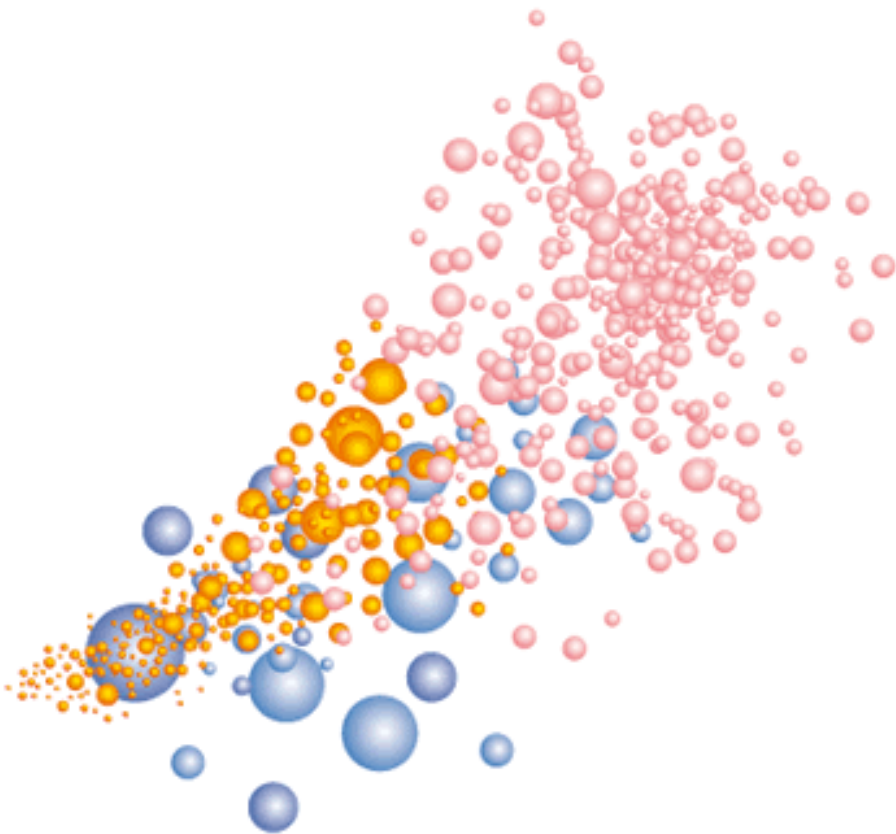


Ramblings of TobaniNataiella

TobaniNataiella



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To all the people around the world who just want to live in peace and get on with there life`s. Those who regardless of the situations they have found themselves throughout their lives, have done what they had too, to survive,

About the author

I have been writing since i was very young, i grew up in the wonderful care system of yesteryear. I have always found it easier to put my feelings and observations on paper rather than talk about them. All my poems of which i have hundreds written and waiting to find an outlet, are written from the heart and with total honesty. I have never shown any of my writings to anyone before, and have now decided to air them in public on this site and another. You will see as my poems gradually build up on this site, that i write about a varied range of subjects, some of which may not be pleasant to read about, however they are my account of things that have happened.

I do not write for praise, competitions, plaudits etc, i write because it helps me clarify how i am feeling in my crazy mind and has been a valuable tool in the past for me to survive.. I hope you enjoy my poems and understand where they are coming from.

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Bottom of the Sea.

Bottom Of the Sea.

I am going down, way, way down to my final resting place where I will never be found

There are no more cheeky naughty smiles on the face of this clown, if I have planned it right it should look like I have accidentally drowned.

The world I live in is no longer a safe place for me to be, I'm going to swim with the fish in the Big Blue Ocean Sea.

I have run all the ideas in my head about the best and easiest ways to die, but I didn't want to leave anyone a mess to clean up when I commit suicide.

Even in my darkest thoughts it is others I always put first, I hope they have some understanding and don't just brush it away as something simply absurd.

If there happens to be anybody who misses me when I am finally gone, I am sorry if it distresses you but it is something that must be done.

My well-prepared plan I have given much thought and reflection, all I need now is the courage to put my plans into action.

Then the chains will be cut, weight lifted, problems will be resolved as I am set free, I wish a fond farewell as I drift to the bottom of the sea.

Nataiella July (2021).

The Angel

The Angel.

The Bunny turned to the Angel and said life is not good and I feel very distressed.

The Angel said why do you feel this way it's not meant to be I thought she loved and cared a made you happy.

The Bunny said we were both thinking the same, but we didn't know it was all just a game.

So, the Bunny is left all alone he talked to the Angel on the phone.

He must accept that it cannot be, but feelings are shared with humanity.

Now the Bunny is on his own and Angel is at home all alone.

The Bunny very cares and he always will, the Angel also cares but honesty, she cannot fulfil.

So now they will never meet again, honey Angel has lost a very caring friend.

Two people who very care for each other, will never have the chance to discover.

The way it could have been, sadly this will never be seen.

So, the Angel and Bunny both rest in peace, both alone and in disbelief.

Nataiella (2007).

Glastonbury

Glastonbury.

I have just been watching Glastonbury on the television, why I'm the first to say it is a spectacular occasion.

Thousands and thousands of people gathered on a Somerset Farm, the sole aim for a few days is just to have fun, fun and fun.

A mass gathering of people with complete diversity, people representing every section of today's society.

Able or disabled, black or white, old or young, all sexual orientations, all are welcome equally to partake in the music celebrations.

A rainbow of colours festoons to the Wiltshire fields, fluorescent signs, neon lights, banners and posters of societies, pennants and homemade signs of their favourite celebrity.

Oceans of different sized tents that look like the farm has been invaded by alien species, people hoping it doesn't rain and their tents disappear into the trenches.

Catering vans catering for all kinds of dietary requirements including some you have never heard of before, sciences, slide shows, workshops, information booths, daredevil act, fire eaters, face painters, circus shows and so much more.

Society coming together because of the music each one of them loves, a gathering of people their ranges are so broad.

Days that they are allowed to just be free and forget all the problems in their daily lives, to experience love, peace, harmony it is all here, and it thrives.

Some can do the above in a normal way because they are naturally chilled out every day, others though will need some help to get them on their way.

A wide range of alcoholic beverages can be purchased in a legitimate way, to help them relax and get them in the mood of the day.

For some alcohol is never enough and chemicals are needed to set them free, so among the oceans of tents a wide range of pharmaceuticals are available, no questions asked for a fee.

The results of this can vividly be seen as the camera's scan across the crowd on the television screens.

Some have been engulfed by the euphoria of the free party spirit, some are in a different world which some of them wish they could just be left.

It is a wonderful collective and example of how humans can behave when they are set free, a template of how society could and should really be.

No racism, no prejudices, no bullets, no religious persecution, no dictators and no wars, just freedom, care, kindness, compassion, tolerance, understanding, love and no locked doors.

For just a few days Glastonbury grabbed you and takes you on a magical mystery tour, and when it is finally over it leaves you just wanting more.

Nataiella June 2024.

Fishbowl of Death

Fishbowl of Death.

Jack and John have been best friends since childhood, cheeky chappies running around in the same neighbourhood.

Having the usual Friday night out on the town at some out of reach club where the dubious type of characters hangs around.

Greeted by their friends each displaying the different stages of fun they had been having, generally it was good behaviour with a tag of misbehaviour while they were partying.

They get invited over to a corner of the club where the music is not quite so deafening, so if people try to talk you have a more reasonable chance of actually hearing.

The table is littered with a variety of drug paraphernalia including bongos, powder, weed and a concentration of pills, the friend says help yourself to whatever you want I managed to get a good deal.

Jack was quite into taking drugs, but John was a bit of a novice, so seeing this many drugs made John just a little bit nervous.

They both shared a joint to get the night underway and to get them into the right vibe, then Jack started popping a few pills some that he had never tried.

It wasn't too long before Jack was in a different world and bouncing off the ceiling, where is John was just chilled out and relaxing.

As was normal with mates there is a bit of banter going on, you are a pussy take some of these, be a man Jack said to John.

John just ignored it as he thought Jack was just having a bit of fun, the higher Jack got the more persistent he becomes.

John went off with a girl to shake some moves on the dance floor, hoping that later that night he will experience a different kind of score.

Neither of them consumed any alcohol when at this club, while consuming drugs drinking a lot of water is a must.

Sometimes they would make up a cocktail of fruit juices mixed in a fishbowl, which had several straws around the sides so other people could have a go.

John got back to the table from his display of the latest grooves, Jack had made-up a fishbowl and said go on have a go that will get you in the mood.

John said what do you mean get you in the mood what have you put in it, that better not be any drugs. Jack replied I'm just joking man it's just juice in there, then collapsed onto John attempting to give him a hug

So, four of them in total started slurping away at the bowl to get rehydrated, ignorant to the fact Jack had put a mix of drugs into it a bowl of death he had created.

Jack just got more and more spaced out I felt he was flying around the room; he would not be coming back to earth anytime soon.

After a few minutes John started to feel quite ill, the room appeared to be spinning as well. Jack laughed it off, if he wasn't so high he would have seen John needed help.

John started to go bright red, and sweat was dripping off him, he was struggling to breathe, and his eyes were bulging.

Jack kept prodding John saying come on mate stop pissing around, John just got worse and collapsed to the ground.

People started freaking out as you could clearly see John was in real trouble, but Jack was still living in his own little bubble.

The lights came on in the club when the music stopped as the crowd gathered round, John was now turning a pale shade of blue and from his mouth froth was dribbling down.

A medic arrived to help John but notice he had stopped breathing, he then proceeded to do CPR to try and get his heart beating.

Another medic arrived and for half an hour they rotated the CPR trying to save John's life, it was all in vain because of Jack this would be Johns last night.

Something inside Jack got him to reconnect to reality again, as he got on his knees to be by his best friend.

Jack burst into floods of tears saying I just wanted you to liven up and have a bit more fun, I am sorry, so sorry, so sorry for what I have done.

The medics laid a blanket over John's body and then covered his head, it dawned on Jack that he killed his friend and now John was lying dead.

The medics told Jack the police had to be informed and are on their way, Jack knew this was his fault, he was in trouble, so he ran away.

He stumbled down the road to the old train tracks as fast as his drug fuelled body would carry him, all the time sorrow, remorse and guilt was settling in.

He was still on a different planet as he tried to come to terms with what he had done, he had killed his childhood chum.

Jack sat by the train tracks trying to work out what he should do, saying repeatedly John I am so sorry I should never have done this to you.

He wanted to phone his parents and John`s parents but didn't know what he should say, then the guilt consumed him, and he decided he had to pay.

He heard a train approaching and went and stood in the middle of the track, and with his arms spread out above his head looking at the sky, you hear the words again I am sorry John, these were the last words heard from Jack.

Nataiella (2020).

Children of Gazza

Children Of Gazza.

Children are not born with hate.

Children do not decide their fate.

Children do not understand their parent's views.

Children don't pump up their egos just to make the news.

Children are not aware of the history of the land.

Children are just too young to really understand.

Children do not blow the buildings to the ground.

Children do not torture just to hear the screaming sound.

Children do not have hatred and revenge in their heart.

Children have no interest in ripping their world apart.

Children don't want to watch their mothers and fathers die.

Children don't want the bomb blasts stinging their eyes.

Children don't ask please can I slowly starve to death.

Children only have innocence in their head.

Children want to play out without fear of the bomb.

Children just want to live a mix with everyone.

Children want to know when their food is coming.

Children want to feel their parents loving.

Children want to live in a fun and caring space.

Children want to learn and grow and make the world a better place.

Children just want to be children in a friendly world.

With stories of hate and fear should never be told

Children are the ones who pay the price of wars.

Children are the ones who are left to heal the scars.

Children are the ones who will have to fight to survive.

As the world watches on all the children slowly die.

Nataiella March 2024.

Taylor Swifts Angels

Taylor Swifts Angels.

I am still struggling to understand the horrific news of yesterday, I'm finding it difficult to find the right words to say.

A group of young children gathered to dance the day away, swifties dancing and having fun on the first day of their school holidays.

Innocent children with not a care in the world, little did they know of the horror that was about to unfold.

The devil's messenger arrived in a taxi armed with a large kitchen knife, only one thought on his deranged mind and that was to take a life.

We can only imagine the fear in the young children's eyes, as they saw the man with the knife and realised, they might well be going to die.

Now no one knows exactly what went on inside, but the piercing screams and cries for help could be heard outside.

By the time police arrived so much carnage had already been done, terror inflicted on the innocent and very young.

Bloody clothes discarded across the street, horrific sight inside like a live horror scene.

Outside and inside injured children and adults spread across the street and floor, innocent children they are no more.

3 angels laid dead, six children and two adults are also in critical condition, the fading of all those involved we dare to imagine.

Real life horror laid out on the community street in Southport, something they will never be able to forget.

Young children terrified watching each other being attacked, seeing some of their friends being murdered in front of them how the hell will they ever cope with that.

The world will pray for those children who died, but we should also pray just as much for those who are still alive.

Those in critical condition who are relying on the magic of the National Health magicians, and for those who were unhurt but witnessed the assault on their friends.

Those who have sadly passed away at least will be at peace, those in critical condition may never properly heal and the wounds, scars and memories will always run very deep.

Those who were unhurt physically but are mentally and emotionally scarred for life and will have that lifelong feeling of guilt that they survived.

They will have these horror scenes embedded in their young minds, reliving every horrific moment for a very long time.

The nightmares will not be just at night when they are asleep, they will be living those nightmares 24/7 never finding peace.

We can only hope the world wraps its arms around all of them and holds them very tight, and out of

the dark and hell they will be in today they eventually find a little light.

From young innocent children dancing to Taylor Swift in a community street, to the devil's actions death and destruction for the world to see.

Say a prayer for everyone who is caught up in this real-life horror movie, and hope that one day the memories will fade and the wounds will finally heal.

Nataiella July (2024).

I Have a GUN (But we can talk)

I Have a Gun (But we can talk).

I have a gun, I might die.

You have a gun, you might survive.

We might both survive, or we might both die.

But do we know the reasons why.

In our hearts do we know what we are fighting for.

Or are we just following orders from the 5th floor.

Have we misunderstood something we read in a book.

Is it true what they told us; did we take the time to look.

Where those preachings and videos on the Internet fact.

Have we without realising signed up to the devil's pact.

Are the pictures on the television showing the truth.

Is it right what I have been told about you.

Are we just following like a line of sheep.

Not able to choose what we do or freely speak.

If we could choose, would we put down the guns.

Would we agree the truth must be shown.

If I put down my gun, will you sit by my side.

We can talk about our real feelings that we have inside.

If you put down your gun I will sit by your side.

We can talk and listen, and then we might understand why.

Nataiella (2021)

Netanyahu (Hidden Agenda)

Netanyahu. (Hidden Agenda)

We gather to condemn Putin for the invasion of Ukraine, the mass murder of innocent people and young children.

The world is united that he should not be allowed to repossess this wonderful land, together we work hard to derail this vicious man.

Yet at the same time we watch Israel try to eliminate Palestine, we collectively and happily supply the bombs to raise this land.

In the name of revenge thousands of innocent people and children have died, a country destroyed before the world's watching eyes.

Nothing can justify the slaughter of innocent Jewish people at the hands of Hamas a terrorist group on that fateful day, but in the name of revenge how many more innocent woman and children must pay.

You cannot say you disagree with Netanyahu the lunatic, then you're cancelled and branded anti-Semitic.

Netanyahu has broken 100 promises and spoken 1000 lies, and each one results in more innocent people who will die.

At least Putin is to the point honest and upfront, and he makes no bones about what he wants to achieve and what he wants.

Netanyahu uses Hamas as a cover to obliterate a nation, he truly believes he is Israel's protection and salvation.

Freely bombing any country or person he chooses to, knowing full well that the Americans and us just like little patsies there is nothing we will do.

The Palestinians have suffered for years at the hands of the Israelis, Land stolen, provision and utility's restricted, and made to live in a small scrap of land in appalling poverty.

Israel is no longer content with just bullying and controlling, on every street it wants to see Arab blood flowing.

All we do is give half-hearted chats and pat the lunatic on the back, while his ego and thirst for power remains on track.

The money men around the world will ensure that America and the UK do as they are told, with the Jewish money a lot of the power and influence they hold.

This man just like Putin will do anything he can to achieve his aim, I cannot fathom why the world stands by this man.

He is the same as Putin in every way except honesty, they would happily tell you your obliteration and destruction is their only policy.

Those wishing for a peaceful world for us all to live in, we'll be on our knees for many years praying.

Because this lunatic will not just stop at Palestine, he wants wars across all the Arab lands.

He was power hungry and on a massive ego trip, if people die along the way as far as he is

concerned to hell with it.

Aid workers, Doctors, Nurses, Children, Mothers, Fathers, Journalists, Cameramen, Teachers have all paid his price, blatant murder, war crimes an attempted genocide in full sight.

This is an evil dictator using the goodwill of the world as his cover, to exact revenge and attain ultimate power.

Unless we wake up and see him for what he really is then there will never be any peace, in some country somewhere he will always put blood on the streets.

So, stand up, speak the truth, don't worry about the money or being branded anti-Semitic, defend peace, protect the innocent and say it just how it is.

Tobani September)2024).

Hope In Those Smiling Eyes

Hope in Those Smiling Eyes.

They ask why he has darkness in his eyes.

Why does he cry and never smiles.

Something inside of him wishes there was not yesterday.

That's when he watched his mother slowly pass away.

He was searching for food in the bombed-out town.

There he saw his mother laying on the ground.

He held his mother as the tanks were bearing down.

And the missiles continue to explode all around.

He wiped away the blood on her face.

This boy lives in a dangerous place.

He tries to remove some of the metal in her head.

But he knows that very soon his beloved mother will be dead.

His home, his school and now all his family have gone.

In the middle of a war, he now stands alone.

Him and thousands of his friends.

Just sit and wait for the bombs and missiles to come down again.

When the attacks do finally come to an end.

There will be nothing left for him and his friends.

The hope you used to see in his smiling eyes.

It has long gone like his family it has all died.

Nataiella July (2024).

Wonderland (Children`s Paradise)

Wonderland.

Welcome to Wonderland said the man with a made-up face.
Remember young man this is not a sad but only a happy place.
As far as the eye could see children just having fun.
Not a single child playing on their own.
The smell of fried doughnuts floating through the air.
Freshly made candy floss sticking to faces and hair.
Huge bowls of ice cream big enough for four children to share.
Enough chips to feed the world still with some to spare.
A parent's room where the children dropped them off on the way in.
A sign on the wall saying the children are in charge and so no complaining.
Face painters creating so many animals it would make any zoo proud.
Large hand painted signs saying no fighting or biting is allowed.
Miles of tables running down the sides with food from around the world.
All shapes, sizes, whole meals, snacks, hot and cold.
In the middle is an enormous chocolate fountain flowing endlessly
Children holding their hands out collecting the chocolate passionately.
A four-foot popcorn machine continuously spitting fresh popcorn in the air.
Children running around with buckets trying to catch their fair share.
Two slides that look like they are descending from the sky.
With the river of Coca-Cola and strawberry milkshake running down the sides.
A swimming pool filled with French fries and a tomato sauce tap on the side.
A Conveyor of pizza and hamburgers constantly passing by.
Another sign that says this is all magic food you won't put on any weight.
So, eat as much as you want and be happy without delay.
At the end of the day, you hear the man with a made-up face shout.
Thank you for coming to Wonderland, don't forget to collect your parents on the way out.

Nataiella July (2024).

Youth of Today

Youth of Today.

A large part of the youth of today think tomorrow will be the same as yesterday.

A future is something they find hard to see or believe, it's a poor dark and troubled world in which they live.

So much to say and contribute, but no one to listen, education and parents in skills completely gone missing.

Left to raise themselves in unruly neighbourhoods, trying to survive in the gang-controlled streets the best they could.

No sense of belonging and no family who cares, becoming gang members because they are the ones that are there.

Wanting and needing to be part of something positive yet surrounded by rundown poverty and negativity, abandoned by Society and ignored by government policy.

It's a one-way street they are all travelling down, with the pent-up anger they think they can bring change around.

Acquiring the skills that qualify them for a prison cell, inside they already know it will not end well.

The compulsion to rise and storm our streets, following directions on the Internet and the hatred it breeds.

Armed to the teeth with bricks, poles, machetes and knives, no respect for anything not even their own lives.

This is a negative generation we have all created, pushing the issues under the carpet never letting them be debated.

We must sit, talk and listen so we can make it better for the youth that follow on, give them a sense of self-worth, make them feel like they belong.

Rebuild relationships, regain control of communities, regain the trust, otherwise in the future there will be another generation we have lost

Tobani September (2024).

Wounds To Mend.

Wounds To Mend.

I feel like I have been cut from the inside out.
Just to make sure not once but twice.
The open wounds sting with the tears I cry inside.
The pain I'm doing my best to hide.

Come lend an old friend a helping hand.
I need the healing to begin and the wounds to mend.
Time is not doing what it said it would do.
I can't forget and every day I am still missing you.

I'm kept awake by the same old memories.
When the sunshine shone on you and me.
We'd make plans and talk for hours on end.
Those cold winter nights where our dreams began.

We stood together and battled the nightmares away.
In the nights of passion promises made that would stay.
Ears to listen when we needed to talk.
Knowing never again on our own would we walk.

Come lend an old friend a helping hand.
I need the healing to begin and the wounds to mend.
Time is not doing what it said it would do.
I can't forget and every day I'm still missing you.

In a few words dreams and aspirations blown away.
No more is to listen no matter what I say.
Sunshine replaced by clouds and rain.
And all the nightmares have come back running again.

No talking we're not even friends.

Just left wondering how it came to an end.
Nights of passion now a fading memory.
Where did it go wrong for you and me.

Come lend an old friend helping hand.
I need the healing to begin and the wounds to mend.
Time is not doing what it said it would do.
I can't forget every day I'm still missing you.

Nataiella (2019).

So Confused (Whats Going On)

So, Confused. (Whats Going On)

John wants it to end soon.

Maggie's talking to the man on the moon.

Derek got a dustbin on his head.

Joans always swinging the lead.

Pauls trying to learn a new lingo.

Ethel's been playing bingo.

Dave's taken his rabbit for a walk.

Tracy has decided not to talk.

Martin has brought a collection of guns.

Sarah is desperately trying to have a son.

Daniel wears his trousers round his knees.

Dorothy sadly is now deceased.

Toby is unemployed with two degrees.

Diane is waiting for her prison release.

Tobias lives in his own exclusive world.

Dani has no home now the house has been sold.

Anthony has brought himself a second-hand pig.

Donald just doesn't give a flying fig.

Joe looks like he is permanently asleep.

Kier wants the pensioners to freeze.

Dave's crying out for a job.

Elaine has left her family for a bloke called Bob.

Michael has rewired and re directed his metre.

Deborah just wants someone to visit her.

Pete wants his heart to work properly again.

Emma cheated on her boyfriend.

Victor says what is there left to lose.

Jeff says what's going on, I am so confused.

Tobani August (2024).

Voices (Just Leave Me Alone)

Voices. (Just Leave Me Alone)

Turmoil inside an ageing mind
Voices screaming shouting arguing.
Tell me what I should think and do.
Showing me everything except the truth
Constantly bringing up my past
Memories of the bad are the only things that seem to last.
Please ask the voices to quieten down.
Please ask the voices to just leave me alone.

Discussing everything I ever did wrong.
Reliving all the hurt pain and abuse
Spotlighting the childhood I never had
Even the good they appear to want me to feel bad
Remind me of the absence of parents!
And all the things that were done to me without my consent
Please ask the voices to quieten down.
Please ask the voices to just leave me alone.

The voices get even louder when I try to sleep.
Running every detail through my mind of all my nightmares
Driving me to think things I just don't want to think.
To the brink of insanity and the comfort of another drink
My mind just constantly spinning around.
Like a terrifying ride at the local fairground
Please ask the voices to quieten down
Please ask the voices to leave me alone.

My head hits the pillow and all I want to do is sleep.
Not see the faces in my eyes through the tears I weep.
I don't want to be angry the way they make me feel.
I have no wish to relive all my fears in every detail.

I want to break free from the voices spell.
Please ask the voices to quieten down.
Please ask the voices to leave me alone.

I feel like I've finally gone mad because they won't quieten down.
I have hit the bottom of the well I cannot go any further down.
They have talked for so long I have forgotten what I used to be.
I am desperate for some happiness but not 24/7 misery.
Past the constant voices there must be a better me
Please ask the voices to quieten down.
I am begging the voices please leave me alone.

Nataiella (2018).