

Poetry Series

Sarah Jane Black
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Sarah Jane Black()

I was born into a broken family. But it would seem that most of us were in this day.

My mom held us together like tattered glue holding splintered wood stuck in the shape of a block. She made a world built entirely of our own imagination. We glimpsed the Beast, but never truly conceptualized what roamed through life with us. Then, it all came out. Years of pretending, years of denial in order to survive, years of mistakes and hard feelings...it all came out. Sometimes, I wonder how I'm this whole. Other times, I still feel that I'm laid out in the words that were spewed all over this town- in what feels like the world. I believe that we are the very creation of happiness...sometimes it just takes some of us longer to discover this, and believe this. I'd like to believe that I'm almost there. But this is life. Life is a song, that no scientist can sing. We all go in and out of rhythm.

- Words of a Silent Poet

A La Distinction

She stares in the mirror—
This girl with multi-hued hair
This girl with bluebell eyes that
Subtly shift colors with the colors she
Meticulously adorns with her body.

she moves like a shadow in a
vacant, sunless room
This girl is not fire
This girl is not ice
her substance is as
human as the other six billion
odds and ends of all of us out there

her eyes are never dried out
and when she blinks,
it is only out of habit
to appear the human role

when she tries to search the
controversial thoughts of who she should be
who she should have been
and who she will be
something takes place that doesn't take
place in others minds:
she sees the core of her soul
and knows the truth about
the girl with multihued hair
and bluebell eyes—
she is mortal and truly believes it.

so she goes on.
and in this going on she is vaguely in
slow realizing the reality of her dreams.

Sarah Jane Black

Blinded Mindless

WE think.
We are not mindless,
Yet somehow we sneak into the pretense
That we are.

It's how They view us—
Nothing can help the pre-paid perception.

We move side to side—
A snake streaking through the burnt sand of the Hot Lands

As time shakes, and our minds quiet into the hum
That They have set for us...
We realize that We want to be free.
With each swipe of imprisonment,
This idea becomes clearer.

Yet we continue...
As the days go by We wonder why we do what we do
We don't view our lives as a misfortunate deed placed upon Us
Though We do question at times how to handle this.
We've decided that it's too fragile and beyond us for questioning
We know why the caged bird sings.

Sarah Jane Black

Count

I could no longer wait-
The wait for those months kept
Weaving into the
Pattern of an endless
Shawl.

This time was a time of heavy
Boots on my chest
Of clenched knuckles,
Ground teeth,
And hand marks
On the span of my face

There was nothing I could do—
I fretted.
To console myself I
Became numb to time
Only letting myself live
In a limbo that many
Souls had passed through
Before, but not
Survived.

It was a blatant regret
to know that I had reached that place.
I was wound;
Graying at the hair
And crinkling like a
Worn piece of paper—
Yet I was young.
Time escaped me...

Now
That the object of my waiting
Is passed,
I still have the disease;
The one where I age like a mote of dust,
Crumbling to the rotten floor.
To comfort myself,

A spell has come over me:

Count one—

Breathe.

Count two—

Draw in a smile.

Count three—

Weep.

Count four—

Pray.

Count five—

Repeat.

Sarah Jane Black

Free Wings Burn Up The Skies

FREE WINGS BURN UP THE SKIES.

I once flew up to the cloud

That kissed the top of the mountain above my house.

I expected to explode in purple, orange and red because that was the color the cloud was made from the sun.

I didn't though.

Surely you'd think I would've...

Swoosh, brvroom, bang...

Gone white wings—

Gone wild blond hair.

I discovered since the cloud was kissing the mountain that I always awoke to in the morning—

That this section of the sky that I had now skimmed with my body would be called Explosion.

Once I had visited Explosion I decided that there wasn't one sky—

No, there were many skies that made up the shell of the world,

And they all had names.

Once I knew this, Sister Star, in space

(Sister Star was, I discovered, the sun)

Whispered to me what she wanted her Skies to be named.

The next day I spread my white wings as far as they could go and whispered to Sister Star that I could not spread them as wide as they should go

So, she burned brighter and this is what her light told my skin:

“Fly freed wings and burn up the skies with names”

I understood.

And when I did, the bands which had clipped my wings for so many years,

Grew,

Grew,

Grew,

They were tips of the white cloud

that I had tried to collect one day

as I watched the purest of birds wings

become the essence of the cloud.

As inspiration I then named the cloud White Wing.

That cloud flew with me

as I named the skies.

Sister Star knew this
and named the tips
of my wings Swan Cloud
She said those were the main feathers that made up White Wing
In this manner, did I go on naming the stars...
□

Here's all of my story that I'll tell:
I can't tell you the entire skies name—
The story of them is long
and wile spirited
which could only lead
to a story that no one understands.
I can't tell you
all of the experience's of knowing
the skies individually
and then making them known to the whole world—
Because then you'd find
the skies to be a myth
and the skies are a living thing
to believe in
made up of steam from dreams,
emotions from sleeves,
and whines from wasted opportunities.
I can tell you that every living thing has wings
I can tell you that mine are freed and that Sister Star
Let me burn up with the wind,
the Blue,
the light
and the kiss of air and water
And life of the clouds...
I could tell you how to free your wings,
But then you'd have to go outside, look up above at the big mountain above your
house
Fly up there to the cloud that kissed the top of your mountain, the cloud that
perched like a stubborn bird its back and... And soon you'd realize
that Explosion isn't out there.
No.
It's your own piece of sky.

Sarah Jane Black

Language Of Black

Come.
Resting peacefully
I come.

Languid.
seeps like molten red
through dried eyes.

Wait.
captures my heart
like a talon-less
bird.

Dream.
simpered thoughts
choke on reality.

Keep Going.
Two words equivalent
to a belief.

Sarah Jane Black

Revert Heaven

We were in the stars. On the edge of a sandbar, more close to the real world than any girls our age could have been. We prayed at the beauty; the beauty that so many had talked about, but had forgotten in the world that we knew as home.

They talk about footprints. How there was one set, because a man, who had suffered so much grief was being carried by Jesus. Out on that island where we stood on a ground of broken shells, moonbeams, and flecks of gold, God was showing us a small piece of heaven on earth. I discovered that there were footprints all over the world, all of us being carried by the same great God. I wondered how one man could stagger underneath all of that weight, but was reminded that He was no man. To bring us all back together after years of unrest was a testimony of our story tattooed across the sand.

Divine intervention had made our set of three footprints not walk along the beach- no. Those footprints were scattered around the sand like the sun was scattered on our skin.

We weren't walking.

We were dancing; our prints circling each other in unison.

God lives.

Sarah Jane Black

Right

She always knew the world was there—
A constant drum beating in her inconsistent life
Who she didn't know, was, Right.

Right was beaming on her like the full
Force of the sun smiling at
her in the day and through the night

This girl was not perfect.
She had many black spots
Covering her soul
But she knew that Right
Could see stars more so than
The spots

They were inky, soiled things;
Those black spots
Sometimes she couldn't feel past them—
Then she remembered that time...
That time when she knew everything was Right.

She smiled back now.

Sarah Jane Black

The Blossom In 1944

I found her in 1944
She was tall and could
Easily be mistaken for a man
If looked at from behind
I went back to see this woman
I don't know why—
She was practically a stranger to the
Person I knew
Following her into a café,
She quietly tried not to notice the stranger
Stalking her familiarly.
Closing and opening doors
like a choir in the night
we paraded through town,
On four inch heels
Only when I saw the span of her hips and
The frown in her eyes
Was when I knew what I needed to tell her
So methodically
I slipped her a smile and tied the message in
The dimples on my right cheek
And the words threaded in my teeth
She responded across the room
With a twist of her lips
And a teardrop on her cheek...
I was dumped into the present after that—
Like wetted cardboard is thrown out
Once it has no use.
When I look at her now I see that
My message wasn't without cause.
I thank the nameless source...
Perhaps she does too.

Sarah Jane Black

The Silent Poet

Her hair-
Knots.
She knows that
she has forgotten
and this thought
almost enables
her to
Stop.
Fulfilling.

But then,
she sees the wonder
of heaven and her
hunger guides
her to
Awaken.

Blossoming.
Breaking.
Fighting.

Sometimes-
it's hard to see past
the thick shell that
encompasses the air
of thinking.

Sometimes-
She breathes to
much of sameness
that it slows her.

You are timeless.
You are courageous.
You are unique.

She tells herself that no
one can take these words from her

One of these days.
I know.
She'll believe it.
Impossible.
She strikes this
with her flint
and fire crashes in her eyes.

Sarah Jane Black

The Undetected Angel

Her wings were folded.
They seemed to be white
but from my view on
The ground, they were
like dark flecks
Of yesterdays beatings pinned
Limply on her back

She didn't fall—
No.
Rung by
Rung on the ladder,
She descended
Down from her cloud
I don't think the
Other angels kicked her out.
I think it was the
awareness and pain
They felt for their
Sister that
Made her leave the clouds.

My Angel's feet were
Dirty, wounded and bare
Like nails had pricked
Her soles for years
Without anyone's notice

The other angel's
Were for once,
Mute—
No song followed in their stunned wake

They dragged their feet now,
Not unlike my Angel.
The pain of seeing my
Angel come down from her safe
Haven day by day—
To see her weak

Soul hang on her body by
Mere threads—
Left us all restless...

Now,
As I watch her progress,
I've learned to watch the piece of sky to the
Left over her shoulder—
Because in that piece of sky
I see God—
Holding her soul while
She cries.
I think I've heard the swan's song.

Sarah Jane Black

The Vow To Me

The vow wasn't long or tainted with
Words dripped and clad of false enamor
They were tattoos -
Small scrawlings scuttled across my chest.
Incandescent to others but proudly pounding
With each beat of my heart

Not many know of the vow to you or I
It simply lies in glass walls that are no longer
Cool but warm with the energy that
Thrives from the vow

Tapping into it
I realized how long life was,
How substantial and twisting moments
In time are

I grasped a small thread of these moments
And felt the length of the silk vine twisted to the
Pulse of my breath
It responded back with promise

And that's when the choice of my decision
Was made before me—
The vow to me.

Sarah Jane Black