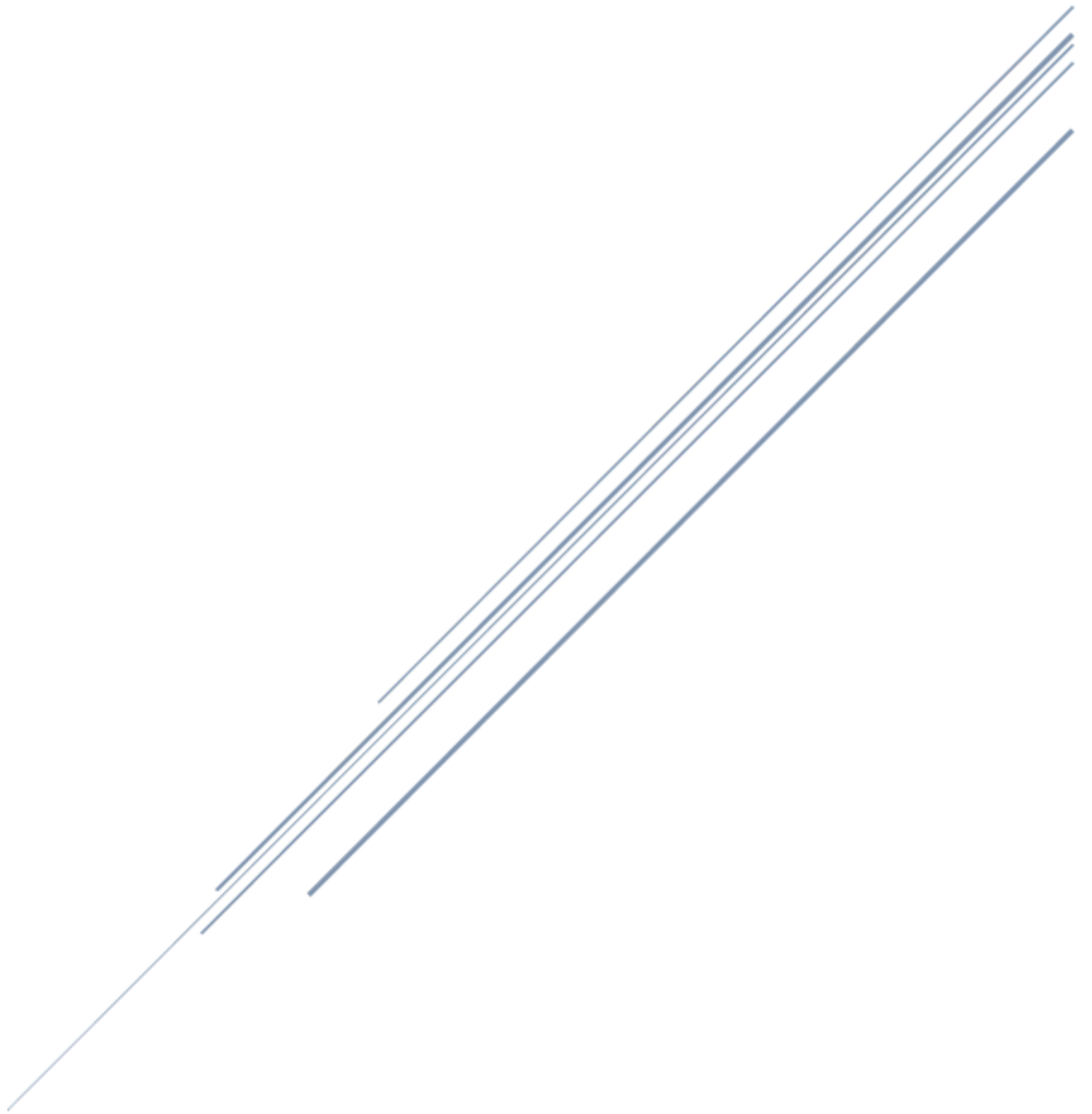


**Gray, Green and Possibilities:
A Book of Poems**



Juridah Md Rashid

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Preface

Nature gives us a lot. Nature gives us life. Nature gives us oxygen, the most important element that keeps us breathing and nature too endows us with many inspirations and subjects for poetry writing. The sway of trees, the meandering of rivers, and the mountain sits majestically in front of us evoke images that propel us to put on paper what we see, what we hear and what we feel. Our description of nature running its own course resonates the life we live and the experiences we undergo.

The myriad of colors found in nature becomes another source of inspiration for poetry writing. Colors symbolize the different shades of our emotions and life experiences. Red is vibrant, the color of blood that runs through our veins. Red is the color of anger and it is also the color of love and passion. A red, red rose reflects a love that is deep and passionate.

The color gray on the other hand, is drab, solemn, serious and bleak. Gray is the color of mourning as it represents loss and pain, disappointment, dullness and depression. Additionally, gray could also represent the other end of life's spectrum. Gray could also be the color of wisdom, refined, dignified and maturity. Gray is an old man nodding off at his desk after the midday meal.

The burst of green soothes our inner turmoil. It is the color of trees, woods, forests and grass. This is the element in nature that we seek to help soothe our warring emotions and self. Green is the color of tranquility, calm and peacefulness, the color of you at the end of a hectic and chaotic schedule winding down with a good book in your hand lounging in your most comfortable attire. Green is growth, life, peace and rejuvenation.

Hence, Gray, Green and Possibilities: A Book of Poems, is my attempt at celebrating nature, and the burst of colors contained in it. Nature and all its entirety are the very thing that keeps me sane during the process of living life that is full of challenges and in negotiating rocky roads. The duality of live experiences connotes by the colors grey and green. and all the possibilities of live experiences that we could attach to, gives me the courage to pen these poems.

I hope you will find pleasure in reading these poems as much as I find pleasure in writing them.

JURIDAH MD RASHID

Serdang, December 2020

An Escape

I had a feast
of red, yellow and gold
of nature in colours of bold
a life's wonder that'll never cease.

I had a reprieve
from dark blinding mist
from frozen emotion beast
a heart that'll forever bleed.

I had an escape
from ominous lonely
from searing demonic pain
a feeling I never invited in.

One early morning

One early morning
when everybody else was safe in bed
comfort blanket warmed other earth being
I took a cautious step ahead

As I sliced through the dense darkness
with grit still in my eyes
my heavy steps had me spurred
through blustering cold tempest

At a corner I glimpsed
streams of wavering light
and a number of shadowed silhouettes
hunched ever ready to strike

The faster my stride
the larger the light got
until it struck my might
when I stepped towards the light

The light slowly scorching me
searing through my leathery skin
and setting me ablaze
until what was left a charred remain

One early morning
when the sun shimmered its light
reflected on a still pond bright
I marched with no mourning in sight.

For the love of a child

Love comes and stays for a while
We weather it for a child
Our love has long been arsenic bile
Of hemlock in spring wild.

Our love was once the envy
Of the elders in your family
Of those who thought
I was a woman too proud

I was too western in my wants
You on the other hand of eastern slant
We thought we stay together strong
But never expecting reality was all wrong.

After our child we both embraced
Our love was packed and sent off on speed train
Carcass of love and on battlefield space
What was left an empty box wrapped with pain.

Pebbled, Stony Road

The pavement is sharp-pointed cobbled
The sides of the pavement are littered with pebbles
To my right are loaf sized stones rested haphazardly
The sun scorching heat hot coals on my bare feet
The first step I took I feel ferocious flames burning heat.
The birds have gone hiding
The dark ominous crow is nowhere to be seen
Not even a battalion of ants accompany me
On the street that I have to take.
Retracing my steps ages I have taken
No longer I walk with dancer mood
No longer I wear a tranquil expression
As I trod to the end of this road
I no longer expect glistening gold at the end of this navigate.

Would and Could Have Been

In late December evening
The air is chilly and the ground is dark
The bright moon cast a shadow
And the easy breeze took a vacation.
The night is eerily silence
The light at the corridor a dim asylum
As I ruminate what could and should have been
I cry over the many opportunities of emotion bliss.
The many roads that I could have travelled
The many cities I could have visit
The many experiences I could have lived
And the many faces I could have remembered
The many opportunities of leaving this space with highest
accolade
Instead, a bruised body and a heart sorely bled.

Secret Stream

The path to the secret stream
Is narrow and strewn with sharp pointed stones
The entrance dark and densely covered
It's as if the place does not want anyone to venture in

To walk to the secret stream
Your footstep has to be light
Your body gossamer floats
If your shoulder is weary and heavy
Your feet suffer bruises and cuts

An abandoned home
Once used to be splendour
With children's laughter
Playing hop scotch and dancing baby shark beat
The garden once were colourful with daisy, whisteria and African violet
The morning glory vines twine around the gate post

Tiny silver fish once sliver from stream to stream
Birds symphony lull you to a dreamy ream
Now all that is left dark, dilapidated architecture
An abandoned home void of future.

Tree Bridge

In a wide open field
warm breeze
sweeping the land empty
as far as eyes can see.

the sky gets brighter
the clouds tried tither
like middle age warrior
bringing dark to stay in the frontier.

The bridge to this field
Of tree roots nature build
Of Meghalaya envious deed
And of those in the same league.

A mountain tribe of harsh landscape
Brick and ash they leave to escape
And dwell in this open field
Of dark and danger they will never yield.

The art of survival they have mastered
Lightning and thunder their war anthem
Wind and water their wants of materialism.
And tree bridge the stairs to their next kingdom.

Before Dawn

Darkness envelopes
All thirty-eight of wandering souls
huddled under a big tree
of brown tentacles swaying free
and arms meandering whispering leafy.

It was before dawn
other occupants of this village were still
lulled by enticing dreams
While those souls floating and searching
Looking and wondering
If today's dawn would fulfil
Centuries quest of life's meaning.

November Rain

The end of November is marked by rain.

The sky ink dark, the clouds stood vain.

Birds in flocks seek for shelter

Squirrels in pairs scramble for cover.

Snails slither scouring for colossal canopy

Worms warm blanketed smiling in fantasy.

Moisture crowns the blade of grass

A moment of rest before the thunderstorm pass.

Trees shiver in cold wind whisper

My mind wanders the time at Mississippi River.

The gently falling leaves reminisce of Fall

I hear the hill of Cape Girardeau slowly calls.

Nothing Windermere

I don't feel anything
When I look back at my time
In October at Windermere

I was trying to recall
The great feel
When I think of Windermere
The lake, swan, duck and geese

I can't for the life of me
Conjure
The many colours of leaves
As it celebrates Eid
After a month of Ramadhan feat.

I can't with all honesty
Remember
Miles and miles of green land
Rolls in front of awestruck me
The sway of trees on trees lined border
Embracing white speckled dotted lambs

I can't to this very day
Erase
What these eyes of mine see
Wondrous woods and nature run free
The beauty of Windermere English countryside
Eternally live in my memory mystified.

