

Poetry Series

**Sarah N. Williams**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2011

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

## **Sarah N. Williams(October 1,1973)**

Sarah Nicole Williams, Nikki to her friends, was born and raised in the Kansas City area. A variety of factors and events in her life contributed to her soul-searching style of poetry including her albinism and visual disability, her parents divorce when she was 7, a period of severe depression and suicidal tendencies as a teenager, the death of her first born child and her alienation with mainstream religion as a young adult. She currently works as a professional singer/songwriter and an assistant high school speech and debate coach. She hopes that her poetry inspires others to search for and find their own unique path in this lifetime and find an expression for their true 'I Am' essence.

# A Soul Betrayed

Had they even bothered  
to unearth even the slightest  
of my deepest fears...  
they might have known...  
somehow in their oh-so-closed 'open' minds...  
that it was they who held the power...  
and power corrupts...  
And so it was that I was corrupted,  
becoming the antithesis  
of their Sunday-mornin'  
hodge podge of lies and deceit;  
of their 'brother, sister, how'd'ya do,  
the Lord Almighty'll come for you  
and toast you in a fiery fit of rage and retribution...  
but ya be sure ta come back and visit with us again sometime'  
spew of festering dogma garbage...  
ready to take the wisdom words of 'Love thy neighbor'  
and paste it into their oh-so-convenient  
spiritual suburb  
of cookie-cutter religion, where 'All have sinned  
and come short of the glory...'  
with the exception of the Pastor's wife,  
who OFCOURSE had to be  
cream-cheese and strawberries perfection,  
lest the congregation frown upon her humanity.  
...and oh how I wanted to believe...  
and how I TOO was deceived...  
As they cradled me in their lulling, strangling, vines  
of the comfort of conformity,  
I began to choke and spew forth my human nature  
in guttering spurts of bible-brainwashed-bile...  
crying my anguish of faith-abandoned.  
And where was my comforter?  
I found no comfort in those 'saints of God'...  
as they subtly removed my name from their  
cherry-blossom-choosy Christmas card list...

And so my fears of loss and leaving,  
of God's betrayal and deceit,

of love in name alone, and not in substance,  
were brought to the bitter, stabbing, blinding light of truth.  
To think that all my soul longed for,  
was to sing it's freedom-spirit song  
and bless the souls of even one...  
and now that voice is silenced.

And they fear me?

Sarah N. Williams

# Desire's Aroma

Let me breathe deep  
your wanton aire  
filling my lungs  
with the soft, supple, sweetness  
of you;  
stealing away in moments  
of satin, pillowed caresses  
in torn fabrics of purest passion.  
Diamond dewy beads of sweat  
glistening on moonlight glowing flesh,  
quenching thirsts of lust inspired cravings  
and long-lost romantic loves.  
Inhale now my life's breath,  
with lips devouring,  
limbs entwined  
bodies crashing in rhyming rythms,  
surging with the Goddess tide of  
loves eternal ebb and flow.  
Gasp the scent of pleasure's petals,  
ecstasy's perfumed delight,  
enraptured aroma of desire's perfection...  
the height of you and I.

Sarah N. Williams

# Divine Revelations

You say to look within your book  
and seek my answers there.  
You say if truth lies not with him  
it isn't anywhere.  
You say it is the 'gift of life'  
and only way for me  
to save my poor and wretched soul  
from Hell's eternity.  
I wonder where it all began  
and where humans went wrong  
that they would seek truth from a book  
and not in nature's song.  
You tell me that this 'truth' of yours  
was handed down from God  
directly to his messengers  
and written down... How odd  
to me that you would see  
divine in written word  
and yet ignore the sacred voice  
that in nature is heard.  
I tell you that I need no tome  
to speak to me of 'the way'  
as God and Goddess can be seen  
and heard around me every day.  
The wispy curls of sunlight  
breaking forward with the dawn,  
the laughter of the flowers  
blooming, scattered on my lawn;  
The singing of the bluebird,  
the laughter of a child,  
the warm caress of moonlight  
on a night so warm and mild;  
The autumn leaves that dance  
the coming of winter on the wind,  
the peaceful sleep that comforts us  
as our lives come to an end;  
The deepest blue of twilight,  
the whisper of a breeze,  
The wonder of the workings

of the ants, crickets, and bees;  
The sacred touch of a lover  
in the moment when two are one,  
the glory of an infant's cry  
when a new life is begun.  
In all these wonders of our world  
and the beauty of creation  
is it not more than evident  
where to find 'Divine Revelation'?

Sarah N. Williams

# Not In Here

I'm not me right now, don't know who I am  
could be that I'm feeling like life is a sham.  
I can't find a light on the brightest of days,  
at this time my mind is a blurry old daze.  
I fumble and mumble and stutter through life,  
and even the littlest things cut like a knife.  
I'm hurting and lonely and can't seem to find  
my way in the crazy world, I feel left behind.  
I seemed to be doing so well for so long,  
now everything keeps going horribly wrong.  
I don't have a clue, can't remember a thing.  
I haven't even found the happiness to sing.  
For me music has been my soul's love,  
but now I find no notes or words from above.  
Grief is corrupting my life-weary soul  
and I suddenly feel I am useless and old.  
I just want to breathe and be me once more,  
Keep seeing the exits where there aren't any doors.  
So why do I feel like noone understands?  
I feel like there's noone holding my hand.

My grip is slipping, I reach into the air  
to grasp hold of someone, but noone is there.  
Everyone has their own pain in this time,  
so alone I will stand to face the challenge of mine.  
Just remember when I'm goofy, or completely insane,  
that it's not really me, just a face with a name.  
Someday I'll return to being just me,  
with my 'rolodex' brain and my heart light and free,  
but until that day comes just give me some time.  
Be patient with me and please try to be kind.  
My hope for tomorrow is all that I've got,  
but I'm still one of God's kids and he loves me a lot.

Sarah N. Williams

# One Pagan's Plea

Goddess-chill my soul,  
be still and bring your breath  
of wonderous icy-dying dew.  
Blanket my aching bones  
of time-hardened heartbreaks  
in Persephone's amber embrace.  
Leave me not to wither and fail  
with this tormented burning heap of souls,  
scattered in night's wind to a demon's cry of anguish.  
Throw their books upon the fire,  
for I care not for their empty, hollow ringings  
in my tempest-tossed mind,  
slashing with tendrils lashing...  
silencing my spirit-voice.  
I raise that voice in righteous anger,  
crashing waves against their bitter wall  
of self-sufficient hypocrisy,  
burning bridges with flames of holy indignation.  
Return, oh fire, to transform...  
water, to shape...  
air, to move...  
and earth, to heal...  
and reclaim thy rightful throne of all divine,  
burning bright in your glory-Goddess-light,  
for all to be in sacred silence of the night...  
In awe...of she who is ALL.

Sarah N. Williams

# Return To Mother

Labored breath;  
gasping,  
grasping,  
clinging to life's thread  
by fingernails...  
the silver cord's edges frayed  
to just a ravel.

The dancing youth,  
skirts twirling to the seemingly endless  
caliope of ageless song,  
has now faded, as the light,  
into the twilight of days,  
the thunder...now but a memory.

Ancient Eyes gaze on withered hands;  
hands long since bled dry  
of labor  
of the toil of life,  
but never short on love.

Memories of nightingale lullabies;  
lulling little heads to dreamy slumber,  
the joy of hearing the word 'mother'  
uttered from the mouths of babes...

trickle down memories  
of stories about pirates and princesses  
echoed through the years  
to prancing, dancing angel-buds  
known as 'grandchildren'..

flooding memories now,  
with flowing tears of honor from those loved  
and who loved;  
The dam shattered  
by death's kindly hand.

A legacy is left, this night,

from a silent Goddess;  
One whose smile  
mended broken hearts,  
whose kiss  
could calm the angriest sea,  
whose loving sacrifices  
earned her the title 'great'  
with the cry of the newest cherub  
born to this world.

Darkness unfolds itself,  
it's great arms of mystery  
envelope one little white dove,  
carressing her very soul...

'Well done, my child.'

Sarah N. Williams

# The Annual

Today...is July 28.

Today is the day where I allow myself the hallowed indignity  
of being a broken woman...and I cling to it.

I grant myself the healing burden of grief, above all on this day.

I treasure every tear drop.

I drink in every sorrow revisited.

I rest my head on nature's rock hard pillow....to be just one step closer to  
oblivion.

While the rest of the world spins on without me....I stop, just for this one  
day...stop, to remember you, my child.

Eleven years ago you elightened my miserably vacant soul with the loss of you.  
You brought me to my knees in glorious pain. You opened my eyes to the depths  
of life's darkness...and showed me just how precious a moment is in this vast  
expanse of a lifetime. You took away my hope, and replaced it with a much  
needed heartache...

that heartache bleeds anew on only this day... my annual day of death and  
rebirth...

Today is July 28.

Sarah N. Williams

# The Om Of I Am

I am...

I am...

Tiny seed

Carried on gentle breeze blowing.

The velvety softness of earth's loving arms,  
Embrace me, enfold me, enrich me and mold me

Inhaling the stillness I'm safe from all harm.

Not thinking.

Not feeling.

Just knowing and being.

I grow...

Take root in earth's nurture,

I grow...

I am...

I am...

With roots delving deeper to ground me and guide me

I plant firm my being in Gaia's embrace.

Shooting past warmth and sweet silence of darkness,

To silvery brightness, the light on my face.

Not thinking.

Not feeling.

Just knowing and being.

I flow...

With eternal changes

I flow.

I am...

I am...

Refreshing life waters

Come swiftly in torrents

Of glistening crystalline raindrops release

I breathe in the cradling oneness of nature,

My own divine purpose unfolding before me...

Not thinking.  
Not feeling.  
Just knowing and being.  
I glow.  
With each diamond dewdrop  
I glow.

I am...  
I am...

Roots planted firmly in Mother's connection,  
Stretching and reaching for heaven above.  
Blossoming glory in divine perfection.  
In radiant abundance I express God's love.

Take in my sweet beauty;  
Just one tiny flower,  
Yet here I am proudly fulfilling my dream.  
ALL things from God cometh,  
Even one little flower,  
A shining example of God's smiling gleam.  
Not thinking.  
Not feeling.  
Just knowing and being.  
I show,  
To the Universe God's face,  
I show.

I am...

I am.....

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# Victorious

Shattered dreams,  
shards of glass  
thin as paper leaves  
scattered on the winds of change.  
My heart betrayed my soul again  
stabbing it's ever-feeling,  
flowing,  
burning blade  
through what was left  
of one once enlightened,  
then only frightened.

You left me here  
to bear your tears,  
facing my fears...  
and losing the delicate grasp  
on the jagged edge of my sanity.  
Where were you,  
when my heart bled rivers of pain;  
when the caverns of loneliness  
swallowed me up;  
when the cold steely taste of death  
was gnashing it's teeth at my throat...  
as I cried out your name  
for seemingly endless eternities?  
Where was your rose-petal soft caress then?  
Where was your angel-light,  
ever-guiding,  
gliding effortlessly  
on wispy wings of starlight?

I died a thousand deaths each day,  
and each night a million more...  
while every guilt-ridden,  
maddened thought tore  
through my spirit with talons of ice...  
cold...  
just like you...

I fought my way  
through the pitch-black-hole of depression,  
through the seering anger of those  
once loved,  
scorching my very being.  
I fought with hasty words of magick,  
spoken on moonlit nights...  
not quite a magick of white...  
but of desperation  
and starvation...  
for the love that is my oxygen,  
my sustenance...  
for what you would not...  
for US...

and I won.

Sarah N. Williams

# When Spirits Speak

No...

it's not with words they speak...

not that you can hear.

Their summer sun-beam message

is only clear

to those who listen

with heart,

with soul,

with inner quiet of night.

The flutter of butterfly Spirit songs

will not clang,

or crash,

or sing with the heavenly choir.

The words of those passed

dances with leaves on the wind...

never to end

with a dream

or a sigh...

or even a 'goodbye'...

So why is it that you cry?

'You know I never left you....

I only had to change for a while....

I had to grow...'

they sing this upon the winter snow,

in the secret hide-outs

where only children may go.

They scamper their chorus

to and fro

with the fairies in the garden...

there..hiding in the morning dew...

Can you not hear their

'I love you'?

And still you tell me they are gone...

yet everywhere they TELL you...

'I live on....'

You come to me...

I DO see them and feel them...

as you with me...

yet this is not how they want it to be.  
Every time they come to me  
they are rainy-day heartbroken...  
for you do not understand  
and cannot open  
yourself to them...  
any more...  
and so without YOU...  
they are lonely too.  
Open your souls  
that you might know  
their peace...  
and they might show  
with spring's rebirth  
how we grow  
and glow...  
for eternity.

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