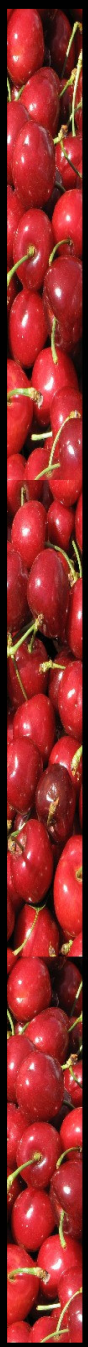
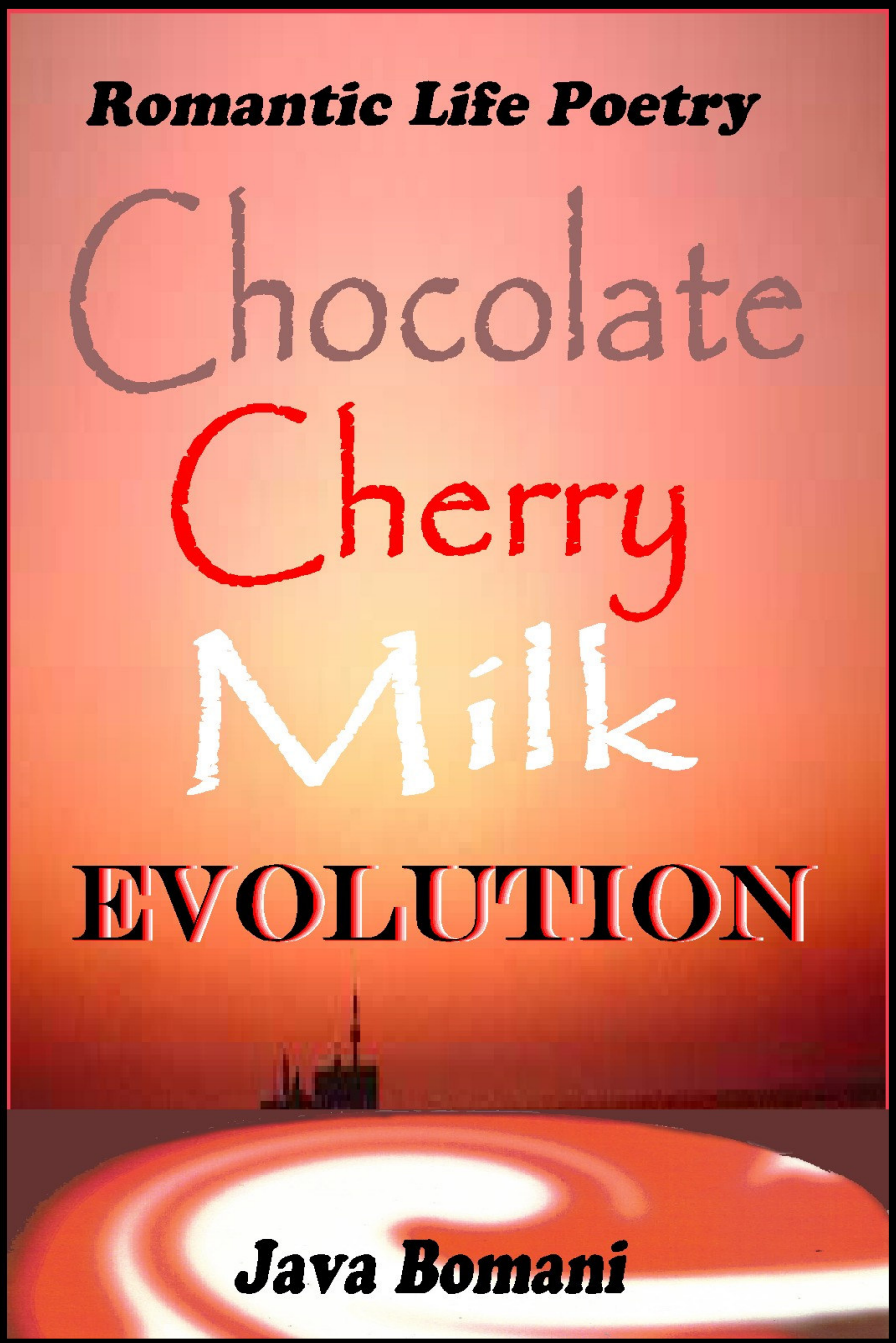
A Sneak Preview of





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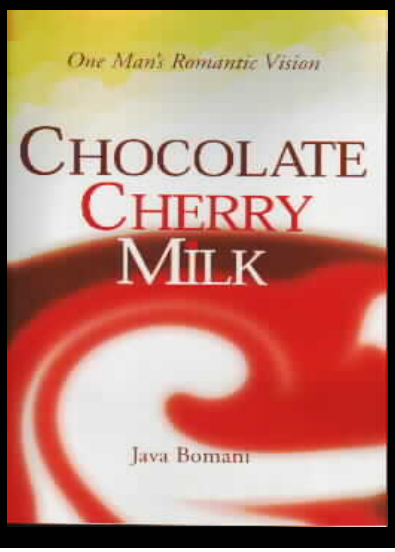

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Chocolate Cherry Milk Evolution

A.K.A. the Second Edition

Very few people even know that a book named Chocolate Cherry Milk ever existed. That's one of the reasons I decided to give CCMilk another shot in the spotlight. The first time out CCMilk was merely an underground project - this time, for the second edition I'm going all out. Those who were fortunate enough to catch the original book when it came out in the year 1999, know it to be an underground classic which caused a stir among the people who checked it. Of course I was flattered at all the good reviews and praise I received from a number of places, but I also saw lots of things I could've done better. Back around that time, most publishers didn't want to look at writers like myself, so I was forced to self publish it. What resulted was a good project, but with the help and opinions of a good publisher and editor it might have been great.

The idea for the book known as CCMilk, came about when I decided to compile all the poems I wrote into one file on my computer. That's when I realized just how many I had, and thought they might go together well in a project. Many of them I had written for women I came across in my everyday life, all I had to do was write a few more and there it was. When properly inspired I'd write a poem, give it to the woman to read, and then watch her face light up when I tell her I actually wrote it about her. When I wasn't sure whether I had a book or not, I went out and let people read some of the poems and then told them the story behind it. Let's just say the reaction was pretty good.

CCMilk – The First Chapter is pretty much the original version of Chocolate Cherry Milk. CCmilk was made up of 20 poems; inside this book are the same poems for the most part, although, I did decide to tweak them a bit, but I didn't really want to change them too much.

Evolution – The second chapter: In Evolution; my intent is to show how far I've come as a writer, and to highlight the different points in time, when each of the poem sets were written. The Evolution chapter, consist of 32 poems, totaling 52 for the whole book. I hope you enjoy.

About the Author

Java Bomani is the author of an action Novel, a few Poetry books, several Screenplays, and also a variety of E-books. He also contributes to a couple of internet magazines.

No Way Net Magazine- a free monthly online martial arts e-magazine.

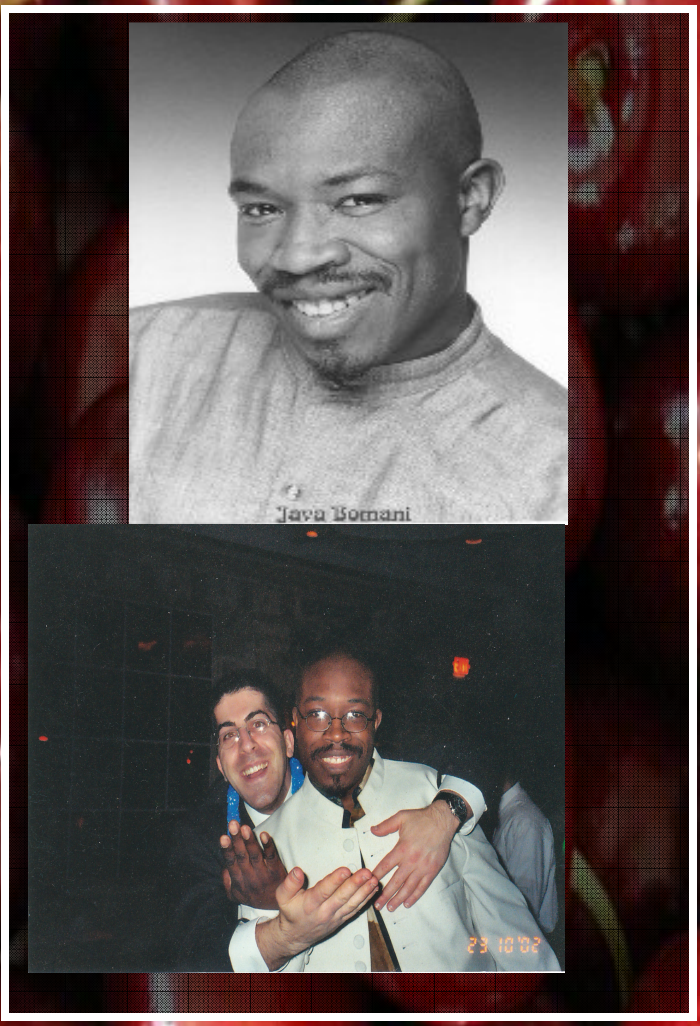
www.nowaynetmagazine.com

Love on Fire B Magazine- a free monthly Bollywood online magazine.

www.loveonfirebmagazine.com

"I don't really consider myself a poet, I just write what I write, give it to the world and then forget about it."

For more information visit
www.javabomani.com



Excerpts

The conductor, inspiring her to hum Dixie, as my tongue pick strummed her six string six pack with a passionate precision.

-from The Musician

I'd wish you could see how you twist me - and bend me - till empty. If you were so aware would you still chose to remain friendly? Or seek the remedy?

- from I Wish

She feels my struggles, is mine and mine and mine. Good luck with that. While her struggles, is hers and mine combined. Now that's some crap.

-from The War on Togetherism

The explosiveness, the uninhabited ferociousness. The Big Ben when inspired. The Ballistic missile hot wired. A burning orb of into you.

-from She Thinks I love Her too Much

PASS THIS BOOK ON TO YOUR FRIENDS

THE STORY BEHIND....
COMO ESTA USTED

This poem is ABOUT THE FIRST TIME I LAID EYES ON THIS FANTASTIC Colombian woman who moved me in strange and unusual ways. We later became friends, since she was already in a satisfying relationship.

Love on Fire B Magazine
www.loveonfirebmagazine.com

CCMilk is a poetic tour de force that shows the urban Hip-Hop influence of its writer. *Rose Petals* and *Como Esta Usted* are two of my favorites, but then again there are so many... It was quite a challenge to pick any favorites because each time I read another, I was forced to change my mind. I thoroughly enjoyed it! Java Bomani has risen like a Phoenix....

-Tony Samuel-
CEO Rescue One Promotions

COMO ESTA USTED

Well.. Well.. Well..
Just who the hell... Is that?
I asked myself the first time I saw her.

My expression was calm,
but she was twisting me up on the inside.

Her beauty was stunning, my heart was running,
a million miles an hour gazing the bloom of this flower.

I don't know who she is - but man...
I've got to find out, without a doubt.

Be cool kid, don't reveal your excitement,
and sheer delightment, she might not like that.
Besides… everybody don't need to know.

This Hispanic was so explosive, she could cause full panic.

AND I KNOW.

Women like her always seems to have a man.
Who moved in swiftly and touched her heart.

Does he know how lucky he is?

HUMM... I WONDER.

Mucho grace in her pace as she promenades toward me.
Though her arms dangle at her sides.
Not out-stretched - like when she hugs that fortunate Bastard.

When she passed, I just said hi… and let her go by.
But what I should've said is:

COMO ESTA USTED?
(HOW ARE YOU?)

IS CASADA?
(ARE YOU MARRIED?)

CHOCOLATE CHERRY MILK

He was starvin…

His thirst was consuming.

When he saw her hair, he felt the fire.

Desire.

Hands ready to clamp down like a pair of pliers.

He's confident in self, played it so calm it hurt.

No doubt about her being tha bomb in a skirt.

He's a grenade with the pin pulled on tha low.

Images of hourglasses, flashes.

Covered with French Vanilla skin,
that's as smooth as her moves,
when she strolls.

Decked in Silver, not the typical Gold.
…but of course with the most plump bumps.

This G'S whole stee was as smooth as silk,
and he's thirsty… for some Chocolate Cherry Milk.

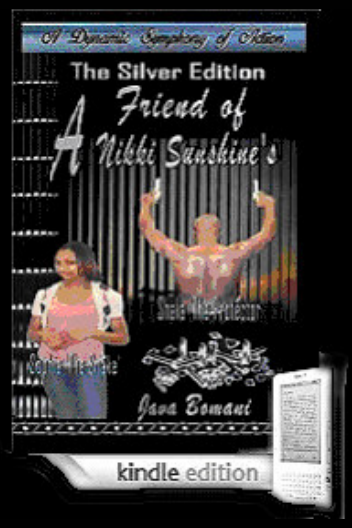
It is the greatest book ever written. Well……., at least since Green Eggs and Ham.

Richard Swibach
The New York Daily Post

THE STORY BEHIND….
CHOCOLATE CHERRY MILK

This poem was dedicated and presented to a certain redheaded, light skinned black woman, with a tattoo of ripe cherries on her breast. Therefore the name;

CHOCOLATE CHERRY MILK.



A Friend of Nikki Sunshine's

A novel by Java Bomani

One day… The biggest problem in Zinna Osani's privileged life was, trying out for her college's gymnastics team.

The next day… she's running for her life – the focal point of a modern day coup d' etat – a wicked business man hires a squad of mercenaries to finish her – she turns to a mafia hitman for help –

KICKING OFF A FRENETIC SYMPHONY OF ACTION

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THE STORY BEHIND...
SUNSHINE

I had to ride the bus to work for a while, when my ragged car went down. It was really a strain getting up and out so early. However, the anxiety was diminished when I got to see this inspiring vision every morning. She moved me to write a poem for her. I jotted down a few notes about her appearance, to personalize it for her. Then I printed the poem on paper that had a picture of the sun setting from the beach. She wore a red jacket, D.K.N.Y. sneakers, remarkable beauty and a big smile when I gave it to her.

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SUNSHINE

She was like sunshine glistening before my eyes
making me run for shades.
I tried to turn away from the glaze
of her radiant haze.
But when she sat before me,
my coolness fades.

Sunshine!

Yeah I'll call her sunshine for now.
Fantastic beauty, skin golden brown.
I bet she's got a man.
He'd better meet all her needs.

SO SIZZLING

She burned the roof of my mouth like hot cheese.

If I could be her red jacket for just one day.
HOLD UP!
Don't make me lie.
I'd try to stay.

I'd break my zipper to embrace her sleek physique,
for a few extra seconds.
Layin in the cut in case she beckons.

I'd replace her D.K.N.Y. sneakers, with J.A.V.A. features.
...and hope she doesn't walk on me too forcefully.

Freshly lotioned hands
that look like they know how to hold a man
...and please him totally.
Mine are ruff, but they've got the right stuff.

This elegant bus rider makes my early morning.
Her facial cast held imagery of the everlasting happiness
I'm longing.

Do I get a brain with that?
She looks intellectual.
What I seek is so much more than sexual.

On the phone or on a date, let's find out soon.
If Sunshine can make a special friendship bloom.

If you're an author and you'd like us to make a preview e-book for you, contact us at

jsimmonseditor@1ancientwon.com

Poetry is the expression of genuine feelings. This quality of being able to express pure artistic value is what makes this book great poetic work. This book causes the reader, to step back and see his joy, pain and romantic bliss. CCMilk urges us to look into ourselves and see what we can express.

- Kenneth Edwards

DA QUEEN OF HIP HOP

I heard word from a horseman,
read it in the SOURCE and
awaited the solo sequel,
for the people.

There's been a drought.
We've awaited flows that are fluid,
we knew she could do it.
Even raised a glass to it.

Parched lips,
press against the window
of the limo.
hopin to catch just a few lines
off the demo.

Don't be dumb,
a few sparse crumbs could cause a scrum.
When this divine,
beautiful brown gets down.

Subjects gathered at her feet,
as she grabbed for the wire.
Others snuggled by speakers,
like Eskimo's by the fire.

It's time, about time,
I'm all out of Chapstick.
A break from the weak shit.
and wac kids claimin championships.

A hush covered the crowd,
when she stepped up.

Waiting... Anticipating...

Like that ketchup.

Put down my hard earned,
with no hesitation,
cause I'm sure to score,
with the Mis-education.

THE STORY BEHIND...
DA QUEEN OF HIP HOP

This project was written for and presented to my hometown's (South Orange NJ) finest new performer. Five time Grammy, two time American Music Award winner and the undisputed queen of Hip Hop, Lauryn Hill. It was given to her through a second party at a record signing ceremony for her award winning and multi platinum CD (The mis-educaton of Lauryn Hill). Unfortunately, I wasn't able to put it in her hand myself, but I heard her talk about it on the radio the following week. She liked it!

http://www.lauryn-hill.com/

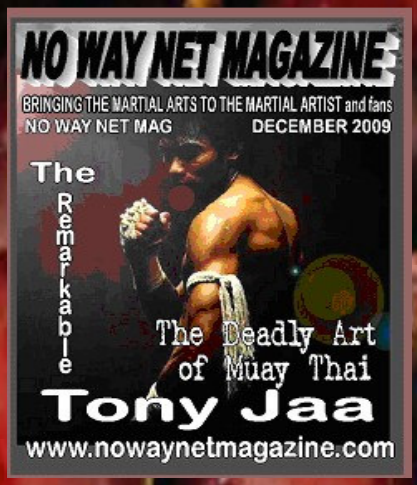
Merna Hamilton
of The Chicago Tribune Herald
Said....

I can't Wait for the Film!!!!!

The War of the Roses
http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0098621/

THE STORY BEHIND…
THE WAR ON TOGETHERISM

This poem was inspired by the adversarial relationships that too many times exist between black men and women.



www.nowaynetmagazine.com

Of CCMilk EVO

Elizabeth Jennings
Of the Los Angeles
Times Table News
Simply said…

It made
me moist!!!

THE WAR ON TOGETHERISM

She doesn't reeeally trust me.

Can't bring herself to actually love me – fully.

She expects the worst from me.

She doesn't look at me
as the answer to anything of significance.

She's expecting me to be out fast,
at the next exceptional contoured, curvature of ass.

Or to beg, borrow and steal,
to land the next buxom blonde supermodel.
Who was fortunate enough to win the D cup,
in the daddy bottle lotto, not the off the shelf model.

She feels my struggles, is mine and mine and mine.

Good luck with that.

While her struggles, is hers and mine combined.

Now that's some crap.

In her mind, I'm just here to help with rent.
She still be squintin hard to see through that limo tint.
And if like the fantasies she sees at night,
any second she'll spot those bright reverse lights.

Goin with the thug Prince on a mega shopping spree.
But nope… kept going… still stuck with me.

Still broke, still a joke to what society wrote,
which she read and took sacredly to her head.

Can't see, she's a pretty Pawn whose obsession with femdom,
is keeping this Knight from his Kingdom.

This bootleg broad doesn't cook and only sews what she reaps.
Why should I buy milk when the cow is cheap?

SOCK DRAWER

The atmosphere in the hallway struck me
as a little colder than usual.
It actually took going thru the door
to let me know I'm not delusional

I knew that bulb seemed calm, softer more subtle.
Much like a long time luminous friend,
whispering warnings of trouble.

Her sock drawer strewn wide…
like my pride… it's empty.
In direct parallel with her side of the closet
and my side of the argument.

She's gone? Really? My hurt soul…
Writ bold on the mirror in lipstick… F ME,
I guess she really left me.

She probably stepped in the shoes I bought her,
stuffed her trinkets and knick knacks in a bag I mail ordered.

Chiseled thru the walls of our bond,
guess she felt they were constricting.
Then shimmed down the drainpipe
into the courtyard of freedom.
Landing back in high hems,
hip trends and plunging V necks again.

She probably would've crawled
thru 200 yards of the pipe where raw sewage would be,
…to escape the prison of me.

Never knew I was so awful to be around…
No idea I eclipsed the Sun of her dreams
and brought her down.

The hollowness of her sock drawer - screamed!
and screamed! and screamed! So mean.

Suddenly I could hear the way she used to debate and plead,
with the dude who meant well,
but collapsed the fortified cave of her needs.

THE STORY BEHIND…
SOCK DRAWER

I was in the Movie Theater one day watching the coming attractions for some movie I'm not going to see, when a man came home and noticed a dresser drawer open. We both knew right away what that meant.

CCMilk expresses most of the emotions a person experiences at some point in their lives. Everyone will be able to relate wholeheartedly to at least one poem. Moreover, the poems in this book are realistic, humorous, romantic, and passionate. In summary, those emotions are beautifully displayed. - **Priti T.**

Friend Java on

facebook

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THE STORY BEHIND...

STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH TWO

This poem was inspired by a couple of real situations that I was thrust into without warning.

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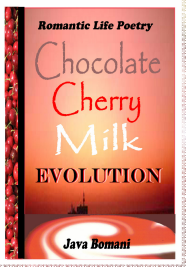

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STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH TWO

**It seems as if the bi-sexual broad brigade
has stormed the fortified castle of womanhood;
and made it damn near impossible for a man to find a
woman who's strong in the beautiful conviction of her
femininity.**

**Ensconced in womanhood; like I'm encrusted in manhood.
We go together like cog wheels in the millworks,
and power the machinery of, WE.**

**Now look... I don't mind a freak,
I got too much in me to speak.
Therefore to be less than hospitable
would be rather hypocritical.**

**I don't care about a woman doing what or who she wants
to.
I only question, when did I become a prize in the coupe'?**

**Once again... I'm stuck in the middle of bi and sexual.
The condition I speak of isn't mine.
It's a situation I've just been caught up in a couple of
times.**

**I know most men dream of Menege' Trois,
with a couple of women bustin outta their bras.
Not me - though I contradict myself with porn,
It may be something to dream on,
...but I live in a municipality called actuality.**

**A couple of times, I thought I met the one for me,
then she wants me, she,
and her girlfriend, she ain't tell me about to make out.**

**At least 50 million dudes would love to be into that,
I'm just not that cat.**

**Again... I ain't questioning no Vagetarian's
preferences or choices,
or whether it's bass or treble that turns them on in voices.
I couldn't possibly care less,
I ain't here to give nobody stress.
Or to let these women slid me back into depress.**

**I'm just a selfish MFer, who don't share when he kicks it.
Just know - the circus just left town,
and you got stuck holdin a ticket.**

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