

Anthology of CL Daniels



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To every soul that needs something to hold on to.

Acknowledgement

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My gratitude to my family. I will always appreciate your love and support. I also want to acknowledge the compassion and encouragement that I consistently received from my friends.

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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

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