

Soul Verse

Inkerbell



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

Dedication

I dedicate this book to my 10th grade English teacher

Mrs. Taylor,

In the realm of inspiration, you are the compass that set my course. With profound gratitude and admiration, I dedicate this book to you, a remarkable guide who shaped the very essence of my poetic journey.

Thirty-five years ago, in the halls of our beloved school, you recognized a spark within me that yearned to ignite. You saw beyond the confines of my shy demeanor and discovered the untapped well of words that resided within my soul. With boundless encouragement and unwavering belief, you nurtured that seed of potential and coaxed it to blossom.

You fostered a sanctuary where imagination flourished, where the power of language became an elixir, and where the transformative beauty of poetry unfolded. Through your passionate teachings, you breathed life into the verses that emerged from the depths of my being. You taught me the delicate dance of words, the cadence of emotions, and the limitless capacity of human expression.

You were more than an instructor; you were a mentor, a guardian of creativity. You bestowed upon

me the gift of confidence, showing me the boundless possibilities that lie within the tapestry of literature. You instilled in me the courage to wield the pen as a mighty instrument of change, to delve into the enigmatic realms of metaphor and symbolism, and to harness the energy of words to touch hearts and stir souls.

The echoes of your wisdom continue to resonate within my verses, like a melody that accompanies every stroke of my pen. You taught me that poetry is more than an art form; it is a vehicle for empathy, for understanding, and for capturing the essence of the human experience. Through your gentle guidance, you revealed the profound connection between the written word and the essence of our shared existence.

As I pen these lines, I am reminded of the countless moments we spent together, delving into the works of the great poets, dissecting their verses, and kindling our own poetic flames. You opened the doors to worlds both ancient and contemporary, revealing the universality of the human condition through the prism of poetic verse.

Though the passage of time may have dulled the vibrant memories of our classroom, the impact you had on my life remains etched in my heart forever. You gave me a voice when I was but a whisper in the chorus of life, and you taught me to sing my truth with the resonance of authenticity.

This book, in its entirety, bears the imprints of your influence. It stands as a testament to the legacy

*you have left behind, a testament to the countless lives you have touched, and a testament to the
indelible mark you have made upon the world.*

*Thank you, dear Mrs. Taylor, for igniting the flames of poetry within me, for guiding me towards the
path of self-expression, and for empowering me to share the beauty of words with others. You are
the luminary who set me on this incredible journey, and for that, I am forever indebted to you.*

With unending gratitude,

Inkerbell

Acknowledgement

I am immensely grateful to all those who have been a part of my journey and have offered their unwavering support and encouragement. Without their love, belief, and guidance, I would not have reached this milestone.

First and foremost, I want to express my deepest gratitude to my boyfriend Marty. Your unwavering support and belief in me have been the cornerstone of my success. You have been my rock, my cheerleader, and my source of strength throughout this entire process. Thank you for always being there for me, for your endless patience, and for understanding the late nights and countless revisions. I am truly fortunate to have you by my side.

I would also like to extend my heartfelt thanks to my incredible friends and family. Your love, encouragement, and belief in my abilities have been instrumental in fueling my passion and keeping me motivated. Thank you for your countless words of wisdom, for lending an ear when I needed to vent, and for celebrating every small victory with me. Your presence in my life has made all the difference, and I am grateful for each and every one of you.

To my mentors and advisors, thank you for your guidance and for challenging me to think beyond my limits. Your wisdom and expertise have been truly transformative, and I am grateful for the opportunities you have provided me to grow both personally and professionally.

Lastly, I want to express my gratitude to all the readers who have supported me on this journey. Your enthusiasm and encouragement have been a constant source of inspiration. This book is a reflection of the collective effort and belief of all those who have touched my life, and I am forever grateful.

In conclusion, I would like to dedicate this book to Marty, my pillar of strength, and to my friends and family, whose love and support have been unwavering. Thank you for being the wind beneath my wings.

With all my love and gratitude,

Inkerbell

About the author

Growing up on Oak Island, North Carolina, was a transformative experience that ignited my passion for poetry. The serene coastal town, with its picturesque beaches, whispering sea breezes, and enchanting sunsets, became the backdrop for my artistic journey.

As a child, I spent countless hours exploring the sandy shores, collecting seashells, and marveling at the rhythm of the ocean waves. The constant ebb and flow of the tides mirrored the emotions I carried within, and I found solace in expressing them through words. The stunning beauty of Oak Island stirred my imagination and awakened a deep longing to capture its essence in verse.

Each dawn, as the golden rays danced across the horizon, I would sit, pen in hand, and allow the world around me to seep into my soul. The melodies of seagulls, the salty scent of the ocean, and the gentle caress of the sand under my feet became the muse that fueled my poetic endeavors.

The Islands rich history and mysterious legends further fueled my creative fire. Tales of hidden treasures, lost ships, and ancient artifacts intrigued me, and I began weaving these stories into my poems, seeking to unravel the enigma of Oak Island through metaphor and imagery.

Growing up in such a close-knit community also played a significant role in shaping my poetic voice. The warmth and camaraderie of it's residents, their

resilience in the face of hurricanes and adversity, taught me the power of human connection and the importance of empathy. I channeled these experiences into my verses, crafting poems that explored themes of love, resilience, and the intrinsic beauty of the human spirit.

Today, as a poet, I owe much of my inspiration to the magical landscape and the vibrant community that nurtured my creative soul on Oak Island. It is through my words that I strive to capture the essence of this coastal haven, to pay homage to its natural wonders, and to share the stories that have been etched in its sandy shores for generations. The beauty, mystery, and resilience of Oak Island continue to fuel my passion, guiding my pen and enriching my journey as a poet.

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Glimmer Of Verse

Shine on, oh radiant star,
In the vastness of the sky afar.
Gleaming with a luminous hue,
You paint the night with shades of blue.

Through the darkness, you ignite,
Guiding lost souls with your gentle light.
A beacon of hope in the midst of gloom,
Dispelling shadows that try to consume.

Shine on, and never lose your glow,
For your brilliance, the world does know.
Inspire us with your celestial art,
Awakening dreams within each heart.

Oh, radiant star, forever gleaming,
Your beauty, a sight worth redeeming.
In your cosmic dance, we find solace and peace,
A reminder that even in darkness, wonders never cease.

So shine on, dear star, throughout the night,
With your eternal sparkle, our spirits take flight.
Illuminate the world with your celestial design,
And let your radiance forever intertwine.

"Threads of Coexistence"

In a world where differences divide,
Where prejudices and fears reside,
Let us embark on a timeless quest,
To forge a bond and coexist our best.

In lands far and wide, cultures bloom,
In shades of faith and tongues that loom,
Each heart with stories, vast and deep,
A tapestry of souls, our treasure to keep.

For we are born with unique design,
No two souls the same, by divine design,
The hues that paint our human race,
Embrace the beauty in every face.

Let not our ignorance cloud our sight,
Nor blind our minds with misguided might,
For in acceptance, we find the key,
To a world where love and harmony can be.

Step beyond the veil of judgments past,
Open your heart, let empathy amass,
Unravel the mysteries of the unknown,
In understanding, our unity is sown.

Reach out your hand, bridge the divide,
Break down the walls, let love reside,
For in diversity, strength finds its place,
Together we flourish, united in grace.

Let empathy guide our every choice,
Let kindness be our unwavering voice,
For no soul can thrive in isolation,

It's through connection, we find liberation.

In learning from each other's tale,
We realize how our lives can prevail,
No longer strangers, but kindred souls,
A symphony of voices, where unity rolls.

So, let us shed the cloak of indifference,
Embrace the power of coexistence,
For in this truth, we shall come to see,
That understanding holds the key.

In accepting the tapestry we share,
A world where compassion becomes the air,
We'll rise above the barriers we create,
To a place where love will never abate.

So, let us learn to accept and understand,
Extend a hand, reach out across the land,
For in unity, we find our soul's bliss,
In coexistence, a world we cannot miss.

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"The Awakening of Light"

In realms where shadows dance and night prevails,
A battle rages, ancient as the stars,
Between the forces dark and light entails,
An epic struggle, scars upon the scars.

Within the cosmic tapestry, they clash,
The mighty and the meek, their roles defined,
The darkness seeks to grasp and tightly lash,
While light resists, unwavering, aligned.

Yet in this cosmic clash, a prophecy,
Foretells a shift when tides of fate shall turn,
The meek, enlightened souls, their hearts set free,
Shall rise as lightworkers, no longer spurned.

As darkness trembles at the dawn's embrace,
The lightworkers emerge from slumber deep,
With spirits stirred, they'll rise, assume their place,
Awakening the world from dreamless sleep.

They draw upon the radiance within,
An inner fire, an eternal flame,
Their purpose now unfolds, the fight to win,
To spread compassion, love's enduring aim.

The mighty, who in arrogance once stood,
Shall stumble, fall, their empires in decay,
While lightworkers, in humility so good,
Shall heal the scars and guide the righteous way.

The earth, a canvas, painted by their deeds,
Shall witness transformation, as they soar,
United hearts, compassion's fertile seeds,

A tapestry of light, forevermore.

And so, the battle's tides begin to shift,
As lightworkers awaken, spirits rise,
In unity, their mighty hearts uplift,
To claim their destined place beneath the skies.

The dance of darkness and of light proceeds,
Yet hope and love shall be the final word,
For in the end, the darkness always bleeds,
And light's eternal grace will be conferred.

As time unfolds its tale, we'll come to see,
The truth embedded in this ancient lore,
That from the battle, light shall yet break free,
And darkness fades as lightworkers restore.

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"Sunu's Dance"

In the heart of the land where rivers wind,
Where ancient spirits whisper through the pines,
There lives a woman strong and kind,
A Cherokee soul, radiant and divine.

Sunu, they call her, Dance beautiful woman dance,
Her name a melody, a rhythm, a trance,
She walks with grace, like the whispering breeze,
Embracing her heritage, with a heart at ease.

In her eyes, the wisdom of ancestors gleams,
A tapestry woven of hopes and dreams,
Her spirit like a flame, forever ablaze,
Guided by the teachings of elder days.

With every step, she paints the earth with love,
An artist's brush, celestial hues above,
Her dance, a story, a sacred song,
A harmonious union where she belongs.

Through valleys green and mountains high,
She weaves her tales beneath the sky,
Her voice, a soothing river's flow,
Reflecting ancient truths that glow.

Sunu dances with the moon's soft glow,
Embracing shadows, letting go,
She gathers strength from land and sky,
A wild spirit, unafraid to fly.

In every bead, in every braid,
Her heritage, a living serenade,
From generations past to those unborn,

Her essence shines like the golden morn.

Dance, beautiful woman, dance with glee,
Your spirit, fierce, forever free,
In your heart, the spirits sing,
A Cherokee woman, crowned a queen.

Let drums beat on and fires burn,
In every step, let wisdom churn,
For in Sunu's dance, a tale unfolds,
Of strength, resilience, and love untold.

"Soul's Odyssey"

In realms unknown, where spirits dance,
Upon a path of mystic trance,
A soul embarks, its journey vast,
To find its truth, its essence unmasked.

In depths of self, a quest unfolds,
Where questions bloom, and stories untold.
A seeker wanders, seeking light,
To pierce the veil, illuminate the night.

Through ancient forests, whispers guide,
To sacred spaces, where truth resides.
A pilgrim walks with humble grace,
Awakening the soul, embracing its embrace.

In solitude, introspection weaves,
Threads of awareness, where the spirit cleaves,
Unraveling layers, shedding old skin,
Revealing a self, once hidden within.

The labyrinth of thoughts, a winding maze,
Yet with each step, a new perspective sways,
To question beliefs, to challenge the norm,
To reclaim the essence, once forlorn.

The mirror reflects, the ego fades,
As illusions dissolve, like mist in cascades,
The heart's whispers echo, gentle and clear,
Guiding the seeker, erasing all fear.

The shimmering stars, they watch from above,
Witnessing the metamorphosis of love,
For on this voyage, the soul awakes,

Embracing its purpose, the path it takes.

No longer defined by worldly guise,
A being emerges, raw and wise,
Aligned with truth, a radiant light,
A vessel of love, shining ever bright.

And as the journey reaches its end,
A newfound wisdom, a spirit to tend,
The seeker returns, forever transformed,
For in seeking truth, the self is reborn.

So, embrace the odyssey, seek and explore,
For on this path, your essence will soar,
Discover the depths of your sacred core,
And find who you are, forevermore.
Inkerbell

"Shattered Reflections"

In shards of glass, I glimpse my fractured self,
A mosaic of shattered reflections, lost fragments of identity.
Each piece, a puzzle yearning to be made whole,
Yet I fear the jagged edges, the scars of vulnerability.

I see a splintered smile, a mask that conceals,
The wounds of a thousand battles fought within.
Behind the cracks, a world of secrets lies,
Where joy and sorrow mingle, a dance akin to sin.

The mirror tells a tale of trials and tribulations,
Echoes of a past that haunt with bittersweet refrain.
The bruises of heartbreak, the wounds of regret,
Interwoven threads of pain and wisdom gained.

But amidst the brokenness, a glimmer shines,
A sliver of resilience, a spirit that refuses to yield.
For in the fragments lie the seeds of strength,
A testament to the power of wounds slowly healed.

I gather the scattered shards, piece by piece,
Creating a kaleidoscope of my own design.
The cracks become the veins of my existence,
A roadmap of resilience, a story that intertwines.

In this mosaic of shattered reflections, I find beauty,
A testament to the human spirit's innate grace.
For it is in embracing our brokenness that we mend,
And from shattered fragments, we create our own sacred space.

So let us celebrate the cracks and imperfections,
For they are the hallmarks of a life well-lived.
In the shattered reflections, we find our truth,

And through healing, our souls are revived.

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"I Awakened"

In the realm of chaos, I awakened,
My spirit gasping for a breath of truth.
From the depths of my soul, a new light dawned,
Dispelling the shadows of ignorance.

With each breath, I embraced the universe,
Seeking answers to the questions within.
No longer confined by earthly notions,
I soared, transcending the bounds of reason.

Through the silent whispers of nature's hymn,
I heard the echoes of ancient wisdom.
The gentle sway of trees revealed secrets,
Their branches reaching out to touch my soul.

Unveiling the layers of shallow masks,
I journeyed to the core of my essence.
Embracing the wounds, I discovered strength,
And through surrender, found liberation.

The barriers that once plagued my vision,
Now dissolved, dissolved in pure Consciousness.
A kaleidoscope of colors danced on,
Revealing the unity of all things.

Unfolding like a thousand blooming flowers,
I witnessed the divine within my heart.
My spirit alight, a flame forever lit,
Awakening the dormant depths of self.

No longer confined by earthly notions,
I am the universe, eternally free.
Discovering the boundless harmony,

In this spiritual awakening.
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"He Loves Me Not"

In fields of petals, fragile and fair,
A love story whispered through the air.
With each pluck, my heart fluttered in glee,
"He loves me, he loves me not," it would decree.

But fate's cruel hand, like a bitter frost,
Turned vibrant blossoms into dreams lost.
Petals fell, scattered by the wind's disdain,
"He loves me not," echoed the refrain.

In tender moments, hope took its flight,
Love's delicate dance veiled in the night.
Yet my heart clung to each fragile breath,
"He loves me, he loves me not," danced to his death.

The petals wilted, bruised by doubt's embrace,
As tears mingled with memories misplaced.
Once vibrant hues faded to shades of gray,
"He loves me not," whispered every day.

But in the twilight's gentle caress,
I found solace in love's sweet distress.
For in the absence of a lover's vow,
A bloom of strength would rise from the sorrow.

"He loves me not," became my battle cry,
A testament to a love unclaimed, yet why?
For within, a love's seed began to grow,
From the depths of my soul, its radiance would show.

In the tapestry of life, a new chapter unfurled,
"He loves me not," transformed into my world.
For self-love blossomed, unyielding and true,

And in its embrace, a newfound me I grew.

No longer bound by a petal's decree,
I learned to love myself, wild and free.
"He loves me not," no longer held sway,
For I am the sun that brightens my own day.

In the symphony of life, love's song I sing,
With each breath, my heart's melody takes wing.
For in the absence of another's plot,
I found love's true essence in "he loves me not."

"Eternal Tides"

In the hush of twilight's glow,
Where the moon and sun bestow,
Upon the sands, a timeless dance,
Eternal tides in a symphony's trance.

They ebb and flow with gentle might,
Kissing the shore with pure delight.
With every kiss, a story told,
Of love and loss, of dreams unfold.

In silver threads, they weave their tale,
Of ships that sailed, of lovers frail.
They carry whispers from afar,
Of lands unseen, of souls that scar.

Yet, in their rhythm, hope resides,
A promise of eternal tides.
Through highs and lows, they never cease,
A reminder of life's sweet release.

Beneath the stars, they'll sing their song,
Of ancient echoes that belong.
To every heart that's touched their shore,
Forever bound, forever more.

So, let's embrace this ocean's call,
And let the tides bind one and all.
In their embrace, we'll find our way,
Through endless nights and sunlit days.

For as the world keeps turning 'round,
Eternal tides, a constant sound.

In harmony, they'll always guide,
A timeless force, forever wide.

Inkerbell

"Echoes of Silence"

In the realm of quiet solitude,
Where tranquility resides,
Lies a realm where whispers intrude,
And the echoes of silence abide.

Within this hallowed, sacred space,
Where noise meets its demise,
A symphony of stillness takes place,
A chorus that gently sighs.

The echoes of silence softly speak,
In the language of the heart,
Revealing truths that run deep,
In a world torn apart.

They resonate in empty halls,
Where memories silently dwell,
Telling stories of triumphs and falls,
In the whispers that they tell.

In the depths of a tranquil night,
When darkness blankets the sky,
The echoes of silence take flight,
As shooting stars pass by.

They carry dreams on ethereal wings,
Whispering hopes to the soul,
Unlocking the magic silence brings,
As it heals and makes us whole.

They fill the void with subtle grace,
In the absence of spoken words,

Inviting us to embrace,
The wisdom silence affords.

Within the echoes, we find solace,
A refuge from life's noisy storm,
Where serenity holds its promise,
And wounds begin to transform.

In the echoes, we find a sanctuary,
A place to reflect and renew,
Where we confront our inner quandary,
And find strength to push through.

Oh, echoes of silence, so profound,
Your presence speaks volumes untold,
In the stillness, treasures are found,
In your whispers, secrets unfold.

So, let the echoes of silence ring,
In the chambers of our soul,
May their gentle murmurs bring,
Peace that makes us whole.

Inkerbell

"Dual Flames"

In the vast expanse of eternity's embrace,
Two souls are destined to intertwine, to chase.
A flame divided, yearning for its counterpart,
Through countless lifetimes, united at the heart.

On this earthly plane, a cosmic dance they waltz,
Through trials and tribulations, they're never at fault.
Mirroring each other's strengths and their fears,
In the union of twin flames, love perseveres.

In the depths of darkness, they find their light,
Seeking to reunite, to ignite their inner might.
For every step they take, the other knows,
A connection deeper than any language shows.

They're magnetized, drawn closer every day,
An undeniable attraction in every possible way.
A meeting of the minds, a harmony of souls,
Together they're complete, filling each other's holes.

And yet, the path is not an easy one to tread,
For it's through chaos and pain, their bond is fed.
Through separation and longing, they grow wise,
To recognize the purpose behind their cries.

They push and pull, in a constant state of flux,
Learning to trust the universe, to relinquish the crux.
For it's in surrender that true connection takes hold,
In the inevitability that fate has foretold.

They teach each other life's profoundest lessons,
In seeking the truth, they find their own essence.
Through divine love's embrace, they're set free,

To be everything they're meant to be.

That precious moment, when they reunite,
Their souls rejoicing, taking flight.
Two flames converge, a fire burning bright,
A union of twin souls, entwined in sheer delight.

As they dance through time, forevermore,
Their love eternal, an everlasting core.
United yet separate, bonded by extremes,
This journey of twin flames, a dream within dreams.

"Inkerbell"

"Devine Connection"

In the depths of stillness, where silence resides,
There lies a connection that cannot be denied.
A sacred bond that transcends the mundane,
A divine connection, where souls intertwine.

In nature's embrace, we find solace and peace,
A gentle whisper of the divine's masterpiece.
The rustling leaves, the dancing trees,
Revealing the presence of the unseen.

Meditation's refuge, a gateway to explore,
The depths of our being, to seek something more.
In stillness, we find the answers we seek,
A communion with the divine, where truths speak.

Through prayer and devotion, we open our hearts,
A channel of love where grace imparts.
For in surrender, we find our true strength,
Guided by a power of infinite length.

In moments of connection, our spirits take flight,
Soaring beyond limits, touching the infinite height.
We recognize our oneness, our shared sacred ground,
A tapestry of souls, divinely profound.

In the eyes of a stranger, a familiar spark,
A recognition of the light that ignites in the dark.
For we are all vessels, carriers of the divine,
Connected by a thread, a celestial design.

In this divine connection, we're never alone,
Supported by forces that we've never known.
A cosmic symphony, where harmony weaves,

Binding hearts together, like autumnal leaves.

So let us embrace this profound unity,
Celebrate the divine in every community.
For in connection, we find our true home,
In the divine's embrace, we're forever known.

Soul talk

My Son and daughters, listen to the quiet moments,
the spaces between breaths,
where truth hides from the noise.

Feel the earth beneath your feet,
it has held our ancestors, it holds you.
Your path is written in the dirt and sky.

When doubt seeps into your bones,
stand firm. Not every storm will break you,
but each one will shape you.

Pain is a teacher, a rough and honest guide.
Let it carve wisdom into your heart,
let it teach you the weight of joy.

Seek not answers in the world's clamor,
but in the stillness of your own soul.
There, you will find your compass.

Love fiercely, with open hands.
Hoard nothing, for everything we clutch
will someday slip through our grasp.

And remember, son, your spirit
is a river, powerful and free.
Flow with grace, carve your own course.