusions. Realizing that I came to this planet to help uplift humanity. Remembering why I chose to come back here, and why I chose this community where I was raised. It's amazing. I chose my parents. I chose my family. I chose all of it. My mother's portal was my gateway into this realm.

Asking questions leads to answers. This is a path well worth it. I receive confirmation every day that I am on the right path. I recently received direct confirmation during an out of body experience that I am on the right path. School was a part of it. But now, I'm done with it. I do not have to finish. Graduate with a degree. Continue to be indoctrinated. It does not matter. It never really did, but I needed to go through it to understand how life is in this hell on Earth. Mama is definitely calling. Nature, the tropics. In due time. That's why I was able to travel to Jamaica the first time. It was a part of the process.

I've manifested some beautiful beings into my life, and the ascension and building is definitely real. I'm grateful and words cannot express my gratitude. I express my gratitude by continuing to grow, embrace this experience, and uplift others in the process.

Let's see where this journey leads me. What I'll manifest next. Who I'll run into next. All that I need and desire will be provided. In divine timing, indeed.

Unplugged

Forgiveness

I haven't been writing like I should. And I've been so not like myself. I've been so caught up in so much, but not really anything. I've been neglecting myself. Being what I would consider lazy. I can always tell the difference in my being when I do not write as often. While I do intend to expand my creative expression, writing is the main component. Documenting. Journaling. Writing to inspire. This is what I'm supposed to be doing. This is the gift that I was given to give back. At least one of them.

I'm developing and becoming more aware of my psychic abilities. Clairvoyance, clairaudience, clairsentience, and claircognizance. The more I evolve, the more aware I become of these abilities. I see visions in my sleep, usually of people I've never met. Sometimes of people I have met, but haven't had contact with in a while. At first, I didn't know what to do with these visions, and I wasn't sure if they even were visions. I wrote them down in my journal, and titled them "Past Life or Clairvoyance?"... but once I put the pieces together, I realized that these are not visions of past lives. Everything I've seen has come true, and even been unfolding during the period in which I saw it. One of the recent ones was disturbing because it was dealing with an upcoming false flag attack. These demons are relentless. I was also driving one day and had a vision. It was so clear. The image and the words being spoken.

Clairaudience has been coming in strong as well. I hear songs in my head all day. I talk in my head all day, every day. I hear messages from spirit, and although it sounds like my voice, they come in louder and more concrete than my own thoughts. That's how I know it's not from me.

It's amazing. My connection to the spirit realm. Not only do I have visions, but I receive all types of messages. So many thoughts and ideas keep recurring in my mind, and I have a feeling those are for a reason. I'm also an empath, and that really takes a toll when one isn't aware.

I have work to do, I just don't know where to start. I know it is time to begin a spiritual based practice, but I don't know what.

I've been so caught up in listening to everyone else without any true discernment. I also get caught up in the future. This is a result of not writing daily, as this allows me to continue living in the now. Reflecting on my daily experiences really keep me in the present. It also keeps me at a place where I can document my growth, spiritually and creatively. I want to expand, maybe get into creating poetry and novels. Novels that reflect and relate to the many experiences of melanated beings. Love. Sex. Disunity. Dysfunction. And all of the like.

I really fucked up my flow by not writing as often as I used to and should. But I take it as another lesson learned. A part of the journey. We all fuck up. But we must also take those moments and continue learning. Continue growing. Don't hold on to the past. You can't change it. Why hold on to it? You can't move on unless you let go. A heavy heart is cold. A cold heart cannot forgive. It cannot love. Forgiveness is one step of many on this path.

I lost myself for a brief moment. Lost in the past and the future. I thought I was progressing. I was, but not as effectively as I could and should. I let go of a lot of things, but I was holding on to a lot too.

I found myself holding on to my relationship with my mother. It was never the relationship that I saw others have with theirs. But I cannot blame her for it. I cannot blame myself. I can only be grateful for the experiences that we shared, good and bad, because I am who I am today because of it. I held my issues in for so long, and I blew up when given the opportunity. It was good to express, but the way it went down was wrong. I didn't want to hurt her, but I was hurt. I forgive us both, and pray she can do the same.

Unplugged

The Kingdom of Heaven is Within You

I really used to be extremely insecure. Always thinking and feeling as if someone was watching everything that I did and was critiquing it. Although people are always watching, I was trapped in the paradigm of negativity. I felt like nothing I did, said, or even wore was good enough. I tried to create a new identity and bury my true self. I didn't really like makeup because I knew it could be toxic and clog the pores. But I felt ugly. And I was ugly. On the inside. So that reflected on the outside. As within, so without. I didn't want to wear certain clothes because they weren't "trendy" and I wanted to appeal to other beings. I wanted other people to tell me that I was beautiful. But no matter who told me, I still didn't believe it. It was so hard for me to look in the mirror and see beauty. I saw "average". "Cute for a dark skinned girl". I tried so hard to fit in, and the more I tried, the more I felt myself stand out. I ignored this feeling for years. I've always stood out, and tried to fit in. Stood out even more, and the cycle continued. Up until I learned. Know thyself and thou shalt know the Gods. I learned, studied, and applied the knowledge. The truth. I studied myself. Still am.

Every day is a learning experience. Human life is a learning experience. But we get so caught up and lost within this program full of illusions and distractions that we can't see clearly and learn a damn thing. And if we don't learn, we can't create. We can't grow. Life is all about learning, growing, creating. Creating a reality and art that will allow you to reflect your light onto others. Creating an inner space where the universal powers and creative energies can flow through your being and you can assist others on their journey just by BEING.

After realizing all of this, I came to the point where I am now. The point where I can look in the mirror and see beauty. See love in physical form. I no longer have to seek approval from anyone else. I look in the mirror and see a beautiful vessel. A temple full of love. A temple that was a gift for my soul to be able to experience life on Earth. A temple full of melanin. Dark carbon. Magic. A temple so naturally beautiful because it came from nature. Everything in nature is beautiful. Why would I want to cover it with toxic makeup products? Nothing will ever be able to make me feel better than appreciating the divine carbonated vessel that was given to me. What's more beautiful than that? What's more beautiful than nature?

When I first cut my hair and removed the death achieved from relaxers, I was extremely insecure. I hated my hair. I hated the coils that grew from the head of this body. I started wearing wigs. Head wraps all of the time. Makeup whenever I was going around a lot of people. I was so concerned about how my body looked rather than caring for the body by eating from nature and taking care of it from the inside out. I cared more about how I looked physically than how I felt spiritually. I didn't know that how I felt inside was how I would look on the outside. Not even to others, but to myself. I did not love myself. That's because I did not know myself. But once I found the truth, and unlocked parts of my being that were hidden away, I found true love of Self. I can wear head wraps, but with the innerstanding of the importance of 9 ether hair and how it absorbs energy. I don't wear makeup anymore, but if I did it wouldn't be from a place of self-hate.

I found myself and am now the happiest I have ever been. I can already feel the happiness that is to come when I am finally free. Completely free. I'm creating that freedom. Manifesting my way to freedom. Mentally, spiritually, and physically.

Unplugged

Transformation

I just feel the urge to cry sometimes. It's like I know I've made many advances, many great changes in this life. But at the same time, I get so upset and disappointed when I make poor decisions. I know this is a transition, and patience along with faith will take me very far. I innerstand that mistakes happen, and nothing worth waiting for will come easily. But no matter how far I get, I can't shake the feelings I feel when thinking and looking around at what they've done and what they're doing to us as humans. We are in prison. This is hell. Many of us do not see it. We don't care. And when one speaks, the masses reject the truth because it's not aligned with the lie that we've been trained and tricked into living and believing.

What makes me sad is the fact that many loved ones will not make it. This shift. They'll be trapped in this physical hell. This hell that was created and designed for us to fail. Fail as in not being able to see through the illusions and distractions.

I have faith in my own being because I know what my true intentions are. I don't need these physical attachments. Money. Cars. Clothes. "Hoes", or multiple sex partners. I have never cared about these things, and I was always kind of criticized for it. To the point where I felt bad for wanting to live simply and free from attachments.

Looking back, I see clearly now how my nature as an "Indigo child" was what has always been the cause behind my attraction to a more simple physical existence, and my resistance to the system. Especially school and so called authority figures. I could never understand why others found everything physical so important. I never truly cared about my physical appearance, up until the treatment from peers deeply severed my soul and self-esteem. I did not want to continue to feel that pain. The isolation.

Despite this, there were still beings who admired that simplicity. But that also made me feel bad because that admiration came from beings who wanted to take advantage of me. They saw someone who wouldn't ask for much, as far money and other material things go. But what they didn't understand was what I really desired, and still do, which is a bond with a being who admired my simplicity and wanted to cater to my soulful desire. Desire for mental, emotional, and spiritual stimulation. Once that's achieved, sex would only be a plus. But that was too much to ask of them. That type of stimulation and energy exchange is better than sex. That's the best sex. Intercourse. Mentally.

But I knew that these beings were not capable of providing me that type of security.

I found myself falling victim to my own lack of fulfillment. My ex-boyfriend, or any of the other very few males that I ever entertained, only provided me with sexual pleasure. They also told me what they thought I wanted to hear. How beautiful I was. Although this did feel and sound good when they told me, there was always the counter productivity. Telling me one thing and physically doing another. Telling me how they loved my physical appearance, how I was different from others, but still going behind my back to do the same thing to other females with a lack of honesty.

I didn't understand why I always went through the shit that I would go through, no matter how smart I thought I was being in choosing who I gave my energy to. I was far from promiscuous, but I didn't have the innerstanding of true love. How we attract people and situations that match our frequency. How we create our reality subconsciously and consciously.

Unplugged

This is our prison. They know all of this. They know us better than we do. This programming is sick, and there are many layers. Many mini programs within this one. They keep us divided, through mind control and the poisoned food, water, and air. When one awakens, one sees the facades. One sees the illusions and distractions that others refuse to see. Trapped in a lie. Melanated people, or black people, are in the worst conditions. We cannot innerstand our true power because we refuse to align our beings with the truth.

These beasts on the planet have successfully made it impossible for most of us to awaken from this deep slumber. But then again, we cannot give them that much credit when we have had the power to fuck up this entire system. It runs deep. Deeper than one would have ever imagined. But once one goes down the rabbit hole, there is no turning back. Red pill or blue pill? We all have a choice. I chose to come back to this hell to perform a service for humanity, but I got lost and caught up in the programming like the others. But I also chose to wake the fuck up and get back in tune. It's not easy at all due to the conditioning and fucked up shit forced upon us from birth. They know who I am. Who we are, and that's why they do everything in their limited power to keep us trapped. However, they aren't powerful enough. Love always wins. Love has already won.

I'm done being hard on myself because I know what I can do. The strength, courage, patience, and faith that it takes. It's a transition, no doubt, and I'm definitely getting my ass back to nature. Not just physically, but mentally. Nature is within. It's not hard to let go of material possessions, and I'll be fine as far as the diet goes. Trying to be healthy in this program just allows me to see how hard they try to make it for us to go forward. Instead we go backwards. Healing is not an easy process. I'm not perfect. I slip up. But I also know my intentions and the goal. My avatar turns 21 in July, and by then I'll be reading this reflecting on how much I've grown mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. I'll be stronger tomorrow, so I know I'll be much stronger and powerful in the next couple of months.

I'm excited for this parasite cleanse. These little fuckers have got to go because they are still mindfucking my being. No matter how much organic fruit and veggies I eat, these demons are still clouding my judgement, dreams, thoughts, and meditation. I can already feel the energy that will radiate from my being once they die off during this cleanse. That's the next big step on this journey. Gratitude to oneness, the universal powers and energy source that guides me on this journey. It's written in the stars. One will get there when it's meant. Put one foot in front of the other, and keep it moving.

Unplugged

Healing and Transformation

I have absolutely no reason to be so apprehensive and fearful and doubtful about my life path. I have always had this bad habit of feeling a bit insecure and fearful in regards to taking up new projects. But the power and divine energy within me keeps me going. Keeps me dreaming. It keeps me at a place to learn, grow, and transform my thinking. Healing is not always an easy process, but the results are always beautiful and well worth the pain. Healing is transformation. Transformation is growth. It's beautiful, indeed.

There may be certain beings in your life that must be let go. Detachment. Although it is not always pleasant for both parties involved, it is definitely necessary.

There are and have always been beings in my life that I have had to let go. They are parts of me that I no longer resonate with. Although I love those parts of me, because there were great times and laughs shared, those are parts of me that I have learned from and now must move on. I still love these people, because in essence, they are me; parts of me. However, these are parts of me that I cannot hold on to. I still acknowledge them, wholeheartedly, and they taught me so much about myself. They showed me things about myself that I must fix. Things that were holding me back at some point in my life. But now that I no longer do a lot of these things and no longer engage in certain activities; no longer feel a certain way about myself; no longer feel a certain way about others, I cannot hold on to those parts of me. I am also a part of them. A part of them that can show them that they can achieve great levels of growth and transformation as well. We are all here to help one another on our journeys, and that's the beauty in transformation and healing. I will never look down, speak ill, or disown those parts of me. There's no serenity, growth, healing, or wisdom in doing that.

I literally love everyone around me. I love all parts of me. Especially the old because they revealed and taught me a lot, and I would not be where I am today if it were not for those experiences.

The more I look back, I see which beings taught me which lessons. I can easily look at these beings and pinpoint what was meant for me to learn from each of them. Which parts of me lacked, and which parts of me that needed to be tuned down. It's a beautiful thing.

Self-awareness is so powerful and healing in itself. Taking accountability and not pointing the finger. We are essentially bringing these situations upon ourselves. I used to make myself a victim, and I was always a victim until I took accountability for my own issues. I also had moments where I would see certain beings in my life doing certain things to themselves and others. I would judge them, but I had to take a few steps back and realize that those were things that I would do and say about myself and others.

This journey has been eye-opening, indeed, and I am beyond grateful and appreciative. The growth and transformation that I have experienced, along with the wisdom that I have acquired, over such a short period of time is remarkable. There is still much work to be done, but just taking a moment to acknowledge and appreciate all that has already been done allows even more room to be even more grateful for what is to come.

Unplugged

The Power of 13

I've attracted so many great, positive, and beautiful beings into my life. The experiences are literally magical. After being on this path for only a short period of time now, I have learned so damn much. Young Pharoah. Dr. Sebi. Natureboy, regardless of his faults because we all have them. He played a big part in my journey, as he opened my eyes to a lot. Although character definitely does matter, we have to use proper judgment and discernment. It's not all about the messenger, it's more about the message.

Da13thsun. Man. I have so much love for this brother. He opened my eyes to so much, and he speaks with so much passion that sends chills down my spine. His humor is unmatched, I must add. He was the one who spoke about Indigo, Crystal, and Rainbow children. Everything he said resonated with me and I felt as if he was talking directly to me. He was. He was the one who taught me that everything begins within. Love is inside. Nature is within. No matter where I am, as long as my intentions are clear, my heart is pure, there are no worries. The youniverse and mama will provide, guide, and protect.

Mama Khemmy Flowers is another loved one that I cherish from afar. After ordering the 13 Parasite cleanse from her website, I went to her YouTube. She is beautiful and glows from the inside out. Her passion and radiant light is needed, from one womb to the next. Womb healing is vital and critical to survival. Queen Afua is also amazing. All of the beautiful women that I have encountered. We are the mothers. The ones who need to be healed in order to heal the world. I love our men, but the womb is the portal.

I have connected with numerous women, and we have all manifested this union, as well as been gifted this connection from The Most High. It's beautiful. Our brothers have been waking up and healing, but now it is our time to heal ourselves. The shift is happening. We are healing.

Venus in Gemini

I love talking, especially connecting with like minded souls. It's refreshing, especially when one is surrounded by beings who aren't on your thought frequency. Surrounded by beings who don't innerstand where you are coming from. They try to understand and be open-minded, but they just aren't on that frequency. It can be frustrating and definitely lonely.

I know the time is not right now, but I'm open to receiving love from my twin flame. I'm much more confident, secure, and loving of myself; I can only imagine life when my true love comes. He doesn't have to be perfect. Just perfect for me. We aren't together as of yet, but we are both healing. Preparing ourselves and waiting for our union. We are both doing the work that must be done now, so that we can heal completely once we unite. It'll be beautiful. Balanced. We'll have so much in common, but we'll so much to teach one another as well. Balance. It'll not only be romantic, but it'll be fun. Playful. Adventurous. Travelling and hiking. Our inner children will be free to explore and keep it spontaneous. Best friends. Simplicity.

Sex will be the least of our desires. We'll be connected on such a soul level. It's more than sex. Beyond it. But when it happens, it'll be so damn powerful and blissful. Beautiful. We'll use that creative energy and procreate to bring another beautiful soul into this life. But only when we are ready and have healed as one.

As a woman, especially with my astrological energy having the Sun in Cancer, I'm so nurturing and protective of those I love. That's also how I communicate and express myself. With love and passion. I can be a bit tough with my love, but that's all it is. Love. Imagine how I'll be with my soul lover. He'll more than likely have a strong personality, being that my personality is strong. Just speaking hypothetically, but there will be balance.

Unplugged

I'm patient. I have to continue healing. It'll make the connection much easier and smooth. Coming from the bottom, and witnessing and experiencing so much hurt and pain; witnessing others hurt be hurt; experiencing hurt and hurting others, we close ourselves off to true love. We thought we knew love. We thought we would never experience it. We all experienced it. Being hurt and closed off to the world and the mere idea of love from an intimate relationship. Hurting others because of our past and shortcomings, in turn hurting ourselves because that is karma. I'm turning that around. Loving myself, forgiving myself and others. I'm sure he's healing as well. Not necessarily from relationships with significant others, but from the relationships with our parents as well. Witnessing those we love be hurt, and hurt us because of it. Having experienced hurt, confusion, pain, but heal through divine transformation.

I'm not rushing. I know he's out there. We'll cross paths when the time is right. That's when the next level of healing will begin.

Faith

There's no need for me to be fearful. Fearful and doubtful when it comes to living my truth and doing what I truly wish. What my heart desires. I am an aspiring writer. Not to be big time or famous, but to let my story be heard. I want to create beautiful jewelry and homemade skincare products with natural ingredients. So Divine Kreationz. It's coming. Focused and centered on creativity and self-love. Self-love that reflects in how we care for our bodies, being mindful of what we put in it and on it. These advertised skin care products are not healthy, considering all of the chemicals and toxins that are being absorbed through our skin. That's what I want to do. I will do it. I can do it. I will. I'm passionate about this. Why not execute my dreams and aspirations?

Many of us dream all day, not only when we are sleeping. But we must not neglect the execution. Aligning ourselves with the reality that we want. That was my issue. Not believing in myself. Not having enough faith. That's what it's all about. Not being afraid of what others might think or say about what you're doing. Not everyone is going to approve. They're not supposed to. What matters is you doing what you love. Doing what you feel in your heart. Doing what you are passionate about. Doing what allows you to help others while expressing your creativity. That's what matters. Not the money. Not the love for money. Money can be a valuable tool. But I'm not living for money. It will come. I'm stepping out on faith and taking up my right to be free. Creatively and spiritually. Live baby, live. Manifest your reality. Whatever it is that you want.

Life is supposed to be beautiful. Of course things may get thrown at us, but we live to learn. The power of faith is something that is unmatched. Unbreakable. Don't lose faith. Don't stop believing. You can make the world a better place. Put your faith in the hands of The Most High. Believe in yourself. Love yourself. Trust yourself to do what it is that you wish to do. Your purpose. Just do it. If it's in your heart, just do it. No fear, no doubt.

Do everything out of faith and love. Everything else will be provided.