

Homesick

Far.

It is not long since the moon crept in
And broke a few silver paces across the deck.

Not Far.

Since the light held your eyes,

As a lonely crystal flew

Across your face.

Liquid.

It is not far.

Since the day waved goodbye to morning
And welcomed politely the afternoon.

It is not far.

Since the earth jumped to caress you
Warm its kiss upon your face encased in nevers and not evers.

It is not far.

To walk to hear your laughter.

No, no,

It is not far.

The Earth Will Catch You

I remember, the earth would say,
I remember the songs you have sung,
I remember the sound of your voice,
The smell of your tears,
See how beautiful I am, the earth would say.

I remember, the earth would say,
Each time you have fallen,
The promises you've made to the sky,
The days that have gone before,
The soul you have shown,
See how beautiful you are, the earth would say.

I remember, the earth would say,
I remember the way you fall,
And the way I shall catch you,
With my hope and your dreams...
We are one, you and I...
Earth and soul...
See how beautiful we are, we shall say.

Dying Eyes

Little boy with your shiny white teeth

You are smiling

In the heat of the afternoon

Arms outstretched

But you have nothing

But your dying eyes

Your eyes say to me

“Have you seen my dying eyes?”

My crying eyes,

When none shall see

They are brown and yours are blue

I speak so different to you

But you understand this thing you see

My dying eyes are your lying eyes.

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Catch a Broomstick to Heaven

It's the little things, so my momma would say.

Her face coloured with red African soil.

In a world of lions and antelope,

The grass was our game.

Growing up is unfortunate, but cannot be delayed

In a world where we had nothing,

We had everything made.

We played with our imaginations,

And rode broomsticks to heaven.

In my old world of youth,

My cooking pot was full.

But in this brave, new world,

The fires are out now, the food is cold.

The pots are empty, the broomsticks are broken.

Bread and Jam

The sun has cracked a golden egg across the sky.

Full and round it beats larger and larger;

Like a giant gooseberry pie.

We are picking in the garden,

Eating white bread and jam.

Our feet are dusty as we return.

Our pockets filled, our stomachs swollen,

We cannot be happier with our bread and jam.

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Past Years

There was a year we had no water

No running fresh or biting cold

We bathed in tin pots

In the vanishing daylight

We watched the sun go down

There was a year we had no food

No pepper or grated cheese

We ate what we grew

With our earth coloured hands

We saw the days pass by

There was a year

We did our homework by candlelight

We cooked on a fire outdoors

Oh what a life we had

Oh what a life

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Coming Home

Hear the west wind fall,

Hear how the mighty call,

As the green leaves hush me coming home.

Their embrace is wet and sweet,

In their dark shadows our eyes meet,

I am welcome here,

Where those have past,

Through melodies and lightning fast,

Sighing in the waters pool,

This is home and not forgotten,

Memories brought like seeds of night.

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We Are Going Higher and Higher

Dedicated to the women of W.O.Z.A Zimbabwe

Hear how I roar.

Woman.

Steal me but hear me call.

I sing the songs of yesterday.

We shall rise and beat our hearts.

The sounds you hear break fear apart.

You shall not forget your past but bring it here,

And leave it here.

Though you may share your curse,

The words I speak can't be reversed,

We are connected by the blood we've seen,

By the things we've forgotten,

The places we've seen,

And though you may whisper sorrow to me,

I whisper back our victory,

I let these sounds pass me by,

We are going, yes,

We are going high.

Blood Moon

It was a simple day.

Just like any day or other.

The sun broke a few heads

Nearly drove me under.

We'd been driving with no end,

We were coloured with the dust,

I'd seen full moons many times,

When we'd been broken down and lost.

It was past sunset and into the night,

Sticky hands from sweets I shouldn't have ate,

When through the blackest haze of an African night,

There it was in bright red glory.

It was only once I've seen,

Red and powerful,

The stuff of dreams.

So full I could reach out to touch it,

So bold I could not miss it,

So powerful I could barely glimpse it,

We shared a moment, the blood moon and I.

If I Were Home Again

If I saw you again,
I'd be less afraid,
More grown-up
And less prone to whimper.

If I saw you again,
I'd let my heart rule my motions.
I'd take more breaths
And yet more sunshine.

If I saw you again,
I'd be buried in the African beat,
I'd be its quavers,
I'd be its meat.

If I were home again,
I'd be hiding in the grassy plains,
I'd enjoy the thunder rains,
I'd be living in the herd,
I'd be its spoken word.

If I were home,
I'd not run from the masks
Or the black faces I did not understand
I'd reach out my hand
To the lion's roar.

By The Waterfall

By the waterfall

Where the scent of the earth

Meets the sweet water

Hot skin in the cold

It was just one afternoon

Trekking through the red clay

We suddenly stumbled upon

As if we'd climbed a stair too high

We'd reached the heavens beyond the sky

With nothing but time to pass us by

The mossy rocks kissed our feet

The water rushed as we made our laughing
retreat

There could be nothing more sweet

Than sleeping by the waterfall

We awoke and sure we had not dreamt

The watery image was heaven sent

We dove in and not one care or two

We swam so deep in those waters blue

We climbed upon the rocks so high

We sneaked behind the waters lie

Creating shapes with our hands and feet

Through the cold shaft gushing beat by
beat

And yet can it be true

I ask myself, who are you,

To have kissed the waters

Slept in the waters

Dreamt of the waters

That sunny day by the waterfall

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The Scent Of Rain

You can feel the earth begin to quiver
The heavy clouds stumble and shiver
As if time falls asleep and stops
And falls to the ground in tiny drops
The smell, so fresh with promise
Here I am, says the rain,
Stop what you're doing and wait until I'm done again
Children laughing, you can't help but smile
Worries and woes are gone a while
One by one the rain hits the ground
Filling the air with a thunderous sound
You can start again it says
The rain has no pain or cares
Hope catches you unawares

Things

It's the things we don't say.
The things we try to find
the words for.

The things we find in
each other's eyes,
The things we create for ourselves,
in each other's disguise.

The things that cause us pain
we cannot share,
the things we seek and never find
The things that take us there.

The things we never speak of,
That we never dare to break,
It's the things that make us,
The things that take us,
The things that shake us,
The things we cannot name,
The things that give us shame.

It's the things we never speak of,
That we know and whisper to the night
When no-ones looking
When there's no light
The things that take us by the hand
And make us understand
How far we are from letting go.

It's the things we sometimes share between,
The things we speak of once
When we look into each other's eyes
And for a moment,
Just one moment
We lose the things that hold us still
The things in our disguise.

Death In The Water

They say, you know, that you can smell it.

They say, that there is a sense of something;

The fears of those who have passed:

A warning.

They say, that you can feel they are near.

Under the murky waters

Yellow eyes that pierce the soul

When they suddenly open.

They say, you know that there is no greater fear

When, by the waters they appear

Camouflaged by warmth and light

Quick and foreboding like the night

They snatch the souls of those who wander

Dragging them and all their life to the under.

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