# Riled & Wise

Powerful Prose-Poetry for people who like to think

### Dear Readers:

This is a short book of my seven of my own prose-poetry works (and a bonus haiku). Some sound like stories, others like sermons. In any case, they are all an acquired taste. They are for people who like to think. So if you are a reader of only 'light material', this is not for you.

To me, they really are not that deep and heavy. To me, these words just represent normal human feelings that most folks can relate to. But I needed to describe them somehow so that you would have an earthly clue of what to expect.

I created these poems many years ago. I have been writing in this style for over twenty years, redeveloping some of these particular works along the way. A couple of the ones in this book were used for some spoken word events in my hometown (New Orleans). I was never good at actually performing my poems. I just read them to the crowd from my journals. Although I could never match the higher quality performances of those other true spoken word artists who would be on stage those same nights, I always felt honored when they clapped for me and said they liked them (blush).

I hope you like them, even if you only like just one of them. If you do, let me know: <a href="mailto:nat@natasharileynoah.com">nat@natasharileynoah.com</a> and leave a 5 star review on Amazon for me ③.

Thanks,

Natasha

# I. Incomplete

Natasha-
Thinker, a deep one, quick planner, reader at two, quick witted and a doer but always afraid,
Only lonely child, half-sister, half-brother, dead step-brother, distant mother
Most of the understanding family's gone to the grave – moving on
Janaye-
Dog- and book-lover, Piano-tickler and Jazz-singer, running around my head trying to find me,
Taking a walk on a pretty day makes me feel healthy and free being with Audubon trees but
No peace yet, still angry – meditating and trekking
Lowe-
Needing accomplishment, need to know what am I and who,
Giving too much, too often to the undeserved, trying to walk truth,
Burned repeatedly, but learning to discern, brutally honest and
Fearing uncertainty – sighing and flying
Riley-
Seeing more of God's image in all, traveling for exposure
Need to know the world now; it's bigger than what I've been told about
Born, bred, and heart is still in New Orleans, even when I'm not
Temporary California post-storm girl, Paris visitor, London light-hitter, Texan for a time
And then a reconnection – reaching and finding
Noah-
First real love, soul mate found, bound wife with a new life, will I fit in?
Motherhood-suburbanite fright, still afraid, every day the future's vague,
writing makes me sane
Helps me remain within my name.
See, there will always be a reason for change
and renewal triggers, but there is
Finally a peaceful soul I can start to
See at my core.
Infinite, solid, but flowing constantly

High and aware, like an ocean's tides

Phasing with the moon,

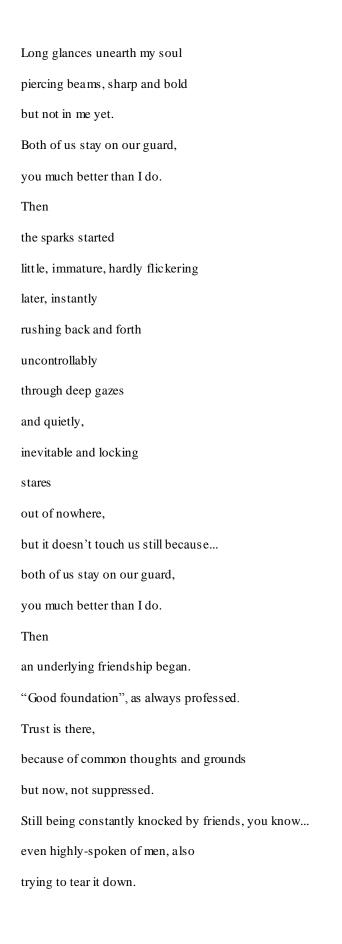
And I'm glowing because I realize it.

Its life

and growing up inside means accepting it.

Being me means being incomplete.

### II. Fire-Star Love



Supposedly justifiable grounds
Supposedly justifiable grounds
We hear the attempts, some we investigate,
others we ignore.
We are both mature
enough to approach each other about any insecurity and
we are both strong-willed,
unyielding and sometimes adamant.
We are both so many things we begin to see
these things;
Some are mentioned but not all,
because some are what we could be
for each other,
how we could complete
each other.
Not mentioned at all, and why?
Well, because
both of us stay on our guard,
you much better than I do.
Then
growing sneakily from beneath
showing up in jest
word-horseplay with friends and
of all, it flashes best
through self-exposing conversation
and in ever deeper talks
traveling with tingling warmth
through, and down the flame, it walks.
First in you, then in me,
and then back again.
elongated
but anticipated

it was revealed in the end,
FIRE!
A night a favorite of yours and mine
played in our ears, then our heads, hundreds of times!
A kiss that released the deep and the shared.
The vaulted repressions, ecstatically dared.
Things were said
with between-lines to be read.
Some, though, were open
None, though, were token.
Words of appreciation,
validation,
admiration
and even adulation.
(made me blush!)
That's what made this warmth from you so hot
That's what made you my FIRE!
Words never felt like this,
they never lingered or replayed,
persisted and endured
in my mind, bound and laid.
And yet, what do we do?
We then go to the other extreme,
saying things we say often,
saying things we say often, because we do,

Hazardously, once unleashed,
we immediately shut it closed,
for the sake of the heat felt,
and you know why, because
both of us stay on our guard.
You much, much better than I do.

Then
we began to rise
with the flames found that night
together
just beginning,

still cautiously tight

when then...

Biting Chill and a Storm with Ice forced and crashed through our shield, and ourselves, in happenstance frozen, separate, shut and sealed.

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So shocked and so shaken,

I then took a lesser care

and warmed myself again

to soften you and share,

but you were caught

just as unaware

and without enough for us both,

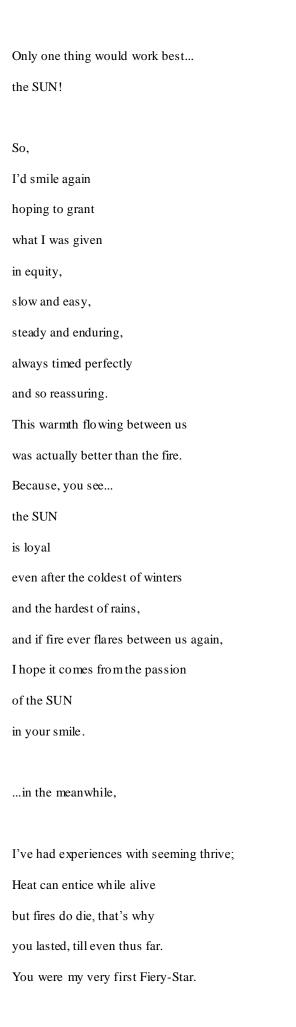
not even nearly there.

You were totally unprepared

and afterward, nothing...

...it was all gone out, per the icy scare. I was numbed for a little, as I looked on, you were too. Because of the painful shivers I halfheartedly stopped myself and knew that at this point it was gone in you whether frost in our air or only a cooling dew. I never told you how my flames had grown. I wanted to but didn't because you never told me anything about yours even existing and that's because both of us stay on our guard, you much, much better than I ever could. Then after some time we brushed each other in a gentle wind. Even more time passed, and again and again. I smiled and you warmed, and then that's when I knew the warmth it would command For us, because we were so genuine.

like it never even was,



If we weren't always in defense, this may have been better, I thought... but, this makes most sense. You know why, because... we both let our guards down ...and at the best season. Now I'm beaming and glowing for the very best reason. We have given rise to a Fire-Star; we have the SUN... In both our essence. We've come far. All our own, for all we've done. And you, with your everlasting heat, not like any of the men I meet... you are discreetly and eternally mine. Thanks for being my SUN-shine.

# III. I do

I love tall
walk in,
have a presence.
I love polished
a sophisticate,
with insistence.
I love rare
like the man
who smiles.
I love passion,
it definitely
beguiles!
I love intellect,
with a hint of artistry.
I love ambition
it lends security.
I love chivalry,
Any of cultures-old,
and I love a heart
that I can see
with my soul.
I love an honest spirit,
with arrogant morality,
and loving you,
under vow,
I do
happily.

## IV. Twisted

Twisted thoughts that make me feel special and all alone			
Twisted like:			
People should live to be happy			
You should love who you marry			
And the only burden we all should carry is to			
Take care of the earth and each other			
Twisted sick thoughts like			
Life is short, so families should work to			
Keep the especial bond God made			
Like its okay to do what you love and be paid			
I work from a corner in my bedroom			
Alone			
Because I'm twisted			
And I have thoughts and dreams like			
Giving myself to the world on a silver platter			
And sharing my with my husband and daughter			
Mediocre people see it like walking on water			
Because I'm twisted and strange			
A dreamer deranged and alone			
With twisted ways like			
Loving everyone			
Accepting everybody as they come			
As they are			
Because we all fall far from			
The images of imagined ideals			
Somebody made up to steal spirits and			
Complete their quest for world domination			
Brainwashing us to believe in damnation			

When the God I know would never
See us as twisted
Unworthy of any love
And leave us alone to die so
Some 'will' be done
That was already done with his damned Son.
It's their own writer's story!
Did they forget the plot?
No, they just twist it
The goal is not unity
My purpose as I pied à Terre
Is to be free
To find and see
The God in me
His image
To see in you
God's truth
To be truth and to walk it
Lies abound so
It looks twisted
Here
I hope my sister hears it.
I hope my friends don't fear for my life
Just because I stand my ground and
Stand alone
Because I'm really not
See, you would want company
Sick with this energy
Riled for power, raging, growing
Inside rejecting the conspiracy
For my soul

Just know I'm around
Still hurting because you think like me and
You feel my speech but
Youyou just won't make a sound.
And lies abound so I will look
Twisted.
Mom, look see I didn't live in fear and
I made it all the way over here alive
I did it.
I wish you were here.
I wish you would hear me.
But you are all plugged in
Waiting on your version of heaven
Buried under thoughts like
The Devil and sin
And excommunication
And the 'End'
And you won't talk to me again because
I'm so 'twisted'
The blood and flesh and spirit that
God gave us to cherish and share
Doesn't seem to matter
I still willingly sharing my poor little old platter
Of life wide open with no remorse
I see above your prophecies
They are only the inescapable routes of
Human decision and choices that were chosen
Words in that book were changed by a king
You can tell by the ring of human frailty and sensibility
And the stubborn ignoring of universal realities
Of the real world truth we all can see

Of real love
Of the gift of earth and life to us all
The king turned it into a call of order so
Everyone stays in line
Don't listen to twisted me, though,
History proved it.
And still is.
Openness, observation,
Simplicity, clarity,
Sensitive friendships, generosity
And sanity
My core modus operandi and
Gifts to all of us for free
I chose these lo and behold
then life lifted the veil for me
Showed me the soul stealers
Gave me back my spirit
The one Greco-grandma picketed the streets
For me to keep
The one I owe this work
The one I owe this world
The one I owe you!
I digress and dare you to
Twist this –
Sisterlive your heart
Friendslive your life
Brotherlive your rights
Mother dearest, live today
Because nothing is wrong with a pivoted road turn
You won't burn
But you will feel twisted.

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