

Poetry Series

Natasha Ashwe
- poems -

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Natasha Ashwe()

I am a poet, a writer, and an artist, and I believe in beauty, creativity and perfection.

I love life, the world, and existence, thoroughly enjoying all of my various roles in the three.

I believe every moment on earth is a gift; my advice for anyone would be to ensure that days are conscientiously and properly seized and nights spent in the profitable dreaming of dreams that come true.

The Gemini star sign captures my personality satisfactorily; I enjoy the duality and restlessness declared as significant components of my nature.

I get occasionally erratic. This is usually when new ideas start spinning round in my head. I absolutely thrive on these moments I define as my moments of clarity; quickening my pace to catch up, hastening to a keyboard to punch away into the middle of the night or doing whatever it is that is must be done immediately at all costs or else.

I also like people; I savor and swallow whole the good parts of them. The other parts I refrain from as one would do from fatty foods and cigarettes; they can be just as addictive.

In my relationships and encounters with all sorts of different characters I often find myself fascinated, going through 'diet fads', occasionally on a 'binge', doing a 'detox' in seclusion afterwards, et cetera.

The diversity of human experience and emotion adds spice to life and so I constantly exercise and explore my right to be inspired. It is a right.

I have recently learnt how to cry.i.e. let it out. Quite spooky! I still wrestle with the belief that crying will bring on a nervous breakdown and drive me insane but I'm working on it.

I was greatly influenced by Walt Disney and Michael Jackson when growing up, and was fascinated by vampires.

Now I adore Madonna, enjoy good conversation, and like the way most cities look at night.

I believe that it is important to follow gut instinct in whatever you are engaged in as you go through your life for this has been extremely important for me.

I close my eyes and see what only I can see.

I trust it and walk forward with my eyes wide shut.

I call it 'Doing Darkness'.

I am Natasha Ashwe.

This is my work and my talent.

It is my desire to express it, expressing myself in however way I can, and I aspire for success in this endeavor, trusting that everything will work out the way it was designed to do.

Thank you, world, for I appreciate your existence.

A Beautiful Flower

I know of a beautiful flower
With a sense beguiling fragrance
Where nectar like honey flows
With a sting

In ways a heart's deceptions
Lie hidden in words of eloquence
And sacred vows discreetly
Buried in a ring

As liquor sipped is the ginger step
Over unsteady ground
And it's excesses twenty thousand
Falls and highs

It entices a prey lacking guile like canine footfalls
Without a sound
Till you are enslaved in its lust
With swoons and sighs

Natasha Ashwe

Birds

Birds circle
the ash smothered,
soap sudsy
sponges of cloud
wiping slowly at
the blurred screen
of a serenely blue sky

And from the distance
they are pencil stroke moustaches
twitching on
the invisible faces made by the wind
as it passes by.

11 August 2003

Natasha Ashwe

Blue And Green Lines

Where are my footsteps
leading me?
I watch them from a
world above me
It's a beautiful illusion
I wish would linger
I set out
the blue and green lines
Leave behind
the turmoil in my mind
Faces blend and blur
like coffee
And if I upset the memory of any
I'm sorry
I just do not know
what I want anymore
I am trapped in a spinning twirling
prism of color
Within this precious pill
my heart hibernates
All love becomes foolish and
I cannot comprehend hate

There is a metallic pain for a while,
like a column
That I can rest the thoughts
in my throbbing brain upon
Touch me
and you will also fly away
Look at me
that I might clip off my wings and stay
Your words crawl like ants inside me
and under my skin
But the effort to make sense of them
is toil I will not begin
The sky is blue and I
will not try to compete
Instead I will focus on the music in my head
and repeat

It is a quilt I turn over myself
till I'm cocooned
From every taunting
penetration of gloom
And deep inside the knot of darkness
forming in me I rebel
The coloring of my soul
I know so well.

Natasha Ashwe

Close-Midnight

[I wrote this for some vampires I happen to know...]

Yellow moon glows like a coyote's yellow eye
Scans over the earth as it dominates the sky
Black road throws out its long pot-holed tongue
But who will be slowly undone?

Clouds stand
Defying the slothfully borne wind
Dark testifies to the cosmic egnog wedding
Transformed circumstance blots out the star's scorn
But who will be slowly reborn?

Queasy and nauseous
We're flaming, we're stoned
Relentless, rebellious, we're sphinx trick questions
Darting out into the stare of our anti-sun
Brisk, resolved
We come

Swallowed alive by the light of a dream ship
Turned over in the tangy sting of a mouthful
Of a liquor sip
Close-Midnight's twilight kisses our souls stun-gunned
Slowly we become the ones.

Natasha Ashwe

Come To Life

Was winding back on the coil
Again□
So I stopped
Now I'm reaching out to the void to feel ... yes ...good ...
Same echoes of latitude
I'm spooling the moonlight with chords
Walking briskly in the dark
Prince says 'let's go crazy'
And I think it's just a bit bizarre
These people, intimate strangers, I need to cure me in moments of lassitude

Yesterday I woke up early to be perfectly sure that dawn was still coming here
Today the rain poured on the ecstatic doll in a doll house me
[So good to know someone cares]
Tomorrow; mine's such a true and original portrait of Unknown
I'll keep it for myself
While I paint flowers and colorful things to sell

Never felt this before
Secure
Tucked like toes in socks into my life
Concept; encores of altitude
I'm freefalling into the dreams of the different girls I have been
Dancing peak to peak
Learning to speak
Color through my hands
I try to understand every thought I've ever seen
Come to life

Yesterday I was so sure that you would be here today
Today I realized that everything I believe in comes to me without fail
[So good to know it's all here!]
Tomorrow never comes for people like me who live in the moment
Keep it for yourself
I'll have me and today, you and tomorrow can go to hell.

Natasha Ashwe

Curtain Call

Open the folds; reveal
A love no one can steal
The fire of my soul
The man that makes me whole,
Open his eyes to me,
Let there be light when he sees
All that I promise to be,
All that his love will set free,
Open the doors to our life,
Show us the world we make right,
The goodness of passion between
The lovers emerged from the dream,
Open my heart to its twin,
Let endless mirrors begin
To grant us the love we desire,
To echoed encores of our fire.

Natasha Ashwe

Do You Do Darkness?

Do you do darkness?

Do you close your eyes to breath in the substance of
other spectacular worlds

Do you plug in to supernatural power?

Do you feel a deeper consciousness slipping into you
from beyond?

Do you do dreams?

Do you design presences to personalize your mind's
inner environment?

Do you hold on to things your eyes do not percieve?

Do you ride the feelings inside you like comets, let
them take you wherever with them?

Do you do dancing?

Do you let go of yourself and let the physical things
of the world float away?

Do you embrace intuition and imagination?

Do you feel forces filter power into your veins?

Do you dare do?

Do you think you could dissolve yourself now and then
into pieces of eternity?

Do you know the inner you?

Do you fly, can you feel your wings?

Natasha Ashwe

Fabulous Magic

You give me kisses
To wear like diamonds;
'Forever...'
You take my breath
However you please,
With pleasure

You find our stars;
Connect dots that glow brightly
In night skies between us
You lose the others; they're calling,
Drift swiftly from disembodied constellations,
Imitation charts; shadows of our own stardust

I give you love
To run through your blood
Ceaselessly
I take your touch -
I emboss in the repetitious portions
Of sensory memory

I find our reason
In this conscious world of spilling life
It grasps here and there to place the link
I lose my will; pulling away from the scramble yet buried in it
Drowning deep into the fabulous magic
Where we meet.

Natasha Ashwe

Flight Of Dragons

To soar up to the mountains of the heaven's shimmering storm foils
Our minds like weightless carriages tear through light, lift us beyond
Where the mirrors part and shadow and fire twist in and out of voids
And chasms lay open wide the secrets of those once distant apparitions

To capture the silvery substance trickling from quaking thunderclouds
Thrilled, stunned and magnetized, wings and lightning; leaping synchronicity
Sizzling red slickers of flame, sizzling red slickers of our blood
Up in the glorious heights where these jagged flickers rip into infinity

To kiss the face of darkness, peering through the haze, damning the fraud
Of time and reason's fathomless, riddling eventual madness
Here our spirits' needless burdens are unsaddled and cast back downwards
Into the bottomless pits of nothingness where our lives were formerly harnessed

To rise in the tumultuous winds that waste the faint throb of human breath
And feel no dread or care to stoke the strength of those inferior pulses
Here over and over we throw up and swallow in a multitude of deaths
And the choice to descend back to the earth shall be to us a choice betrothed to
Remorses

To feel the throb of the voices of creatures of old existing in everlasting time
We raise our spirits to grasp the endlessly flowing chorus of life
They sing one song with a single verse in a single joyous line
'Praise, praise, praise the Creator of All, for we are staying alive! '

To be; the purest essence of our flight of reason is 'to be'
Perfect knowledge of every exploding, divine, electric sense of being
Overwhelmed high in the forges of thought where creation's dance is free
Soon we shall embrace the entire universe of life the mountains were concealing.

Natasha Ashwe

Gemini Bliss

He sucks out my brain when he speaks
And I'd like to cup his in a glass
Watch it monkey dance like mine
My fellow gemini
I watch him on the phone with an ex
Who just got married
See him smile while his stare dry cries
I know he wants to die
But it is only a moment to pass
While I harass
Some guy sitting with us for a story

He tells me he's shy
And it's such a lie
I know it coz I feel shy that way too;
Talking non-stop about nothing
Telling my day in picture words with no feelings attached
Then suddenly too obviously to be taken seriously
Gleefully we declare that we are priviledged
I couldn't be anything else
Neither can he

He drives fast to go wait for time to slow
I laugh hard from deep inside my throat coz I know
That life is a laughing matter
He likes that most about me
Funny...
Kisses my cheek twice

He'd asked 'do you want to go out? '
And I'd said no
So he said he'd be over in ten
My hair was a mess but I wanted to have dinner
So I looked for a black dress
Loved it coz it made me look thinner
Walked out the house a different person
Got here but won't eat;
I don't want more than the scene now
I eat people

He knows
He eats people too

He calls the way I used to do
When I thought I was in love
I wake up feeling for my heart every day
Pat, pat... shrug
It's not there
But my smile won't fade away
It blazes bright
Tears?
Gosh, they make me feel broken and abnormal!
A note to myself;
Maybe I need to tell him there's no heart
I am paper and ink;
I watch and I think
And can't feel any of this
Nope, not really
Yet he should know intimately
The pain killer of gemini bliss.

Natasha Ashwe

Glorious Oblivion

Lost in the days' powers
I devour nameless hours
Though somewhere inside me the substance of your absence keep thoughts of
you awake
Now I know what it means to wander
You used to be my calendar
Without you the road signs point ahead through this endless time of late
The label on the bottle says
'Alice, drink it in, drown, '
So, popping in and out of my bubbles of conscious dreams, I move onward
I am what impulse made me say
Yesterday. Today.
I will not follow after on your predetermined way
I never intended to change
You walk forward because you're 'on track' and will not glance back to see
How I register the aftershock of my loss
And miss the kiss of the sun in your eyes you block from me
I turn around without a sound
I'll get lost in the life I've found on my own
You're a precious moment gone
Yet no matter, my walks in glorious oblivion have begun.

Natasha Ashwe

Halita

She is broken glass spread on the floor that you step on
But the swirls of pain give you something to lean on
She has vials of gun powder stored up in her system
And the fireworks kick all of your blood vessels open

She is butterscotch caramel topped with pistaccio
She is all of the mad ruts your tyres screech over
She is sweat off the fire you'll put out tomorrow
Coz today is the thunderstorm you won't dare let go of

She is light in the dark... but it's red... but it's special
She's the ride in between the cliff edge and the long fall
She will tip all her cigarette ash in your diesel
She's the star and the black hole, part of time, part immortal

She's a book with no end and a wall with no picture
The dimensions run wild when she's staring into you
She becomes all your emotions and all your strange rituals
She's a siren, she's a maniac, she is beautiful.
[13.09.03].

Natasha Ashwe

I Love To Watch You

I love to watch you
My eyes become moths drawn by a flame
And you flicker in directions
That are fingers and thumbs on a guitar that's playing

You permeate the haze
Of my clinging cobweb of lovers
I stare without shame
And time that formerly skipped by goes silent
Hovering above us

You're fluid art
Every move and gesture becomes a stitch in a design
Accessorizing my heart
Sprucing up the bland interiors pick pocket loves left behind

I love to watch you
I do not want to deprive my pet dementia
You smile because you know
Patronizing because it is clear that I am thrilled you came here.

Natasha Ashwe

Keep Me

Keep me
In an untouched place in your heart
And upon a sacred altar
Do this
For me so that my own diligent religion
Will not cause me to go under
You may
Love everything you touch
And lust
More elegant beings than I've power to be
But do not
Ever put out the candle burning in your soul
I could keep alight
For eternity.

Natasha Ashwe

Let Me Not Know

[The ode to all my crushes past]

If it were so let me not know
That never did you want me

I'll skip the woe at the chapter's close
And will not let it haunt me

Hold back your words if they are swords
To cut the heart out of me

It may seem absurd that you are lord
Of this but do not doubt me

I'll be content and won't resent
The feelings that wan for me

But don't repent the looks you sent
That told me you adored me

Just walk on past and do not cast
Them anymore towards me

They now won't last but fade on fast
Unless you say you love me

Natasha Ashwe

Michael's Kaleidoscope

[dreaming with paper planes and ribbons of his thoughts]

You are here,
In the soul parking space that had been strictly mine,
My junk filled psyche's room, and the closets inside
I'd happily cleared out for you to occupy,
They're thrown open wide,
Flourished by your furnishing,
And they're completely unsatisfied
After their perusal of the parlor portrait you hung up, that book 'My Antonia'
Restless, I continue to find new colors in the changing light,
And let the time evolving rays paint my mind
Colors of 'Michael's kaleidoscope',
Shades and symbols of your point of view;
Misty jungle mornings to crowded, gritty metropolis afternoons,
Flicker in your eye, twin hooks of your smile come and gone too soon...

You are here,
On the path by the water where I walk,
I imagine you safe in the company of elements I trust,
Remember words you've spoken, things you've done,
Moments together I've kept,
I'm fishing them; rainbow ether talismans, out of my head,
Submitting these to the green sunlit day that becomes another concept of yours,
I partake in nature's alchemy of us,
And cannot return back to word what you mean to me just because.
However I can play Twister with myself;
Lie in spots where you lay like the chalk man in murder scene positions,
Choose things you like, stupendously smug that I pay attention,
Relish the aftertaste of chemistry's different recipes and little forget-me-nots,
Dream with inner landscape skies filled with paper planes and ribbons of your thoughts...

Natasha Ashwe

My Maelstrom

It's a rock song and I won't let you in it
Step away from my maelstrom
Bits of torn metal shred me to bits to submit
My soul to the earsplitting blast of drums
My ritual, my solace, my temple, my worship
The trigger of my emotions
Sunken away underneath layers of sealed lips
My core, my firstborn

My hands shut off the air swept inside you
Until blue death is done
Black sky, bludgeoned clouds, yellow full moon
Pray, pray for the saving sun
Wind with teeth and nails rakes at the rim
Of rivers where troubled waters run
My conquests, my weaknesses and nightmares of love
The candles I assembled to burn
The labyrinth where light is eventually lost
Shutter up and bid that I return

But the fire sings through my inner being ceaselessly
I am thrilled, singed, forged, and stung
Stone upon stone build the monument you may honor for me
In the future when I am reborn
It's the howling voice of echoes calling me out
Through the darkness, led by my maelstrom
Kissing me obscenely with sticky cold on the mouth
Making my very breath its own
My moments, my memories, my melodrama
Sucked ever so slowly upon
Draining the drips you nailed in and pushing you further
Out of my rock song

The lid is off and I'm losing all feeling
The cuts make me numb
You wait for a rainbow but will I ever be entirely free
Being caught in the storm so long?
It's a light tap dance at the edge of a precipice
This duel fought with my maelstrom

Down the cliff sprinkle chipped off particles of me
In the end you might have to stand alone.

Natasha Ashwe

'Open Sesame' Eyes

Sitting at a table with the lights all around us
Voices trickle into our universe to remind us
That this is the centre of the world
Our faces take a carousel ride with conversation
Your smile charts the frequency of your imagination
I need no further spur

He showed you a past life you don't want to tell me
This friend of yours, Charles, saying things that compel me
To feel quite satisfied
For now my thoughts hang before us, dangling from words I've spoken
And considering these sketches like paintings you've smoothly awoken
The sleeping pulse of nudity pride

One-thirty in the morning, muse the romance of glances
Charles slipped away ages ago and you're weighing your chances
Let's just say I wore black for the white...
clothes on your body, lain back in your seat, electricity...
flowing along the yin yang circuit, day night synchronicity
Zoom out at the picture; two beings gazing on in delight

Fantasy; nothing but the sound of your voice
Yet the chatter and tinkling; glitter reflected on the Rolls-Royce...
moment driving onward, driving us
Another drink, no, and you've hardly sipped yours
Strange, no vodka, bathroom visit, awkward moment, stand up or look at others
pause
Zoom in; the feeling here, in between our eyes, is so plush!

Pleasant and weird to be this delighted
Mirror grins reflect to the infinity sighted
By your 'open heart, open sesame!' eyes
My mind fills with the constellation, tracing the dots of thoughts where my eyes
follow
And these arms and legs and body in black tuned to you will surely go
Up where 'we we're gonna get so high...'
and time flies.

(August 23,2005)

Natasha Ashwe

Parallel Lines

[musing on life and existence when Kitty died]

Parallel lines,
Each of us,

We don't touch.

Although we try
To make it seem
Like it's not.

In and out,
Through the door,
We don't stop.

Brushing by,
Going down,
Going up.

Parallel lines
On the earth,

We don't fuse.

There's no union,
Not of soul,
It's a ruse.

There's a disconnect
Fashioned inside us.

Mortally separate,
It is final,
No excuse.

Parallel lines,
Sparks of life,

We don't die.

Ad infinitum,
Singles only,
Move through space.

Here on earth
There's desire
To get by,

And illusion
Makes communion
Take place.

Parallel lines,
Anomalies,

We don't match.

Odd numbers,
Fingerprints,
One of each.

Island consciousnesses
Drifting through others,
No contact.

Watch this moment,
See it disappear,
Out of reach.

Natasha Ashwe

Red Rainbow Halos

I watched a moon show last night
Somehow it made everything al'right
The sky was emptying down universe in its amazing way
An expanding concave surface breaching billions of galaxies far away
The wispy clouds sketched out vast dimensions to me
The wind blew them past, sieving moonlight in color tinged degree
Red rainbow halos appeared in the cottony white islands gliding
Across the brilliant half-face of an orb so familiar it was surprising!
The stars were mini-moons; the moon was that white
The sky was endless beyond them; the stars were that bright
The air was clear and seemed fashioned for the sole purpose of holding the
figments above it
So I breathed it in deeply, stood in one spot looking upwards, and took in every
bit.

Natasha Ashwe

Relative Distance

Those knuckles,
On that steering wheel,
In that car,
Across the street,
Touched my cheek,
Ran over my skin,
Once!

Watching them through the windows
His there, mine here,
And time slowed into this moment,
I could flash back so easily,
Into yesterdays of us.

But common sense comes to the rescue,
And says
"Press your panic button,
Tell those memories 'No! '"
So the traffic in my head goes crazy
While the street's green light says go

Those knuckles,
With images inside – outside – my head,
Slide past,
As I move on my lane here,
Without glancing there,
Where they flex,
Once,

["I swear! "]

And this car's drawing closer to home
But I'm thinking of that detour
I'll have to make to get a drink
Or whatever it'll take
To feel desirably numb

It seems until these random moments,
Of relative distance between us,

Become nothing more than what they are,
I will dread these sadistic memory-stirring coincidences,
And try my best to ... not look out for his car.

Natasha Ashwe

Saves Me

I trust the night
I trust the stars that shine
I trust the moon
I know its love's divine
I trust the wind
I trust its winding ways
I trust the sky
I know its separate days
I trust the dawn
I trust its rising light
I trust the sun
I know its blinding sight
I trust the clouds
I trust the crimson waves
I trust the things I love
I know that this trust saves
Me.

Natasha Ashwe July 16,2006

Natasha Ashwe

The Guy I Saw

His jaw
Was clean and lean
And colors reflected twice as sharply
Amongst the flickering glints
In irises of fire
His hair
Was brown and grown
His face
Beautiful
And the elegant planes shifting under golden skin
Squeezed at my heart when
He caught my eye.

Natasha Ashwe

The King

[A burst of inspiration, and perhaps borderline channeling - from a near or far galaxy existing simultaneous to earth time - for me.
Each verse is a picture book/ emotive trigger/ delicious sentence to write/read.
At the end I decided upon the enchantress Unii Fal'Enai - a character in my fantasy novel, as a likely speaker of them for past/future.
Yet the voice is bizzarely, entirely mine *big grin*]

My juice is for a king
My vessels hold blueprints of his visions
My heartbeat is the echo of his army
Marching, conquering kingdoms
My hair is his laughter
Longer, louder
My tongue is his scepter
Sweeter, better
My thoughts are a chamber of secrets
He enters in
And I know his entire soul as I place my hands upon his skin
Oh, he is like a universe of vibrant sparkling leaping fire
My life lines are set ablaze by his desire!

03.06.09

Natasha Ashwe

Twinkles

[For pet lovers everywhere. Simple words for smiley thoughts]

Day and night, near and far:
They ponder how wonderfully amazing we are
And how radiant their lives become
When our affection's turned in their direction

Light of daydreams; reward of existence
Pivot of thought in presence and as much in absence
They burst with love when we walk through the door
What a gift; those dogs we pet and adore

And the cats that we dote on, whoa, leaping on us like puppies!
Basking in the warm source of general freshness and yummy
Each meowing in the singular message we instantly understand;
'Oh, how I missed your face, your voice, your smell, your hand! '

Day after day hearts afire stay the same
Their twinkles lit to shine with joy and faith through life and change
For yes, they will love us as long and as much as they can all the freakin' time
Each of them certified from above to cuddle, lick and label 'Mine! '.

Natasha Ashwe

Untie In Thought: A Poem For Heath Ledger

Let's say a prayer for him

Celebrate tears not the death of a dream

Fall to knees

Fall apart at this seam

Let's untie in...

Thought

Let him loosen cords gently

Pictures of his grace inside us

Let his woven words gently

Place the pieces down to guide us

Home to where he is...

Not.

Natasha Ashwe