



# I AM

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A book of unintentional thoughts

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By Alexander Jackman

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Eloquent Books  
New York, New York

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– Alexander Jackman

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Eloquent Books

An imprint of AEG Publishing Group

845 Third Avenue, 6th Floor - 6016

New York, NY 10022

[www.eloquentbooks.com](http://www.eloquentbooks.com)

ISBN: 978-1-60976-754-9

Printed in the United States of America

Book Design: Rolando F. Santos

Cover Design: Jacqueline Abromeit

I would like to dedicate my book to Troy.  
I see the King in him and wish him Greatness. He has to take  
his lessons like the story of Troy. Learn to be strong both on  
the inside and out remembering that love not only says hello  
but goodbye as well.

A wise old woman once told me something:

A Prince is a King in waiting. You should find the difference  
between a Prince and a King and be that difference.

*Roseann Ayton 20<sup>th</sup> March 2006*

I love you both.  
You have taught me so much.

As a token of my deep gratitude, I have used your names to  
serve as the identity of my work.

This work is a tribute to the love and effort put in to me by  
my grandmother Anora Alexander Jackman and Grandfather  
Leslie Julien Jackman RIP (17<sup>th</sup> December 1995)

I hope I have made you proud and your legacy can live on.

*Alexander Jackman*

# Acknowledgements

TO MY NAN, you have been able to say goodbye to someone you love and move on with your life. I always felt that Granddad was the man of many inspiring words. Now I know that everything that he ever said to me came from you. He may have had the words but you lived it. Granddad, it is 13 years since you passed away and I would like to thank you for sharing some moments that I will never forget. I believe that to this day you continue to walk by my side like the footprints in the sand.

Mother, you have always been a mountain of strength in my eyes. If I have learnt anything in this life it is through observing you. At times, I have underestimated you and I am sorry; I could not ask a better person to be my mother. I love you with all my heart. This is for all the mothers who have been great examples to their children.

Father, I remember you always used to say that nothing in life is free. For years I questioned the truth in that statement. Only to return to the many times you made me smile without a fee.

Aunty Wendy, I have always looked up to you for inspiration, guidance and direction. When English was not my strongest subject, you endeavoured to help me through my difficulties as best you could. I could not have conceived this book without your encouragement and loving embrace.

A special thanks to my English teacher, Mr. Johnson, who said 'You will never be good at English.' I believed he was right, but I am still trying my best! My best is all I can give.

Nikky, my brother, I am proud of you and would like to thank you for some of the most important moments in my life. I love you.

Simone, Jozi and Marcus Daniel, you have become outstanding young parents. I admire your honesty and drive to always give your all. If I can be half as good as you three I will be proud.

Karl Daniel, you have shown me that hard work and dedication can take you anywhere you want to go. I wish you all the best in your new adventure. I remember the things we dreamt about as kids, you have made a dream a reality.

Rael, Davien, Amarae and Tayte you now have many examples in your life to follow. Choose your own path and become an example in your own right.

Dennis Mensa, are you a guardian angel? You gave up your position in a talent competition so I could speak... WOW! You are a perfect example of what is great about this world. Your sacrifice in 2003 has brought me to this moment, writing this book. Thank you.

I would like to thank Daniel Robinson for believing in what I was trying to do in 2003. Without that belief, I may not be in this position now.

Kerrin St Omer, the timing of you in my life was very relevant and pivotal in my development as a person. For that, I am indebted to you. You changed the course of my life.

Denika St Helen, thank you for your endless support and inspirational vocals. I will always look at those clouds in the sky.

Paula Robinson, you have been a Great Mentor to me. You helped me to get this book from manuscript to publishers. We all need a Paula Robinson in life at some point to pick us up, dust us off and carry us until we can walk again.

Monique Iqbal, you will always have a place in my heart. You arrived at the right time.

Louise Armoogum, you have played a role in the work that is very tangible, my book. It has developed immensely with your critical input. Thank you for showing your enthusiasm. Without you, I do not know where I would be.

Charlene Hope, my sister what can I say when your surname says it all! To my beautiful goddaughter Nyah, I hope I can make you proud.

Isaac Alabi, there is loyalty and there is LOYALTY and a GREAT friend! This is for Jordan.

Philip Anthony and Kingsley Iyoha, thank you for your ongoing support. You were there from the beginning.



Emma Samuel, you are a GREAT TEACHER with THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SMILE. The children at your school are truly fortunate to have you. If you do not leave your school to share your smile with the WORLD, I hope I can bring parts of the world to you to witness it! Your smile need not say anything.

I would like to thank Jacqueline Abromeit for capturing my imagination with a beautiful book cover. Kathryn Harrison, for putting up with my constant changes and the rest of the team at Penpress Publishers for every step they have helped me to take in this journey.

Finally, I shall never forget my First Love.

I write this in memory of Latisha Shakespeare and Charlene Ellis who died tragically in 2003.

Aunt Lilian Mcleod, who was born on the 7th March 1920 and died on the 6th August 2007.

‘You may cry for a night but you will smile again tomorrow’ anon.

These are my unintentional thoughts.

*All my love Alexander Jackman*



1979

Genius does not simply reside in the few,  
but in all living beings



When I was born,  
Like everybody else,  
I wanted everything

Including a baby brother and sister

The tears and the sacrifice  
Make me who I am today  
The love of my mother is why

Mother  
I thank you  
For the person you have helped me to become



I remember sitting there watching  
in awe of this grown man  
How did his hands get so big?  
How does he manage to stand up, walk?  
Eat food  
No help, no bib  
He spoke in funny tones  
I did not understand  
Just smiled, that was all I could do!

Please promise you will stay  
So that I can prove also  
I can grow big and strong like you!

With everything in my now life  
It all starts with poetry

My words will paint a thousand pictures

I have come here to announce my identity  
The lion has returned to my heart  
With the strength of Samson  
Removing shackles from my name  
A queen, palm rolls my life to my art

There is no room for Delilah  
I expose my weaknesses to the blinding inner light  
I see through the eyes of my children  
In this age  
Emerging from my shadows  
With Locs for Life

[ Inspired by my locitians at Jay's Locs for life ]

This is the first Garden of Genesis  
Where Life, has been eclipsed by the mind  
The Sun's rays descend to tell another story  
Wet thoughts on the canvas of Time

Made clear by this window of truth  
Preserved by a disciple of the arts  
A pilgrimage of wonder protected from the rain  
The gate opens and the journey starts...

[ Inspired by Graham and his fine art gallery in Crouch End north London ]

If I am honest, I do not really know why I am at this point. I am not entirely certain what I have to say. Who will listen? Who will actually care? I am here working with something I have little knowledge and experience about. Yet this something does not require knowledge or experience. I do not believe you can work towards happiness. It is here already in this present moment. Who is in this present moment you might ask? I AM.

This book of thoughts is my first; I guess I am a virgin to this audience. I lay myself out bare for you all to see as it was in the past and as it is now.

I now know what it feels like to hide behind the very words I lay before you. All I can say is that I thought I had answered many questions just to get here. Now that I am here, the same questions return asking for new answers. These questions have always been who am I? Who are we?

Growing up, it was not my desire to become a writer. How I got here was a result of writing every single day following a conscious decision in 2003, to see what I might be able to create. I write now with a peace of mind, it is my world away from home.

Since 2003, I have visualised being here, writing in this space sharing with others.. It is actually more difficult than I thought. I realise that every word is a product for scrutiny, whatever I create. I accept that. However, I have torn apart and put back together each word in this book in a vain attempt for perfection. Since I cannot measure perfection, I decided to let it be.

It was not a difficult decision to share some of my experiences. I am certain now, when I look back, that I have not been alone in many of them. I cannot profess to have had a difficult upbringing, like in any family there were some difficult moments that threatened to tear us apart; but I was loved by two amazing people who did their very best to ensure that my brother and I had as much love and fun despite our modest resources. This book may be the beginning of many, so please excuse me while I find my voice.

I want to share my journey with you, one that has had many twists and turns without any specific structure or clear direction. This is not a guide on how to be or find happiness. All footpaths lead to the same place. I only ask that you believe that it exists and to be aware of all the subtle moments that represent peace and love.

There are moments in our lives small and seemingly insignificant that shape, build or define our character. We recall them because it is what makes us the person reading this text now. However, there are moments that we simply brush under the carpet as if it never existed. I am prepared to let you into some of those unashamed moments that give you what you see today.

Before I began writing, some of my dreams had fallen away, so I guess it was a good thing I had a very welcome distraction. I was in love with a girl. It starts...

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