

Anthology of CL Daniels

C. Lornna Daniels



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To every soul that needs something to hold on to.

Acknowledgement

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About the author

CL Daniels is a film and media student who wants to change the world through story telling and poetry. Ever since she was a kid, she loved telling stories from reciting poems to friends to now curating bold stories of different individuals across the globe. She's a lover of the arts and have tried her hand in almost everything she likes from acting, to spoken word performance, directing documentaries, painting and story telling on main stream media.

"We live in a world where spreading love has become rare or disingenuous. People are fighting so many demons in their own personal lives and as a consequence they tend to focus on hate, differences and division. Issues of race, sexuality, stigmatization, rape, mental health are all a result of misinformed society. The biggest challenge remains to be you in a world that's constantly trying to change you. So I write poems and stories that create ripple effects and impact and ultimately, change the narrative. I chose to move different in every aspect in life and to live my truth and be a Meliorist.

summary

Amid relation

Broken glass

Our Wayward Intellect

I'll wait

Trapped in the amber of the moment, there is no why?!

Amid relation

Last year, I admired wines. This, I'm wondering inside the red world
Last year, I gazed at the fire. This year I'm burnt kabob.
Love drove me down to the water, where I drunk the moon's reflection.
Now I'm just a girl staring up totally lost with the thing itself.
I no longer long for love, look in my face.
Soul drunk, heart washed away,
Just like a cat, I adopted this affection,
it grew bolder, the noise I couldn't handle,
and the scratches on my skin, threw it through the window
Then again, when an owl lands on your shoulder, you put it down,
it'll burn with rage,
Though the cat is already dead.
So I chose rage to love, I mean cat! For now how can I pick what ain't breathing!?

Broken glass

Don't tell me the moon is shining; show me the glint of light on broken glass.

Our Wayward Intellect

Love hangs over mortal eyes, seen from the birth
And light in things divine. Full often too
Our wayward intellect, the more we learn of love, it overlooks the author more
From instrumental causes proud to draw
But if it's word once teach us, shoot a ray
Through all the heart's dark chambers and reveal
In the pure fountain of love
Has eyes indeed; and, viewing all she sees
As meant to indicated God
That makes a minister in holy things

I'll wait

FAIREST and foremost of my life ??, that wait,
For you, as my most dignified and happiest state
Whether we name you mine or love
You are my chief grace below, and all in all above
You are my powerful plea, a task I venture on
You are an answered prayer with blest effects
So always bless me with your desires,
Push me down with your gentle fires
Sooth me with your gift glories
Greet me with your smiles
That I'd worship beneath the skies
Because you are what my heaven selected
And on every heaven day it'll deliver these before that time
Before that road map of your heart meets mine
To heal it and melt my chains away and crash the Atlas
And that will be paradise,
And yes I'll wait, even for a thousand years I will
For I know, I'm still yours
And I'm justly seated on the throne
Writing verses of you, my love, that will never fade
Because you've made my love excel

Trapped in the amber of the moment, there is no why?!

To recollect, the scenes, the wounds, the forgotten truth

To be bruised beneath my feet

To be held captive by my chest

To be fed empty love

To be pierced by the shards of trust

To be undone by love's cruelty To hear only the beating of my own heart To be desperate in panic
To drawn in air too thick to breathe To claw the walls that aren't there To be trapped in the fog of
confusion To bear the weight of echoes of yesterday To drink from hollow cups To be weighed
down by invisible grief To be held hostage by regret To chase sleep through endless nights To
be gripped by anxiety shadows that have no form To be starved by the warmth of connection,
affection To reach the hands that never arrive To be the burden of their own hurt To be burned
in their comfort To be lost in my mind To be torn between what was and what is To wear my own
brokenness To fight alone To be trapped in the amber of the moment To not know why!