

Poetry Series

Nate Flying Owl
- poems -

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Nate Flying Owl(01/07/88)

My area of expertise is tigers and other large predators. I've been writing poetry since I was fifteen and I am open to any constructive criticisms, so give them if you have any. I love God and and all my friends and family.

A Poet's Echo

Can poetry be felt in the blood, in the veins
with each lyric being harmonized through dreams slain
Each epic speaking of places both far and nigh
With each melancholic elegy seeping pain?

Can verse performed by thunderstorms in the sky
Be what compels us to express our hearts, to cry?
How many poems have been written using tears
As ink, written until our souls have been bled dry?

Have decades of weeping filled the seas with our fears
And our nightmares penetrated mountains like spears?
Can a poet's echo resound beyond the chain
Of mortality and fate's tyrannical leer?

Nate Flying Owl

An Elegy For Nelson Mandela

Dearest Tata Madiba, may you rest in peace,
Your time on Earth is done and your life was well-lived.
By your efforts, people of South Africa and-
Throughout the world now see the forest for the trees;
Countless millions know the evils of racism
And experience gratitude for your lessons.

Humble, forgiving Tata, your legacy lives;
What is lovingly known as Madiba Magic
Still lingers in the hearts of those who admire you
And it is my prayer that this legacy of yours
Shall continue to teach future generations
Until that fateful day the earth no longer spins.

Nate Flying Owl

Christmas Lights

Twilight moments between night and day
Are quiet and cold in winter's grasp
In suburban solitude I stroll
On the frigid eve of Christmas day

That tranquil silence and touch of frost
Is what drew me from within my home
Introspection presses upon me
With the urgency of a soft breeze
So rare an occasion has pavement
Seemed inviting upon which to tread
Before long all that lights my pathway
Are street lamps and tacky Christmas lights

What pathetic form of vanity
Would compel a family to throw
A tasteless assortment of light bulbs
On their home in so-called Christmas cheer?

I slow down and linger near the house
Displaying the most exuberance
A quick glimpse through the window reveals
A tree heavily decorated
Placed next to the glass for all to see
Are they so vain that they would indulge
What has become a stereotype
Of this nation's seasonal culture?

Continuing on my night saunter
I stare down the road ahead of me
Instead of the ornate vanity
With which these strangers strike my senses

The night-blackened clouds begin to pass
Revealing the stars and crescent moon
Each one thrusting its radiance forward
For the purpose of pleasing the Lord
Each one is existing entirely
Outside the influence of mankind

Each provides a better testament
To God's mighty love than Christmas lights

Nate Flying Owl

Cyhydedd Hir

Doth thou ever hear
A voice in thy ear
Speaking loud and clear
Through each season?
Doth this voice so bold
Speak of doubts untold
Of spirits grown cold
Without reason?

Doth thou know the light
Shining ever bright
From the moonless night
Within the shade?
Can thy poetry
Of melancholy
From deep within thee
Begin to fade?

Nate Flying Owl

Enters The Water

The aroma of a recent downpour
Lingers on the air like a charming kiss
Grey clouds still concealing morning sunlight
Songbirds signal the attendance of spring
An otter awakens with empty paunch
And as the river shares his poetry
She enters the water to catch breakfast
And she returns to the shore with a fish
With each bite that she savors, she thanks God
For the opportunity to do so

Nate Flying Owl

Gentle Chorus

The air is wintry
The morning sky is silver
And still the birds sing
I cease all of my actions
To hear their gentle chorus

Nate Flying Owl

Grandson Of Moon

Fearless of the darkest midnight
I stride through the shadows that find my path
So much have I endured so far
Though evil haunts my every step
I will not let this dark world control me
And the moon calls me to his grandson

The fierce shadows surrounding me
Are the authors of nightmares for many
They are merely shadows to me
Behaving as they always have
My nightmares go far deeper than the black
And the moon calls me his grandson

As I walk amongst the darkness
I look to the skies for the lustrous one
Waxing or waning, full or new
He delivers the strength I need
Igniting the warrior in my heart
And the moon calls me his grandson

Nate Flying Owl

Last Lifetimes

The wind tastes the marrow of my bones
Jehovah's movement become evident
Through the leaves of each tree I encounter
And moments can last lifetimes when I pause
To Listen for the songs quietly sung
By the branches seeking to comfort my soul
What better Elysium can there be?

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To A Child Soldier

Child Soldier, you afflicted soul
All the carnage that you have witnessed
Must be cumbersome to your heart
With such torturous persistence
All the bloodshed your hands have wrought
By the dark will of the warlord
Who has manipulated you
Must be haunting each dream you have
I cannot begin to perceive
The anguish you must be feeling
As I live in America,
No hardship I experience
Is nowhere near as difficult
As the sorrow you have suffered
Over such a concise lifetime
I pray God gives you the strength
To endure these dark memories
To survive the warlord's brainwash
Do you feel a belief in God
With so much torment in your heart?

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To A Gorilla

Gorilla patient and mighty
You must think that we are monsters
How much of your tribe's blood has been spilled
By the ruthless hands of my own?
How many relatives butchered
For the sake of making money?

Of course, a true analysis
Would suggest that men are driven
By poverty and misfortune
What a monstrous society
To allow such desperation
Invade the lives of so many

We wage war to seize oil and cash
And claim noble reasons for them
Our self-indulgent behaviours
Further strengthen poverty's grip
Exhausts resources, and destroys
Your tribe, mine, and many others

Even across the Atlantic
I can sense you sigh, overwhelmed,
By what has been wrought by humans
Extinction approaches your tribe
And I know the word 'monster'
Lingers on your heart for Mankind

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To A Kardashian

Oh, for crying out loud, Kim K.,
We know that you are beautiful,
We know that you love getting laid
That you are confused about love
But those are not sufficient drives
To destroy this nation's culture

A sex tape is your source of fame
Your need for attention feasts on
This country's short attention span
Civil war shatters Syria
While we Americans focus on
Your superficial clothing

If you want to bestead the world
Then do everything that you can
To encourage our media
To be truly informative
If you cannot accomplish this,
Then, please, step out of the spotlight

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To A Killer Whale

Dearest Orca, long has it been
Since we last enjoyed the pleasure
Of each other's companionship
What oceanic adventures
Have taken place in the years past?

Have you new verse to harmonize?
Maybe a ballad describing
How secretive the depths are,
Or perhaps an epic poem
About your hunting endeavors?

Wait, I forgot, your melodies
Transcend anything words can do
But that should not stop our friendship
I still want to enjoy the charm
Of your symphonic poetry.

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To A Killer Whale II

Orca, my dear companion,
The sunlight shines on my skin
But darkness still surrounds me
Each dreadful moment I spend
In this suburban landscape
Is drowning me in shadow

Suffocating in sorrow
With so very few journeys
Into wilderness of late
Have I forgotten the sound
Of tides pounding the shore
And the taste of salty air?

Killer Whale, I am sinking,
Drowning in my own anguish,
Miles away from the ocean
Miles away from elegance
What a tragedy it is
To be drowning on dry land

Will you serenade my soul
And remind me of the depths
Of all the marine wildlife
That have occupied the seas
For millions of years before
Mankind tasted his first breath?

How does the cool water feel
Upon your black and white skin?
How does the sea salt affect
The taste of your sustenance?
How far into the abyss
Have you descended with kin?

Orca, wildest companion,
Remind me of the ocean
I am thirsty for new life
And I strain to hear your voice

Expecting God's poetry
To ebb and flow through your words

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To A Mailwoman

Oh, dearest Miss Mailwoman
How Hard must it be for you
To perform your services
In an era when the Web
Provides most of the items
That used to pass through your hands

A mere twenty years ago
Someone in your position
Was a primary method
Of sending communique
Over massive distances
Now only a memory

What now pass through your hands
Are things of little sustance
A peddler of bank statements
And of porno magazines
Is that you have become.
What bitterness do you feel?

As the digital age grows
And further minimizes
The need for your services
Are you waiting for the day
When once again your labor
Will matter to those you serve?

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To A Mirror

Seeking sanctuary in shadows
You dwell on every despondency
Nightmares penetrating your slumber
You leave your social ties malnourished
Why must you let your fear and apathy
Destroy all that you know you can be?

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To A Serval

Lovely serval, let honesty flow
What have you heard about me lately?
Has word of mouth reached Africa's heart
Moved through the grass while you were hunting
And informed you of my psychosis?

Have you heard of my isolation,
My debilitating loneliness
Made even worse by Man's apathy?
Have you heard of the nihilism
That has been growing within my heart?

Or has no one bothered to tell you
To regard your concern for a friend?
Does anyone seek my benefit
In the same way you seek your next meal?
Does anyone know you know me?

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To A Spree Shooter

With a fake smile glued to your face
You shield others from the darkness
Held so deeply within your heart
The ghosts that haunt your every thought

With plenty of practice, a smile
Is an easy lie to construct
And it often makes your plans hard
To predict or to discourage

Day after day, you show the world
What it sinfully wants to see
Until the mask finally breaks
And you unleash weaponed carnage

Total strangers from wall to wall
You enter your destination
You have made the despondent choice
To share your torturous sorrow

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To A Stranger

You do not recognize my name
Nor am I in knowledge of yours
Though we have never met before
I feel the need to speak with you
To tell you stories of my life
And you provide me with the same

But before we start a friendship
I wish to ask you a few things
Thus, your undivided focus
Is what I need from you right now
Can you pay fervent attention
To every word that passes my lips?

In years past, I have met people
Who love surface phenomena
And fail to dive deeper than that
Refuse to connect ideas
Will you hear the depths of my verse
And perceive me for who I am?

And many of these same people
Have done nothing to assist me
With any hardship I have faced
Have not been there to support me
Do you keep an eye out for friends
To have their backs in trying times?

When there arrives a dire moment
That requires a frank dialogue
And an unfettered honesty
Without any hesitation
Would you call out my behaviour
When it is less than savory?

All these things I ask in my search
For a deep, genuine friendship
So hard have these traits been to find
That psychosis and loneliness

Have oft'n been my only company.
What will you do to alter this?

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To A Syrian Rebel

You faceless freedom fighter
After these long months
Of tempestuous battles
In Syrian suburbs
Have you lost sight of your task
The ousting of tyranny
From each nook of your nation
Has this deranged civil war
Kindles disillusionment
Of your original goal?
Has all that gruesome violence
And Assad's selfish resolve
Left you without any hope
Of achieving anything
That would be of noble worth?
Has glory become your goal
For the sake of your own good?
Return to the war's first days,
Rekindle the ambition
That once burned within your heart.

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To A Syrian Rebel II

Syrian rebel, fighter
For the ouster of Assad
Yes, war can strain the soul,
But how could you let your goal
And your heart be corrupt
By your lust for victory?

Acts of cannibalism
Filmed and posted on the web
To intimidate your foes;
Yes, war strips you of yourself,
But humanity's last shred
Is something worth protecting

You would gladly accept aide
From the U.S., yet you fight
Beside al-Qaeda members.
Regarding grim history,
How can a trust be formed
From such a contradiction?

Of course, an American
Who has never known combat
Cannot fully understand
What this war has done to you.
When its final days have come,
Would hope still dwell within your heart?

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To A Tiger

Amur Tiger, wild majesty,
Savage beast of the northern frost,
Dweller of Siberian ice,
Of woodlands blanketed with snow
A hunter in the deepest of night,
My weakness is as clear to you
As the cold to a naked man.
There is no mask that I could wear
That would hide my face from your sight
Or shield my pain from your knowledge.
Each ounce of strength you display,
Whether in the midst of the hunt
Or defending your dominion,
Makes the sting of my helplessness
Ever more baneful to my heart.
As I watch your stripes vanish
Into the Siberian night
All that lingers in this cold place,
Is the weakness yet to be healed
And the envy I feel for you.

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To Al-Assad

How Much more blood will you shed?
How many of your people
Will bleed into your country's sand
By the flick of your selfish wrist?

Your sense of reason overwhelmed
By the flavor of tyranny
And an addiction to bloodlust.
Your soul is no more than the dust.

Is it really any wonder
That the citizens of this realm
Have risen against your rule?
Your dictatorship feeds their wrath.

To the Western world, you may be
Just another Arab tyrant,
But such a description falls short
Of what a fiend you really are.

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To An Otter

Lively Otter, playful companion
Have you had any adventures
In the years since we last met
That are worthy reciting in verse?

What pleasures have you encountered
In the splash of the river's song?
Do you often taste the nectar
Of bountiful diving forays?

Your aquatic agility
Allows all your untainted joy
To flow throughout your body with ease
And I am envious of you

How can your joy be untainted
When so much darkness runs rampant?
Is this eternal merriment
The result of a simple life?

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To Braga

Whispers in the back of my mind
Haunting my thoughts throughout the day,
Poetic words stabbing my ear.
Is it you, Braga, who whispers
So that only I can hear you
Demanding scribbles on the page?

Thousands of years ago, The Norse
Called you the God of poetry
Or are you really an angel
Of the Lord, causing words to form
On the tongues and dark hearts of men
And you were misinterpreted?

You are but one incarnation
Of the poetic flicker
Found within the human spirit
As manifested within me
Braga, you are not my passion,
But rather, my insanity.

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To Crazy Horse

Crazy Horse, you fallen icon,
The fervent and determined days
Of the Oglala warrior
Are but a distant memory
Diabetes, unemployment,
And rampant alcoholism
Are unfortunate pandemics
Among the indigenous.
In American media,
Tribespeople are barely present
Each a generic face that fades
Quietly into the background.
The again, any awareness
of modern Indian affairs
Has become a stereotype
Hell, at this point in history
The 'Indian' is a bad joke
It seems as though your victory
At Little Bighorn was in vain
Columbus must be overjoyed

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To Custer

Custer, you arrogant moron
Civilised culture does not grow
From the shed blood of whomever
You consider inferior
Nor from the blood of soldiers
You sacrificed for genocide

How can anyone call you,
An egotistical racist,
A hero worthy of honor,
You who thought the indigenous
Were not quite human enough
To organize a victory?

What honor could there ever be
For a gloryhound such as you?
You might be a perfect icon
For this country's hero worship
And yet I find another word
To be more appropriate... LOSER!

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To God

Lord Almighty, lustrous above
I can barely see the arbors
For lack of moonlight on this hike.
Each Step I take is a struggle
Not to trip over a tree root.
Such is the story of my life
And I am thus compelled to pray.
Shine your radiance fervently
Upon my path, upon each step,
Even when these steps take me far
From where you intend me to be.
Lord, these recent days have been grim,
My sight is weaker than normal,
And my desires and impulses
Have seized my life with vigor.
How can you bear to speak to me
Or even bother to regard
My pathetic continuance?

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To Kokopelli

Kokopelli, mythic flutist,
Does any of today's music
Hold up to your criteria?
Are modern composers worthy
Of the best praise one can receive
Or of the most brutal disdain?

What modern songs do you enjoy?
How many infuriate you
With their pedestrian rhythms
And lack of creative lyrics?
Or are there songs I have not heard
That you whole-heartedly adore?

Do the songs of America
Sound to you, as they do to me,
To be dipping in quality?
Are you open-minded enough
To accept music's direction
As it is, forever an art?

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To Sasquatch

Sasquatch, you taciturn savage
To be straightforward, I do not
Believe that you exist at all
I see you as an archetype,
A poster-child of mystery
However, if it should be so
That you are, in fact, existant
Do not opt to reveal yourself
Into the attention of Man
With our self-centered impulses
Stealing innocence in the night
And our obsession with bloodshed
Overpowering our senses
It would be best for you to fade
Into the sands of time
Without our presence in your life
So for your own sake, stay hidden
In the forests of the Northwest
Be nothing more than a legend
A mystery to haunt our psyche

Nate Flying Owl

Letter To The Church

Dearest church, body of Yahweh
You are counted upon to be
The bride of Christ, and yet somehow
You have lost sight of this ideal
And have come to worship standards
You impose on everyone else

Whether the fiercest perfection
Sought out by Old Testament law
Or an unwillingness to hear
The depth's of one's identity
You are expecting each person
To be somebody they are not

How can you show the world God's love
If you refuse to treat people
Like people rather than cutouts
Everybody is imperfect
And exquisitely intricate
Nothing more should be expected

Nate Flying Owl

Lion Pride

Within the far depths of a moonless night,
A pride stirs among the dancing shadows.
The herd is not aware of the danger,
And their movements leave a young one exposed.
Moving as silently as possible,
The pride focuses on her and moves in.
Driving her further away from her kin,
Taking her life with remorseless hunger,
Without mercy, without a second thought.
What else can be expected from a king?

Nate Flying Owl

Miles To Go

A river have I to travel
For what purpose I do not know
But here I am, heading downstream
Thrusting the oar through the water
I propel my wood raft forward
With miles to go before I sleep

Numerous arbors have I past
Willows with river-kissed branches
Widowmakers growing massive
But no matter what tree I pass
I remain the lone sojourner
With miles to go before I sleep

Knowing that I must continue
Devoid of all hesitation
I bid these fine arbors farewell
As my raft drifts through the water
I stare into the distance
With miles to go before I sleep

Nate Flying Owl

Moonlight Reflections

The moonlight beams upon the clouds tonight
Amongst the shapes, I see the bison strong
My mind recalls this creature's bulky might
The billow vanishes before too long

Compelled to scream my words of poetry
To any open mind or willing ear
My voice with fury vents my misery
And still the world ignores my presence here

The bison once again do I behold
And do they thunder fast across the plains
In sorrow wonder I what would unfold
Should I decide to join in their refrain

Among the multitudes, I have no place
And all I know is melancholy's grace.

Nate Flying Owl

Ode To A Couple Crickets

Winter weather but a faint memory
Dusk allows the shadows to slowly grow
My skin is caked with dried sweat
From the heat of afternoon
Somewhere among the thirsty blades of grass
A couple crickets are chirping with zeal
Barely audible amid
The drone of distant traffic
So deep into suburbia am I
That they are the only poets I hear

Nate Flying Owl

Ode To A Crimson Leaf

A leaf, crimson as the dawn
Sunders itself from its branch
And drifts on a playful breeze
Its slow undulating flight
Mesmerizing me with charm

With all the pain and sorrow
I have seen over the years
This momentary beauty
This visual poetry
Provides my spirit with peace

The leaf lands amid others
In shades of orange and yellow
To form autumn's mosaic
And the ever-patient duck
Paints its bright panorama

Nate Flying Owl

Ode To A Jaguar

Far beneath the canopy
Bathed in moonlight, a jaguar
Strides with grace through the night

What strength within her muscles
What care put into each step
Spotted coat her camouflage
Gleaming tooth and hidden claw
Combined with such stealth and might
She is lithe fatality

Lethal purpose is guided
The design of her body
Into a fierce elegance

With a beauty born of bloodlust
The jaguar, in all her vim,
Moves among midnight shadows
A pantherine eidolon
Prowling the rainforest floor
Senses always kept acute

Nate Flying Owl

Ode To A Pair Of Hiking Shoes

A pair of well used hiking boots
Rest beside an open doorway
Their leather no longer stiff
As the first day they were applied
A couple holes decorate one
Stains of white paint splatters on both
And a faint whiff of sweat lingers
From each hike, brisk walk, and paint job
That has provided them with use

After years of being beaten
By cement and the burdened feet
Of the morbidly obese man
Who chooses to utilize them
They have developed character
That not enough people strive for
And too many, through foolishness
And with fervor, claim to possess
What kind of a country is this?

Nate Flying Owl

Ode To A Pencil

Lead marks swept across the page,
Forming words, sentences and ideas,
Articulating fundamental truths,
An extension of the voice
That gives a writer strength to bear hardship.
What brutal insanity would prevail
If this was never again utilized?

Nate Flying Owl

Ode To A Raindrop

The first cool drop of water
Released from the skyward mist
On an autumn afternoon
Traverses my sweaty brow
A welcome kiss of beauty

That small elegant raindrop
With fervent haste foreshadows
A wild tempest soon to come
Quenching the earth of its thirst
After long summer months

The drop rivulets across
The surface of my forehead
And I gaze into the heavens
Each subsequent water drop
Is another baptism

Nate Flying Owl

Ode To A Shattered Window

Shards of glass in various sizes
Scattered wildly across the store's tile
Are bathed in shadow and feigned moonlight
Evidence of the robber's break-in
Testament to the desperation
And the brutality of men's hearts

Each shard is a poem of sorrow
A threnody for pure innocence
With the screaming alarm loud and clear
Verses bringing deep despondency
To the store's owner, his family
And the surrounding community

This broken window, this shattered glass
Articulates a reality
Difficult for many to accept
At least for many Americans
Humanity is all too often
Nothing more than a grim fallacy

Nate Flying Owl

Ode To A Urinal

Approach the porcelain bowl
Pants are unzipped, thing is whipped out,
A stream of yellow Is released,
Much to my impatient relief
As I listen to the trickle,
Steady and soft, I slowly sigh.
What pleasant alleviation
Is given by the mere presence
Of the urinal before me,
A huge blessing to men worldwide

Nate Flying Owl

Ode To An Orange

As my teeth slice into its flesh
Sweet juices spill over my tongue
And steadily slide down my throat
As I swallow chewed chunks of pulp

So nectareous a flavor
So unassuming a texture
Though momentary, brings delight
To the dreary days of my life

Each time I enjoy this fruit's flesh
Each time I taste these sweet juices
The sugar's invigoration
Seems to be instantaneous

With another slice in my mouth
I savor it with gratitude
And I pray to God, thanking Him
For the taste of the sublime orange

Nate Flying Owl

Ode To Mt. Hood

As the sun rises
On a cool spring morn
Mt. Hood is completely covered in snow
And is painted a light shade of yellow
By daybreak's soothing illumination
The only mountain to be soon for miles
For millions of years, he has been present
A vigilant, reliable watchgaurd
Firm beneath the feet
Of those who trust him

Nate Flying Owl

Ode To Silence

Remember the songs of silence
That have serenaded your life
With unexpected beauty

The moist crawling footsteps of fog
Embracing your whole environs
Caressing each inch of your skin
And not a creature is speaking

The soft soundless flight of the owl
Commands the night with airborne stealth
Each movement of his wings brings forth
Profound verse not meant to be heard

How quiet is the moon tonight
Its light gliding down to the earth
Silently reducing the world
To simple shades of black and white

The vim of the cemetery
Is felt so much more potently
When voices are left without use
And when words cannot be uttered

Oh, the poetry of silence
Have you let it sweeten your life
As an act of worship to God?

Nate Flying Owl

Ode To The Bellydancer

Music resonates through the room
And, dressed in tribal dress and bra
You synchronize your fair motions
With the composition's rhythm
Hips rolling in elegant grace
Arms and legs affirming their moves

Your navel is hypnotising
Using pulsating gyrations
To intoxicate all who watch
Until your dance steps turn your form
And your hips become the focus
Moving with resplendent cadence

Each exotic movement declares,
Sensuality is an art!
Knowing the melody's tempo
You have honed stamina and skill
Into truly beautiful form
And have become a masterpiece

Nate Flying Owl

Ode To Writer's Block

Staring at the piece of paper
Without the faintest idea
Of what to write, I sit
In my chair, pencil not moving
Madness gaining another step

I wonder how many mornings
Or perhaps it was evening time
When Frost sat down to write, that he-
Spent staring at the empty page
Clueless about subject matter

Writer's block, such bloody torment
Making a wanker out of me
Always appearing at my door
At a most inconvenient time
What a terrible patron

Nate Flying Owl

Odes To Bats

Throughout the course of the night
When darkness is overwhelming
The bats recite their poetry.
As each verse echoes back to them,
Their understanding of the world
Improves, influencing their movements
And depending on each bats species,
They control insect populations
Or are effective pollinators.
Articulating their subtle verse
And responding to every result,
Ecosystems become healthier.
How elegant are these cornerstones
Of the habitats in which they live.

Nate Flying Owl

Quintilla Stanzas

With the passing of midnight grim
I hear that sound of mighty vim
The bellow of distant thunder
And as it resounds, I wonder
Why must the lightning strike with whim?

As I stand, with my waking eyes
Maintained upon the darkened skies
I contemplate whether my form
Can weather the coming storm
How strong it can make me, how wise

With the embrace of night so black
So begins the fall of cold rain
A lightning step with thunder crack
Shares with me its flashing refrain
Over its verse my soul does rack

Deep within my heart do I hear
Crashing songs of this storm so wild
These booming lyrics in my ear
What is that the thunder fears?
Does it ever feel like a child?

Another bolt of lightning strikes
Speaking without the slightest heed
To any of man's laws or creeds
Ignoring king and wretch alike
It simply goes about its deed

Nate Flying Owl

Wild Fury

Animal silence followed by sable clouds
The winds gathering their speed and strength
Before a drop is seen, I smell the rain
The air carries a spark of future strain
In the distance, the thunder's boom resounds
I seek shelter from the storm's fury

Moments later, I run amidst the fury
God's face is shielded from me by the clouds
Being punched by the gales (their shrieks resound) ,
I feel the storm taking away my strength
My heart thunders and every muscle strains
A lightning bolt illuminates the rain.

All my surroundings being crushed by rain
I try to see through the savage fury
This mighty downpour gives my eyes strain
Through the vehement shadows of the clouds
I see friends, gathered in numbered strength
And her for whom my poetry resounds

As the storm's vim continues to resound
So do I continue through the cold rain
Now determined to use each drop of strength
That I aim to unleash my own fury
Against the wrath of unforgiving clouds
For the sake of love does my soul e'er strain

With each of my muscle now taut and strained
The pulsating of blood in my veins resounds
After I've declared war against the clouds
With strikes of lightning and thrashing of rain
Coming down on me in all hell's fury
I shout an orison to God for strength

Her smile sparks a new wave of strength
My heart begins to sing a joyous strain
As I escape from the storm's wild fury
With the laughter of my friends resounding

They rejoice that I got out of the rain
God's almighty love leaves behind the clouds

I have conquered the fury of the clouds
The rain has not plundered me of my strength
And I shall let another strain resound

Nate Flying Owl

Wintertide Lyrics

In the dead of January
I saunter beneath darkened clouds
Evergreens remaining silent
Snowflakes drift in speechless beauty
Wintertide lyrics invading
The deepest marrow of my bones
I have no verse to speak today
Frozen by life's inherent bane
My tongue remains still, unshifting
I would prefer this anyway
Nature writes better poetry

Nate Flying Owl

Written Word

</>Children of the written word
You wield in your minds, voices and fingers
The weaponry you need to fight for truth
In your minds, the ideas
In your voices, the ways to speak your minds
In your fingers, the tools to record them

Stand up and shout out for truth
Fight against the tyranny of evil
Don't sit back while darkness spreads its filth
Address the night as it is
And hand out forgiveness where it is due
For words of passion and love will endure

Rise, oh warriors of truth
Narrate all you can, oh storytellers
Be observant and watchful, oh poets
Let your diction be your sword
As children of the written word, be strong
And spread your words like a raging wildfire

Nate Flying Owl