

Blazing With Colors Of Our Own Making

Poems

BY

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For Kat, and for all who stood by me and supported me.

Preface

Again, I pick myself up
To have a look around.
Every shelf and stoop
A station for what
Scaled portions of life
Remain. I find myself
Still awakening from
A certain oblivion,
Looming or lounging
Between the breath
Of an idea or two.
In January, I set
Out to pen storms:
To unset rage within
A writhing maelstrom
Of iron stakes and
Terrifying descriptions . . .
Only to give flowers
A space in my heart
When the inspiration
Had come and settled.

Proof Of Pattern

Pleased to find only the wood
Weathered by time.
All that counts remains
In the forms first taken.
But not all of us are the same.
We bring newness with
Tried, trusted patterns.
Most of us sleep better
Because of it. We're now
Entirely ourselves.
While sour, spoiled old
Men tout their wisdom
And decrees, my mind
Goes to the words of
The wisest elder I know
Who once told me,
"We're all Nineteen at heart!"
I am reminded of the essence
Of youth, its temperament.
It is common to all, beside
Those who make themselves old.

Achilles Sensibility, Or, The Difference Between Us

I know the basic effort
To have raised me up
Was to enable me
To form my own
Convictions.
For this I am
Rightly grateful.
The contents of
Your lives were
Not my own, nor
Your allegiances,
Nor your conception
Of reality.
Let us do well to make
The very best of that.
To know the place of
Opposite generations,
Of who is inheriting
The Earth. I am
Done fighting you.

Lookout Mountain

The sky rolls up its
Sleeves: it's going to rain.
All the hell, the wildness
Of the bedrooms are
To become the problems
Of nature. A dreadful
Smattering of thunder
lingers along the ridge.
Some nominal partitions
Border a place
Where heads can rest.
A docile town takes
The storm, the price
For life 'round the valley.

Erdeslied

Marks made through the ages
Come to rest at the foot of dawn.
A certain day holds the feature
Adored by poets, by sages.
Breeze toward now. Gaze
At the ocean confers
The preserved dialog
From nature to us.
*"Thou art deserving of peace,
But thou must realize
Thy strength: thou must cast
Down the cult of man."*
So in undoing this 'humanity',
We embrace our own lives . . .
Water over oil, life over profit.
We feel a restoration deep
In the decomposing of what
We grew up with believing
Was infinite. We rediscover
The meaning of feet to
Ground-level terrain.
We feel the heft of tools
At hand to secure life.
Let dawn be light enough
To show our path home.

Forebears

I had rarely considered being
A parcel of the stars. Weeping
For Earth, I hold her soil
In the regard a child holds
Her mother, her sibling.
The metal objects in life
Swelled together in such
A manner to overwhelm
My place in mortal life.
My passions, my prides
Disintegrate under
The deranged, screaming
Irony. I cry for mother . . .
In the fields at midnight,
I am desperate to see
Where in Earth is life.
The ground beneath me
Salted, diseased, I chance
A look upward.
The glimmering watch,
The warm incandescence
Of neighboring divines . . .
In them I know I am loved.
By Life's Breath, I continue.

Applied Grace

It's not clear, the sequence
That tells. It can only offer
What an author determines,
Slinking beneath the wordcraft,
Rattling the concepts that bind.
Not many inscriptions last
To be written of, or to inspire:
Lives take place to prove
Something poetry simply cannot.
Thus each time I turn
To caress the memory
Of the landscape that affirmed
My coming to inscribe my own,
I chance to render for myself
A scant interpretation
Of every rattle beneath
Every little thing.

One Begotten Thought

Nice night to be awake, drink
Coffee, toké on some piny,
Sour herbs, analyze and
Report in where nobody
Can know you're up.
It will be 5 AM shortly,
And I will walk from
This table, put on
My jacket, and trek
Through the streetlights
For morose inspiration.

The Restoration Of Nerve

A trill – not a sound –
May work its way here
By the time this pen
Comes down to touch
The paper in the book
I was told to keep close.
I don't suppose my hair
Breezes in the direction
I'm inclined to go . . .
The night looks hostile;
The woods directionless;
Alone for miles, alone
For days. Night awakens
All the enemies of sanity.
All the forces of woe,
The tendency to collapse.
Shelter only pacifies,
A thin veil separating
Me from the purpose
I gathered piecemeal.

The Foremost Totality

These sunken features of
A landscape grip my overcast
Heart. The wide Eastern hills,
Rich with Beech and Walnut,
Are calling for an embrace
I am far too small for.
My distance, limitation,
Give only the ring around me,
The reach of a mortal arm.
So our deal is that I
Sketch them in honest
Verse trimmed with cloud . . .
The particulars of breezes,
Elements of docile life
True to the undisturbed
Continuum of breathing things
In their grand or minute treks.
They only ask to be preserved,
For their minerals to remain
Untapped. For those who scale
Their heights to depict them.
I then watch where I was
From their ancient outlook,
Listening to their stories.

Acumen Of Constancy

Hear the heaviness
Of all I breathe. The crises
Of years. Nothing broth
And bread can fix. Doubled
Over in sorrow for the clasp
That defines my misform;
Serpents, promises,
Desperate pleas round
My ankles, slithering
To the throat. Not better.
Not better for living. I still
Sob over the unresolvable.
I still curse the cobble.
Then I see myself to sleep,
A shallow vacancy . . .
Once a feast of dreams
Is a stoic slate.

Awake Again

Cloudy day with no rain.
It may as well—a few drops,
A gentle sheet of mist
To dampen the business
Beneath. Give us anything.
Take us from this edge.
One evident downpour
To make right— salient—
The setting of this life.
The sky says what little
It does, cruising uniform
Westward, primordial
Enunciations of itself
And all life beneath.
I heed the normalcy
Off in the distance,
Then dust away the salt
From my guarded doorway,
Ready to imbibe
In the muscle of sincerity.

Blithe Enmity

I can flatten myself down
To the level of the cicadas.
I can reduce my essence
To the whisper of a memory,
I can bury my collection
Of hearts in the prairies—
But I can't stop killing
Myself to save my life.
Well, here is all there
Should be for keeping
A steady breath. Here
Is another reason
To suffer through and see.

Living Composition

Unfortunately, or not, life
Is not a poem.
There are no special
Meters, no guidelines
On the oration
Of such a verse.
It doesn't dance with
The reader's eyes.
It's always shuffling
Past, brushing beside
With candid urgency.
It doesn't allow itself
To be reread.
It follows a forward
Permanence, only ever
Easing with the ease
Of reflection. And still,
We write it, bemoaning
The swift passage
Of all things remarked on.

Spiritual Struggle

I dare another page. Not a shred
Of a fight in me. Nay a word
Of rebuke against the specter
Slow but sure to destroy me.
Days marked by shadows,
Nights by dawns in their ascent,
Are sure to decimate a woman
Like me. Silver stylus— deliver
Me! Lift me up, O Frouwa,
Golden Lady of my passion!
Show me my unbound self:
Show me . . . the way I am
When I care for nothing else
But the slaughter of my foe.
Show me when I've dealt
The wicked, abominable blow
To the face of resignation
And walked away grinning.

Mortal, Uncertain

Passing through the month,
Nearing the age of twenty-six . . .
Yet I still feel like a little girl
Alone in nothingness, desperate
For truth, warmth, security.
I feel my reflection corrode
Every good thing around me.
I hear my voice renounce
The only life I cling to.
Some claim to love me,
But I can't understand how.
I try to shake the sorrow—
To refresh my focus,
Tap into the elements I neglect—
And yet it bleeds back into
My angry, starving heart.
It envelops this faculty at play,
My sense for diction aimed at
The soul, rather than the over-
Thinking head . . . well, I can still
Hold close my notes,
Hold close my own.

The Hopes We Project

Good luck is imparted
By not invoking it.
There is a careful craft
Of intents & purposes.
Efficacious sequences
Are best kept in their
'Safety' position,
Tongues— firing
Pins—locked. Like
Measuring spices, or
The delicate balance
Of a tightrope, To
Merely hope can be
The undoing— or
Exactly the making.

Election Season

This Reich occupying Turtle Island
Looks to its previous Führer.
With much legal woe, sweating,
The bastard looks to reign again . . .
Forever. The species was done
The day he was spawned. It seems him,
Or the other old creep arming
A clear-cut genocide. Now
Us beautiful peasants must rise
To spitefully engage to make our lives.
We hear grand rhetoric of civil struggles
That we endured and carried firsthand—
That they were shielded from . . .
We hear their vocal fingers stretch
To work their way into our souls;
We hear the pangs of hungry liberalism,
The wheezing sneer of conservatism—
Its need to keep ruining lives.
Let every parcel of all of this
Go to sleep and never awake.
I still feel that it is near.

To Realize Agency

The hill and the dawn,
The angel and the martyr
Adorn my dreams
To usher the day
Devoid of woe:—
Saunter shall I through
That barren stretch only
Dreamed of; step will I
Beyond the mark of
Understanding and respite,
Into the eye of hostile
Lands. Only there will I
Turn into the wicked wolf . . .
Towers, hamlets of cowardice.
I am their undoing. I am
The daughter of freedom.

In The Hour Of Doubt

No one, not one person, can rightly say
What's true of someone. Moronic yardsticks
Are employed to keep a boot on someone's
Neck. Someone always has to be the cop.
Someone always needs to say
Some simplistic shit they need to be true;
Let them be incorrect about everything,
They aren't going to inherit this Earth.
Just because it dominates the world
Doesn't validate it whatsoever.
Be sharp. Be yourself. Never concede.
You are pioneering
The end of a long human ordeal.

The Undeserving

I've already slit the throats
Of every hateful father . . .
I've already desecrated
Their temples to their "Sons" . . .
Temples to their manhood,
Worshiping disregard
Of who they truly are.
Gender's armor is bent,
Its frail bones beneath
Shattered below my boot.
I bet that just pisses you off . . .
Come charge me!
Come *try* to dishearten me!
Your weak anger scares nothing.
I kill what kills innocents!
Neither right nor wrong,
Merely triumphant
Against this order!

The Gentle Coming Together

A fresh terrain can always be
Reassuring . . . or terrifying.
The bottomless weight of words.
No visage of the sky or land,
No subject of *I* or *Her*,
No setting for life to take place.
All there is here are the pen
And the rubric of honesty . . .
The desolation of the view.
The bright combustion taking
Hold when existence emerges.
(*I call so intently* . . .
I yearn so hungrily . . .
I almost dare to touch
The soft face of your truth).
All blank pages tell it best.

An Emotional Dagger

Unsure of the wound,
Or the sensitivity.
We grow tired of these.
A child for a flash,
Then pushed into
The collective mess.
The heart being a delicate
Organ, we handle memories
With almost infantile care.
We can't risk damaging
Them. They hold us together.
They are singular reference
Points of staying together.
Some don't abide a tear . . .
I, meanwhile, wade
My own lake of tears;
I rampage through my woods
Of broken limbs in search
Of the consoling word
That proves my intuition.
I lurk in memory to find
The truth of what I knew
Since degraded over many
Beatings of my heart.

‘My Heroine, My Passion’s Object’

Whir of the engine fan—shriek
Of wiper blades—curses at
Traffic—nursing on an energy
Drink. She’s on call again.
Satan love her . . .
Seeking one of the guarantees
We’re thrust to choose from:
Repetitive, thorough toil, or
The fringe gutters of life.
Darling, you loathe these days
How I loathe my passion.
You detest the bullshit
How I detest with detail . . .
But no detail on Earth
Pertaining to your love.
My heroine, my passion’s
Object, be ever-careful for me.
Come home to me when the day
Was cruel. Let me nourish
And restore you. Let me show
You the tender side of this life
With all the heat of my adoration.

‘The Touch Between Her And Me’

Waking days of lonesome in bed,
A constant I once lived and dread.
Dreaming as a girl loving a girl—
Without, this life will unfurl.
But I know of her return soon,
A matter of hours after noon.
Setting the house, fixing our fill,
My longing runs hot up until
My love makes her return,
The summation of all I yearn.
I have ached so long to see
The touch between her and me . . .
Fingers entwined, lips no less,
Ours rejoined in a soft caress.
This night is ours, love to spend
In time once lost to now amend
For the days I went without you . . .
Now closed in tender “Love you too.”

Imminence

The pen—a cursory prop
For the richness of speech—
Lies unhandeD by my words.
I stare into my understanding.
The chrome of machines,
The bright screens of
Word processors . . .
This is not how I want
To speak with you,
To direct feeling to you.
I conjure a conceptual bridge
To break through this divide . . .
*Dear friend, I seek you out
By the river banks, in
The wide green meadows.
I seek you out in the common
Feeling when morning comes
With rain and no schedule;
When a deep thought becomes
A conviction of pride in life.
I affirm that you are here,
That you will outlast your woe.*

Fragmentary

It never seems finished. After
Everyone's gone home, after
Everything's asleep, it's still
Only pending. The context
Was there, the subject defined.
But no word can describe
The failure of the body.
It negates the twelve-hour
Divides, leaving a bridge across
The conscience in . . . the
Conscience out. I draw
A slash after ellipses
To mark the reprieve,
An orator's compromise
With the shape of speech.
Now allow me the lived
Version of the period.
Not to exit life, but to leave
The conversation of stress.

The Freeing Tradition

Given the inclination, we
Can trace so much back
To the first depictions in pottery
Of running at game
With a hunger for the next day.
We can derive therefrom
A mode of daily combat
With absurd struggles—our
Contemporary constellation.
It is past due to say . . .
Death to Sisyphus, god
Of resignation! Let us
Crash into the purpose
So firm, so defined—
Inlaid with cedar
To hold the idea:
"I can take my birthright!"

The Just Work Of The Heart

WILLOW TREE, impart the word more potent
Than melancholy . . . affirm my sadness
Encased in cloth, interred for the remainder
Of my newfound happiness. I am greater
Than you . . . your weight is not mine. Now
I see and feel the benevolence of life:
The soul coated in warmth, rewarded
For withstanding the recurring pain.
For seeing the truth somewhere
Deep inside the axiom of perseverance,
Applying it, acknowledging, in one's
Own word. To summon what is great to me:
Let the wolf-binding ↑ god curse the day
My life dies once more. But may he
Uphold the day, should my love find
We were never meant to last.
Whence those overcast days find me,
I will surely visit to unearth
The old truth I no longer cling to.
But now, I go to her to consolidate
My scraps of meaning.

To My Younger Self

No, a word is not
A bullet chambered for deployment
When the world boxes you in.
No sentence is the solution . . .
A thousand rich verses
Could not raise the gun
A sharp, well-focused intent
Can single-shot in a heart's beat.
A word is less than a rune ☒ linking
Character's form to the brightness
Of what something is before you.
For a word to be, if you will, a projectile,
One must employ a container,
A charge. No material pieces,
Only tied together in careful craft
Deep in the self—wading
In a drawn-out declarative
That you are your own creator.
That you know your reach,
That reality is made by
Your engagement. And only
Then, you can pull the trigger.

Once More

Let this night be a stately friend.
Let all mystery transmute into
Morning dew. Let contentment
Nudge its way into the passages
Of a calm-tempered heart.
There is nothing . . . and yet
Therein holds so very much.
More than can be understood
Or read or bought. We know
After easing breath with head
To pillow, when drifting into
Ourselves and that realm
Where a psychopomp ferries
Us across, that the seed
Of our hope comes not
From outside but springs
From within . . . we confirm
Our own lives: the proof
Of our forebears. Our
Breath, their continued work.

Semblance Of Life

It seems possible now to uplift
A color of my making.
It seemed unthinkable
To take the risk that begot fruit
In the garden of my life.
The perils pronounced,
I charged with glee through
The chamber of doubt,
Through the armies of
Lies, resignation;
Now I wander in tulips,
Evergreens and violets;
Now I hark to the sweet
Word of my only love;
Now the gods of my roots
Hold firm their patch in
The tapestry that's mine.
Victorious in who I am,
My color burns bright
Among the ranks
Of those brave enough
To live and to thrive.

Afterword

Reader—My thanks to you. My thanks to life, my thanks to breath, my thanks extend beyond the horizon and back. To all who have read, peace to you. My one hope is that my words inspire you to continue doing your best. You matter and you are loved. You will find your way. Allow me this afterword for a last remark here.

Existence is a mystery . . .
Though itself the clarity.
All we do all the way
Through builds a pillar
Only we can touch
In our deep concentration.
We share the shape
Of its reliefs, but rarely
Impart the memories
Their touch repeats.
The rough and smooth
Chiseled faces of loved
Ones' reminding to know
Yourself.

Talk with you next time. Take care.

reborn in flame...

Ignited In Dark

`ignitedindark.wordpress.com`
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