

Poetry Series

**natasha LaTulip aka Gpsi
MoonShine
- poems -**

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natasha LaTulip aka Gpsi MoonShine(January 5,1983; Capricorn)

I have had a very creative life with much to bring from love and togetherness growing up. Many people have a hard time trying to figure me out, but it's not easy to say that it is impossible- but life goes on and there is always a rainbow of your own. I have a little sister and a little brother, a loving mother, father and a wonderful grandmother who I cherish deeply and wouldn't ask for more. I am also a dedicated mother of five wonderful children whom I get most of my world. I have goals and rays of sunshine that seem to slowly be falling in line, and a happy life and true love takes a while, but when you do find your rainbow. Love it, keep it and never take it for granted.

A Rat Tale

in class, we were givven an assignment to either take something from the daily news paper and write an essay on it or a short story in less then 5 minutes. so, I thought that I would share with you what I wrote.

Teacher's comment: Excellent story! your use of diolog adds flavor and interest

Rat Tale

My name is Mump. I live in this here trailer park, and may I say that I've been itchin' to share some words. I reckon that every dog has its bone and every hay stack has its needle; well, I'm a boy with a rat in my pocket and a story to tell.

It was a hot summer's night when my pals and I went down to the old swimmin' hole. It was our favorite spot. The frogs were always burpin' and the air was always smellin' as sweet as mornin' dew and hickley hay.

It was there that I saw somethin', and there was the beginning pf a wild goose chase. I recon that it was tryin' to te; ; me somethin', but now I'm just gettin' ahead of myself.

We was down in that old creek, waitin' on Billy. He had stollen his old man's corn-huck pipe and some tobackie' and was sappedosed tp meet us here beyond and hour ago. So, boys bein' boys, we had to kill some time. We tied an old rope to a tree vbranch that hung over the creek. It was perfect for a good swing and jump. Tryin' not to; and on someone's head was the trick.

Rodney was real keen with the critters and was always lookin' around for them in the move of snatchin' our trousers. Rodney always knew where to look and how to run 'em off, and always came with a net and his trusty pocket knife.

Rodney and I were sitten' at the bank when all of a sudden, Rodney jumped up and told the others to hold still and for me to move away slow like. Rodney got down on his knees and whispered, 'There, it's over yonder'. Aftere a few minutes of lookin' and waitin', the boys and I decided to swim again. Ofcourse, I wasn't swimmin' at first, I still had my trousers on, I was sittin' on the bank with Rodney for quit a while.

i decided tp finally leave my trousers on the bank, like we always do, I climbed that old tree, gripped that old rope and plunged into the swimmin' hole.

Rodney, still on the bank watchin' critters, ran over to us yellin', ' It's got your trousers Mump, there they go'!

I swear I aint never seen us get outa' that creek quicker than that. Rodney shoulda' caught that critter by now.

I remember him sayin' that the critter was so small, like invisable or somethin', we couldn't find that critter for so long.

My trousers were pretty easy to fallow, but we chased them trousers all over town. When we finally got my trousers, I didn't see no critter runnin; off and Rodney's net was empty, but I didn't think nothin' of it and put my run away trousers back on.

Walkin' home, I found me a smackin' dollar on the road. I picked it up, put it in my pocket and I found me a rat in there!

After a thought or two, it made sence to me why Rodney didn' have a critter in his net and why I didn't see anythin' run off. It was a rat that stole my trousers.

Now, I know that a rat is a rat, but today; I live at age 25 and still have the rat from that old day down at the swimmin' hole. You see, that day was the last day I saw those guys, my old pals; and just between me and you, I hear that Rodney tells the same story, only that he is convinced that it was a ghost that done snatched up my trousers, but we know better.

So, that's my story and I'm stickin' to it. My name is Mump and I have a rat in my pocket.

THE END

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Blissful Eyes

In to I as of emagin, that there is more then what my eyes seek that reaches beyond my heart. I feel the radients ofthe beauty that lingers in such, but I see there is more to catch in these days of finding my own.

Knowing that self happiness may break a few hearts, and that the words I share to my self will not be as the words that I do share apou my departure. My heart as my guider and my blissful eyes as to see the damage that layers beneath confused souls. I cannot lay apou you the ambition of my quest, but may I offer better endings for heart's sake, and leave you in hopes of happiness and promising closure. If I am not to wake near you, may you treasure what we had. If I am not to way on you, may you find the strength to love your self. If I am not there to comfort you, may memories guide you at weak's will. As you face the future, remember that my smile said more then what appeared. Hold your as well, and liston to the wind, as she tells you to not fear.

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But You

I love it when you rub my butt when I'm down or the day is getting late.

When you can hold my hand, so without words I understand, and at that moment, no one else matters.

Putting your cold feet on my tummy because you know it feels icky, there is no body that can do it better, than you.

Holding back all my hair, when I've had too much to drink and still call me cute, when you help me to the sink. No one is therre for me like you, but you.

When it's timie to go to bed and i cuddle in my head, you know just what to do- rub my butt, that's what you do. I love you.

When the roads are too slick or too dark for me to drive, I know, you'll get us home.

When it's seems like it has been a bad day and I don't want to go outt anyway, you make it seem ight, lover you, there's no body else like you, but you.

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Encore; Says The Truth

FOR THOSE WHO ARE AGAINST ME, THERE'S ONLY A FEW THINGS THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW.

YOUR CURRUPTED THOUGHTS AND WAYS WILL FAIL, AND TARE THE CURTAINS FROM YOUR SHOW.

YOU MAY THINK THAT YOU HAVE THE HEAVIER HAND, AND THE WIND IS ON MY BACK SIDE. BUT YOU FORGET THE POWERS OF UNCONDITIONAL LOVE AND THE WINGS OF TRUTHFUL RISE.

FORGET NOT YOUR PLACE OF STAND, AND CAREFUL THE PICTURE THAT YOU PAINT ACROSS. IN THE LONG RUN I WILL PREVAIL AND YOUR CRUEL INTENTIONS WILL RAIN WITH LOST.

SO THE NEXT TIME YOU HURT THE HEART OF A CHILD, AND FAITH IN YOU IS SEEN NO MORE, REMEMBER WHAT I'VE TOLD YOU AND BRING FORHT TO ME, THE SOUNDS OF ENCORE.

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Glicket Glutteney

Glicket Glutteney took a shadow, down the reeves and through the hallows. pass the graves and by the light of the moon, knowing that witches night is comming soon.

Thinking of all those little things that all those little witches of newt, tail of rat, tucked away in their witches hats. pale of mist, wrotten old fruits and herbs and berries, and most likelly caught in a glass jar; a lots of magickal fairies.

Glicket Glutteney dreads this day, for he was a slave to a witch, belonged to their families name. Iron wraps around his wrists, knuckles and hands, tworn and his fists. Even his shadow is scared today, scared to run and scared to play. Glicket Glutteney fights his shadow. To continue their walk, past the cemetary, through the hallows.

He looks for signs of what may, a pentagraham, a hexis, any black cat a stray. He shivvers in his closp-like shoes, he turns the corner and then endures..not but three children outon thisnight. With their plastic cauldrens and their candy in hand so tight. it wasn't the sound of a witches brew, And nothing to be affraid of, shadow and who; but Glicket Glutteney.

He approaches amung, come what may. Then the children stop, turn and say; 'Goblin I see, why you wonder astray. A real witch will find you and cook you in a come with us and share the candy, on this of a witches Halloween night'.

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I Don'T Remember

What was it like to love on my own, to learn and to grow, to put myself first, I don't remember.

When was the las time when I remembered my lines, and sang to a crowd, I don't remember.

When was it last that life moved fast, and I remember mostly smiling, I don't remember.

When was the last time that peace was easy to find and I didn't have to wait to be myself, I don't remember.

Why was it that I was so eager t osay yes, before saying yes to myself, I don't remember.

If I break a heart to reach personal goals; then when looking back, will I remember?

-Because it is worth it to remember.

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I Sing A Song For You

Like a ship boat floating in a starry sky and a flower that lives forever.
Like a shadow that will warm your spirit and a hand that always touches, with
comfort and conten

I sing a song for you.

I sing with the sound of uncondition, I sing to you with love.

I sing your lullaby for you in the inspiration of a dove.

Sleep my delicate wonder, I apply my kiss to your eyes. Cover up my little
slumber, mommy will always be by your side. Cuddle in the clouds tott, sweet
dreams are all and sweet.

sleep safely, sleepsoundly baby, sleep.

So as the stars watch the ship pass by, I will sing to you in love. I will hum to
you in comforting sounds and watch over you with the stars.

Your shadow will slumber under your cover, warmly, when I caress your head.

Dear y darling, i sing this for you and will be here when you awake.

Close youe eyes, rest your day and off to dream land, is the quiet road that you
will take.

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In Sweet Memory

There's a time when the heart needs to breath
There's a time when the page needs to end
There's a time when spring is at your foot steps and the moon is the light in your sight

There's a time when life needs to move on
there's a time when I need to be strong There's a time to put days to a rest; for the next test
There's a time, to say good bye.

There's a time when I need to collect myself, and there's a time to cherrish beyond 's a time t rest the soul, there's a time to take control; and there's a time to say good bye.

There's a wind beyond my break. Live long and prosper your love. Don't cry, it's time to say good bye. Just dream and remember me, I'll smile and remember you. Take care and finish your world, dont fall. Love, your little girl

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Inspiraled

Commith December with ith' I remember
and bring me forth to my temperance.

Lay

to not on silk

but too is on grass of green and fields of
washed mountain trailing hills.

Yoo is the image if a memory

too is the leg of ingaiging hearts and ingaiging minds.

Daffodills of many raindrops of few

gliston gracefully from shadows

like snow flakes on eye lashes

in a solstic of a new.

Amber-cherry grains and oceans of the heart

in size of forever

in the misty mourns of April.

Live

dead of memories

and into this

a sand clock of embrace and co exhistance.

Into this if the after

in whitch before become of birth.

Ruffles of silver

beyond banks of the lost.

Into the life of searching into life of toss.

Ridges of unendings and muscles

of feather

speak no more.

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Mornig Due

Mornig Mother Earth, I see your radiance bright on my face and sprinkle my soul with your wormth. I hear your birds in the trees and in the sky singing good morning to me and saying that they'll fallow me on my journey with good intentions for the day's bringings.

I hear you whispering me to fallow my heart and breath good wealth on to my present to birth prosperity into my future.

I see you blowing the wind and holding me forward, telling me not to give up and reach for the stars that you so well blanket the night sky.

I felt you touch my soul as i stopped to not forget you, and thank you for being a guide in my life to things that i have learned, and still attend to.

At night, I see your moon god smile apon me, giving me hope that my loved ones will sleep soundly with out harm.

I thank you again for understanding me, and carying me in your arm.

I see the next day comming, knowing that in a blink, the whole world could change-But as I feel you apon me, I know I'll be ready for any rain.

So as my life goes forward, and I seemed to of lost my way, i know that I can look apon you, and feel grace for another promising day.

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My Cat Arian

He rather play with my plastic bag
that I brought home from the store.
He rather not, give the time to spare-
for the toy mouse sitting by the front door.

A bag of bread then a ball instead
or mabe the string from my shoe.
No kitty toys, no toys with noise
anything not ment for a cat will do.

A kitty scratcher, (the chair is better)
expecially when you're far away.
A toy bought for a cat;
ment for a cat
will neverbe givven the time of day.

So if you see my cat
emagion that
you want to give him a 'whirl'
put down the treats
no toys do you need

Just a bag
some bread
no need for thread-
and that is when you'll hear him
purrrrrrrr

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O.C.D.

O.C.D.

Vow of acknowledgement do I take in place of my heart
in seeking. The compassion that I crave, obviously
battles beyond the obvious of spontaneous content.

My heart confesses to obsession in adventure-like
speratic excitement of freedom, that leads only to an
inballanced ingaigement.

In this, my mind, currupt by the confusion, as the battle
of my heart and mind can't seem to find a simple melon
coli. Leaving myself in confused dreaming.

Whatever the cas emay be, I am in wishful thinking that my heart and mind
together can pleasure one's fullfilment, and lay the aroma for mine to rest.

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Ode' To My Sister

Sister is, sister be. So much is my baby sister not like me.
I've watched you grow and change so much, but I couldn't
ever stand it when you touched my stuff. You'd always glimmer,
you'd always shine, I couldn't stand it when what's yours,
used to be mine.

The sky is blue, the sky is grey. You're my baby sister for
another day. You grew into your own, I've been glad that
I've been able to stay. Watch you change in all your own ways.

Sister is, sister be. Who'd ever knew that my baby sister would
grow up similar to me.

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Pledge

lay I ring on the radiance of thought

The vision of wisdom and memory of a start

Brush do I; off the old coming and
continue to except thee unnoticed

Forget not will I; thee individual
of a strange

Holding onto only the day
in which no matter held us at all

Taking a chance of no planning
and planning not to think ahead

-but to of only live in the moment

I promise to repeat in life
again.

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Predictable Control

It is apparent to me now that the predictable behavior of control is more transparent, than the hole that I carry proudly in the knee of my jeans.

The wind still blows the same and the sun and the moon arrive as expected- and intuitively, my next assumption seems to be correctly falling into the appropriate order.

Despite my person as one self, I am yet to be able to be proven wrong of the indifference that I so shal hear of again for another time.

Swimming in my own head, and tensley do I grow. I will relive the sight of what I despise-that is most commonly known as control.

is it from obsession; and why is it that a human can subcontiously feel in possession for someone, but contiously not have a clue..and may never know.

It is also apparent th me that those who cannot see, will deal with the fate of broken hearts. If my thoughts are not oblivious, and it becomes quit obvious; then on the note, and from that page, i will part.

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Pure

To my heart in temperance

 ingaged in pregail
in a soaring moment of pure beauty

 hopeful happiness
balanced spirit from an eased mind
in comfort and passion

 true intentions
on spontaneous harmony
captured by moments that never fade

dissapearing world
in the presents of love
and soul binding to the body, mind, and spirit.

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Satanic Romance

Dark deep eyes of intense passion awaits my glance

Cold hands of tender touch

Draped curtains of silk, dance moon in the night for thee.

Nude; beneath the night sky, enchanted with the arms

We lather

like a legend of fear and war, you are my dragon and shall we fly fourth as one.

Indure

Two all walk with thee, together in our loneliness, and comfort shall not fall,
when our blood flows

Insinc

Satanic romance, strong but and yet next to evil

Our charge will reign and hold to stone.

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Shy Doe

There was a female elk in my backyard. Such a graceful sight to endure.
So peaceful for the moment she stands, and so fascinating for sure. So beautiful
does she stand, with her fawn silk coat and her doe eyes. I wonder if she's a
mother
and where do they lay. So wonderful to see her presence, so reassuring to the
soul-
But in all of nature's beauties, this is the one place her grace should not go.
How did she make it over the hills, and jump around the cars, so far from safety,

blanketed by the stars. So close to danger, and so far from home. I wish her
another
night of life, to where ever she may roam. Find your way back elk girl, find the
cover
of the trees. Your next crossing away from the hills- could be the eyes of death
that
you see. Give this creature room to grow, don't run her from her place. Let her
glory
graze again, for life's sake.

□

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Spyrus Of The Gumdropp Tears; Fearie In Fears

Spyrus; may I ask you a question
since you hold the key to the skies
You know the words you know of listening
you color the lies.

you feel the emotions tangle and turn
you cure hearts you paint on rainbows
you make a heart swore, tworn and burn.

may I call upon you
when the wind begins to talk.
When it whispers and howells
telling me rythms, bringing me thoughts.

When the seasons begin to change
and somewhere there is a spirit
a spirit needing wisdom
a spirit needing to be arranged..

What of the magick
the magick in the trees.

The twinkling fire flies
the birds and the bees.

Spyrus of the Gumdropp Tears;
I know that I
you can hear.

You are the trixter
the shifter

the Fearie In Fears.

Where do the fears bore
where will they fond us
are you going to be there
when we conqur
are you going to be behind me..

So many wonders from you Spyrus
so many clots.

Spyus of the Gumdropp tears;
one more question....

Fearie, where are your fears?

I know of my fears
the thought doesn's scare me at all
I know of the magick that's in my own walls.

I know of you Spyrus
I see yourwork everyday.

I thank you little devil
for every in which
whatever-ish way.

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Strong For Two As One

To the kingdom of the Gulies, lay the queen to his side. The battle begun
amongst the Embassy, and refuse, do which, is not of the kingdom in thy king
in wisdom, queen, let your heart shed in grace. The kingdom is pulling outward-
stance, to is the distance, of thy place.

Heartships will not be over drawn, and the edges of one's temperance, hold
ground. For one is not to forsaken, the images that may of mark a frown. Pick
up your swords and words mighty king, Queen has bestowed ighty shield.

One love to hold in the making, ponder to not on battle, but truth shall take in
revelled. So shall thy among, look in dispare- or hold headsome at steep estray.
Love conquors and brings truth to those a frown and dismay.

Hold King, ever so tightly, for your queen is holding to you. The land will rebirth,
your hearts will grow strong together, forever, so mighty. You will bring fourth a
new.

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Stumped

With everyday life, and random situations, I always find a reasoning, and a meaning for it all.

For the first time in my life, the reasonings I can't seem to grasp; which bring along the fear of personal fall.

I'm not exceptable to failure, nor regretful for most of what I do; but for some akward point in my life, my confusion begins and ends with you.

I have always been able to pin point my crossings, and knowing when to walk away, but now I see my crossing and haven't left at all and I choose to stay.

For now I stay confused; not knowing what's ahead. Mabey for once; instead of running, I will continue to lay beside you and wake up in our bed.

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Thoughts Have Nothing But Time

Spacious

Wondering

Intuitive collectiveness

Heights being focused observed and obliterated.

Where is my mind to wonder a stray
following no topic
seeming no closure
filling spaces of uttered spontaneous blurs.
Painted fantasies
piecing life's obstacles creating reasoning
to no particular fact at all.
Drawing conclusions to what would be
and creating a clause
of imaginary reality.

Thoughts have nothing but time.

Where is it my mind is going to take me today
and what will fall
when I begin to drift away.
Anything is possible with an intuitive mind.
Anything can be created...

Thoughts have nothing but time.

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To Capture Is To Excape

To create an image by words, to draw a picture by thought. Takes a brief moment of detachment, an imagionable moment caught.

It becomes a never ending walk way, when you can't capture a clue. to think of just anything to write. To paint something, dream something, bring up something new.

So the next time I am stuck and I don't know what to say, I'll gaze apon my surroundings and trust what comes a stray.

Turn a scribble page into a master piece, a poem into song. turn my table into my fortress, build a make believe foundation strong.

To create an image by words, to draw a picture by thought, is to leave the world as we know it, is, what, I aught.

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