

A person is riding a bicycle on a paved path that curves towards the horizon. The sun is low in the sky, creating a strong backlight effect with visible rays and a lens flare. The sky is filled with dramatic, dark clouds. The person on the bicycle is silhouetted against the bright light. The overall mood is peaceful and hopeful.

Unscrambled Eggs

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Unscrambled Eggs
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Introduction

“For I know the plans I have for you,” says the Lord. “They are plans for good and not for evil, to give you a future and a hope.”

Jeremiah 29:11

I have always had the utmost respect and admiration for anyone who is able to accomplish something that they truly desired, no matter how significant or small it is. As simple as that may seem, for one reason or another we do not often attain the goals that we set out to achieve.

I strongly believe that everyone has a purpose, a divine destiny, and unfortunately there are many who live their entire lives without ever fulfilling their purpose. You don't ever truly have joy if you go through life being a settler. That is something I have learned.

The poems in this book were written over a five-year period and reflect either my own experiences, those close to me, and issues that I feel very passionately about. *Unscrambled Eggs*, I believe, is an honest and thought-provoking book that deals with everyday life issues. It is a compilation of poems about living your dream and finding purpose.

I realized that dwelling on what I thought were past disappointments would only hold my future in doubt and keep me from my purpose. And it is that belief that has inspired the title poem and poetry collection, *Unscrambled Eggs*.

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Unscrambled Eggs

There are holes in my pockets the size of mountains
and I have no place to rest my hands
I spent more time dreaming
than living with purpose
though life is more obliging
over coffee and quiet toast

Peering through reverse mirrors
I watch as errant failures tidy their mistakes
but when will I learn
I can no more unscramble eggs
than change the past

In a place of solace
I sit on someone else's chair
parting with habits I should have refused
trying not to feed on words
like if and only
steadily refilling holes
I once built

Sometimes

Sometimes I think I was born
in a small town
some other century
lightening years earlier
than I should have
left my mother's womb
to come to live in a world that's fierce

in this hot bread city
children here behave not as their age
but more like the adults they have not yet become
and who can blame them as the people here are like cats
wandering in and out of stranger's bed
having no use for moderation
no empathy for restraint

it is a lack of temperance
the way in which their unbridle lips
hang like moons
that I truly despise
their unwillingness to quiet their hands
quell the crescendos of their anxious bodies
leads me to believe
that this contemporary way of life
despite being here
was not for me

Blueprint

Life is a peculiar play,
an amphitheater of prose.
I am mindful of my part,
of rudimentary scripts
that no one fathoms.
On this regal stage lives a story,
a defining blueprint.

Here, we are all characters portraying our elected roles,
living like the puppets we are.
Some ill prepared
for the proclivity of plots
that comes with dramatic years.

I close my stanzas knowing
there is always something
learned from fiction
that time shows its foresight
so we do not become an untimely act
and reprise the role of tragedy.

Undisturbed

We do not concern ourselves
with unremitting distractions
the weight of time
do not hinder us
these cravings

The moon with all its plans
its gravity
has been incapable
at slowing our attempts

Still we desire
what we do not have
our dreams left undisturbed

Reference

History holds my errors intact
adjusting their collars
smoothing over ragged creases
that come with counting years
so I would remember not to forget
I once read your books
recreated its texts into something I wanted
but did not need
the past has seen fit that I remember
I trusted your commas
more than I should
confused your periods for truth
and like a toddler
I am forever being scold
by purple mistakes
archived on the shelves
of my remembrance

Novelty

Tomorrow I'll be honeycomb
supple stanzas on letters
I will account for words unsaid
not mislay undated moments

No more will I anger robins
use fingers to call you by name
or allow the sap of guile
to mottle my hands further

Even now I toss away hours like grapes
speak without a bone of concern
dine with grin while my pockets swell
as I continue being a viper
and the scoundrel that I am

Liquid Muse

Somewhere in the black hole of stanzas
point of view sleeps along the page
while paltriness musters in your lines
tell me what do your imageries speak
what good are handsome metaphors
when profoundness eludes your pen
I have no fancy rhymes
my poetry will not boast of windmill autumns
I may not have your able muse
but I at least offer more than words

Unforeseen Affair

My candor
unwittingly
induced the
bitterness
that inflames
your fury

rift from
forgiveness
resentment now
wears your ring

I laid bare
unwilling thoughts
oblivious of its
collateral damage

without warning
love demised swiftly
it was not maliciousness
that hastened you away
but truth

Farewell to Hardship

Farewell to inequity
as we have no use
for her degradation
her simpleton temper

she who befriends angst
plunder plates of men
rope the hands of those
who cross her passage
we rid ourselves of you

to them whom engender misfortune
we have no need
for their deprivation
their unrelenting manner

farewell to hardship
to the black crows of sorrow
to the grieving clouds
that brings about misery

Ms. Ordinary

I have left faith
to linger outdoors,
nail-polish its name
from my fishbowl memory.

I grew bored
of reprising failure
and no longer accept
what mediocrity brings
as prominence needs more
than quiet dreamers
surpass all intent.

You frustrate me like rain
more than clouds ever will
often I feel like pencil gray longings
sketches of scruple paper
and you always let me know
I am not yet a hummingbird
not yet a fancy poet
but still the pretender
long away from perfect

The Writer

You wore a hat and two China braids
combed your looks from poverty
it is obvious you are no cardboard girl
something about you sings confidence
and is perhaps misunderstood by the paper leaf world
that wraps your evenings
with dreams of being a writer
of knowing love

You seem beyond your fifteen years
quite older than the strawberry jam girl you are
but underneath your myth of make believe stars
you are like every one else
trying to figure their place to dam a need
along this stretch of creation
where days are no longer trusted
and nights don't care much for anyone

Gone

The standard
rounds of fury
have since passed

gone are ire silences,
and stoic hearts
withered by
resentment

stifled screams
no longer
bickers in corners
of the room

gone are bitter
tensions
and unending piles
of complaints

frustration has now
ceased its war
waged on misery

gone are the days
of indifference
and sobering nights
with you

Moon over Columbus

On this laundry mat of field
I am a gray autumn
torpid leaves collapsing in the eve
there looming amid quiet
is your peg of moon
an arcane of stars tilt their lanterns on your behalf

I saw you crammed night
into the belly of your suitcase
you hoarded its girth
as though it were yours
as if it belonged to you
when all I could gather
were your bones of dusk

You wore lavender sky
as I watched you coast to sunrise
taking all what you've reaped
leaving just the blues
and the agony it unfurls

Deprived

My Crayola lips,
plum of eyes, cello of body
are sick with need.

It rains like memory;
and the orchids have begun to lose
their feelings, as I grow
impatient with alone.

A rousing verse,
a mangled rose, a sigh of jazz
all sings your absence.

Misguided

Through decay of years
you have seen us
depart from your haven
washing our youthful hands of you

your word once signified to us
a scepter of truth
has been tempered
to endorse our iniquities

Petty rituals endeavor
to serve as your alter
but reciting hail marys
cannot deliver our souls

We still have not learned
that our spirits will not be freed
on account of obedience
to ceremonial rules

Only a Girl

He said if I returned to him
then he would return to me
but I am only a worm of a girl
yet he speaks as though life
was like taking small breaths
as simple as birds

I suppose if I spoke like pearls
walked on prudent feet
penciled my hands sterling silver
I could be that sunset for you
the lash of sky across your Nevada

If only I followed you with earnest
I would not shake like December limbs
or fetter my wings with snow
through you I am moved
to become the woman I should be

Lifeboat

I was too precocious for autumn, too benign for moon.
I parted from the perils I watched others endured.
Still, I've suffered more than a poor man has
greater than cracked ribs ever did;
and yet my firefly of hope will not lie over
in a grave of your demands.

There are times I feel like a tattered wheel,
a nail being stoned a thousand times
farther in the belly of ground.
Then I remember what evening holds,
what darkness undergoes in solace.

In living this grasshopper life
I've withstood the bleeding nose,
the pull and tug of meddling rivers
that brings forth the challenges
encountered in this world.

A Note from Erin

I did not gloss concerns
raised in your letter
though my belief rivaled your thoughts
like opposing soldiers
it would have been easy
to white out your words
shake them to something more pleasing
then make believe reasons you gave
held no validity

I was too distracted by failure
to have noticed criticism
I neither reviled nor praised
since long before you
my pride curtailed its swagger
its ego bent in four
as I withstood all sorts of setbacks
and now rejection isn't as hard

Silent Walk

She walks like a ghost
only God hears her footfalls
treading on quilted floors
as she enters rooms
that do not speak her sounds
soft pillows of carpet
silence her feet
I become aware of her presence
each time a figure
without movements
passes by

Seventh Hour

Night stood alone
apart from the deck of lights
she puffed on smoke for hours
while vexed with the city
for wanting her gone
Her thoughts exhausted sky
as she became aware
her necessity will not be reclaimed
in the seventh hour
when light overflows
and gives the only score of time

No one will miss her bulletproof anger
the pork of lies she feeds us in between
her offering of quiet deaths
she tosses slander like grenades
aims her rifle on the poor
without a tinge of remorse
and now wonders why she will not be missed

Dreamchaser

In the eve of dust
we will ride the yellow cab
across the tethered fields
to heal cracked rivers.

I am the dreamchaser
and you are no longer torn
through me you can still perfect the sun,
reap what is in the well of you,
gather wisdom as your own
this and more is possible
if you would simply remove
your doubting seeds.

Pebble

A pebble in a cosmic world
depicts my being
compared to you
I am but a brush
a small feature
a neophyte among stars

Autumn Falls Softly

Autumn falls
like feathers,
softly without sound
sprinkling leaves
of amber & violet
that descend from able trees,
carried by
ushering winds
before settling quietly
on the surface
finally reaching an end
as autumn
begins again

Subtly
she emits
her calmness
upon those who
watch her,
bringing tranquility
to all that see
her beauty

Salute to Maya

Inspiration comes from
the words of Maya
a poet who writes
holistic verses

truth and meaning
she forms between the lines
tantalizing those that journeys
through her thoughts

each phrase meticulously
garnered
refine and precise
in its demeanor

brilliance shows
its face time and again
through her painted
imagery

Angels

At dawn angels play
softly over the quietness
of a sleeping city
their laughter trickles
through the morning light

while beneath sheer clouds
dreamers dream of un-ordinary pleasures
and thinkers lie awake
pondering terrestrial thoughts

Before I Knew Better

Before I knew better, I used to think life was a cup of coffee. I had only to drink from it to know the world, every leaf, sapling tree, skyscraper. I suppose everything seems rudimentary when you are only a girl, much younger than birds. A small girl concerns herself with coloring books and fancy ribbons. She doesn't understand purpose, the gravity of future? I always thought I had destiny caught between my thumb and nail, tucked neatly under my arm like newspaper. And someday, when I was ready, I could gather it from beneath my pouch of arm and began to build my evenings the way I imagined it.

In my dreams, night is an island—feverishly lit by fireflies; hairs on my head fall placidly upon my breast. I am cultured, more than rain allows me to be. Mom said that to her, I would always be a daffodil. That if I were committed, I could be sky if I wanted. But I didn't realize that winter had other plans for dreamers like me. For it punctured my avenues, cracked open my yellow brick road. And there were no manuals for these kinds of circumstances.

Upon receiving my diploma—college had so much promise. But somehow, I managed to slip like fog from hours, compile four- plus years of university; still, I'm here, crouched in a silent room, peeling paint off walls that don't want to be clean. After high school and years of planting, this was not what I expected.

Black Souls

Freedom was paved
through their strife
we live knowing that rivers
came from the flow of their
sweat and weeping

In unkind elements
they labored till sun subside
their souls supplied the earth
as strength and will were garnered
to keep with chores

courage planted seeds
bruised fingers
sore feet
laid the foundation
of this notable land

Broken Pot

All I have said and thought
are washed away with your hands
as my pleas are gone
out the window like stone
like some shriveled flower
in the grave of her vase

where is jazz when I need her most
the blues tires of this house
and I am well acquainted with the notes
to this timeworn number the lyrics sing of some other love
her name mentioned plainly
in the back seat of your pull-out jeans

let us not be the broken pot
nor like spoons twisted in reverse
we have begun to wear cracks
in our history
its breathing tempered
by chips and loose splinters

Lifetime

A lifetime knows my wants
to walk the path of Pharaoh
speak fluent the tongue of Spaniards
from scattered lands

Before fire charred its flame
I chose to be a pioneer
to have talents of birds
sing like a burgeoning flower

Prior to the moon beginnings
I implored artful hands
fingers that carve ships
a salient life laded with purpose

June Rains

The hole in the sun
has not yet mended
so the rains continue to pour on my sector
of the earth

I have seen pools of
wailing hair,
pouring wet faces,
the tallness of grass
stretching over fences
to last four winters

I ponder when day
will improve his looks
for a man who speaks on the clouds
assures more pity skies
as sunlight has become like the cat
who waits to reveal herself
at some future time

Refusal

Tears once spilt like
wailing rivers have
no weeping left to
douse the face
of a woman in mourning

a voice parched
and speaks like dust
has run out of sounds
to tender an ear
unwilling to bear blame

somewhere along jagged hills
words I've spoken lay perched against patient rocks
waiting to supply you
with thoughts you did not want
and refused to acknowledge

Sea of Poor

Our eyes close like blinds
to their quandary
how we sit on our hands
as we abet their plight
their suffering is bolstered
with the lost of clemency
as we gain more worldly things
they are left poverty

In a country of gold and ledger
lies a sea of poor
living in calamity
and discontentment

Secrets of Humanity

Nature whispers our secrets
underneath its conscious breath
unearthing new discoveries
as subtle as night appears
waves lapping ocean shores
murmur quietly our misgivings
while rains that pour through the doors of sky
informed rivers of what they have heard
even parts of mangled leaves
relay our transgressions
hearing the lies we feed someone else
watching as we live in obscurity

secrets we veiled our
across the land
lingering amidst earth
until discovered

The Lesson Learned

The dagger which bore my chest
leaves a scar of doubt
smashes my hope into crumbs of despair
it was arrogant of me
to think more that I am
but foolish of you
to consider me less

falling short of your list
you concluded me below standard
leaving just room
for whomever you feel deserving
I expected much too soon
having learned the lesson
I am not as I conceived
yet I exceed
your scant recognition

Two Poem Hands

It is all in the metaphors
the way you pen words
that come to live
on the breath of each page

a stretch of moon carol your acclaim
and I observe how effortlessly
you temper night
sway the azaleas
to paint the stems of skin

your Hemingway muse
candor of lips
two poem hands
is all I need of you

Fathom

Marlboro's fumes have
choked all sense from your brain
taste for language
laden with four-letter curses
sweetens your tongue
like roasted cacao beans.

Apparently sound reasons
cannot permeate thoughts
of a childlike man
prone to dealing tantrums
like moody two-year-olds.

No need for sermons
or lectures on your wants
kindly leave those orders
for someone else.

An Ardent Wish

Today I am not a woman,
I am clamshells of silence,
a jellyfish, a stone, the callous between
thumb and forefinger.
Anything other than what I was
the day before.

Blind Eyes Become Open

I have seen more of you of late
to my disliking
are you confined to judging a man
by the hue of his skin
without knowing him

unkind words rankle
as gaping wounds
provoking opponents
of your sworn beliefs
while love of enmity
is used to disguise
the contempt you have for yourself

ignorance is the pillar you grasp a
wall you have built separating you
from them and them from you
aiding false perceptions
and beguiling views

understanding carries a person
to a place where there are not many
blind eyes become open
when they walk in the shoes
of the ones they oppose

Words

I often wonder
if others relate
to my tireless rants,
delight in my pleasures,
or perhaps share my truths.
I weigh carefully
the opinions that some
have of me and ponder
the relevance of my speech.
Taking comfort from those
whom I've touched
but sighs bitterly when my
feelings go unnoticed.
Whether my thoughts inform
or lack the will to influence,
silence remains incapable
of extinguishing my voice.

Benevolent

There are rumors
amongst certain flowers
each proclaiming
to know you well
the roses insist
you are sublime
the dandelions
feel the same
yet the orchids
pose a different view
they believe
you are too good
to be true

Blue Night

Night stood lonely as
solitude bloomed
without you in the room.

A weak smile I conjure
upon my face
though my heart aches.

Diverting my attention
is what I do
to drift my thoughts from you.

Encumber Sands

Few set sail on this ship
sailing beyond the horizon
along a calm ocean it journeys
embraced by the morning sun
as zephyr grace the sky at night
it steadily travels onward
into boundless realms
leaving those who watch
on encumber sands in awe
with their empty pockets
hanging inside out
longing to abroad

Joy

Sorrow does not roam here
nor can misery tread
the passage in which
sanctity has laved its ground

In this place
across furrowed sands
beyond the riverbed
contentment makes its home

out there two constant remains
anger wages no wars
and loneliness will not dwell
in this vicinity

If You Knew

I can easily model a smile
laugh at some jokes
handily hold a conversation
though my bills have grown the size of Texas
and rent is overdue
yet if you knew how often
I'd mirrored the sun
but shouldered mountains
as my debt burden seem more
like the dark shadow that lurks behind

Lone Bird

Confined and malcontent,
the lone bird reflects on the heavens
eager she is to fly
along faint clouds
and under the ardor sun

longing to feel sunlight embracing her feathered coat
while fleeting through contented winds
that softly touches her wing tips

absorbing the mundane air
as she hovers across
countless of unending oceans
and remote pastures

yet, mere desire
is not enough in itself
to rouse a wilting spirit
nor to fill continual void

her emptiness will deepen
until at last
she is free to fly
uninterrupted and unhindered

Loss Civility

In a time when
civility is lost
corruption rides rampant
on these streets of reality

In a time when
integrity is no longer
common practice
deceit becomes the way
at which we succeed

Perfect

How long must you know average?
Being standard has never been profound.
Give me perfect or simply nothing,
for anything less is like pursuing
a goal part way. I have known ordinary's
limitations, its mediocrity is something
too many do well. A life of satisfactory has never
been enough to make me content.
As I not only need but require perfect.

There Were No Bells

She said there were no bells,
only her clam hands
and fretful feet rattled in the eve.
The sirens would not go off
nor did her knees faint
from the tie-dye of bliss.
She felt no quakes,
no bumble bees,
no panic sharks reeling
in the pint of her belly.
Not once did her shoelace hair
curl like ringlets.
Not once did she hear bells.

Unavoidable Truth

Forgetting you is not as simple
the years have been
benign to your memories
allowing them to invade my thoughts
without consent

how dare time
have held my feelings still
I am unable to let go
of your congenial scent

we may never meet again
and yet I reflect on the past
when my future with you
is uncertain

When

I need perfect hands
feet that won't leave me
for someone else
cause me to lose
all that I have gained
in these slim hours

the moon in its bane attempts
shot apart my concerns
presuming my efforts would expire
since I preferred the sun to him

at what point does knowing you
raises my faith
motives me to take note of time
and not fold my arms too soon

A To-Do List

Things I must do
before night caves
on the thin azure mattress of sky:
write four stanzas to Paul,
brush off odors of loss
and the staleness of alone,
wash away memories of you
from these embellished walls,
and remember to say
I don't love you anymore.

Dread

I have seen you
unsteady nerves
in the most poised hand
cause limbs to cower
underneath skin and bone
despite my powers
you hammer fear
with nail and fury

As each time
you challenge me
I am hindered
your plot
meticulous
your restrain
intended

I see you
rise above repression
peddling trepidation
like the tempest you are
you who flare hearts
un-strengthen knees
strangle the soul of courage

Often I ponder
with a similar conclusion
how I dread

the day we ever met

Reluctant Pursuer

Don't talk about love
when you offer only myths
I need more than adoring eyes
posed from a distance

If I didn't know
I would think you were
a habitual teaser
that it was your duty
to taunt emotions
string along feelings

Is it that you
haven't the words
the means to bring about
your heart's desire
or are you that coy quite reserved kind
the one who merely flirts
but do not pursue
what he reveres

Fishing for Salmon

a laundry of birds gather
in a fold like sheep
like a fistful of jellybeans in a bottle
through sky's torso they flounder
ensuing a course only they understand

I am wearing strapless shoes
consumed by smell of morning
using my eyes as fingers for counting robins
that are perched on the windows of my forehead
casually I notice the footprints of autumn
as sun reclines in the palm of my hand

there is some wind
flossing back and forth between homes
while rain is off somewhere
beside a river
fishing in the cold for salmon

Like You

I am one of you: a tautly thing
in search of dreams
that will not fold easily into our midst.
Like you, I endeavor to live off paperbacks—
peddling books of poetry for promises and crumbs.
It is this shared indignity
which brings me here:
devoid of sleep, inundated by exhaustion.

Ploys of Distraction

Mother was perturbed
that I did not water the plants
but my head was full of sleep
my memory was still laying softly
against the corners of pillows
I gave up for her in haste
to close a door she left behind
even still it is punishment enough
to misplace the hand of slumber
but when your mind floats
above clouds with thoughts of love swirling
in a promise on my ring finger
please understand I was not myself
it was force or nature
bringing me wind of my future
and distraction this day had the upper hand

Wings of Purpose

You should know a lifetime
indentured to squander
will not build evenings here
will not lift poverty
off the cuffs of your bed

irrespective of fear
be bold as sky
hold on to fledgling dreams
that iniquity attempts to steal
and moments inevitable curse

debts and wages are all you strive for
when purpose is near
steering your aimless hands
preparing you to fly
into a future and a hope

Before

Before you were born
I loved you
before memory had its name
my love flowed like rivers
unending, seamless as infinity

I loved you
before clocks knew how to count
and dust could touch ground
before galaxies formed to constellation
my love poured
incessantly

I loved you
before atoms could fold into molecules
and air blew wind
before light inflamed moon
and time stretched to eternity
my love for you
starred the night
cannot be measured
by weights or degrees
is boundless
unfathomable
incandescent

Suppose

Imagine if failure could
be cleaned like laundry
and hours were prepared to wait
on someone else for a change
what if mountains
were slender trees
and flowers grew wings
in place of stems

imagine life as a chalkboard
where errors are erased
as unexpectedly as they are made
what if you could alter your steps
reach into the beginnings of history
and undo cancer
the prevalence of war
the makings of poverty
and its despair

What Love Is

As I speak your name
I can only wonder
if Shakespeare ever grappled you
was he too plagued by these thoughts
this perennial misgiving

you have baffled centuries
and your convolution makes me unsure
if Aristotle would understand
the depths at which you unfold
the underlying of your being

poetry is simply a name
but somehow I think that you
have sparked its form
gave birth to the meaning
it presently holds
and after all of this
I am still left not knowing
what love is

Also by Nadia:

BECOMING: The Life & Musings of a Girl Poet

http://www.amazon.com/BECOMING-Life-Musings-Girl-Poet-ebook/dp/B005HFKG3E/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1459790248&sr=8-1&keywords=Becoming%3A+The+life+and+musing+of+a+girl+poet

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