

Poetry Series

**Natalie Jane Boyle**  
**- poems -**

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## Natalie Jane Boyle(14/12/1989)

I would greatly appreciate any criticism and advice on my writing techniques as I am intending to become a successful writer when the time comes.

I am a very opinionated young lady and have every intention of having my views heard. I am not one who can be silenced easily. If something can create an issue amongst the people, it cannot be ignored. Ignoring a problem does not make it disappear, it makes it thicken.

I write to express both my emotions and my views, I wish to be discovered. But as they say... If you want something done, do it yourself.

# Fallen Feathers

She lies, broken in her own despair.  
Waiting, for the angels to carry her away.  
"Why does this hurt cry down on me? "  
Her sobs fall and sink into the deep dark soil beneath her.  
Her legs refuse to move,  
She lies paralysed in her own despair.  
But all is not lost as the sun shines out above her.  
Feathers float down on her,  
Her fallen angel glides to a stop.  
Returning the feathers to his back,  
And in his arms, carries the girl into her dream.

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# Falling Gracefully

The sky is collapsing ahead of me  
As we march toward our doom.  
These will be the last steps I ever take  
As darkness falls amongst us.  
Twelve thousand, we face, all of whom are armed.  
Spears, axes, arrows.  
Not even the ugliest of masks,  
Could hide the treachery attached as a face  
On the creatures slouching in front of us.

The wall which divides us, from them,  
Has stood strong and tall,  
Since the beginning of time  
And it will remain, until the end of time.  
They are not human, those who stand on the opposite side,  
They never have been  
And they never will be.

Cast out from the darkest part,  
Of the deepest cave,  
In the coldest part of the world,  
They are slaves  
Led to believe that the entire world is against them.  
They fight to keep their existence,  
They live to die.  
Born with helplessness and desperation  
They die with no regrets.

Hatred is what they live on,  
Food, comfort, love, is nothing to them.  
Just knowing how many innocent lives  
They have destroyed,  
Satisfies their hunger.

It is now time for us.  
The end is nearing,  
As the moon is pulled away.  
Dark clouds crawl up overhead,  
Casting spells on the forests to the left of us.

Night mumbles dangerous words  
As we ride into starlight.  
Fallen angels guide us,  
Towards the valley of death.  
Soon they dance into dust,  
Leaving us to wander endlessly  
To the edge of the earth.  
Lost souls carry us through the storm  
And back again.  
Praying for us,  
Pleading for us to join them,  
In their search for hope,  
For love,  
For life.

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Natalie Jane Boyle

# 'I Have A Dream! '

'I have a dream! ' Were the words which fell from his lips.  
'I have a dream! ' Were the words which collided with mine.  
'Of a land, strong but small!  
Of a country where children grow tall'  
Though unfortunately, this will never happen,  
As mans greatest fault is fear.

'I have more power! I have more bombs! '  
Are the words which every man thinks.  
'But my bombs are bigger! So I have more power! '  
And again, our country, it shrinks.  
Through creation and mans simple mind,  
This world, I dare say, it's not mine.

'I have a dream, that we all shall live,  
In a land where guns will be banned! '  
'I have a dream, that we will all be equal! '  
But this is no more, than a maybe movie sequel.

'I have a dream! ' Those words,  
They fell from his lips.  
'I have a dream! ' Those words...  
They don't exist.

Natalie Jane Boyle

# Lust

So tall,  
so sexy.  
His voice - so dark,  
misleading.  
Clasping hands with her,  
my girl,  
her touch - so soft.  
His eyes - so black.  
Oh how I long to touch him,  
to feel his firm body pressing up against my own.  
But no,  
I pull away,  
with all but my girl in hand  
as his sweet scent hivers,  
lost,  
in the opposite direction.  
He's gone.

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# The First Step

The stars shine deep into my eyes,  
As I stand on my own two feet.  
These will be the first steps I ever take  
As sunlight climbs over the snow covered mountains.  
One single woman, I face, who is armed,  
Steel, plastic, aluminium.  
Not even the most beautiful blanket  
Could hide the pain attached to this weapon,  
Which is smirking in front of me.

The wall which divides me, from it,  
Is nothing more than a string of daisies,  
Yet it has been around since the beginning of time  
And will remain until the end of time.  
It is not real,  
That which lurks on the opposite side,  
It never has been  
And it never will be.

Cast out from the brightest part  
Of the hottest hole  
In the dirtiest part of the fire,  
It's a machine,  
Led to believe that the entire world needs it.  
It sits to keep its existence,  
It lives to help.  
Born with strength and determination,  
It dies with ego-mania

Power is what it lives on,  
Food, comfort, love is nothing to it.  
Just knowing how many paralysed lives  
It has shattered  
Satisfies its hunger.

It is now time for me.  
The dawn is nearing  
As the sun rises high up ahead,  
Dark clouds disappear above me,

Sucking my fear away with them.

Day murmers comforting words

As I rise into sunlight.

The single woman guides me,

Towards the menacing machine,

But soon she lets go,

Leaving me to wander helplessly

To the end of the wall.

And then, as I reach my degrading destination,

Shaking and stumbling,

I turn my back

And stride into the horizon,

Leaving behind my taunting wheel-chair.

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