

WILDFLOWERS AND SORROW

An assortment of poems reflecting my teenage years

This document hosts a small number of poems I have written throughout the course of the last 7 or so years. They are arranged in order of when I wrote them.

I am approaching my final month of adolescence, and I see this as a wonderful way to commemorate my teenage years.

I have plenty more writing and poetry in the works...

Natalia Jewel, 2025

Charlotte.

She said there was magic woven in the world
In the space above the clouds where only the birds could see
In the spiralling colours of the falling leaves
In the hands of the children that we once were that we always hoped to be
But it was invisible to us, invisible to the faith in our eyes
Invisible to the wolf inside needing to break from its inconsequential form
Invisible from the snake coiling in the guts of the earth
Growing with the guilt of not being able to see the magic that she said was there
She said there was magic woven in the world
And we were too young to know that it couldn't be true
Too young to see that no one cared about the need to catch the dragons of the storm
Too young to let go of the feeling of getting away from it all
It wasn't enough to save the wolves or the snakes that hid inside
It wasn't enough to save the magic in her eyes

A Quiet Demise.

There is supposed to be a storm
Crashing at the walls and destroying everything in its path
Swirling and roaring and tearing things apart
until nothing is left but a shell
But the storm isn't here
It's just empty and quiet and unknowing

There is supposed to be a war
Destroying the soil with bombs and blood and knives
Sparking fear and pain into being with only
the threat of itself appearing again
But there is no war here
No blood or grief or tears or noise or pain

There is supposed to be death
Cruel and cold and uncontrollably unforgiving
Appearing when no one wants it,
taking when it pleases and leaving nothing behind
But there is no death here
There is nothing here
There is nothing here except for nothing
The want for something that hasn't come for years
There will be nothing here again
And it will all be quiet forever more

Bad Habits Die Hard.

Her empty hands tumble down
She watched as they fell too her sides
There was nothing left to hold
Nothing to watch in her eyes
The sharp was on the ground now
Left lines across her thighs

Eyes fill with the sting of remorse
Watching the weapon on the ground
She prays it's in the past again
Her empty hands tumble down.

Goodbye.

The day was peaceful, warm sun danced across the ground
An echo of laughter and bird song,
You long to drown in the sound
The sound
The sound of the wind should be dancing through the trees
Blowing softly against your neck
As you fall sharply to your knees
Your knees
Knees bruised from the earth beneath you, hands tightly curled
The grass should soften the blow, the strike
As you raise your eyes to the reality of your world
Your world
Your world is not as you knew it, not how you wished it to be
No longer bright and lively and warm
But cold as the dark black sea
The sea
The sea of bittersweet pastimes swirls around you like leaves
As you weep for the garden you wished for
Leave the memories at your feet.

Smoke.

Thick smog clings like disease to her flesh
Obscuring her sight with plumes of dirt and decay
She shakes her body to make it go
As it seeps through her skin like poison to her veins

It starts slowly in her fingers and toes
Leaving them shaking, numb and ghostly white
Creeping quickly to her limbs now
Filling bones with lead, too heavy now to fight

The smog climbs to her empty stomach
It fills the space, bloating quickly with bile and smoke
Lungs begin to close as it climbs higher
Choking out the light with its sickly swirling grey

Awful.

The sweet scent of smoke speaks sonnets to my lungs
I drink in the poison for a sweet relief
I sing songs of simple silence
And I take my medication with my tea

The rough realities of growing bones
Can be softened with soaking
In a pool of blood and salt
I pay homage to the broken

Take deep breaths through stinging pain
Starve my head of air again
Oxygen is a luxury
Hold my neck, I'll be its slave
Just let me be awful again

I am an Inseparable Piece of the Earth.

The vines will encompass my limbs
And the spiders will make my bones their home
Flowers will sprout between my joints
And the earth will reclaim what was once her own

In death I won't decay
In death I will grow
And my body will feed the soil
And my shell will never be alone
The bugs will be my company
And the grass will be my bed
And I'll finally return some of what was taken
As the foliage fills my head

Icarus.

Maybe I want to fly too close to the sun
To feel it's burn on my wings
Singeing my feathers as a sign of my height
I'll take whatever the sun light brings

They cry: "Be careful Icarus!
Your greed is too strong,
And your mind has come undone"
But I ignore their warnings
And beat my wings harder
And I fly to the light of the sun

Come forth, solar rays
Show me what you've got
Show me I'm more than I am
And as I tumble down
Scorn me for what I'm not
For I am merely your lamb

Night's Greeting.

The streets feel lonely as the soft blanket of dusk falls over the suburban skies

It leaves the air feeling thick

Every sound an echo, as if from another world

The wind gives rise to goosebumps

And the day slips softly away, leaving the world to the mercy of the night

We sit in limbo between two worlds, as the sky fades to black

A pathway trapped in the endless ebbs and flows of time.

The crickets begin their symphonies, and the frogs will soon join it

The birds call out their last goodbyes

We've left our day dresses and sun hats hung over our chairs

And we sit quietly and wait for the call of the night