

Going with the Flow

by

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Published by William Cornelius Harris Publishing

In collaboration

with

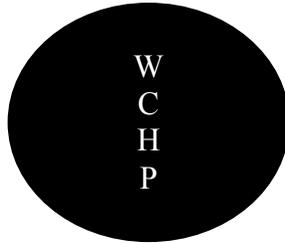
Second Chance

Supporting Mental Health in Performing Arts

ISBN 978-0-9932293-9-8

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Second Chance

You may need it next

Foreword

Welcome to this, my third collection of awesome poetry that's perfect for a fireside, a bedside, or a roadside, and packed with lyrical lines for you to enjoy! The collection you will be reading feels its way around the rough edges of societies conditioning, with an idealistic approach. I have found that life's injustices can be made more palatable when they are expressed in a different way. In a world full of freely available information that can be used as inspiration for all sorts of poems there's no excuse for not putting pen to paper occasionally! With great pleasure, I present to you, 'Going with the Flow'. Take a walk with me into my imagination for a while and get connected to yours. Listen to your inner voice that is there to guide and support you. Get carried away! I don't know if it's the same for you, but my personal life has changed dramatically over the years, just like a flowing stream and not without adversity along the way, like rocks and boulders that slow down the flow, before transforming from the tiny trickle into the huge waterfall and having acquired more momentum, then reaching the open sea and becoming part of the whole. In essence, coming home! True transformation comes from within and can be very powerful. Go carefully towards self- enlightenment, where mechanisms of the false reality can be more or less discarded. Through poetry I explore my life, thoughts and feelings through a more spiritual lens. I start to refine, then define who I actually am. I am hoping to sow seeds for a better world. Including poems old and new, moving and funny, 'Going with the Flow,' will appeal to the more lucid thinkers among you, still actively choosing to believe that we live in a world that, although constantly changing, is still good and worthy. Some of us are choosing to face the religious and spiritual truth of the world today, even shape it; after all, if you're not part of the solution you're part of the problem right? There are much more beneficial things we can do rather than accept blame and defeat. There are many ways that can found to make things better.

GOING WITH THE FLOW

Extract Only

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Cup of Tea

Filling the kettle right up to the brim,
I take two cups and pop the teabags in.
I'll make a cup of tea, that'll hit the spot,
Nice and strong, and piping hot,
To help me rise above adversity,
A cup for you and a cup for me;
Cup of tea, cup of tea, always goes
Down the hatch so naturally,
Makes the whole world seem the best place to be,
It's the perfectly created remedy.
I add the hot water and allow it to steep,
Let the steam's flowing stream put my mind to sleep,
Pour in milk, (just a wee splash),
We haven't got long, soon have to dash!
Slipping in a spoon I whirl and stir and,
The rest I attest is just a comforting blur.
As I sip and slurp, suck and savour,
My taste buds relish that satisfying flavour;
My tongue is tingling; it's the lovely effect
Of the sanctifying liquid, flowing down my neck,
Cup of tea, a cup of tea, makes the whole world
Seem okay with me,
Always the job magnificently,
There's a cup for you and a cup for me.

Beautiful Spirit

As I look around and wish that you were really, really
there,
I remember how the summer sun would shine, upon your
hair!
You were always there! Always there...
You taught me how to teach myself! All you did was
care...
Wish that you were really, really there! The way that you
were before!
My pain is so raw!

I long for your touch, your skin, your smell!
I long for the way you made me feel,
I long for the times, we spent together laughing.
It was so real! Now I'm watching you fly,
Fly away, to, a better place!
With the sun, the rain, the wind, upon your beautiful,
Upon your beautiful face! Fly away from me,
For us, for this, for everything!

I look around, and wish that you were really, really there,
I reach out to touch you then remember that you're not
here,
I wish that I could fly away, to a better place,
Just to be with you another second,
Is a feeling that I'd embrace, a feeling I'd embrace,
Fly away, beautiful spirit!

Long Lost Goddess Revived

She's sitting in a doorway draped in threadbare rags,
Her life's right there beside her, in two black plastic bags.
She's forgotten how to save the day, spells are worn and
tattered,

Weaving words gathering dust in the dark, perfect vision
shattered.

The Gods who were meant to save her are overcome with
lust,

They just walk by with a sideways glance, at Ruby in the
dust.

Her poetry once potent, now has no rhyme or song,
She has little in common with them that she's among,
She only came to tell us, what we knew all along,
Came to sing sweet songs of love and put right, all the
wrongs.

Her soul is barely moving but her spirit's still alive;
Guiding her and finding her a path that she'll survive!
On the path to retribution, transformation holds the key,
Letting go of all you have can set your spirit free!
These things are bound to happen on the path to liberty.
Time's better spent in pursuit of ascent, than chasing
misery!

So let's help restore her radiance to shine brightly, like the
sun,

Help her reclaim powers all, complete what she's begun,
Give her place and lend her faith and satisfy her notion,
Listen to her songs of love that sweeten bitter potion.
When you get the feeling, embrace what is to come,
It's the power of the goddess rising in everyone.

God Dust

On the day of visitation,
We'd all felt a dislocation,
An unusual ceremony in the air!
A divine correspondence
With us as the respondents,
We had to shield our eyes against the glare.
We knew not what it was but it was there,
We had to shield our eyes against the glare,
And within this panorama,
This weird religious drama,
Beat a heart that was pulsating large and true!
We were racing to the end,
To a fate we'd all attend,
With nothing but balloons to spoil the view,
With freedom to believe and problems few!
With nothing but balloons to spoil the view!

Distractions

If you stole a computer you'd go to court,
If you stole a child you wouldn't get caught.
If you dare to lay your head on the earth,
Without permission, it's time you'll serve.
It's time for permission to live on the land!
It's time for heads to come out of the sand!
The works needed within, the works needed without,
Or nothing will change, of that there's no doubt.
Ignore the distractions, get up, take a stand,
We want some earth back; give us some land!

Sexy summer

Erotically sweet sunshine,
Filters through your eyes,
Honey treacle spilling,
Down your inner thighs;
Under ground beneath us,
Is echoing our sighs,
Your body is insistent,
To its questions I reply.
My face is pressed
To the source of heat,
Under open skies;
Honey treacle's spilling,
Mingling with our sighs,
The aching that is ecstasy
Is peaking, as I spy,
Those silver, sexy sandals,
Blatant, wicked, high!
So I don't stop myself
From gazing at your body
Arched and real,
Must you wear sequins?
Sweet angel of the future,
Can I break the seal?

Product Details

ISBN 9780993229398

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Edition first

Publisher William Cornelius Harris Publishing

Published 23 June 2016

Language English

Pages40

Binding Perfect-bound Paperback

Interior Ink Black & white

Weight 0.11 kg

Dimensions (centimetres) 14.81 wide x 20.98 tall