

Poetry Series

Nia Williams
- poems -

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Nia Williams(13/12/82)

My long awaited life.... if you like the words, check out my songs on

1950

An era I envy
The cost of glamour
Unfolds in retro style

Holly Golightly's dream;
The sky blue Mustang
Solitaire for breakfast;

She wishes to place her
Toes on the walkway
On Hollywood Roe

Settles for her stray cat
Unknown party guests
Hidden love in her song

Nia Williams

A Bad Mouth (For Singing)

The underdogs of caberet
With their expensive instruments
Should stick to sitting on the fence
As talent touts reach out to say-

Try living in the real world
Your influence is out of date
Your failure is only fate
I wish your song had not occurred.

Nia Williams

Attention All Virgins

Stuck inside my head
The lace lay in the doorway
Her shift almost done.

Window shows vacant
She'll take your money and give
No proof of purchase

Or loving kisses.
Temptation provided by
Strangers dressed in red.

Vulnerable virgins
And the socially inept
Watch the hidden cost-

A trip to the quak,
Unwelcome dose of the clap,
And no going back...

(*quak- slang word for a Doctor.)

Nia Williams

Audrey

Your beauty
Your elegance
Simply absorbs me
The uncut whisper
Descends upon
You're lifeless
Satin gloss
The structure
Of you're cheekbones
Lay heavy
Below your eyes
Embedded in the
Distinguished Estee
Rouge blush
Every brunette
Strand has it's place
Wisped to the
Left of you're temple
Your bare shoulders
Are all that
Lie between
You and the Mag'.

Nia Williams

Candles

Calmed by it's flame
Heat protects all that's around it
Movement of it's light flicker.
Rapidly change from orange to gold.
A pool of wax awaits
To dribble down the bottle,
Blue speckles appear
In between the streaky
Residue that remains.
An ambience for love and art.

Nia Williams

Children In Rags

Own the layered look
The Matchstick girl awaiting
For her red slippers

Nia Williams

Cold Showers

Clammy, crinkled skin
Unworn by the 'Palmolive'
Dare I bend over?

Nia Williams

Dancing

I dream of dancing with the trees
Amongst the bitter tones of autumn
The whispering air, my gentle hand
Floats between the intertwining
Of the Ivy's rainbow leaves
That swirl around my naked toes
Mesmerised by my surroundings
I dream of dancing with the trees.

Nia Williams

Diamonds

That long awaited trip.
Unmarked price tag, little green bag.
Tiffany's only wish.

Nia Williams

Dig Deep

London couldn't wait
For the busker's to arrive.
Welsh lovers' singing

Retro hymns out loud.
No expression left unturned
Their words drew a crowd.

The worn look of the
Oak guitar and rusty strings
Made the people think

Of the dark side held
By the unnoticables
And their famous dog.

Nia Williams

Distinguished Seasons

Distorted light appears
In between the bareness
Of the woodland
Statues of the sun motionless.
Thawed leaves
Cause chaos
Vision impaired
High risen white blankets lie ahead
Stone salted surfaces
Smother their pride and joy
Through one more unnecessary journey.

Nia Williams

Ensemble Eve

Captures the essence
Of pure love
An aura of soft light
Encapsulated by
The subtle colour of gold
From candles, to the distinguished light
In between the pebbled stone
Drawn in by its delicate
Sense of-
The sinking in the sofa
The frosted taste of wine
The gripping of hands
What an ensemble eve

For Stevie 18th September 2008

Nia Williams

Fairgrounds

Candyfloss at hand
Victorian sound plays out loud
British tourists' dream

Nia Williams

Keep Rolling

Rough around the edges
The linen like paper
Smear'd in his stained fingerprint
Soon to evaporate
The bittersweet scent
Of liquorish.

30 years on
The Rizzla remains to be
The simplicity of his life
Detached from the reality
Distracting him of the potency
Of his liquorish on

The innocence around him.

Nia Williams

Long Awaited Life

For all the hopes I pondered
For all the dreams I set
For every wish accounted for
Not one comes close
As my dream I live today.

Today I find a word
To share with you alone
The words of wisdom
That lie within,

A single coloured object
The certainty of a single
The proposal of everlasting
My long awaited life has arrived.

Nia Williams

Lost

Drifting in a missing space
Searching for unknown desires
Unreachable smiling faces
Lay beneath her vision
Declared appearance
Of humility ended in seperation
Between what's real
And her true values of life.

Nia Williams

Moving On

Excitement
Lies ahead
Preparations begin
Items emerge from
The neglected space
Memories
Unveiled amongst
School photographs, Bob Dylan Vinyls,
And the dusty diary
From 1980

Stock builds
Taking over every corner
The space we once called home
Now taken over by
Aladdin's Glory Hole.

Nia Williams

Mrs G's Pic & Mix

The stainless off white
Porcelain dish
From one week to another
She keeps me guessing
What could I devour?
A mint humbug,
Rhubarb and custard
Or maybe even a Pear Drop?

Nia Williams

My Everlasting

My heart ignited
broader than my every hope
My little black book.

Expression of soul
Craved by the instant
Desire of your words.

Countless, endless thoughts
Like drifting sand in the stone
Intertwined by love.

Nia Williams

My Mum

From her biscuit highlights
To her plumb shrug
And her good old faithful 'berties'
I admire the glamour in her style.
Her smile remains untouched
Her pleasure to see me
Makes my visit so worthwhile.
Whatever I may lack, she replaces
In my time of need, I'm guided to her
Now matter what, I turn to my soul mate.

Nia Williams

My Stevie

The loving touch
Of your gentle hand,
The tender tone
Of your subtle voice,
Lifts my spirit
In every sense.

Your music is genius,
Your words sincere,
Your art inventive,
And your ways
Untouchable.

For I will keep you
So close,
Close enough to love
Till the end of time.

Nia Williams

My Take On The Capital

Uplifting sound of street laughter
The unseen styles
Un-experimented colour schemes
High risen sights
Evolving culture
Sushi at hand on every corner
Skating within the crowds
Necessity of the tube
My capital simply.....
Alive.

Nia Williams

Observations Of My Neighbourhood At 5pm (22/03/2009)

Monty the sheepdog mongrel
Embarks on his mission
To torment the youths

Kimbo Saby
Stands there waiting
To call the sound of a foghorn
Late for her appointment
At the solarium yet again.

John Bon Jovi
At number 64
Shares his bullshit
Amongst the estate
Claiming glory to his idol

Miss Russelle
The Russian Doll
Burns the clutch of her 205
In a drive by
Whilst giving the neighbours two fingers□
Isolating herself from us

The stench of stale mothballs
Deters our visitors
Let alone the local moggy
My father is not a cat lover

And Cath Clinks
Sells her stale goods
Will we pay the price?
She doesn't own
This years calendar

5: 45 draws the escapades
And curtains to a close
Until tomorrow at 5pm

I do love a good nose.

Nia Williams

Our Kingdom Love

Our love is a kingdom
Built above a world in vain
Reaching out to share our fame
Distant hopes of what they see
Ensemble life I share with thee
Today I found faith to share
Blessed by my awaited life
Love is my single fortune
A kingdom of which I live within
Ensemble life I share with thee

Nia Williams

Parking On Double Yellows

Restricted vision

Exeption for DLA

Use that badge with pride

Nia Williams

Prison

Bared for all my sins
Sinners beliefs lie within
The depth of courage.

Nia Williams

Reaching

When silence embarks
Heartbreak is left to destruct
Every portion of optimism
Shared by thee

Torn between the stages
One seeks to reach for the final
Only to one's disappointment
The journey ahead travels wide

One's arrival at their destination
Proves silence as a distant memory
Where every portion of optimism
Displayed by thee has disappeared.

Nia Williams

Remarked By All

The space between souls
High driven expectations
Within their reach
Or their dream?

A shared vision
Held unaware
Of ones each desire.

Nia Williams

Rich People

Draped in luxury
Wrapped up with no sense of
What is truly real

Nia Williams

Sandcastles

Towering above
all scenarios black or blue
shaped just like our love.

Nia Williams

Shopping List

In sequence of needs
Bared by the budget within
We left the shop broke.

Nia Williams

Shoulders

Secure within mine.
Resting soul upon my lover.
Eternal sharing.

Nia Williams

Skin

Straightend by surgeons
The blemishes well hidden
In a fortune vain

Nia Williams

Sleeping Beauty

A multitude of sailors gathering
Amongst the river muscle men
Conwy Cruise ship glides by announcing
The kaleidoscopic view
Of the 'Sleeping Beauty'.
Early evening embarks
Upon Mulberry view
Sandbanks emerge
From below the tide.
A man made scene of stone
Once stood guarded by steel
In honour of ancient royalties
Today it carries the flag of glory
We walk the walls
We paint its portrait on postcards
The highlight of tourism
Lies above the quay.

Nia Williams

Sunshine

Broader than a mile
Absorbed by those below
Stripped of colour

Nia Williams

The Estuary

My eye insisted on gazing
Over the rippled sand banks
The surrounding estuary
Reminds me of a childhood sketch
Found in my 'news' book
Many feelings revolved
Inspiring my every vision
My posture lies like a 'ship that never sails'.

Nia Williams

The Familiar Way

The hand reaches the glass,
Religiously on the hour
The hand's developed a habit
The hand protects the liquor
The hand allows no other to share
It speaks only to the familiar eye
One's eyes become glazed
Memory left hazy
But still, the hand reaches
The old faithful familiar

Nia Williams

The Unwanted

Chosen
By it's own right
Suppressed beneath
The delicacy
Of my flesh
There is no space
For it has emerged
Beyond all optimism
It's chosen today,
Of all days
Chosen
once again
By it's own right

Nia Williams

This Is Love

Draped in your soft skin
Safety
In your poet hand
I feel sincerely sealed in our
Love, art and lyrics
Unique
To a love of our kind
This is love.

Nia Williams

This Moment Belongs To Us

In the depth of that single
Loving Moment
I placed a lifetime of hope
In your arms
Divided by only our souls

I look upon my life
As a pursuit of you
Blessed with inspiration
Of a lifetime held in you

Eternity I wait for
You're my long awaited love
Now and forever.

For my love Stevie 25th November 2008

Nia Williams

Trains

Faster than bullets.
Electrical genius.
made by many hands.
Arrival times change.
Late for work for the last time.
Over priced breakfast.
Strangers never smile.
I preferred the old steam trains.
Cramped like tins of fish.

Nia Williams

Unknown Depth

From your olive tone
To that recognised smile
unexpectedly....

Sharing desire
Without any sensation
Of the depth within

Ypur presence alone
Careless of all around me
Costly ingibited

For I am now one
Centered within your art
And your unknown depth

Nia Williams

Washing Lines

Laundry's out for days
The carousel models the
Rustic peg stained sheets

Nia Williams

Water

Unpredictable
Ripples devour the pond
The unfaithful sea

Nia Williams

Why

My only wish
Is to be understood
My swirling thoughts
Racing heart
Speed of movement
When and who
I ask myself everyday
Why?

Nia Williams

William

Vividly brighter
Than any other of his kind
He's loyal to all

Nia Williams