

Poetry Series

Jinx Natta
- poems -

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Jinx Natta(May 20)

A Dog Sits Waiting

A dog sits waiting,
His plumes tail gently waving,
As he waits for you to return.
He thought that they were going to get out to play,

So he dashed off after the ball,
And returned,
To find you gone.

Too faithful to walk away,
The dog stays waiting,
Day after day.

At last the magnificent stray's head drifts down,
Gleaming eyes close,
His legs have grown weak, his throat had parched dry,
He falls with a last sigh,

I wish you could see,
How a faithfully waiting dog dies.

Jinx Natta

A Howl In The Wind

Listen closely...
to the wind blowing
and you will hear
a wolf howling in the wind.
Look to the valley's
and you will see
a spirit of a wolf.
Look into those
golden eyes of the wolf
and will see his pain.
Look all around yourself
and you will see
what you have done
...to the wolves.
Look at...
the son's and daughter's
that got left behind
by there pack.
Look at those
...Innocent lives
taken in a minute
by a selfish man.

Jinx Natta

Chains

Forever these chains pull me into this world,
I long to have my wings spread free.
But are we not all this way?
We are all seeking for the impossible,
We are all lost and screaming,
For those who are free to help.
Maybe the world could be better,
If some of the free,
Would help the chained?
Maybe if we all let our stained wings spread free,
We could achieve the impossible.

Jinx Natta

Darklight Monarchs

Not the night call for his mate
Nor the full moon instinct howl
This wolf song sings forlorn fate
A lonesome breed on singular prowl
Alone in their wild forest home

Guardians of woodland mystery
High upon timbered mountain tops
They roam deep shadows ranging free
Only the whisper of their silent paw prints
Swift across valley and meadow home
Ancient witness to continental journey
Wildlife pilgrims under starry dome

Darklight Monarchs in silken fur
Royal sanction of Red, Grey and White
World renown majestic and noble
From Alaska to Arabia an awesome sight

(co-written between jinx and granville holt)

Jinx Natta

Do Not Fear Me

When you see my glistening eyes...
Do not fear.

When you hear my untamed songs...
Let them settle in your heart to guide you,

But above all...
Do not fear.

When you see me surging through to wild,
Take hope, for the wild is not yet lost.

But do not fear, for I shall not harm you.

When you see my lethal teeth tearing the elk,
Feel no fear,
For I shall never hunt you.

When you feel my fur brush against the civilization,
Do not fear,
for I have my own territory to wander in.

When you see others pick up their guns,
Fear for me...
for they hunt me.

When you hear the baying hounds,
And the crack of the gunshot.
Remember me.

But until that day comes,
Do not fear me,
for if you fear the wolf,
you may destroy me.

Jinx Natta

I Didn'T Ask

Darkness fall into this world,
As I pace the room as an animal caged,
The moonlight flows into the iron bars,
and with the moon rising my desire increases.

I throw back my head and give a sound of pain,
My sleek fur rising as fear heralds me,
My steel chain clicks as I lunge against the bonds.

Night-black head rising,
frame shaking with fear.
I wonder, what will happen to me.

I didn't ask for the steel jaws to snarl around my freedom,
I didn't ask for my mate and cubs to starve.
I didn't ask for my pack to be hunted down and to vanish
as dew vanishes in the morning sun.

I didn't ask- and I wasn't asked.
Man did the taking, for man does as he pleases.
What say does the wolf have?

The wolf never needed to be bound by the chains of man,
To be exterminated as vermin.

Man made this cruelty, and now I ask man.
Will you save the wolf,
Before my existance come to its end?

Jinx Natta

If You...

If you look....

And find sorrow,

-It is because I sorrow.

for brothers and sisters lost,

for children slaughtered,

for fathers and mothers gone forever from my life.

If you feel....

And feel pain,

-It is because my heart is in pain.

As I remember days long gone,

With brothers and sisters lost,

With those children slaughtered,

And with fathers and mothers gone forever from my life.

If you look....

And find anger,

-It is because I am angry.

For brothers and sisters lost,

For children slaughtered,

For fathers and mothers gone forever from my life.

If you feel...

And feel confusion,

-It is because I am confused,

At why man caused

those brothers and sisters to be lost,

those children to be slaughtered,

those fathers and mothers to be gone forever from my life..

If you look...

And find wisdom,

-It is because I am wise,

From the knowledge

for brothers and sisters lost,

for children slaughtered,

for fathers and mothers gone forever from my life.

If you feel....

And find yourself,
-it is beacuse we are not so different.
We've lost brothers and sisters...
We've lost our children...
We've lost our fathers and mothers..

If you look,
And find your soul,
-Then carry me inside of you.

Jinx Natta

Like Ashes In The Wind

Silent feet treading,
On a well beaten road...
Where to wander?
Where to go?
When everything I know is gone....
Gone like ashes in the wind.....
So lonely, so frail...
What to do?
What to learn?
Who to hate?
Who to love?
What shall I do? When everything I know.... Is gone away like the ashes.... In the
wind....
So much has happened,
So much has changed....
What do I do now?
All I have left... is an empty heart....
Nothing to do... Nowhere to go.....
I am alone in this world.
This world full of hate and destruction
I am alone and ready to leave for where is there to go?
I cry the pain of lost love.... I cry the pain of sorrow....
Torn between friends...
I now know its better to walk alone....
Everything I worked for...
Everything I love is gone...
Just gone.... Forever gone....
Like ashes in the wind.

(thanks to my buddies on neopets for convincing me to put this up here)

Jinx Natta

My Friend

My friend is turely misunderstood,
She comes from ature like the earth and the wood,
All the misconceptions about her she must defend,
They cannot see she has the gentleness of the wind.
My friend is mischevious,
That's not just a rumor,
But its her only way of showing her sense of humor.
She has love and respect for the human race,
Which is never returned,
A great disgrace.
You may not see her standing there,
But of your presence she is aware,
When I look into her eyes I see an age old intelligence,
When others see her in fear the wince.
When she runs others seek her out with guns,
For my friend is a beautiful artic wolf you see.

Jinx Natta

My Yellow Eyes

We've roamed the wild country
My beautiful yellow eyes,
Side by side we've hunted
Shadows dancing on northern skies.

There have been times of plenty
We were content and serene,
Peacefully sleeping
Dangers few and far between.

We've also known much hunger
Ribs protruding from each side,
Mournfully we howled
When our starving cubs had died.

And then there was our first winter
Romping thru the glistening snow,
Tasting each crystal snowflake
Falling gently to and fro.

Ah my dear, sweet yellow eyes
I've known no greater love,
Without you, I am nothing
Our wild souls are one.

And now you lay there dying
Steel jaws upon your frame,
Life's blood slowly seeping
I whimper your sweet name.

Helpless, I watch you struggle
Chest heaving with labored breath,
Steel jaws clenching tighter
Winds whisper the song of death.

The blood has now stopped flowing
I know the time is near,
And you will forever leave me
My love, my life, my dear.

And now my world is silent
Your struggles now have ceased,
I lay my head upon you
And know you are at peace.

Perhaps your soul has lifted
To skies where eagles soar,
And there you'll greet your brothers
To run with them forever more.

And someday I shall find you
In the heaven's so far above,
And when our wild soul's unite
There'll be no greater love.

Jinx Natta

Night Whispers

The howl creeps on,
Breaking the silence well,
A long mournful cry,
Carries on and on,
Friends are bonding,
Pups playing,
Listening to the night whispers.

Jinx Natta

No More Homework, No More Tests

(I was going through my cousins papers after he died and found this. I decided to put this up here today... he left all his works of peoetry to me and some of them we wrote together. I may start to put up some of his poetry on here, i dunno.)

No more homework! No more tests!
We the students of the USA certainly agree,
That's that the thing for me.
Now I am elected,
To tell you all,
It was a all around vote, we all defiantly agree,
That no more homework, no more tests,
Are the things for us students you see.
We already learn, and (devote) we hope, hours of our time.
So I hope you can agree and certainly see the point we are making.
Less grading for you, more fun for us,
So please, we beg you,
No more homework! No more tests!

Jinx Natta

Puppy Tail

I caught a glimpse!
I found it again!
I catch sight of it with my eye.
I whirl to grab it, but it; 's gone....
then it's there again, behind.
Must be quicker next time,
Take it by surprise,
I turn again, but it's gone again
and it's there again, behind.
Faster and faster round I go
and then I feel a pain,
I must remember when it's there again,
that it's part of me, its just behind all the time.'

Jinx Natta

Silent Paws

Silent Paws padding,
on a well beaten trail,
so young, so frail.
The moon is now his guide,
since all others that ran with him died,
Four paws, a tail, two eyes,
the wolf has always died.

Jinx Natta

Surreal Darkness

Sometimes I wonder,
About death,
I muse about the darkness,
And the decay.
Forever wondering,
If I'm as mad as they say.

The darkness creeps towards me,
Lurking closer by the day,
By night it suffocates me,
And I wonder if I'll ever be okay.

I'm drowning in the darkness and despair,
There's no way out,
I'm muffled from crying for help,
My shouts fall on deaf ears.

This nightmare isn't ending,
And so I'm left, forever pleading,
And I wonder,
Is this darkness just surreal?

Jinx Natta

Tears

I watched the black car pull up in front of my mother's house,
I watched the strangers walk up the drive,
I cocked my head as they knocked on the door,
My mother opened the door and gasped.
The soldiers handed her a letter and a sack,
I watched them walk away.
I wanted to ask my mom what was wrong,
Tears slid down her face.
I opened my mouth to speak but she was hurrying away,
to call my father.
Curious,
I opened the sack and purred inside.
I froze with horror as I looked at the face inside,
I wanted to scream say it couldn't be.
My own tears splashed onto the ground,
my small vulnerable ten year old body shaking.
No! I wanted to snarl.
I glared at the body, feeling meaningless hate fill my heart.
I hate you Max! I screamed.
I hate you for dying in a stupid war!
That's the power of man,
to live and die,
on a meaningless battlefield.

Jinx Natta

Ten Commandments From A Dog

1- My life lasts between ten to fifteen years. Every separation from you means suffering for me. Think about this before you decide whether or not to take me!

2- Give me time to understand what you are asking from me.

3- Instill confidence in me - I thrive on it!

4- Do not be angry with me for a long time and do not lock me up for punishment! You have your work, your pleasure, your joy - I have only you.

5- Talk often to me! Even if I do not understand you completely, I do understand the tone of your voice when you talk to me.

6- Know that, no matter how I am being treated, I shall never forget it!

7- Keep in mind, before you hit me, that my jaws could crush the knuckles of your hand with ease, but that I do not make use of them.

8- Before you scold me when working with me, consider: perhaps I am uncomfortable from digesting my last meal; perhaps I was exposed to the sun too long; or perhaps I have a wornout heart.

9- Take care of me when I am old - you too are going to be old one day.

10- Be with me when my going gets rough. Everything is easier for me when you are beside me.

(poem originally taken down for no good reason. first added july 10, taken down the 12 added again the 13.)

Jinx Natta

The Cat

Silence is as the world may be in this moment of peace and rest.
The gentle wind rustles as the unfathomable hunter slinks through the world.

Amber eyes shining,
As pointed ears locate the prey.
Fathom not the hunter,
For the Mona Lisa is understandable,
When you reach into the depth of this mind.

A long tail,
Ebony as the vanishing sun,
Whisks for balance as the hunter perches on the edge of the world.
Paws prepare for the moment of flight,
Across the unmeasurable gap.

Lithe body launches skyward,
landing without the slightest trace of sound.
Coal nose scents the air for the slightest trace of its prey.

World sharpens as the hunter preys for its mighty game,
Stalking through the forest as a ghoul may haunt moors,
Garnet refracts from the dying sun,
As the world stills from fear of the mighty.

Coy head flits around to settle on the nearest,
Floating as if on winged paws,
The hunter strikes.

Raising its head the kitten scampers away,
carrying its prize of a dead mouse.

Jinx Natta

The Cry

He stands alone at the top of the hill
And sings his mournful cry,
His mate and cubs are missing
He's not certain why.
He had been out hunting
Was gone for only a day,
And hurried back with empty jaws
So scarce now was their prey.
He wasn't gone long
Eager to get home,
But the den was cold and empty
And he sensed something was wrong.
The smell of man was everywhere
With footprints in the dirt,
And blood shed from his family
He knew they had been hurt.
He sat and waited day by day
With hopes they would return,
There wasn't much he could do
Except quietly sit and yearn.
Why would man come all this way
To hunt and shoot them down,
To interrupt their quiet lives
When no harm had been done?
Their territory plainly marked
And not once did they stray,
For they would rather starve to death
Than to get in man's way.
The smell of chickens, cows and sheep
Were so tempting at times,
But instincts warned not to hunt them
Or they would lose their lives.
And so they lived a quiet life
Existing on small game,
Careful it was only wildlife
And nothing man had tamed.
So he could find no reason
For the blood shed on that day,
So peacefully they lived here

So far out of man's way.
Maybe they'd be coming back
His cubbies and his mate,
Wolves are mated once for life
So he would sit and wait.
That was many moons ago
And they have not come back,
But he will not stop hoping
For the reunion of his pack.
He now knows men are murderers
But still does not know why,
And every night he climbs his hill
And sings his mournful cry.

Jinx Natta

The Sea

The ocean breeze stirs my heart,
The salty air blows over me,
The sea's waves lap at my paws,
The Sea Mother protects the pack.
I glide over the sand.
I rest under the palm trees,
My friend and I skim over the beach,
Nothing can express my love
and joy for the sea.
Dolphins skip over the waves,
Sharks lurk in the shadows,
Seagulls gulp down the fish,
Wolves howl and play,
The ravens circle overhead.
At dusk's breath the waters turn red,
The sky every color,
This is where my heart belongs.
Every night you hear the crashing
of the waves lulling you to sleep.
The ocean is where my heart belongs.

Jinx Natta

The Wolves Are Coming

The wolves are coming...

Their feet are falling on long-forgotten paths,
their lost voices are filling the vast sky.
While their golden eyes slash through the night;
they leave their prints on the deserted riverbanks.

The wolves are coming...

The forest whispers of their return,
of their attempt to restore themselves in Creation,
to weave themselves back into the web of life
that connects all living things.

The wolves are coming...

Their fangs are seeking out their pray tonight,
the deer and the elk, not the cattle and sheep,
and they will leave little blood and many bones deserted in their wake.
Yet meat is what they need, so on meat they must feed.

The wolves are coming...

Some of us will greet them with traps and bullets,
others with songs and drums,
Some will say, 'Welcome home brother.'
others will say, 'Be gone killer! '

The wolves are coming...

Some of them will come alone, others will come in packs.
Gray wolves, black wolves, brown wolves, silver wolves,
even white wolves, all coming back,
back to the lands they once roamed.

The wolves are coming...

Some of us will like it, some of us will not.
Some of us will stalk them with cameras,
and others will stalk them with guns.
And then we tremble when they stalk us.

The wolves are coming...

They are clothed in mystery and majesty,
surrounded by our love and hate.

They wander through our thoughts and dreams,
and they appear in our stories and legends.

The wolves are coming...
Their young will play in the meadows,
the old ones will doze in the sun,
and the alphas will watch over them all,
for they are not just a pack, but a family.

The wolves are coming...
Now their howls are echoing in the mountains,
carried by the cold winds down into our logging camps,
our real estate developments, our cities,
and our delusions of conquest.

The wolves are coming...

Jinx Natta

True Face Of A War Hero

(dedicated to... well no one. I have seen the carnage of war and wrote this. I'm sorry to all my family that is fighting for america for me to post this but well yeah.)

War.

A simple three letter word designed to make people go die,

Hero.

A person who does a great deed and is reconized for that deed.

A War Hero

A person reconized for being a hero during a war (and they usually die doing that deed)

I had waited eagerly for that moment,
We had all wanted to see the great general.
We crowded the streets,
Our happy screams rising thorough the day.
At last the car drifted down the street and the greatest of all hushes fell,
Out stepped a man,
he had no arm,
He walked only beacuse of two plain crutches.
Everyone fell silent,
Surely this couldn't be the great hero who won the war?
He smirked and glared at us sourly,
Such a great hero am I,
Your cheers echo for all to hear!
And then you fall silent,
Seeing this bitter man before you.
So is war such a good thing for you to cheer me?
All I did was cause another war.
And as all of us do,
I killed others- many others.
And I'm proud of it.
The man hobbled into the car and drove away,
The croud dwindled to meet and greet others.
They cared not for this bitter stranger,
They cared not that he killed many others,

They cared not that war was destruction.
So do we care that others are dying?
It's your choice,
Choose.
Only you can decide what we do/

Jinx Natta

Two Wolves

Two wolves trotting side by side,
One scarred one ragged both beautiful.
One as black as the starless night,
One as white as the blazing moon,
Both have a story,
A song to tell,
Haunted by different pasts,
Excited by their own.
They step out in order to pour out two mournful songs.
So loyal, so true,
Yet still hunted my man.
Their story comes out in the moonlight,
The story that will never end.

Jinx Natta

Untitled

I touched your face,
With my hand.
I ignored the tears that slowly flowed.

I touched my last touch of you,
The first glimpse into the true world,
Was that touch.

I once knew you so well,
But when I looked upon your cold face,
I knew you not.

Your brittle hands were clenched against your side,
Your clothes the blackest black,
Smeared with little dirt.

As I touched your still face,
I brushed death and didn't like the sight I gained.

Jinx Natta

Wolf Moon

They tightly embrace their burning pride,
They raise their muzzles to the dark night sky,
Their silent paws pad on well beaten trails,
The bright Wolf Moon serves as their only guide,
The Wolf,
Hunter and hunted,
predator and prey,
Yellow eyes that glisten in the night,
Serve the Wolf until the wolf fades away.

Jinx Natta

Wolf's Eyes

Wolves eyes...
are the most beautiful eyes
to look into.
What do you see
when you look
in those shimmering eyes
filled with fright?
You will see eyes
filled with fright and pain
for her little one's death.
What do you hear
in her sweet howl?
You will hear her howling
in pain because
her little one is gone forever.
If you look...
in her eyes filled
with fright and pain
you will see a wolf
who needs our desperate help.
If you listen...
to her howl
you will hear
her desperate cry for help
that will never come
her way again.

Jinx Natta