

Making it verse...



Habiba Hrida

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Second Chance

Supporting Mental Health in Performing Arts

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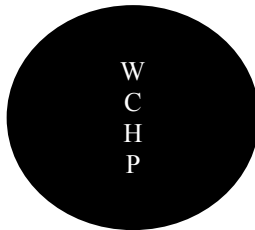
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Second Chance

you may need it next

Meet the Author

Hello. I'd like to introduce myself but have always thought it rather pointless. My real name sounds corny anyway. Although I'm a Londoner, yes, living in the Land Of Non Descript Other Nations, I'm half Moroccan too. I call myself a writer rather than an author because that's what I am. I don't authorize anything but I write quite a lot. Right the wrongs. Use words as a healer. Not just here, but in everyday life. Ah...the power of words used well, can fit those hidden unseen spaces without the reader or listener having to put in very much effort. Yes, words used properly can be a real soother, a wake-up call, thought-provoking or simply uplifting. That's the beauty of them. Having been a Spoken Word Artist for the last three years and keeping word alive accompanying other poets in line-ups at festivals, benefits and poetry clubs, I had built up quite a name for myself, and I felt as if I had enough material and so did my friend and fellow poet, Jason Why, to help publish my work for the benefit of others. . . I've been writing all my life and have I think, a style which can be enjoyed by young and old and older alike., the central core being the protection of good and the protection of the planet. I've travelled to parts of the world that are so spiritual and eye-opening and that will be apparent in this book sometimes. I've lived through many challenging situations and have met some of the best people on the way and always give thanks for the positives in life. I challenge so-called normality and think there's much more

to it. To write about this is both confronting and challenging. I hope you enjoy the varying subject matter and gather the message of the poems.

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Ye Fludde of mine!

Fiendish red fire spits through the sky,
Fizzing, shooting snake commuting,
Core descends to wound the Earth
And give way to a God who was full of wrath!

Had dropped embers, let the oceans spin,
And all humanity fall into it,
Had osmosized a break from sin,
A ceremonial water slaughter.

As men were made martyrs, only angels escaped ,
Higher and higher climbed the waves.
All would struggle for a boat or a float,
And the people wept for a chance to be saved.

This rushing gushing tyrant paused not
Drowning destroying with roaring sound!
While creation was purged in the waters of doom
Rinsed clean away, no resistance to be found.

A man did survive with all of his tribe,
That tribe called Noah kept alive.
The Ark that carried them, was specially made,
To give them a chance to be truly saved.

And when peace did return to the shores of the mother
Noah's tribe had ascended to mountain sky light!

From mortal to living angel, the path of them gifted
God's love had their wings loved and lifted.

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Luther's Rest

On the bay,
Of Luther's rest
Sat a boy,
Head to the west.
The fishing boats
Were bobbing, abandoned
Tilting on the water,
The cool collected water.
The rocks nestling
In the bay
Changed form
Within the waters sway,
The night was gathering
The people at the eve
Of a hot dusty day.
The children playing
The women cooking
The men playing dice,
The young boys looking
For girls in white dresses
With ebony tresses
The sun warming love
At the soul
Of the bay,
The natural conclusion,
For a natural day.

The gift of Spring

Lambs frisk lightly in fields of clover,
Venturing out, now winter is over
Hatchlings strut by contented hens,
Pink piglets snuffle within their pens.
As sunshine strengthens seeds take root
And little saplings start to shoot.
A new beginning's here at last,
For spring is coming, coming fast!
A time for revival
For positivity
A chance to give thanks,
For all that we see.

The Secret Spell of Night

A-waking, and a- studying stars, the secret spell of night,
Stretches and scorns... mutters, then yawns but finally
awakes.

He sits a-while, his head cocked right, the Thinker, on a
knoll,

Then leaps like a deer to the hill, where it's clear,
To begin his Shamans rites!

The sight so bizarre, is the night at play
While he's weaving his magic, and howling,
The earth's on a slide and the nature bright-eyed,
The wind's a-moaning and the trees a-groaning!
All's transfixed on the banshee wizard
Who dances through your dreams.

He pulls you from sleep as you toss and turn
And your dreams depart for a ride,
On the winds of the night, as he raises his arms,
In the net of his making, your dreams he's creating,
His bony physique on the hill, so steep
That no-one knows exists...

The Pack

Gathered like
Stealthy warplanes,
Were clouds gaining
Air superiority,
Resolutely menacing.

Within the crevice
Of the bunker
Lightnings vividness
Made us blind.

Sitting in old jeans
White dust chalk-like...
We were
The lost children

Crouched in anticipation
Of the crack of thunder
And unfolding
Of rain...

Hallucinogenic Holiday

In Jasmines Close, magnolia trees
Tumbled their blossom, and petrified me.
I was trying to watch them, to see how they fell, but
The rain and the wind were breaking the spell.
Magnolia was whirling in loops round my head and
I tried to remember whose books I had read.
The pulsing subsided, the air became still,
And a judge was above me, with parchment and quill!
The trees turned to dust, and the judge stared at me
And said this is the sentence I give to thee!
A sentence that cannot be started,
From this race I am departed..
Me, the judge, a fear so great,
Is it too late, or is this my fate?

Daydream

A certain soul forgetting spell,
A trip remembered, known so well.
Familiar touch, evoking taste,
A welcome awe- inspiring place!
A sudden breeze anoints the skin,
And natures swirls move
From within.
A special sound,
An ancient call
And somewhere on their knees they fall...
In ecstatic heat,
In rhythmic dance,
The horse's rear,
They rear and prance...
The cloth unwraps,
Reveals the force,
The rivers crash
Throughout
Their course...
It's folding in,
And natures din
Is filling all the holes,

Emotion

In the blizzards
Of my memories,
Lies a piece of broken glass.
In the sunsets
Of my fantasies,
The hearts
Are beating fast.
In the rivers
Of my sorrows,
Sits a changeling,
So alone,
And in the fairground
Of my happiness,
Freaks and gypsies roam...

Monkey Madness

Don't jump and prance to the apish beat
That controls the population
And can't admit defeat.
Sacred ground will help us grow,
Put solidarity back into the soul.
Togetherness holds in position
That free spirit who is making the transition.
Don't let that beat get under your feet
You'll be on a string, and you'll get pulled in.
Sacred sounds can help us grow,
Give love and expression to our souls.
Don't sway and lean to the savages way
For you'll never get to have your say,
Run away and don't look back
'Lest in this zoo you're surely trapped.

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