

IN MANY FORMS



*a collection of poetry,
prose, and lyrics*

POETREE

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to Saeed,
for the dreams we deserve,



and to every person who finally found their voice after
being silenced for too long..

Contents

<i>Dedication</i>	v
<i>Preface</i>	ix
<i>I</i>	
The Introduction	1
<i>II</i>	
Toxicity	59
<i>III</i>	
A Dozen Roses	115
<i>IV</i>	
The Butterfly Effect	163
<i>V</i>	
Death of Ego	171
<i>VI</i>	
A Flame	207
<i>VII</i>	
B R E A T H E	225
<i>VIII</i>	
Eyes wide Open	263



Preface

I started performing underground in my hometown when I was 18 but have been writing since 11. When I discovered that I can release with ease just by writing it changed my life. I am imperfectly living with all of the pieces I've discovered year after year. My collection *In Many Forms* is exploring the puzzle of my pieces and the pieces of my puzzle. It's exploring the different parts of myself that have been denied because life forced me to "choose" just one way of being. It's the moon in me and sometimes conducive to hiding under a blanket with a flashlight. Yet and still I live on with the many parts of myself and each of those parts have a role to help the other living parts.

I take pride in knowing that I wear many hats and that it can be a superpower. This belief heavily inspired my overall work but it's also why I push through hard times when they come. I can't be the only one in the world who feel this way? People are cyclically shamed into mediocrity and that's just not my path.

The goal? To use all aspects of myself to create. Dance, for example, is just poetry in motion. Finding ways to intersect multiple qualities of my creativity is just a reflection of the intersectionality of my identity and I embrace this.

Color and movement are pieces to my puzzle too. I'm moved by what I see just as much as what I feel. I guess you can say it takes a level of intuition too--to be able to connect the two.

I do a lot of daydreaming, trying to bring whatever I see--whether color, dance, words or even my hair, to life from the very loud pictures I experience in my mind. And so I say I feel like my energy comes from some divine feminine tree, deeply rooted in the earth, that remains green throughout every season because even in the deepest and darkest of times I still pull through with blind faith. That must be the manifestations of miracles. The process to get here is about the journey and I left footprints to be tracked with these pieces. *In Many Forms* is very personal, a reflection of the healing process, direct and robust. This book is the first installment of a three part series of poetry on love and actualization through time and the divine feminine. I wrote this series of short poetry, prose and lyrics over a six year span, a wild ride through my young adulthood, to reach out to the hearts of all who have felt lost and found, low and high and everything in between, regardless of sex, gender, sexuality or identity.

Being the first of three, *In Many Forms*, explores the many levels of *self-love* and how it can **grow from any soil you choose to nurture**, from self acceptance, intimacy, epiphanies or relationships to the realities of depression, anxiety, abuse, sexuality and identity.

The purpose? For the process of metamorphosis; being willing to uproot for the better. Growth cannot happen if we don't allow it space to move.

I hope you can recognize and relate. Because we all do.

I



The Introduction

the beginning.
taking first steps
like a young child.
It's the first day
of school feels:
first day of
work,

the
the
inter
audi
view
tion



I'd rather be a poet
 With alphabetical books that explain love
 And all its counterparts.
 That show love in the mind
 Body
 And society.
 The root of all things great
 Is love.
 I'd rather be the poet who colors your mind with words and
 emotion,
 Bring you tears and deep devotion,
 Have you think
 About loves corrosions,
 Have you wanting to pick up a book and understand
 The meaning of words..
 much more than its letters



If I could taste the honey
 that drips from your flower,
 Everyday,
 I would be full
 Of sweetness.

The crickets from last-night
Left me lost in green sound,
Palpating my green heart.

Love, like water, as satisfying as it is
Choke me when excessive
And drown me when possessive.



If there was a way to give myself love
in physical form
It would be where bees
make love,
Where sunflowers grow,
Where grasses dew,
It would be me looking back at me.



After every heartbreak
there is healing,
scars
That work just fine,
Just like old skin.

Emotions. The best thing about emotion is passion. How we can be engulfed in every feeling, fill with tears when we're angry or hurt, or bend in aching pain from laughing so hard. I love being passionate. Whether "too sensitive" or "overreacting" my feelings are just because they are mine. Take every opportunity to understand the root of your passion even when your passion leads you wrong. There is no wasted time in lessons learned.

If my nectar is sour to you
Too bad.
I can produce gardens of flowers.



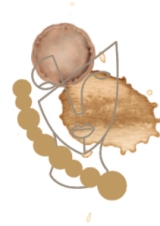
Mountains
move slowly
darling.
And when
the ground
cracks
So does my
voice
Because
even the high-
est eagle can't
Equate to
the level my
screams reach.



Friends,
Like stings from a bee
move nectar to nectar
And die after one bad touch
leave you running but interested
absolutely necessary to life.

Family,
 Like scars that heal with time,
 Is none too perfect either.
 I hope they appreciate your
 pollination.

Whatever I told you
 I meant every word of it,
 That I am a gem, but you
 can't see,
 That I forgave, after every-
 thing you did.
 That I'm open even though
 I don't want to be.
 But you keep breathing,
 Like I was just a hiccup.
 You don't hear me
 But my heart,
 You're still keeping.



This life of mine will force me to walk down a road harder than most. I will be cut, bruised, left like roadkill, but I will walk.

Why can't you understand that
This spontaneous combustion
That I call my heart
Is yours?
Every time I start
To feel every pump
Blood flows,
Endlessly,
And I fall
hopelessly into you.

