

Poetry Portfolio



Josie Wild - 2024

She

She is a vessel,
a form softened around the edges.
She's been rattled with a hard knock
against her dominating thoughts
of an exterior mould to fit and
an interior heart to twist.
So many knocks,
but still she stands.

She is a balancing act.
Their malice intents were swallowed like
the food she wishes not to consume.
Her skirt is on the cusp of neither skin
nor none.
Don't break the scale.
Crossed legs were far too lady-like for
the snark on the playground.
"Don't be such a girl."

She is a chamber.
Life in and love out.
Neither afraid to care nor certain to reap.
Critics locked in to shrivel,
and to starve.
A body.
Not a battleground.

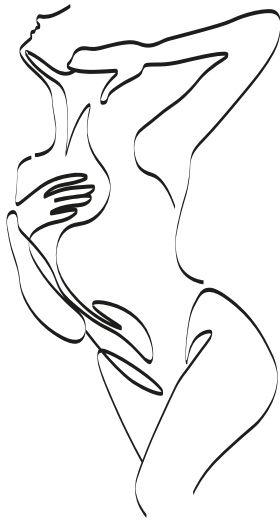
Josie Wild 2023

She is in bloom.

Terracotta wrapped around her persistent
finger delves deep,
deep into the soil that holds her.
To one day delve back into the roots
where she once belonged.

And through it all, she remains a quirk.
Beckoning to all odds against.

She is female.

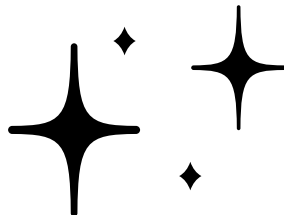


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Four Three Two, Four Three Two
take me by the hand, they won't have a clue.
For my bowel be knotted,
dumbstruck, clotted,
fingers be tapping on wood.
For the better good of both me and you
I shan't take that peek
across the room where four eyes gawk.

Four Three Two, Four Three Two
feet soiled where passions once grew.
When my kisses were softer, and theirs were too.
Clouds wrapped around necks
(gently too will pass)
by the wind that knocks air out of pairs
and stirs; it stirs us well.

Four Three Two, Four Three Two
more eyes are gawking, I doubt they knew
That I listened to you before this eve
whilst scratching at scabs that cease to bleed.
Your words soothed me, and fooled my mind
to believe that gawking won't come from
a name disinclined.



The Soothsayer

A flea market in the throat of a seaside town.
Reluctant to the opening of my heart to the likely
brutes, hellions and creatures of
malicious enlightenment
(condemned by the ways my mother set)
I sit in the musky chair.

A pack of cards she gives to me
which must be divided by three.
Shaky palms determine my fate.
I pick the pile most neglected.
Rotting teeth gnarl into a crooked smirk at
the two red nines of hearts.
Not like anything she has quite come across.
I am deemed a 'nurturer' with the apt love
to give in a world that perplexes and
frustrates.
My toes curl, teeth grind.
I cannot give to a world that ceases to give to me.

A pack of cards she gives to me
which must be divided by three.
"Do not detest the world, my child.
Do not let it abuse.
It ought to put your treasures in a
burial urn before the day of the dead."

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It relieves. My purpose affirmed.
I do not fear for hunger nor warmth,
rather for the ambition lost;
left to shrivel in relentless heat.
I demand to affirm
that I shall be the beacon
of my own destiny.

That rotten grin grows into something sheepish,
the cheeky little bottle she does grab.
To wish me farewell on my journey of purpose,
my temples and wrists are dampened
as she anoints me with myrrh.



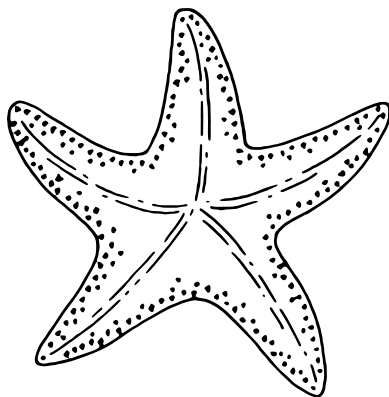
The Birth of The Tide

The ocean regulates Her anima.
She delves into Her being
to postulate the dualism;
the Sun and Moon
aligns in their affinity.
And the tide is implanted
in the chamber of the sea
at springtime.

Giving birth to the tide,
the ocean roars
in agonising nativity.
Her belly churns,
thrusting Her waters
For miles and
miles on end.
Transpiring on the shores.

Her shrieks are heard
by the fishermen.
She grasps onto their lines,
heaving them further
into the depths of her spasms.
They firmly resist
Her elixir of illusion
and fertility.
Knowing far too well
that Her clasp will
lure them in too deep.
Into the hue and cry
of her delving chasm.

The tide is released
in a primordial rupture.
Allowing the contractions
to abate,
exhausted, She alleviates
Her angusih
seeping into a deep sleep



Tender Evocations: Money An Illusion

Tender evocations come to me
Like some wretched thing.
I tend to overthink everything:
My body like a doughnut,
Round, but with a hole in it.
My name like an epitome,
Often mispronounced
With the “s” like a “z”
Instead of a “c”.
I can’t seem to shake off
My identity being me.

Tender evocations come to me
Like some costly thing.
A morning coffee every day;
An expensive ritual,
A high-ticket trap.
Spending money is free,
But the money never seems
To come back in full degree.
Every spare cent an accolade.
Every spare dollar a disbursement.
I’ll never make it to a million.

Tender evocations come to me
Like some critical thing.
I dream of being a high-rider,
A bonafide spender.
While the fat cats sit
in New York City
Looking at my writing
To the enth degree.
What on Earth am I to do
In this fickle, frugal society?
So mote it be.

Tender evocations come to me
Like some pretty thing.
Every spare cent I do spend
Is spent on me.
Although the rent doesn't come easy,
And the bills seem to evade me.
I carry my wallet like a collectible
Rather than a necessity.
An ode to late night gas stations
And flower shops and little treats.
Tender evocations come to me.
Money is an illusion, so it will be.

