

Sincerely, hOURS



ACKNOWLEDGE- MENTS

To the One who authored time itself—my Savior, Jesus Christ—thank You for every breath, every lesson, every hour reclaimed. This book exists because You saw me first, held me steady through the shadows, and reminded me that time in Your hands is never wasted. To those who carry the weight of memories yet still rise: you are the heartbeat behind these pages. Your courage to keep walking, to find yourselves again, and to choose healing is powerful. You inspired each line. To my family—especially my mother and my husband—thank you for your unwavering support, patience, and belief. Your love has shaped my hours and grounded my purpose. Every sacrifice and every silent prayer has been seen and deeply felt.

book title

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symbolically for thematic reflection.

Scripture quotations, where referenced, are used respectfully for educational and devotional purposes.

book title

DEDICATION

For the ones who paused time to survive — and are now learning to live again. For the ones who prayed in the dark, held their breath through the ache, and still believed dawn would come. And for Him, who holds every second, every scar, every resurrection my first Love, my forever Keeper.

This is for all of our hours returned.

FOREWORD

Time has a strange tenderness—it stretches, folds, waits, and sometimes stops without warning.

For many of us, life has been spent trying to outrun wounds we never asked for, responsibilities we didn't expect, and voices that tried to tell us who we were before God ever did. *Sincerely, hOURS* is an invitation back to yourself—back to the moments you left waiting in the corners of your heart, back to the innocence of youth, the raw edges of identity, the resilience grown in silence, and the sacred hours surrendered to the One who restores. These reflections move like breath—soft, honest, rhythmic. They carry laughter and lament, memory and revelation. They ask us to look at the hours we lost—not with grief, but with gratitude for the God who redeems them.

book title

SINCERELY, HOURS

For those who take each day at a time. Thank you for continuing to inspire those who have paused their clocks due to past trauma. You, and Jesus Christ (my Savior), are the inspiration that has given me the courage to find more of our hours in my life.

Also, a special shout out to my family; especially my mother and my husband.

All of your contributions to these hours have been seen and appreciated!

book title

HOUR OF YOUTH

book title

i

can see the air

It looks like hot glazed doughnuts on a
cool Sunday morning

And smells like...

It smells like sweet roses just up from the
dew

It rolls like a big tumble weed in Texas

Yes

i

can see the air

It moves like a hot Latin dance in the
moonlight

It soothes like a violin entrapping your
acoustic senses

It cool like...

me

i

can see the air

I can see a unicorn

I can see Jesus

I can see the greatness of David before he
rid Goliath of his last breath

Yes

I

can see the air

I

book title

can see the air

We can see the air

We as in the people in the night

forgotten unloved and uncared for

We can see the air

We as the children in fatherless homes
ridden of a great future

We can see the air

We as those who called abnormal, alien,
or black

We can see the air

and just because you can't

doesn't make it impossible

because-

We can see possibility

_____ **Sincerely, The Air of Possibili-**
ty_____

Whistling winds threaten the homes of
instability

Whirling and tossing, dipping while floss-
ing

It shows no concern for unkempt struc-
tures surrounding it

Fierce and bold,

Flooding out wretched works of predeces-
sors

Standing short and compact

While loosening its chaotic impact

They admire her - afraid of her She is only
5, Unbalanced and Undone

Inhale the innocence

And exhale the predecessors

Time has passed and I have not seen such
a beauty in 10 years

Many have tried to replicate the intensity

But lack the passion

She reigned in scents of honeysuckle and
tears

But they bottled her up before she caused
real change

She was only 5

Unbalanced and Undone

Inhale the oppression

And exhale your existence

_____ **Sincerely, The Uncontrol-**

lable_____

There's a strong disregard for the little
man

The small in size

Saying they're too needy

Or they didn't catch my eye

What kind of clothes they got on

Why they sing like that

Don't you know who I am

Girl you better have some respect-

And it honestly sucks to watch the ways
lie

The mind tossing in excuses

Of waves I

Played I

Swayed to the beat of their drum

Picking at every body and part like how
you got all this weight but can't weigh in
to the topic

Skin too black, voice cracks, and you too
loud so stop it

Stop making a sound, stop trying to be
heard

you should be glad you got a chance to be
desired by a man

Because I don't know how that happened

When even the man who was to be your

book title

earthly father abandoned you

What made you think that you should
have even happened

That you should exist

Or that we should even care

For many years my heart was troubled in
despair

But there in the darkness was a glimmer

There was a sliver of light

Asking

Does your heaviness not qualify

Did I mistake you for a beast

Did I not make you in My image

So why

Won't you pay attention to Me

Instead of the things that are missing

That are distant

That you've picked up from the world and
have sullied your vision

Awaken My child

And let Me into your heart

Raise your voice from out of this darkness

You've always had my light from the start

I have put my Spirit in you

From when you first believed

I spoke your name

book title

I created your frame

And who you are is from Me

So return to your Father in Heaven
because I always knew

That you would bear My light, dance like
no one's watching, and sing without fright

You are My daughter and I made you dif-
ferent

So keep your eyes and ears on Me

And listen

I love you

_____ **Sincerely, A New**
Love _____

book title

Wow, the Hour of Youth always seems so wild and fresh. Completely unprovoked and yet still provokes some of the first memories of that shaped our future hours into who we are now.

Imagine having such an imagination that you believe that you can see air, to then being labeled Uncontrollable. I wonder how many of us have been stuffed into boxes because we did not fit into the ways of this world. Thankfully, A New Love is still making His way to many of us.

So for the next hour ask yourself; have you learned of your true nature, or have you learned what is naturally received?

book title

HOUR OF NATURE

book title

Can you see me

You press toe to heel onto the arches of my back but you still can't seem to feel me

Just touch me

You rip, rummage, and remove the identity I have taken centuries to build for you

And you still can't seem to hear me

At least heal me

And watch the hairs of grass whistle against your fingertips as I mend myself to the creases of your palm

You see it's been too long and you haven't seen me since springtime And I just wonder if you've noticed the changes in me

Where my

grass has turned brown

and the leaves are orange

where the trees have turned grey

and the birds are no longer soaring

Do you still find me pretty?

Do you still find comfort in the shadows of my limbs- I mean trees That shade you from the sorrows that hang above you

Because I've noticed the only time you take sight of me is when you're looking down

_____ **Sincerely, Earthly**
Love _____

book title

One day a girl lay in the darkness of a field

Surrounded by fresh scents of lavender, mint, soursop, and dill

There was moisture in the ground

And the Sun was in the sky

But the night seemed to grow and she did not know why

So instead of rustling leaves and barking up the wrong tree

She fought to just open her eyes and was met with lucid dreams

Walking memories of how the darkness tried to uproot her from her home

Using aged and agile fingers to slip beneath the budding of her own-

Calendula

It was young and very new

But as quickly as it came, it was snatched

8 days were all it knew

And then water began to pour into the ground that felt hard

And as she tore her eyes open

She saw the evidence of her scars

Although set apart meant she would surely be made new

In that old apartment the garden was her escape, and she knew

book title

He brought comfort when the pain
bloomed

He stood beside her dressed in scents I'd
never even seen

He would just be there calling,

Saying,

Come to Me

Come to Me

Come to Me, - and I will give you rest

But she had only 8 days And she did not
understand

But the Gardener knew all things

And He continued to grow her in His
hand Until the appointed time

When she would rise

_____ **Sincerely, The Gardener's**
Hand _____

book title

Never again
Miniature spines will line
The back of my orange leaves
As they lay in the lyric
Of the after-noon wind until
It remedies its melody
And rests on a half beat
Never again
Will they grace the uneven surface
Bracing the edges of my feet
My appeal is slow
Never again
Will I rinse the outlines of my
Surroundings with perspiration
In hopes that it lays
Flat on the beat
Still enough for me to catch

Nevertheless,
It tip toes
Aside from my desires
Into rhythms
Of mysterious symphonies
Carried by the wind
Never again
Did I wonder - about my nature with men

_____ **Sincerely, A Woman's**
Nature _____

book title

The nature of a person is so complex that it can't be found in the things we create. Searching for it in music, plants, status, or even the people we love only shows us that the real answer lies deeper. If we settle for only understanding the surface of others or judging by a single moment, we'll stay unfulfilled and uncertain of our purpose.

Consider this, if I never experienced Earthly love then I would not be able to appreciate the Gardener's Hand. If I had not experienced the comfort of the Gardener's Hand, then I would still be struggling to understand a Woman's Nature.

Remember, we are on a journey to reclaim what is rightfully hOurs, and that takes more than just surface-level searching. It's time to move with the urgency and clarity that our time demands.

book title

HOUR OF THE SWIFT

book title

Have you ever braided a black girl's hair
Felt the rough texture and smooth scalp
Held the knots and wept for the pain they
would endure

Even the edges are rolled up in concern
and huddled in fear

EASE them

Place a strong yet soft hand at the top
where the finger first meets the "prob-
lem"

And gently brush

Now lay a thick coat of a conditioning
that will condition the naps into a softer
manner This is ideal

Because natural is a bit too strong to han-
dle and they will liquefy their ideals and
watch it seep into places you have yet to
discover

Just to – soften it a bit

Now you can use a comb and divide the
places you would like to conquer

Sorry I mean Control and Comb

Making sure to keep the hair segregated

Now simply refine the hair into the ideal
style you would like

And now your little girl can qualify

As "Presentable"

_____ **Sincerely, My AFRO-**
puffed _____

book title

Hands were riddled with jewels and anxiousness

They tussle and move and groove into the compartmentalized sides of society

My heart jumps

And skips into puddles

That drown my nouns into nothing more than lower cased principles

But I'm still invincible

And to whom it may concern

My time is timeless

Legendary songs and psalms ooze through pores of melanated kindness

My kind is Iconic

And you are blessed to be a part of it

Your job is not to pardon it

It's more like

Like you could mend yourself into the places we can't fit

Where our presence is too big to be belittled and stuffed in

And I'm not bluffing when I say that our souls are rich

It's just that – at times – our hands become a bit anxious

_____ **Sincerely, Beneath the Shakes** _____

book title

You like to fight those who you find inferior

You say you're fighting the inadequacies they choose to display daily

You whip the happiness expressed in the curves of the lips owned by those who smile at you

Due to the thought that freedom is a place for vulnerability to be exposed... So you erased that

I would see your actions imprint the lives of your bystanders

And you'd never even touch them

I con the hands of those that will touch me

Because of the hands that interrupted me

I impress my onlookers with deceitful eyes

To help them understand their lack of good perception

I would see my actions imprint the lives of my bystanders

And I'd never even touch them

Me and you seem to be one in the same

And it'd only make sense for us to be trapped in our own corruption together

And I accept that

But you say you need change

You say you need someone to show you

book title

good

Someone who can change your darkness
into something lighter

You need that girl who will express her
opinion of dissatisfaction even when it is
not in her best interest

You need to conform you say

And I can't argue you that

Some of the greatest people say that
opposites attract

They were so convincing that Paula even
wrote a song about it

But let me oppose you in this belief by
saying that

This girl will not understand you like I do

She will not believe in you like I do

She will not see the greatness you hide in
your mask of masculinity like I do

And furthermore

She cannot love you like I do

See I know what it is like to be despised
because you are not of the status quo

They label you a delinquent

Martin, Stalin, Rosa, Dudus, Hitler, Jesus,
Sadam Hussein, Mussolini, and Malcolm
X

Some of the greatest delinquents that led
life changing experiences

book title

Labelled martyrs in the eyes of many and
terrorists in the eyes of few

And I can see the good in you

I understand all you do is for a change

And I can see the good in you

I believe what you're doing is for a better
place

And I can see the good in you

Even with the mask that you use to cover
those whiskey brown eyes

I can see the good in you

And so all I'm asking is that you take the
chance

To see the good in me too

_____ **Sincerely, Acceptance**

book title

It's ironic to be called the Hour of the Swift, because honestly, that time in my life felt like it stretched on forever, draining so much from me.

When I first decided to rock my Afro-puffed, the resistance was real—everyone had something to say.

Even with all of their harmful words, I kept hearing the reminder that Beneath the Shakes of those moments, resilience and beauty were always there. It took time, but I eventually chose full Acceptance of myself—to embrace who I was and why I was here.

Once I truly understood this and believed in the One who created me—because He wanted me here and loved me as the person He knew I would be, who I was made me to be; holy—that's when everything shifted.

Now, I've made my choice, and I'm giving my final hours to Him, with no turning back.

book title

HOUR TO HIM

book title

Swift shakes got me giggling and wiggling

High kicks and spins while peddling

Good news

I'm in and not missing a win

The wind blowing within

You hear me coming like

DG-BG-B-A-G-E-D-D-G-BG-B-A-D'

Da da da di da da da di

Got me singing 'bout

Amazing Grace How Sweet (Selah)

Amazing Grace How Sweet (Selah)

His Amazing Grace to me

It has me giggling and wiggling

As I move to

His melody

_____ **Sincerely, Giggles to His
melody_____**

book title

Four walls hold the memories of past
prayers
They have them tucked into
The seams of each crack
And swept into the corners that seem tall
Those four walls are strong
To plaster praises to the Lord on the out-
side ridge
And use offered tears as the mixing
cement
Those four walls are intent
On planting the bible as their foundation
KJV, NIV, and even the New Living Trans-
lation
Those four walls are stationed
In firm assurance that Jesus has risen
Faith that goes beyond worldly intentions
They are a blessing

But they are not confined to this world's
dimension
Nor the normal human thoughts
There is not one point to it on a map
And it did not come without cost
It was purchased in blood

book title

And redeemed in love
We stand set apart
As a representative of the Holy One
Of the only Son
Father and Spirit that lives
Unified as one God
He is the only King
Forever and Ever, Always Everlasting
Our Love, Your bride remains- Until You
come again!

_____ **Sincerely, The**
Church _____

Glory to the King who cares for his people
With hands that have fashioned the heav-
ens into stylish levels

His throne is adorned in sparkling jewels
His throne is adorned in sparkling jewels
The king with such a beauty it stuns one

book title

from speech

One look from Him and your whole life
has true means

of existing

He is sweet and kind, with wisdom so
profound

My guts twist and twine in unfamiliar
shapes when I know - that I have let Him
down

Our sweet Rabboni who leads us in Truth
unfound

He places His Spirit in my belly and I
swell in joy and produce proof

That Jesus is Real

His fruit is displayed when freckled arms
with tender hands leans in and cups my
face

I am faced with love

Trusting and True

The lover of our soul

I am made for You

I'm not as wide as the ocean

Or even half the size of a tree

But when David asked

What is man that you are so mindful
That you would even care for specs of
dust as we

I feel the essence of Your whisper
The feathery thickness of Your air
Zapping tingles in my ribcage

book title

While Your honey soaked love brings me
to tears

You're here

My king My father My love

You take lasting hours and days with me
Even though You stand beyond the fabric
of time

And You stare

at me

as insignificant as I

Dust in Your air and You still blow breath
into me and smile

I imagine You have crinkles by Your eyes
Tender folds of laughter bubbling up
inside

Wide is Your love for simple dust as them
as we as I

So I want to honor You forever and cling
to Your deep

My King My Father My everything
I cleave to Thee

Forever

_____ Sincerely, Love letter to
Jesus _____

book title

Author



Milynthia