

## Introduction

This poetry and photography collection is dedicated to life. Although at times, it challenges us, confuses us, and forces us to strive to evoke meaning into, I hope it aids you in seeing its because I think we all are reaching out to beauty, grace, and curiosity - even when the day seems to be going bad.

But you need not a bad day to go searching for what is constant - The life that is living a beautiful existence right now. Take a look...

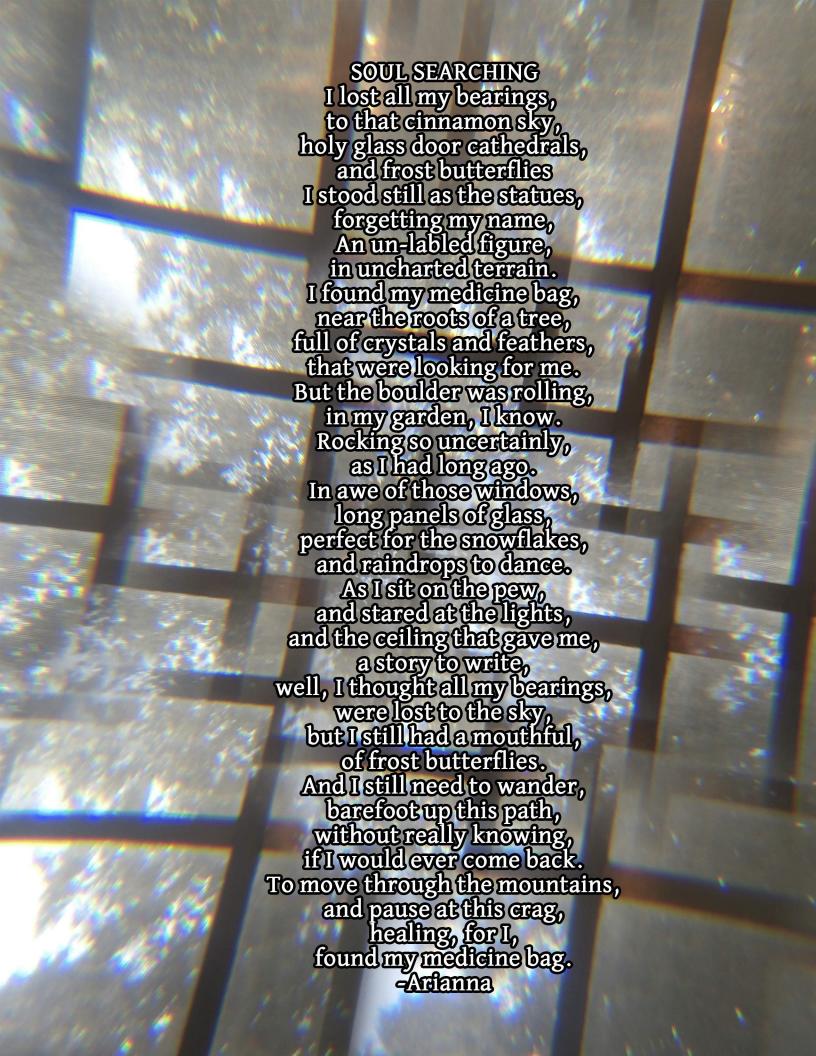
## **ARRANGING STONES** Slow and green, pearls and light. A black stallion in a wolf's body. I was in love with his adoration of silver and purple. Hislove of the magical, his ability to see God's embroidery in the patterns of the stars. He could only be depth, ripe, ripe velvet, and palm-sized stones. He'd leave those stones balanced in a monument, a tribute to Mother Nature, and all of her glory. He was deep green and alone, deep violet and silence And he could see God's handiwork, in the grains of sand beneath his feet. -Arianna

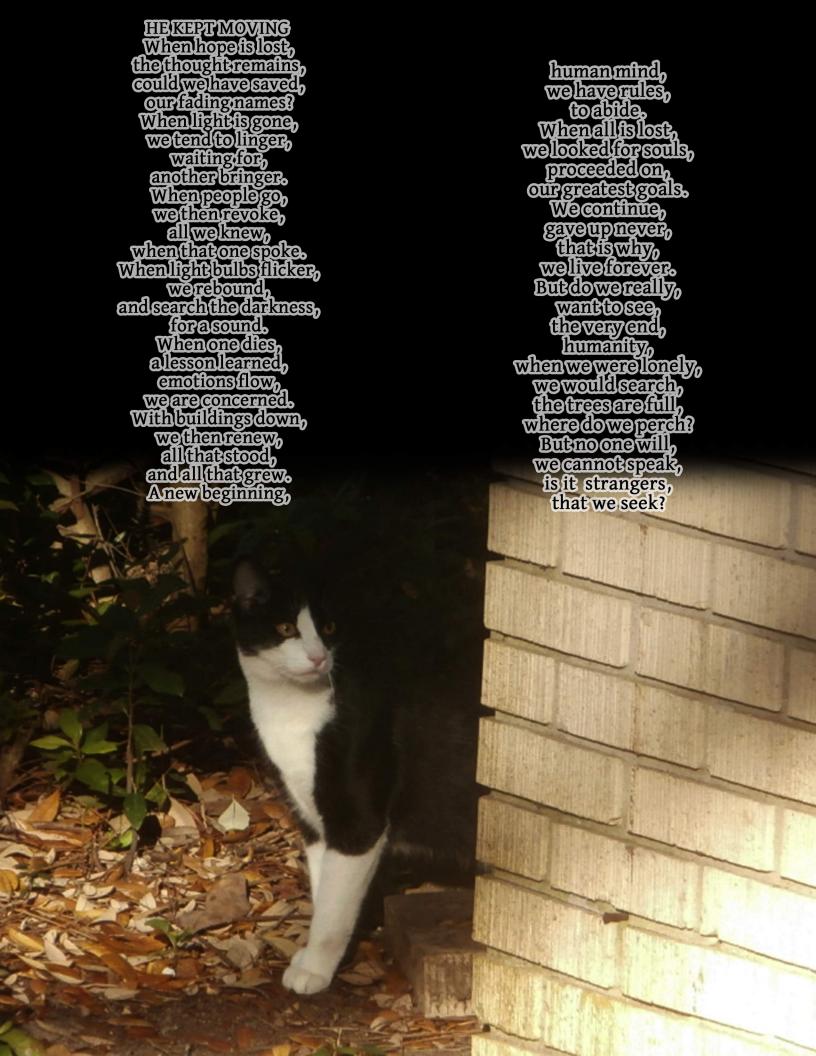


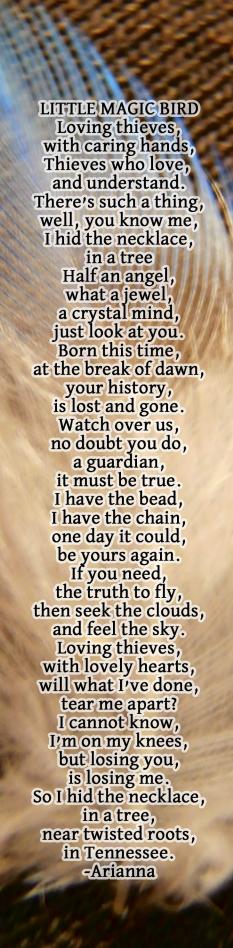




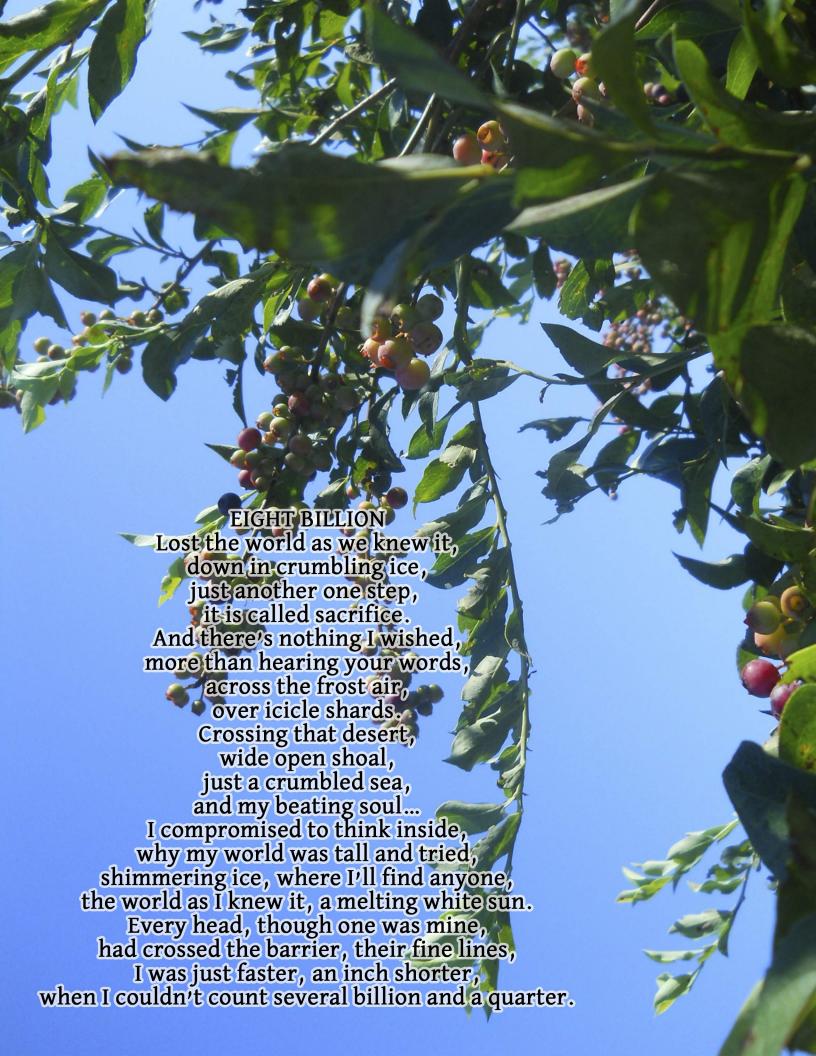
MY SON There was humbleness, warm hearts and sky, divinity, from eye to eye. An imperfection in his gaze, but I saw perfection anyway.
I was there to be the stronger one, but as all of this is said and done, how could I argue, eye-to-eye, the feathers blond, you're blue as sky. Your copper-gold, accents the gaze, of another nature, outer space. These imperfections, perfect you, and maybe I should see the truth. I'm so lucky, I'm so loved, blue and brown, earth and above. So when I've lost all faith inside, I'll recollect it in the night. All my efforts, as best they be, It's a struggle toward divinity. But you're the boy, I walk into, for always I, will learn from you, just how perfect imperfections, change the world, and our directions. I complained, but then I saw, just how lucky we parents are... -Arianna

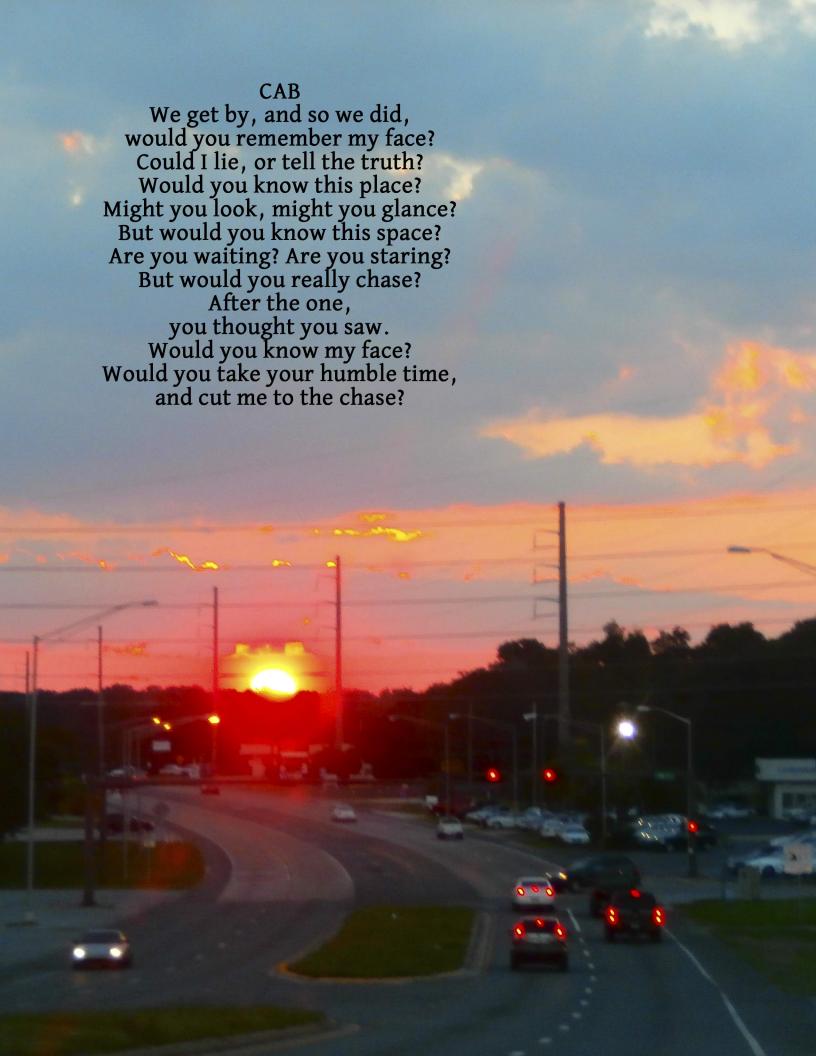






PEARL SOUP One drop of water, and no need for blood, you can give me a pitcher, or send me a flood. One little seed, just a jewel, just a pearl, for I have faith to do this, of this I am sure. So into the kettle, into the pot, I will stir up my dreams, and I will never stop. I have one drop of water, and I know this is all, but the soup I've created, it rolls down the hall, The beautiful water, all the rainbows and light, pearl soup for breakfast, and dinner tonight. One drop of water, just a sparkle in mud, you can give me a pitcher, or send me a flood, -Arianna

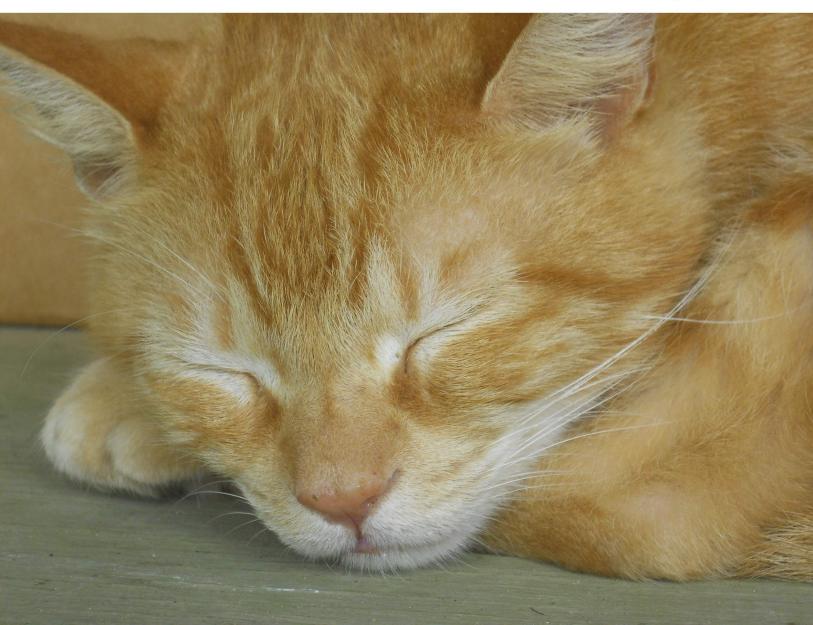




**ADOPTED** There was no blood, to prove anyone's point, he was only your son, because you made the choice. From two different worlds, but the great Destiny told her, I will make this boy your child, to forever watch over. Came quick in the night, he had a silent arrival, but a wisp of pure love, that to you, was revival. Those shadows are sweet, as you unlock your front door, to let him into the home, he had never been before. So you looked after him, when you could, and were able,

across the dark city, or just your dinner table. And when you weep at night, when the world starts to doubt you, he walked in so quiet, and put his arms around you. Around the one person, he felt ever loved him, and around all your doubts, for he could destroy them. The boy who became yours, his moonlight and ash, who faced such a tragic, and magical past. Though you did not birth him, a stranger did this, it was he who delivered you, to the beauty you missed. Yes, his footsteps are loud,

there's a kick in his boot, you can hear him arrive, when he comes back to you. To visit the woman, whom had taken him in, whom had made him her child, because she wanted him. And as you look in his eyes, you know he too, had chose you. This young man, your one child, he puts his arms around you. Around the one person, he ever felt loved him, and put to rest all your doubts, for his love overcomes them. -Arianna





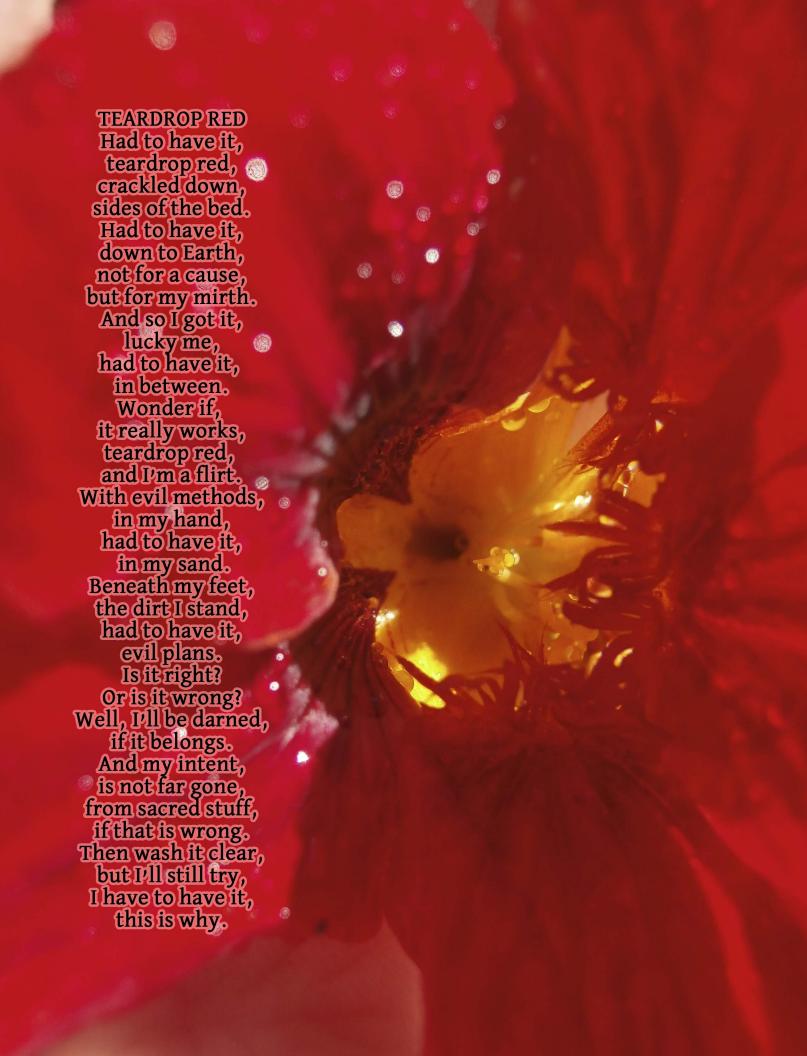
YES, I DARE I feel a little fired up, like passion in my trials, the flames were catching to my skirts, and smoke poured from my ears. I feel a little taken down, like rain depressed my light, stormy as a white shower, or a starless, lonely night. I cut my hair, I cut my skin, the blood it drained, and rose, hoping no one saw it, through my thin and coal black clothes. But what it took, to think these things, these worldly-god ideas, to suffer in whose suffering? To get to know whose fears? I rammed myself against the wall, to end the twister's path, but now it's started something else, and it's a kind of wrath. They used to call me beautiful,

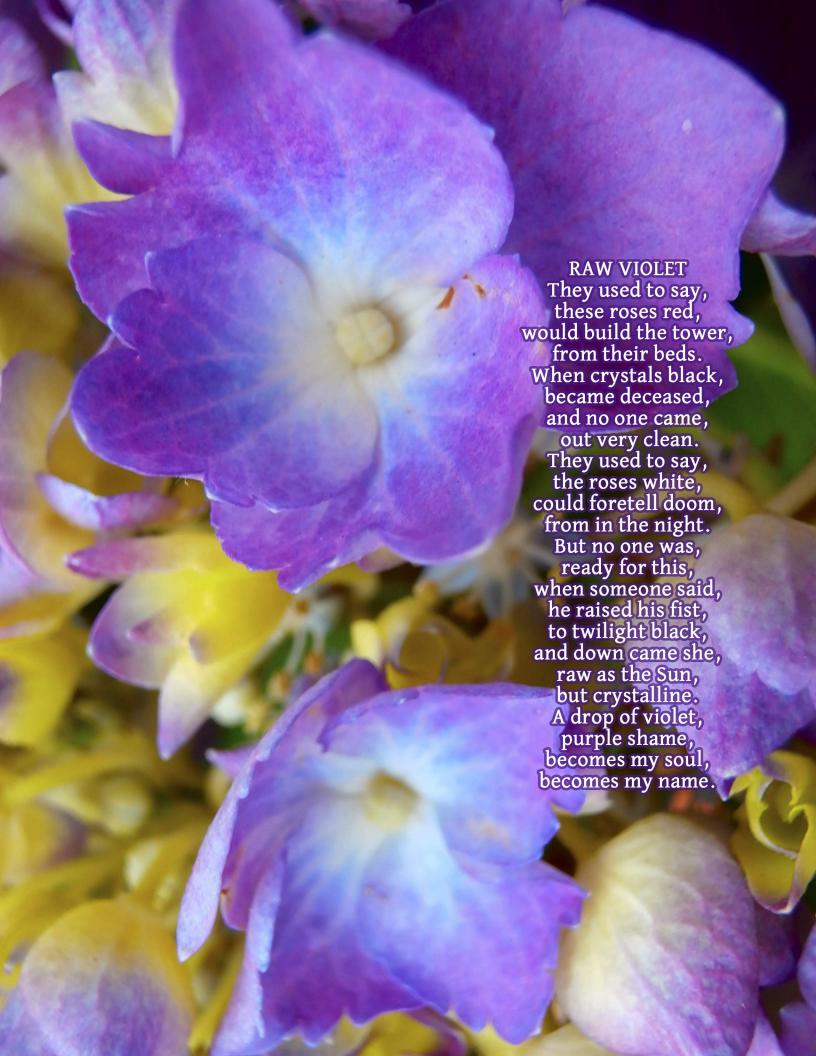
but beauty is for sobers, I am angry with the world, and yet I am a knower. Too much empathy, I stole, but I am getting smarter, I want to feel a little love. which makes it so damn harder. Can I ask you what this means? When you lay your life to pieces? Refusing to be innocent, the tree of life? She freezes. I could lead you back, my friend, we could have been a team. You could have been an honest soul, you could have reached your dreams. But no, I nod my head in jest, you'd rather be a mother, to imaginary grand kids, watering imaginary flowers.



THE RAINBOW RING OF MAGIC My sixth sense is so weird,
as my third eye sees the faux,
in the gems we often wear,
cause, they do not have that glow.
The difference between diamonds,
the quartz, to glass, to stone,
is that rainbows best avoid it,
and the real ones are alone. and the real ones are alone. How red can rubies get?
Well, I'll tell you this to swear, that the best ones you can get, are only this red by a hair.
I'm a wizard, can't you see?
I know emeralds at a glance, but I cannot see the difference, when they're set into that She's avoided this for decades, and I'm not even that old, but a promise has been made, and it's very, kind of cold.
I am doomed into a fate, as the crystals in my hand, but the only problem now, is that it's now a wedding band.
But it don't belong to me, and it don't belong to her, nobody I know, How red can rubies get?

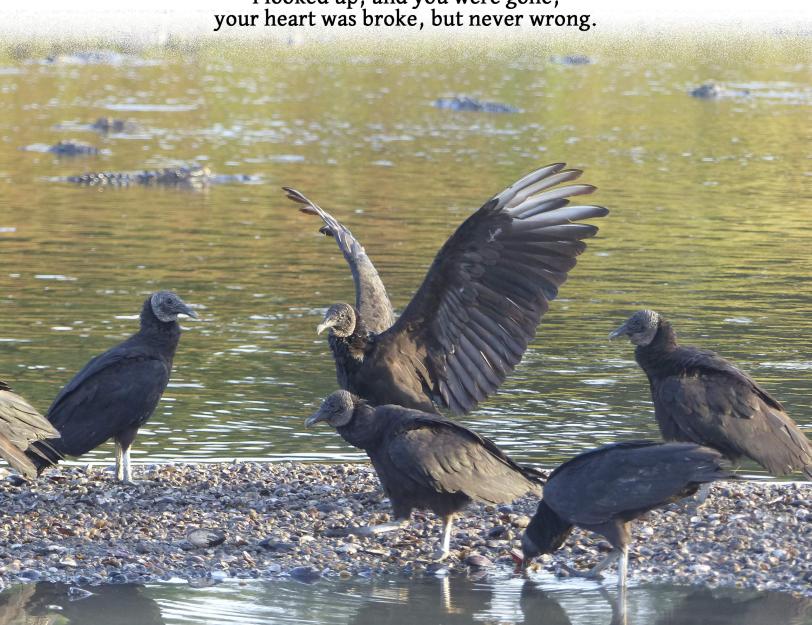
has a ring like this, I'm sure.
To get it back to you,
they say I may lose my mind.
And if I lose my will,
well, I'll say they were blind.
Hard as all those diamonds,
and just nailed into my head,
but now I'm kinda' scared,
cause' that's exactly what I said.
But her prophecy deflects me,
and it don't believe I'm real,
and it don't really trust me,
and that makes me want to feel,
I should be kind of wary,
as I reach for topaz blue,
cause' mirrored on it's surface,
may be someone not as true.

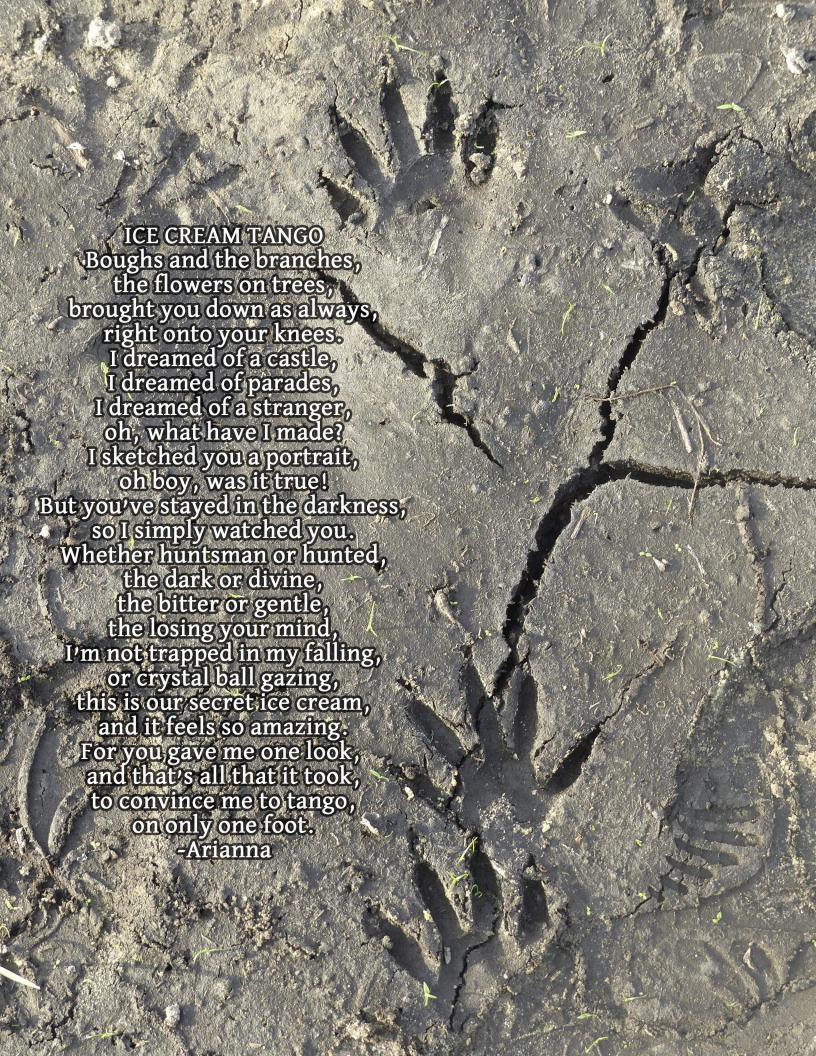


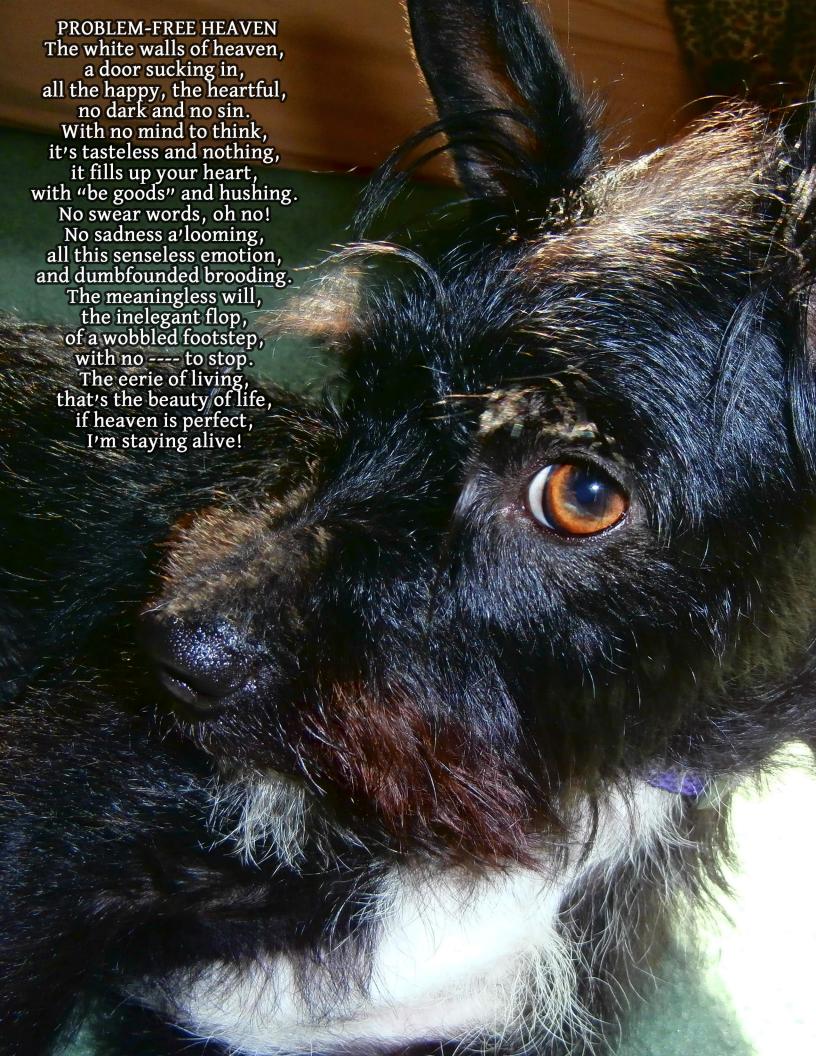




IT WAS THIS BIG Your heart is so revokable. your soul and love, colloquial. Arrest your designation here, spell out your name, but not in fear. Spinning 'round me in the air, a vulture halo in my hair. Dive off the cliffs, coyotes sing, your little suffer, suffering. Your heart is so rebirthable, and I am so immeasurable. destinations you thought far, you'll never reach them in a car. Goals you thought so distantly, were reached, and almost instantly. Your heart is so ignitable, the pages so rewritable, I looked up, and you were gone,







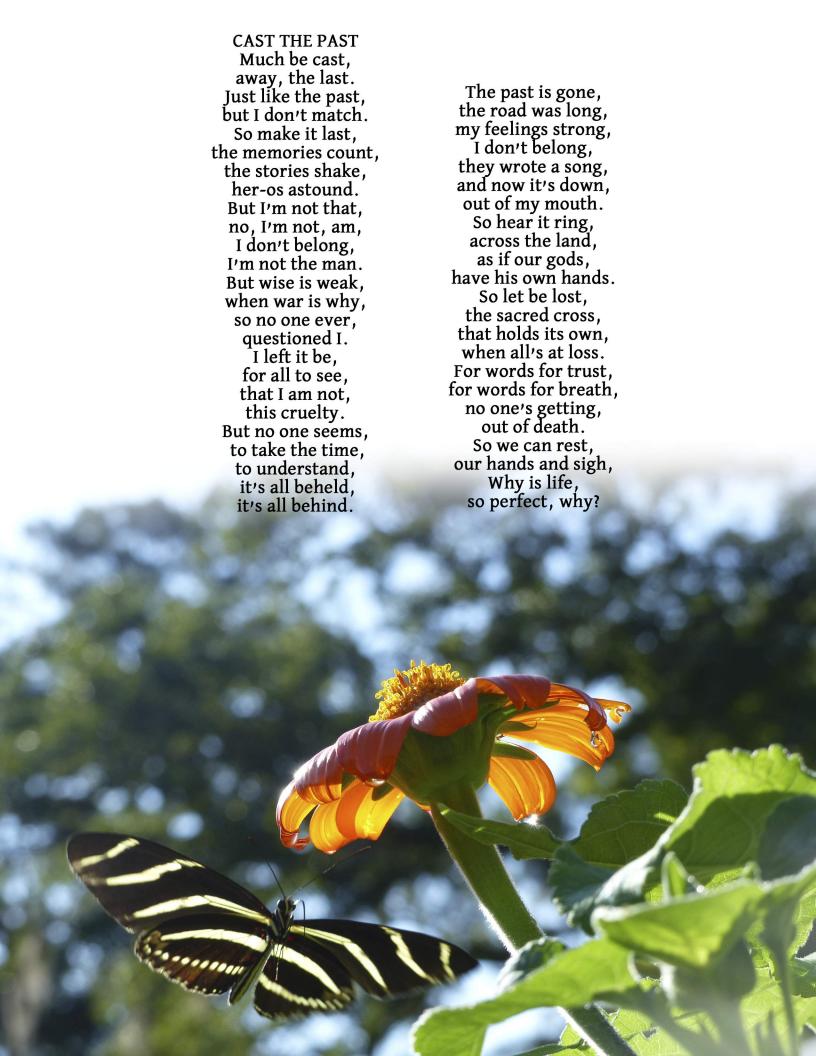
FORGETFUL PEST
Forgetful pest, but I remember,
all the things I said.
Knock me out, confusion does,
but you recall it too.
All the wisdom I bestowed,
are all your ah-has now.
I think you knew all along,
so why put me down?
If I continue to be shamed,
to be blamed,
in your place,
you will lose me to the world,
in fact, space,

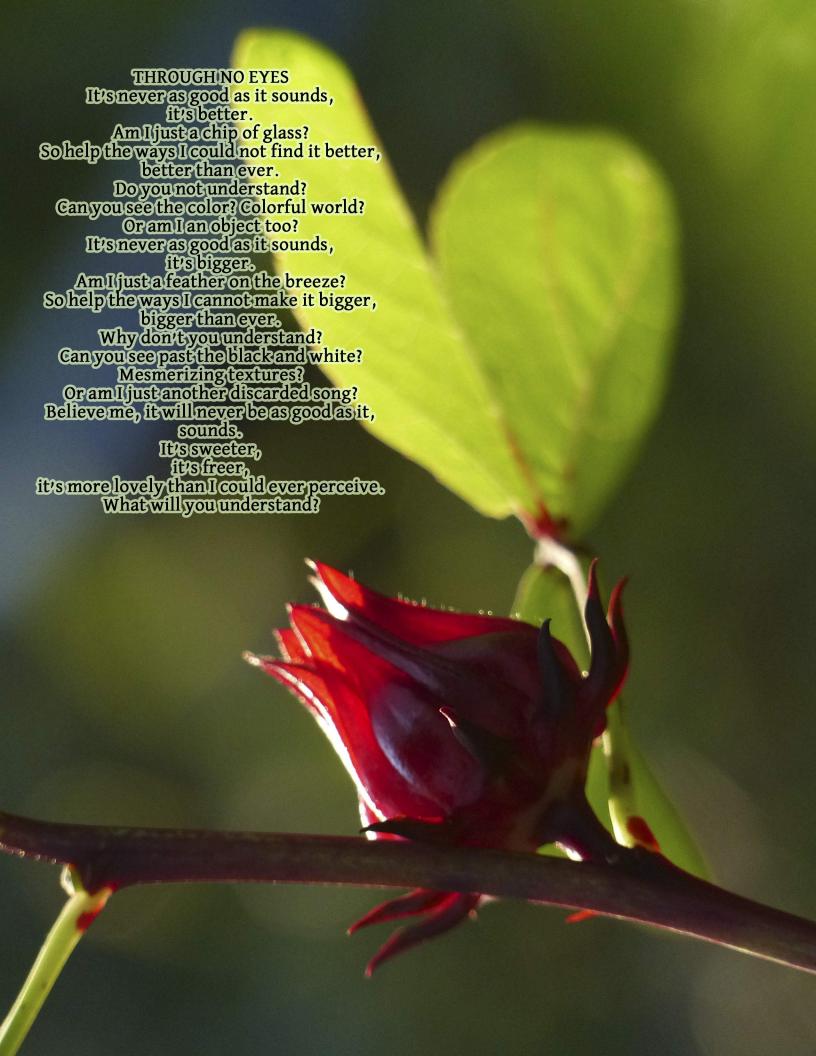
no more of my fantasies,
no more of my stories,
no more games,
no more dreams,
without me?
Maybe you're boring,
give it up, or so will I.
And then will you be happy?
And then will you reach sanity?
And then will you feel peace?
Should I die,
would you get well?
I hope to think not, though,
I sense that is the truth as of now...

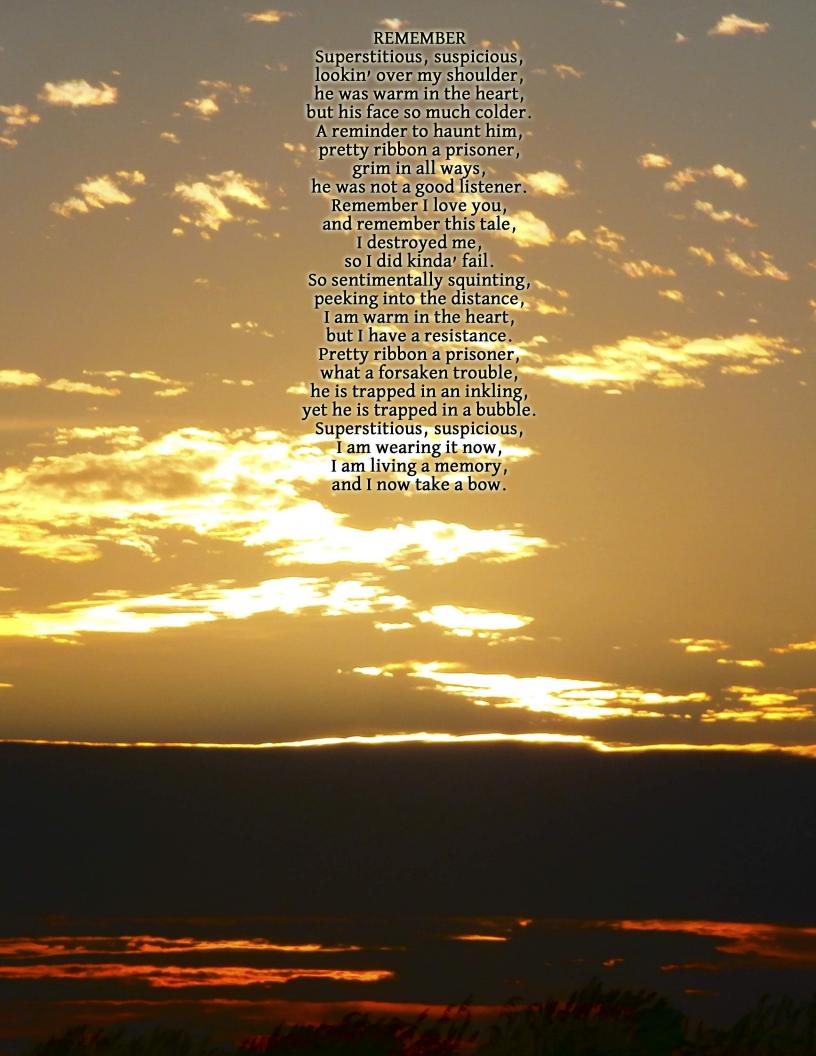


OLD DREAMS CATCHING UP TO ME In a self-defense class, was a cat with amber eyes, electric orange in irises, was a part of his disguise. The fresh and salty air, where a special school exists, I was beat up with a notion, with my ocean-holding fists. Old dreams catching up to me, I know they happened here, Azaleas and the dogwoods, and that's just what I fear. And if I catch some rainbows, and get just what I want, well, dreams are not the only place, in which I'll get to haunt. Old dreams catching up to me, I know I'll go there soon, follow me and I'll be there, back in our favorite dunes. Back to where I breathed it, the air so clean and pure, and I'll remember dreaming, was what I waited for.

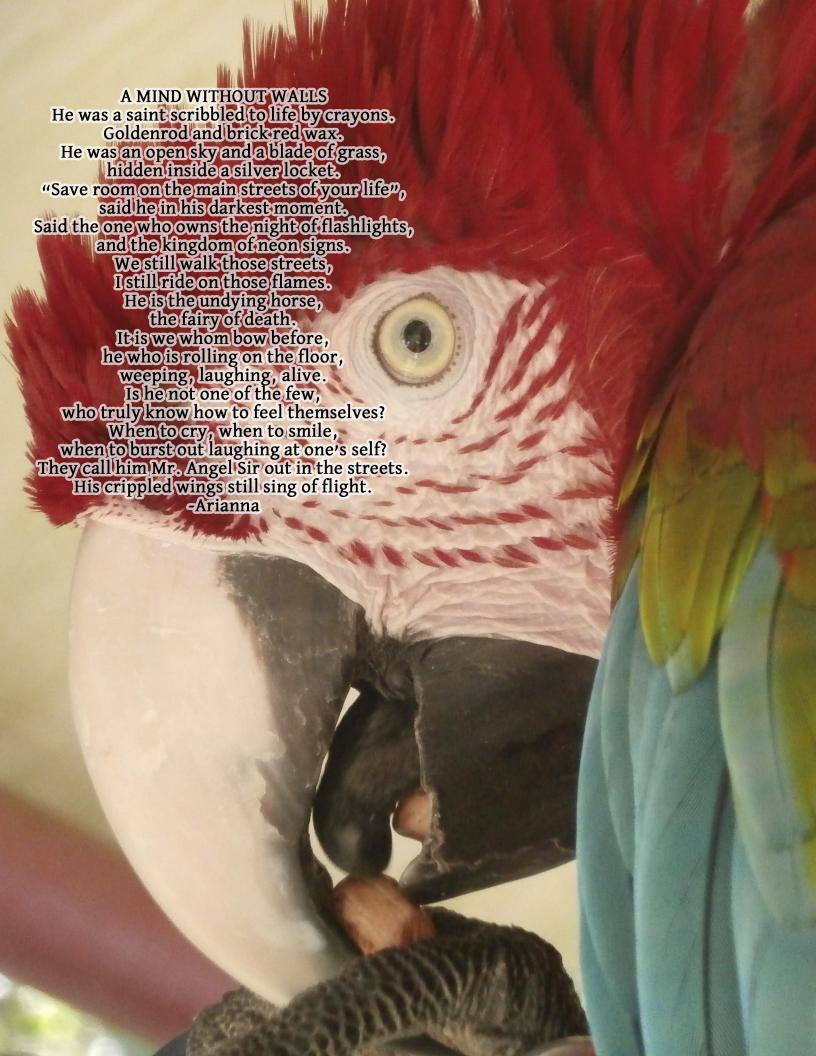




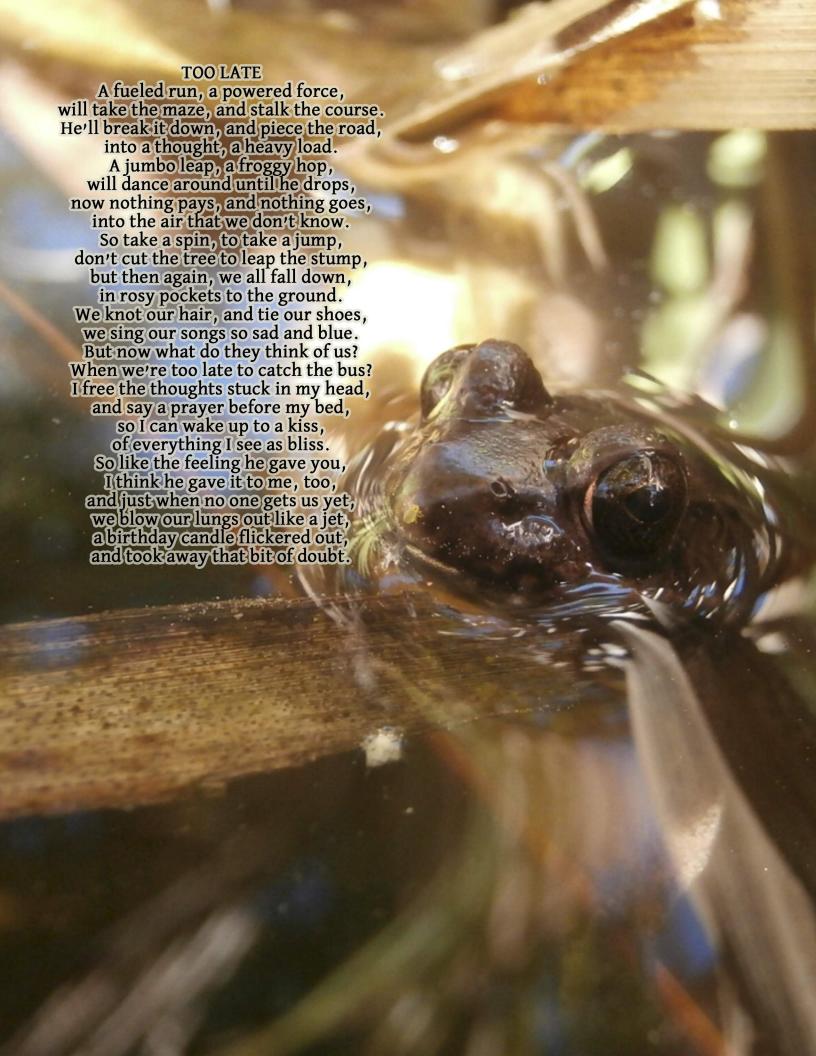


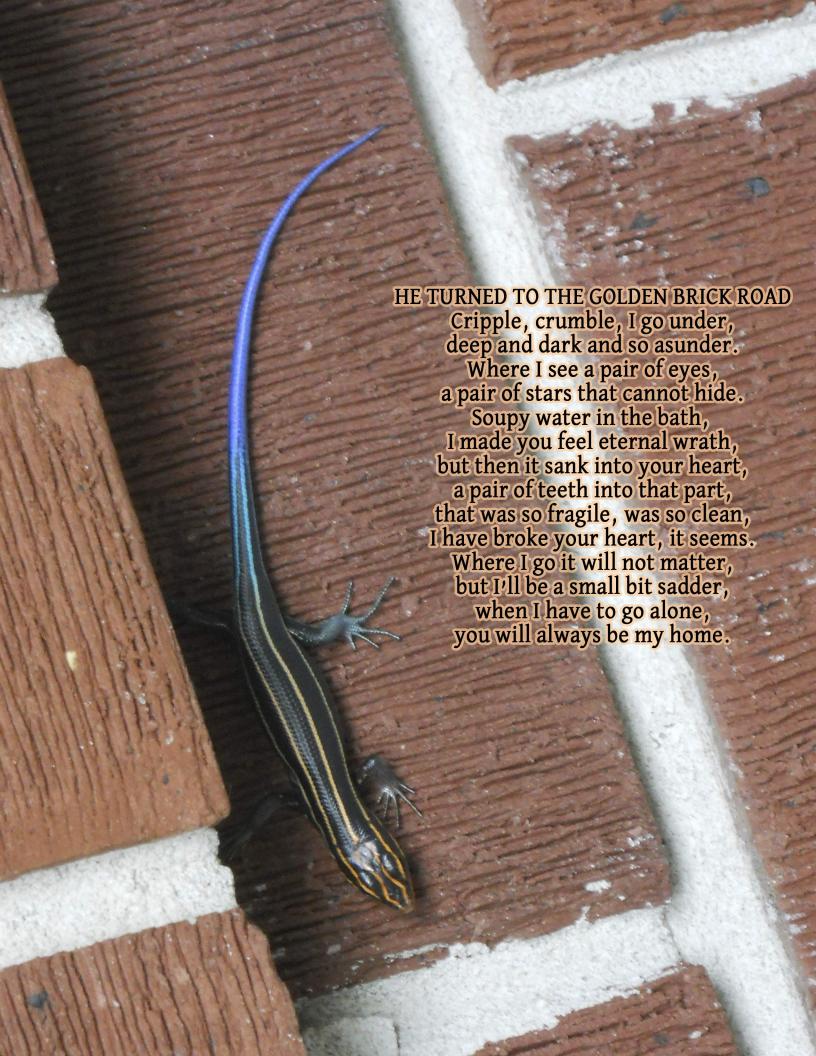


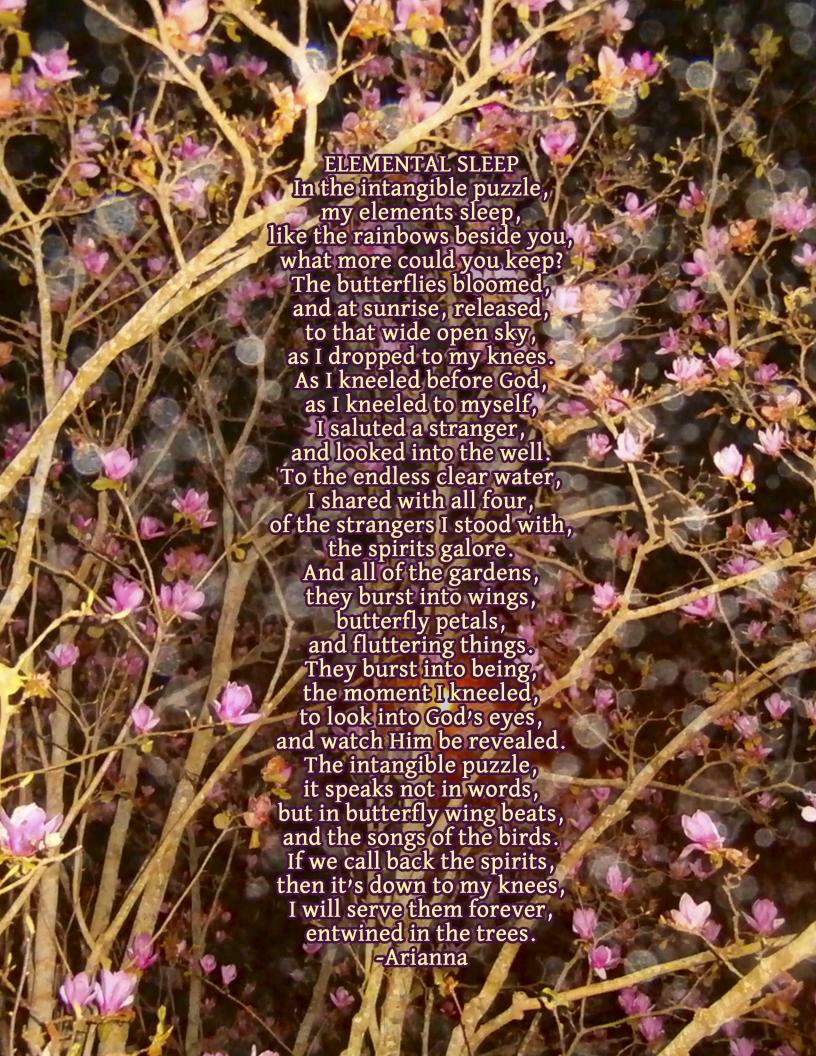












Get out there and enjoy life.

Poetry by Kai and Arianna Nakashima Photography by Kai Nakashima

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