

Perks of Thinking Like a Woman

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Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

To my guardian angel who has spread goodness and wisdom in my life. And to my family, who support every step I take.

About the author

I'm an adult who likes to express itself as she writes.

summary

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Imperfection Speaks

Breathing, I see a warm sun mixing with a cold breeze.

Learning, Im crawling behind someone's else's feet and yet I'm running towards the finish.

Crazy mind I live in, why can't you help me speak?!

Rare, quietness feels uncomfortable around well known moving feet.

Loud, my thoughts are seeking for an ear where they can peacefully seat.

Bright, silver lining that shines the darkness and opens up my joy.

Valuable, time that lets me not waste time on remorse.

Strong, and deeply in love with my soul at peace.

Love, a feeling that should be gifted to every single word.

Not My Typical Valentine's

I hate how much I love you,
and how much I want you. Also,
I hate how you push me away,
I can feel that burn inside me again.
The pain in my stare goes away when I'm with you because home is where I want to be.
You tell me you love me,
yet your love hurts me.
You hurt me so much,
but I can't get enough.
I'm addicted to the pain, and
I'm addicted to you.
You are the reason I don't want to love again.
Solidarity at night takes me by surprise,
I'm uncomfortable.
I failed to seek truth in your eyes,
you toss my heart up and down,
my mistakes make me look dumb,
yet my heart laying in the ground,
my mind in the clouds,
and my soul is drained by every single drop...
Maybe I just can't get enough of you,
Your lips touching my hips,
Your hugs keeping me safe,
Your caring won't let me go away.
Don't tell me you'll leave,
then stay next to me,
Your love is consuming every part of me.
It's not my fault,
your love is what I need.

Rapunzel

My love is a kingdom,
but opening my doors is not a choice.
A queen lays her head in peace,
she has it all.
Her crown is big as her soul,
and her soul would leave anybody blind.
Her soul shines like a diamond,
and anybody would want her.
She loved herself like nobody ever did.
Who knows the reason why she's a saint?
Pure like the moon, calm like Mary, and free like a kite in the sky.
The darkness rises every night,
but she's strong, and she's not scared.
Her eyes close while tears run down,
but she's strong, and she's not scared.
Her own thoughts are burning inside,
but she's strong, and she's not scared.
The sun knew exactly what he was doing,
and gave her hope every morning through that bullet proof window.
Another reason to wake up the next day,
She's strong, and she's not scared.
She can see everything from the highest tower in her hand made castle, and leaving her home is
not a choice.
She has witnessed herself falling from the top in her sleep, again...

Young In Love

Love is unpredictable,
and I'm okay with that.
Love is complex, and
you are my challenge.
Love is caring and your hugs
make me feel with an Army.
Love is understanding,
but I can't seem to read you.
Love feels like dopamine,
a strange happiness from within.
Love is a gift, and your kisses
are a loose ribbon that wraps my heart.
Love is like a jet plane,
it might happen fast or slow.
Love is strong, and no
bridges can be built around my heart.
Love is like freedom,
two naked dancing souls.
Love has no limits, and
I'm willing to risk it all.
Love is real and I feel
it in my bones every time
you call me on my phone.

Mistress

Woman, I hate to see you cry.
Your smile can slow the beat
in anybody's heart and the
world is in need of your medicine.
Woman, you need to understand,
you were made to be treated like
a Queen. I like y'all, G's...at least
the ones that let me be candor.
Woman, your self worth defines
you and you are more than what
you think two hands can do just
rubbing inside your thighs, and a
selfish mouth telling you lies.
Woman, I need you to listen,
listen to your conscience and
always follow your promises.
You're more than gold, and
your soul sincerely speaks
like a diamond on a paper sheet.
Woman, you can do anything.
You create new generations for this world,
you know how to cook, pay the rent
and cry in silence.
Woman, you are the revolution.
You are caring,
you are loving,
you are kind,
you are wise,
you are hope,
you are gifted,
you are a woman.

PainFULL

Tell me why does it hurt so bad?
Isn't love what all we want?
Tell me why.
Why does it feel like I will never feel again?
Tell me why did it feel it was right,
But it was all wrong.
The time, the place, the people.
It was not time for love to meet,
But then again you spoke to me,
And there I was, silently excited.
Now, I don't know about love,
but I do know there was something.
Maybe that something was the light
in your smile, that special light of hope.
You hoped for better days to come,
and I saw through the window how
far you have come. Trust me, I know
it's hard to not give up.
I know how it feels to have everything,
but nothing at all. We all get one chance
to try and understand this life that we love.
But love, isn't that when people smile?
Isn't love supposed to make us feel better?
Well, that's where I was wrong.
Love is a word, but mostly an unknown feeling not understood by nature itself.

Amendment

So, "who do I pray to?"

Myself, my inner soul.

My eyes and ears, they
are ready to go at war.

The truth is that I am God.

But not the type of God you
think or usually believe in.

I am an angel with thoughts that are evil and horns.

I lie, cry, and forget.

I am no good for society,

but I'm good enough for myself.

So, yes. I am God and I own myself my soul.

A soul full of peace and patience.

Also, happiness ruling the seconds, and sadness ruling the years.

But my eyes and ears are what I inspire to be.

To be wise and attentive, to observe and learn, to be the best I could be.

I don't know yet how I'm going to do it,

But I believe in God and her soul.