

Nel's Poetry

1. A Whistle With No Cause
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A Whistle With No Cause

A whistle with no cause
cuts the street like broken glass,
beyond repair,
misogyny in the air,
shards of sound scattered
against the quiet of her steps.
She, a woman carved from silence,
carries her stillness as armor—
her voice folded inward,
her eyes fixed ahead.
Behind her, a stranger,
a shadow without roots,
sends his call through the air,
claiming space with noise,
newcomer,
as if the world were his to summon.
Yet the whistle fades—
an empty echo on stones from old.
Her silence is the louder hymn,
her unanswering stride
a refusal,
a resistance,
a rebuke to the call that
never earned a name.
America is not a woman,
nor his frontier, to claim.

American Spirit

The Spirit That Cannot Be Conquered
The tide shifts,
and with it, a nation remembers.

This land has always breathed—
through our rocky rivers that move through our soul,
through our mountains that stand taller
than our beloved flag we raise.
Spirit is not a prize of war,
not a treaty signed in dust,
not a chain that binds.
Spirit is the fire in the bones,
the drum in the chest,
the breath of ancestors
who still walk beside us.
You cannot conquer what was never yours.
Spirit is not a thing to seize,
but a life to live.
It moves in the sons and daughters of the land,
in the work of their hands,
in the songs of their hearts.
America—
not only the wood and stone,
but the wind,
the soil,
the water,
the memory.
Her strength is not in conquest,
but in courage—
not in erasure,
but in endurance.
So we lift our eyes,
we march in step with the earth,
and we live the American spirit
that cannot be conquered,
only carried forward.

A Bright New Dawn

We close the door,
we seal the gate,
we cast aside the whisper of blind faith,
the culture of hate,
the false name,
the hollow sin.
Not Santa Muerte,
but true angels we call—
santas with light in their hearts,
spirits clear as crystal,
visions pure as water,
prophecy shining like dawn.

We walk not with shadows
but with the spirit's flame.
We welcome our higher ground,
the mountain where our hope is planted,
the sky where mercy breaks open.
In this rising,
evil is undone,
and darkness is scattered.
We see the bright new day—
the promise fulfilled,
the spirit restored,
the children of light,
returning home.

Break through the dark campaign,

The shadowed lies of World War Three,
Through truth and light, in love we see.
No more rings, no more riots,
Black rumors fall like paper to fire,
their shadows bound, their tongues to wire.
In light we shine, in truth we stand,
dark whispers break, and fade away.
Through our good will, and mercy's way.

