

*Unconditional is a wonderfully moving collection of poetry that is widely relatable. The poems within the collection are thoughtful, inspiring and truthful; a truthful account from the point of view of a troubled soul and caring heart that's just trying to make sense of all that is uncertain in the world.*

**Unconditional**  
Me and My  
Scattered Thoughts  
by T. Renee

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# Unconditional

Me And My  
Scattered Thoughts



SELECTED POEMS

T. Renee

# UNCONDITIONAL

*Just Me and My Scattered  
Thoughts*

*Selected Poems of T. Renee*

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I am eternally grateful to my Mother, whose love, joy, friendship and compassion are without limit or condition. I could never have written a thing without her faith in me.

To my family... Dumpson, Basnight, Bohanon & Robinson dead and living alike, I am so proud to be related to you all, to have been given the opportunity to know you, love you and be inspired by you. I couldn't imagine my life without you all in it.

To my readers, my friends who've become family and to the admirers I will never meet, thank you for your support. This collection, its content and its title come from my sincere belief that the most important things in life, the best things—are always Unconditional; faith, love, hope and praise... I wish these things for all of you in abundance.









## Dark Child

I love latkes  
and brie.  
Beef bourguignon  
and Irish breakfast tea.

They call be *bougie*  
and of my lifestyle make jokes.  
They say I'm *uppity*  
and my *black card* needs to be revoked.

They—whose black history education  
is isolated to calendar dates.  
They—who don't know the names  
of the many who are so worthy of praise.  
They—who let pop culture  
constrict who they are meant to be.  
They—who know nothing  
of the core of my identity.

I am a daughter  
from a long line of single mothers  
who could write anthologies on how to sacrifice.  
Educate you on where you came from  
and give you the tools you need to make it in life.  
I am the descendant of women

who didn't know how to quit.  
Who bore half a dozen children and more  
and still took strangers in.

Women who smiled through their struggles  
and taught me how to grind.  
Who were proud of the lives they led  
but for me—they wanted more for mine.  
These women who taught me about the  
Mohegan in me.  
The Italian—  
The American—  
As well as my slave ancestry.

I grew up in a home  
founded on hard work and integrity.  
Where we listened to Sam Cooke  
and Elvis Pressley.  
Where we ate collard greens  
and black eye peas.  
Baked Challah bread  
and Italian ziti.  
Where you went to school  
or you got a job.  
Where you might not have had much  
but you always had love.

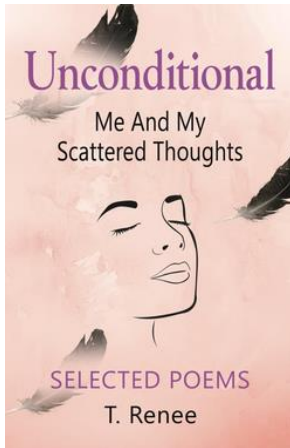
I like imported vodka and single malt scotch.  
Crazy Horse, Old E *AND* Sauvignon Blanc.  
I like grits and cheese and grease biscuits.  
Beef Wellington and mid rare steak... bone in.

This is not a fucking tan  
This is who I am.  
Daughter of Phillis, granddaughter of Charlotte  
and all the *Phenomenal* women before them.

They gave me confidence  
and taught me self-worth.  
They taught me humility  
and the value of hard work.  
They taught me tolerance  
and to appreciate creativity.  
They educated me in acceptance  
and the art of civility.  
Their hands—the color of  
chestnut, olives, peach, sandalwood and mahogany.  
Their hearts—enormous, giving and unconditionally  
forgiving.  
Their backs—strong, dependable, sturdy  
and how I made it this far in life.  
How dare *you* try and shame *me*  
when it's you who has no pride.

*Unconditional*





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