



# Riled & Wise

Powerful Prose-Poetry for people who like to think

Natasha Riley-Noah, Author

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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: [nat@natasharileynoah.com](mailto:nat@natasharileynoah.com) and leave a 5 star review on Amazon for me 😊.

Thanks,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Natasha', with a long horizontal line extending to the right.

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

Long glances unearth my soul  
piercing beams, sharp and bold  
but not in me yet.

Both of us stay on our guard,  
you much better than I do.

Then  
the sparks started  
little, immature, hardly flickering  
later, instantly  
rushing back and forth  
uncontrollably  
through deep gazes  
and quietly,  
inevitable and locking  
stares  
out of nowhere,  
but it doesn't touch us still because...  
both of us stay on our guard,  
you much better than I do.

Then  
an underlying friendship began.  
“Good foundation”, as always professed.  
Trust is there,  
because of common thoughts and grounds  
but now, not suppressed.  
Still being constantly knocked by friends, you know...  
even highly-spoken of men, also  
trying to tear it down.

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,

because we do,

but never really mean.

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.

-----  
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...

like it never even was,

...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.

Only one thing would work best...

the SUN!

So,

I'd smile again

hoping to grant

what I was given

in equity,

slow and easy,

steady and enduring,

always timed perfectly

and so reassuring.

This warmth flowing between us

was actually better than the fire.

Because, you see...

the SUN

is loyal

even after the coldest of winters

and the hardest of rains,

and if fire ever flares between us again,

I hope it comes from the passion

of the SUN

in your smile.

...in the meanwhile,

I've had experiences with seeming thrive;

Heat can entice while alive

but fires do die, that's why

you lasted, till even thus far.

You were my very first Fiery-Star.

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  
You...you 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 –

Sister...live your heart

Friends...live your life

Brother...live 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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