

## nomad

Dragonflies,

Oh, to be a dragonfly,

Gorgeous as a butterfly, but left alone.

Lake tides,

Rippling waves wishing to wash away,

To become an ocean and explore sunken ships.

I am a nomad,

I dream to stay awake.

My days are numbered,

I wonder if I will have enough time to count the leaves on every clover,

Only for that I will be afraid.

Birds of a feather,

They flock together,

And they look at my daunting feathers, speechless as they fly away.

I would walk around the trees to avoid the shade,

I would always pick the sword with the double edge blade.

I was a tumbleweed in a thunderstorm,

Always broken or brave.

I am a nomad,

I run or else I would keep still.

My heart is not captured,

I wonder if the wind will blow a like-feather my way,

Only for that I would ever be reigned.

We blow things out of proportion,

With that we blow each other away.

We try to rise above the calm-

Birds fly over bombs.

An oasis,

An unexplored meadow fully adorned,

To be treasured and left alone.

Safe haven,

A home that is my safe place,

A feeling I wish to know all the rest of my years.

I am a nomad,

I dream to stay awake.

I am a nomad,

| run or else | would never escape.

Birds of a feather,

They all flock together,

They cannot understand my colors, so | fly away holding their breaths.

## Black Rose

I feel bad for the dead flowers when they go black,  
But it makes me feel better to know they will come back.

When I think about the day I die,  
I know there is not another me, dead or alive.  
Lay a black rose with its bloodied thorns in the casket with me,  
Two things one-of-a-kind are buried,  
Beauty and scars that will never come back.

Appreciate me while you can, while I am still here-  
When the casket closes, I will disappear.

When the leaves change colors, they begin to fall,  
I am already every color, but I still stand tall.  
A magnificent bird unto this world like no other,  
A blinding black rose too good for the world it is in,  
So love us while you can because everything that begins will have an end.

The thorns are my embrace,  
When you think of the things you should have said.  
The colors will all be erased,  
In your memories over time, and slowly in your dreams.  
Tombstones only show names and dates,  
You can stand over me, but you will never see my face.

Billions of roses in the world,  
I will not come back,  
My rose was born black.

## A Future Memory (Rivers of the Sky)

Leave it to the scavengers,  
To decide what is left of you,  
When you are not expired, just tired.

They pick all your meat, but leave your bones,  
No dignity in them, but even they do not approve of your skeletons,  
You confided in them, so you died in them.

The ocean in your eyes change colors,  
Your heart shrinks and changes shapes.  
What once was rare wine,  
Has turned into common sour grapes.

What can they not take from me,  
When I hand over my kingdom keys,  
To open my heart and begin to feast.  
What will be is what will be,  
But my soul will not be broken that easily.  
Leave it to the scavengers to outlive us all on Earth,  
And I will sail the rivers of the sky.

Even baby blue skies get gloomy oftentimes,  
They fall into night, and grace brings stars to their eyes,  
And on the brink of a new day comes a sunrise.

Scavengers will never get their fill,  
Circling around for days, oh what a will,  
Never stand by you until you are still.

The innocent never brings about the fighting,  
Yet they are the ones dying.  
The guilty must always get their fill,  
Even when they are late arriving.

What can they not take from me,  
When I hand over my kingdom keys,  
To open my heart and begin to feast.  
What will be is what will be,  
But my soul will not be broken that easily.  
Leave it to the scavengers to outlive us all on Earth,  
And I will sail the rivers of the sky.

Give me wind, and carry the leaves,  
Skies shades of grey, and save all things green...  
Let the rivers of the sky wash all things clean.

Oh, what a vision so ethereal, a dream so serene,  
Oh, what a promise of a future memory already seen.

## Rebirth

If a tree is not growing, then it is dying-  
Burn it down to bring new life.  
But me, I still have a heartbeat,  
Fast as a hummingbird, it is burning alive.

As soon as I escaped free,  
I could feel all the fury,  
And now that it is over, I can find closure.

And now,  
If I flew as fast as I felt,  
There would be flames on my feet,  
There would be flames in my fists.  
If I flew as strong as I felt,  
There would be flames covering my wings,  
There would be flames acting as my breath.  
I would say goodbye,  
And because of these sparks I would never again get lost in dark skies.

You will know I am passing through,  
When the wind chimes start singing.  
You will see me coming,  
When you see every color you have never seen.

As soon as I escaped free,  
I could feel all the fury,  
And learned that fire can be a tool, not just mean.

If I flew as fast as I felt,  
There would be flames on my feet,  
There would be flames in my fists.  
If I flew as strong as I felt,  
There would be flames covering my wings,  
There would be flames acting as my breath.  
I would say goodbye,  
And because of these sparks I would never again get lost in dark skies.

I must say goodbye,  
Because the fire has cleansed me.  
The woods have all burned down,  
Originally seemed so tragic.  
Gave birth to a healthier forest,  
Rebirth of a healthier me.



## Dear Joan

Dear Joan,

Tell me how I become as brave as thee,  
As an adult, while you were the age of a child.

When you were placed high up on that stake,  
Focusing on a wooden cross as you are engulfed in unrighteous flames,  
Screaming for Jesus, and not crying for rain or your parent's names.

Oh, how lonely being the only one,  
Oh, how much pressure in being the chosen one-  
Witnessing the resolve in your eyes must have been blinding.

Dear peasant,  
Tell me how such an ugly crow became a glorious swan,  
Daunting to nobility, and as fierce as a heavenly image can be.

When you and your banner led your men to war,  
The blood that became your sword,  
Did it once tremble under the weight of the world?

Oh no! All the greatest heroes were heretics once,  
Oh, how the cardinals of society, refuse to think twice,  
Executing those they fear; a murder covered by a righteous guise.

Dear commander,  
Tell me how I can triumph over foe,

And if God is with me, when will it show, or do I already know?

When you were a beggar to the heavens above,

Focusing on the clouds, light or dark,

Were you pleading to Jesus for strength, or for merciful love, as he showed you your death?

Oh, there is nothing wrong with being a witch,

Oh, but you were being suspected-

We all have more in common than we are different.

Dear Joan,

This war has wounded me,

Matches my loosened stitches from before I had my bravery.

Dear Joan,

Thank you as I now carry one of your feathers,

It is a compass that guides me, a beacon of light it provides me.