

## Unwelcomings

By Niko Rylee

It's like welcoming death,  
I know it's coming—  
it may delay for fifty years  
or perhaps arrive later this afternoon.

It may be something I prognose  
(I'll prep myself when it feels close).  
Then again it could be  
just as random  
as a crash, or a sudden slip  
—as unpredictable as that!

I'd hardly call it an obsession.  
The thought just pops up  
now and then.

Waiting for you  
to fall out of love;

we know it's coming,  
but don't know when.

## When a Twister Hits

By Niko Rylee

When a twister hits  
don't cry and complain over  
milk that's been spilled.  
Just pick up your hammer  
and start to rebuild.

You can shout and curse fate as loud as you can,  
it won't matter.  
It's not like debating a man.  
A twister is different,  
indiff'rent  
and wild.  
It's like tryin' to scold a tantruming child.

He's chaos; he can't see the blood on his hands.  
He's jus' part a nature—  
no reason,  
no plans.

You may hate him for tearin' down all that you built.  
You can't beat him with logic.  
He's no sense a guilt.

You'll jus' have to endure it and try 'n survive.  
When it's over, don't cuss.  
Jus' thank God you're alive.

Jus' try 'n forget, move on if you can.  
You can't blame Mister Twister,

he won't understand.

## The Hero of this Saga (Rewritten for Robin)

By Niko Rylee

The Hero of this Saga's very strong;  
he'd have to be to carry all that weight.  
If you think you could've handled it you're wrong!

Though signs said stop, he solely struggled on  
his quest. He grappled, bent and fell to fate,  
and through it all he's been so very strong.

You probably wouldn't make it half as long.  
That ideal smile, it's proof you can't relate!  
I bet you think you've suffered more—you're wrong!

He combs his fragile hair and sings a song  
to give it hope. The guilt he feels and hate  
he holds fill his voice and makes it very strong!

He's found his ways to cope—to get along,  
but some ways have stopped working as of late.  
You think you could've fix it? Well...you're wrong!

He's gone now—to the sea where he belongs;  
he lived where he could not. Don't dare berate  
the Hero of this Saga. He was strong!

I know you think you could've saved him  
but,

you're wrong.

# Writing Raw

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**Niko Rylee bio:** My name is Niko Rylee. I'm a proud homoromantic greysexual Jamaican-American (you may have to look some of that up). I received my B.A. in psychology and my M.S. in education. Currently, I live and teach pre-k in the Bronx, New York. Several of my poems have been published in Art & Scope literary magazine and The Prism. I usually write about tragic romances, or my personal struggles with mental illness. My influences, include Poet Laureates, Kay Ryan and Billy Collins, and the Icelandic vocalist, Björk.