

Anthology of preeti

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

To my Mom thanks for everything

About the author

Midlands born poet and artist

summary

Soothe

Cuckoo calling

Rear View

Bombay bad boy

History kiss

Bangles

Candle

Moon

Toblerone

Mango

Dagger

Haiku 1

Custom

Vulva

Other

Alphabet

Cradle

It's Coming Home!

Aye Papi

Poppy

Milk and Honey poetry book inspired poem

Indecence

Cranium

Collage

It came home

Winning Gold

Maple Sky

Soothe

Blood to blood

I sacrifice myself

My wreath halo

Surrounds the force of my 3rd eye crown

My glands are soothed

Pineal.

Soothed like menthol balm

I am tenseless..

Cuckoo calling

Robed in fleece
Like a soft lamb
Blanketed in warmth
Roped like velvet
Sheets beneath us curling of silk
Fingers clasp and all senses are arisen
Body shakes
Not it's not a virus
flu, cold or covid
it's a calling
Cuckoo!

Rear View

Word Pornographer

Capturing images with

His quotes, word searches and cryptic puzzles

Paparazzi

He's got me in his focal point

Rear View.

Bombay bad boy

Bombay bad boy
Bringing the heat
So my nostrils water.
I cover my mouth from the dry chillies
And look away sheepishly
From your stare.
The flavours of you are in the sachet like a
Condom wrapper you are protected in the curry
Powder desert that once the water rises swarming noodles
You warm my belly and make me burp

History kiss

History kiss

Drop kick hopscotch tips

Tip tops flavour

Blood on floor to flavour

The smell of gangs

Blackberry cell

Who to ring

About this hell

Shell

Gas station full of diesel and petroleum

Which do i choose, mind on manual or auto

Pilot.

Bangles

Bangles

tinkle

twinkle in the milk

once dipped in

Drank by the fathers of my cousins.

unity binder by

sheer delight of glitter red and cream stripes

onto the daughter figure

They give their blessing to adoring her head

with a scarf

To rest like a mantelpiece.

Candle

Candle wax melts
the wick burns like a light coil
electricity fused on fire

that's the way he makes me feel
Alive.

Moon

The moon of Mars and Earth alight
Like the tinkle of a slinky
Her cosmos is growing like
The vulva she wears hence
The veil land on her head
Adorning her natural beauty
Before she marries and forms
her kaleera, it;s party time
like Sri Lankans we use coconuts and money in exchange
For stomach knots to form an
Umbilical cord as we are one
World, word and womb.

Toblerone

Snow rooftop

You're at the peak of a mountain

Like nuts in triangle

Is that why it's called Toblerone?

Mango

Mangoes for bosoms
Wrapped in its own skin
The flesh-like pulp
Will be my womb
tight until I un-ripen
for the right person.
My flesh so tasty
they'd suckle like my nipples
for breastfeeding.

Inspired by Aunt May's sari described as a Mango in Brixton Beach by Roma Tearne

Dagger

Like rice
paper you
stick and slip
like the shears of
my kimono arms
that once rugged you
The knife cut deep
as if it was in my heart
the moment you took the
lock keyhole thread undone
like a safety pin with
your blade.

House of Flying Daggers inspired poem scene 2.

Haiku 1

Salty marshes
leaves me tasteless so I
Even left with laughter.

Custom

Butter like batna
batter mix
poured into a pan
pounded landing on a face
Like a facial peel
To reveal the glory of a hidden virgin
For we all came from a womb.

Vulva

Folded origami
of triangles
open and close
unlike a fortune cookie.
I am precious art of Japan
Like rice paper which once
was blessed with milk starch
and layers on a calligraphy
brush felt mat
Like the matted hair
Hiding her beautiful vulva.

Other

Obsessed with humanity
To strive for better justice
How did we split Lankas apart?
Every Tamil and Singhalese eat coconut
Raw.

Alphabet

Apples are our connection
Bee says it's a sponge like Victoria
Cloth is hard to find for a sari
Dear is a mango like flesh in.
Every human being who has blood
Flowing from veins
Gross is the lime leaving a bitter time
How did we cross borders of islands?

Another poem inspired by Roma Tearne's novel Brixton Beach.

Cradle

I cradle you
In your bundle
of blood
It cushions my tears
I soak the ragged cloth
that binds your hand
and stroked me tender
the way you love.

I keep a diary
but you are my spine
and I cradle your
corpse for it's beauty
once alive.

Pen and paper
didn't judge like the paper I made
and the blood shed
I can never make you understand
as I don't understand periods
I seek for essence of presence in time
with you.

i just lock the socket
for it's my plughole to life that I once came from and now
I have to let it sink away in my heart.

It's Coming Home!

Football is coming home
3 lions on a shirt
Singing sweet Caroline
We're betting on you
At the bookies
Kane can whip me
Southgate is the one
We have Raheem Sterling
And a gentleman Jack
Forget klein we have our own Calvin!!
We have our own NHS
And the money goes to
Charity
Where it starts at home!
It's coming home!

Aye Papi

The milk in my bosom

I lactate

He ejaculates

And we entwine in sticky lava

before I become his papillon

He's defo Aye Papi, wink wink.

Poppy

Imperial
mint stamped duty
official hears you
cry and the blood trickles
down onto the poppy
yes we bleed the same colour but different creed
no greed in saving your freedom i repent for my sins
but no sin in saving a sinner i am
Free.

Milk and Honey poetry book inspired poem

he touches on my ampulla
like a antenna being touched to its tip on a bee
has its own satellite
orbit system.
forcefield felt with static infrequency
we intervene
we collide
we just love.
we are making honey and drink milk
hene the power of two words
drunk like alcohol
intoxicate my senses.

Indecence

You lay on me
layer after layer
wrap me in bechemal sauce
Lasagne!

Cranium

I want to feel every bone of you
Numb is how it feels on touch.
Drink me up blood
wait you flow through me
like wine to liver
I love this flush of cheek rising
forming a crest of a dimple
that's muscle attached to bone
yes I can see the bones
the lovely bones
of you
smiling.
Happiness is what you give me
my ecstasy, my ravenous thoughts.

Collage

Cut glue paste

imagine and i will be laid

onto a mount of card.

I am fragments of a kaleidoscope image

i am whole

The collage i made unites one's mind to a map of Wolverhampton culture

are you ready for this?

It came home

It came home

Rough velvet with green shards

Blades of nature whisking at her feet

Winning Gold

Gold metal chain
circling upon their neck

like the encompassing
of a sports arena stadium
with it's circular lines
Ready for an athlete
to make their mark.

a mark like a scar, birth mark or bruise to tell a story
of competing, training and
working the body...
To a rhythmic physique;
A soundwave like an up and down scale
showing
the electro cardiogram
of one's ticking clock
That beats, compliments and shall flourish
just as a spring in the steps of
running feet
compete in these games.

Maple Sky

Red maple leaf
matted on a floor
mapping like stars
that others find
on national flags
Stripes like borders
on an abstract painting
These stripes cross
overlap like tube lines
of London
Blood running river deep
and blue as the wolf blood
Amongst the Birmingham Neighbour.