Poetry Series

Nate Flying Owl

- poems -

Publication Date:

December 2009

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Nate Flying Owl on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Nate Flying Owl (01/07/88)

-Graduated from Rex Putnam High School in 2006
-reads National Geographic and the Smithsonian
-area of expertise: tigers and other large predators
-writing poetry since 2003

Gentle Chorus

The air is wintry
The morning sky is silver
And still the birds sing
I pause a few moments
To hear their gentle chorus

Nate Flying Owl

Ripples

I observe the lake
And I can feel God's presence
Watching the mallards
The ripples in the water
The wind brushing through the reeds

Nate Flying Owl

Soft Spray

As gravity pulls river water down
A huge explosion of sound reverberates
And I feel the falling of the water
As if I was a part of the river

As the water glides over the high cliff
I strain to listen to ev'ry sound made
Expecting some profound revelation
To hear the words of God in the water

As the waterfall plunges to the earth
Releasing a soft spray that kisses me
I listen to the din of the water
Hoping to hear the lessons of nature

As I stand here listening to the roar
Of the waterfall moving before me
I also hear the peace surrounding me
Easing the chaos that torments my soul

As the soft spray kisses me, I simply
Relax and enjoy the calm of nature.

Nate Flying Owl

Thunderbird

Powerful Thunderbird, bring us the rain
And quench the thirst of these downcast people

The lightning seperates the sky's darkness
A moment of hope clear amongst the pain
Often have many men looked to the skies
For any wisdom to save their owns lives
Any relief from the chaos that plagues them
As if the world is nothing but torture

Powerful Thunderbird, bring us the rain
And quench the thirst of these downcast people

The storm howls for almost eternity
The black clouds are seemingly immortal
When the dark tempest finally subsides
the earth is refreshed, water plentiful
and here we stand, still alive and kicking
With new wisdom from the storm in are minds

Powerful Thunderbird, bring us the rain
and quench the thirst of these downcast people

Nate Flying Owl

Venerable Crocodile

Oh, ancient creature!
You've seen the world before man's time.
You dove into the rivulets of old,
And endured more changes then you can count.
Oh, beast of days past!
You have seen creatures man cannot fathom,
Living beside them as a worthy knight,
And you have outlasted the multitudes.
Oh, archaic hunter!
You have long mastered the art of ambush,
Lunging out of the water with great speed;
Your mighty jaws ovrwhelm with bloodlust.
Oh, seasoned warrior!
You know how to survive in this dark world.
You are the hero of many battles
And I shall learn from you all that I can.

Nate Flying Owl