

# April Poetry NaPo 2016

By Jadis

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*I'm calling poetry abstract art without color :D*

*this is a great place to post my Napo creations, with the chapter system and all.*

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# 1 - Napo 1, day 1 2016 light in darkness

Smile.

Shine.

Light up the world with love and joy and  
True direction

Show forth the contrast  
between the suffering of this life and eternal joy

Hold tight  
to the Iron rod.  
Reach out  
for brothers and sisters before and behind  
who showing the way, lead on,  
or push forward along the rugged, unstable climb,  
the straight [which means Narrow]  
and Narrow path which leads  
To eternal life  
[which means Godlike, outside of time, all Light and Love.]

Don't worry  
if the path is strange  
or familiar.  
It will be both strange  
to the eyes of the world  
and home:  
the place of true self, real life and love.

Safety.  
Revelation.  
the joy of knowing God in every word thought and deed.  
Peace.

all of these things come with time  
[which is the darkness, the veil which removes us temporarily from Eternity]

Just as the stars shine  
only in the dark shadow of Earth  
which we call Night.

## 2 - poem two day 1 ---this time of chaos--

munching arugla  
as a dog of matted wool sleeps  
in a chaos of inheirited down comfortor [down quilt]  
on a bed too tall for comfort, abandoned but not yet escaped.

the sun shines in through thriftshop curtains  
wild colored flowers mixing with leaf shadows, oh how the dappled shade always soothes the soul, feels  
like home

home is what I feel I have never had, never have, always long for.

In church, we claim this longing reminds us of God.  
In church I feel alone and homeless  
even more in the mocking contrast between the words and the actions  
of my dear sisters there,  
yet I beleive.

I have drifted into the abstract swirling chaos of my thought

but chaos is fractal-slime, the pimordial growth medium of creation.

it will bear fruit: this I know.  
it always does in due time

I have become more patient.

that is to say,  
I still condemn myself for being slow and sloppy  
but also know that being free and spontaneous is a gift others praise and envy,

being also careful and cautious and perfectionistic  
can in itself be good.

everything has a good side and a bad side,  
seeds of it's own destruction.  
the shadow of it's own opposite, like halves of a whole

like whole...complete...full  
and hole...hollow...empty..void...carved out by the lies sold as Gospel truth [my name is truth]

I will in due time swirl it all long enough that crystals form and fall

Into places.

A place for everything, and everything into it's place

put for now, for the time being [which is being now]

I take the box and drop the jigsaw pieces on a small swatch of roughly cleared floor  
—out of the box—

sort the bits into edges, colors and textures

turn them all face up and calculate the perimeter

find a board large enough

and set aside a place-in-time to put it all in place until the crystals form.

### 3 - day 1 poem 3 ---writer of fiction

I am an editor and a brainstormer, not an author  
I am a coward, and lazy  
this is what I learned from my mentor,  
someone famous and—theoretically—sharing my beliefs.

all that

is just a disguise for fear, terror anxiety enmity  
A rebellion by any other name still stinks, and harms and blocks all that is good.

another name for the same thing doesn't make it better  
—perhaps a rose has it's own different metaphore in my cosmology—  
it just helps me sink, deepening into apathy, resignation, denial.

justification

cliche repeated unthinkingly like scripture,  
scripture turned to cliche...another mile, eye for an eye, mete and measure again  
into the pool of thought which blocks the feelings which guide the way to truth.

I would meet you there  
if you would follow the path I dictate for us all

I would still find myself alone.  
with only a clone to share the darkness of deception.

\*\*\*\*\*

## 4 - day 1 poem 4---poetry [the NaPo kind]

Sometimes I struggle to find words for anything  
let alone a metaphore  
but I write something anyhow

between the lines  
in due time  
something reminds me of something:

the bear in the hair on the shower wall,  
pokemon in the clouds,  
crow-boy on my mottled-blue bedroom wall

it's a Rorschock test of ink that spilled only in letters,  
sorta like that box of letters by the old printers press,  
spilled all over the floor, out of the box I built in my last poem,  
little girls fleeing to cornfeilds with sacred pages clutched in their arms.

where was I?

wood blocks with letters,  
let us  
stack them to the sky into bridges and roads and unstable towers  
toppling to the ground  
scattered all around

square.

I smile.  
finally something takes shape  
I always wanted a tower.

Mt Fuji

I Climb to the top of the waterslide and go round again.  
putting those square pegs into the round holes of nostalgia

of dappled shade  
roses

the ink drags me down block by block letter by letter  
print the blocks over and over until the shadow images take form and rise from the page.

memories communicate nothing really

oh well

Tomorrow's another day and I've got 29 more.

\*\*\*\*\* notes on this poem\*\*\*\*\*

there really was a bear in the hair on the shower wall yesterday, and there is a crow boy on my bedroom wall, my grandson and my daughter always see pokemon in the clouds.

in early LDS history, a printing press printing Mormon scriptures was destroyed by an angry mob and two little girls saved the pages of the book by hiding with them in a corn field.

when I was a little girl my mom had a book showing each step of how a picture of mount fuji was made using wood-carved printing blocks, [in poetry I have a thing about mount fuji because of that book and another childhood story---it's an obscure personal reference about changing the past by changing the future]

the water slide with round pegs in square holes refers to another poem written about 10 years ago.

## 5 - day 7 limerick

I wanted to make some rhymes,  
when I didn't have much time  
i figured some limerick  
would be just the ticket

[LOL--shameless half rhyme, or perhaps quarter rhyme even]

a limric is a stupid little poem with a set rhyme pattern a sing song rhythm and is usually slightly off color and/or ironic.

[these were written top of my head very fast this whole this was done in 10-15 minutes I think. while playing with my grandson and getting him ready for bed.]

\*\*\*\*\*

there once was a cat from Manhattan  
who overate mice and did fatten  
his rival instead  
of just laying in bed  
went jogging, got hit and did flatten.

there once was a purple chemelion,  
who got quite confused in his feelin'  
so turned him self red,  
with a green striped head  
so florescent it'd send you mind reelin'

there was a blue turtle from mars  
who thought he might fly through the stars  
in his very large shell  
his socks started to smell  
so he fainted and didn't get far

there once was a three year old boy  
whose grandmother he would annoy  
with his pink yokai watch  
and his bag full of rocks  
but he failed to abolish her joy

there was a strange pink yokai watch

from which all the yokai got lost  
and they flew round his head  
while he slept in his bed.  
and attempted to summon Jack frost.

there was a brown dog on the rug  
who fears she would step on a slug  
so she'd snivel and pout  
and refuse to go out  
till she shriveled right into a bug

there was a grey roll of Duck tape  
which aspired to become a grey snake  
it began to unroll  
in pursuit of that goal  
and became one well-tangled mistake

there was a blue pokemon fish  
who became discontent with it's dish  
so it jump with splash  
from the dish to the trash  
and obtained its most fondly held wish

a three-eyed yokai haunted me  
and I squeeld and complained to get free  
of the bright beam of light  
which it shone in my eyes  
until I could suddenly see.

## 6 - Napo day six

[random poetic brainstorming]

Open up my soul and let the words spill out  
in black And white  
shed [shred] to bloody mess my life and then the light  
shines through  
the dark  
the blood the mess the filth  
let truth be known

lies and illusions,  
they wash away  
condemnation has no power to stay  
when I turn to the truth, to light and love

light up  
my creation  
in the image  
of the God of creation  
heaven is at hand  
It cuts through all the pain like cleanser and grease,  
simple soap and water goes along way

the nearer I get to God the clearer I see Him  
All that is not Him  
falls in clarity away,  
matters not alt all,  
fades into dusty nonexistence.

It was never real

but the distraction and the false faith that is tied to it,  
that was real  
Distraction is real  
but not that which distracts me

creation is real, put not always the products of creation.

Paragangia is real

It is what it is  
It gains power as others consent to share it, though few have done so.

Collaboration creates shared worlds of illusion  
Just was effectively as it creates worlds of truth .  
We practice in illusions and gain the skills for true creation in eternity.  
Worlds without end.

@@@@@ [edit—I'm cutting off the rest of this poem because it makes no sense and devolved into  
essay topic brainstorming and not poetry, and does not feel redeemable. but for camp Nano I am writing  
my first of 10 essays on creation and collaboration]

I open the windows of the should [< that's a typo and I've no Idea what word was intended] and let in  
the light joy beauty.  
it's always been there and I've  
always been able to see it  
through the unedurable pain of rejection

but God never really rejected me  
that was the lie of the world,  
all I needed was to reach for him and he was there.

Everyone else who rejected me  
never knew me  
none of that was real though the pain was real as long as I gave my faith to it

I do create my universe.  
I don't determine good or bad, my universe is good as far as it alligns with God's will  
and bad as far as it does not  
we are co-creators with God, this term comes from and about mothers, in which the prophet said we as  
mothers bringing forth a child into this world are co-creators with GOd. and we are.

but all of us in all things are coo-creators with god because every thing is his creation. our creation is  
real and not illusion to the degree that it agrees with his creation, which is real and eternal.

## 7 - day13 poem 1 cliché and conflict resolution

[ the title I am throwing on this are more identification than title as such]

Wheels spinning, whips cracking  
All walls and towers crumbling into dust  
how quickly it seems the metaphors fall to cliché and I go round again,

cutting corners to cram this square peg into all those round holes.  
new ones  
more of them  
endlessly....

I am not a clean even circle, relative to my surrounds.

That doesn't make me assuredly wrong:  
majority does indeed rule but that doesn't make them right.

disagreement shouldn't have to be contention,  
Let us instead call it  
binocular vision,

which can lead us to a higher, deeper truth.

## 8 - day13 poem 2 birdsong

Beyond my thriftshop curtains  
sings a bird,  
desperately yearning.  
Soon his endless calling  
—the same need, unmet, repeated, over and over—  
vanishes into background,

I cannot answer to his cry  
he is not calling me.  
I eavesdrop and empathize  
to no avail

here in the semi-dark  
of a sunny day I wait alone  
waking suddenly now and then  
to find no changes.

my endless crying  
like that bird  
fades to background,  
an unanswerable tortured cry.

I have done my part  
if by that you mean  
all that was in my power.

I will rise.  
I walk into the sunshine  
feel the breeze,

rehearse a cliché I remember from long ago

that one about learning to live with unsolved problems  
yes I know they call it a motto, but all the same

-scripture -quote- cliché -motto -verse of song  
they all link their repeating hooks into my soul

like those spikes that climbers drive into sheer stone walls of mountain  
they give me something to try to hold onto  
as I scale the outside walls  
of integrity

of personal connectedness  
of community  
of inclusion

do I whine? do I murmur? Do I cast the blame on others to avoid my part?  
not by intention  
all I want is to take part  
to be a part  
to do my part,  
to know my part  
to be given a part within my power  
without having to pound any square pegs  
into round holes

maybe  
these square pegs are made for stacking not insertion  
to build up a new wall,  
to build up a taller tower  
to find a new paradigm  
to be what we really are  
—constantly striving for more—  
and let that be enough.