
NIGHT SHADE

a literary magazine

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Darby Tanner

Book Name

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nightshade:

a literary magazine

*featuring the poetry and visual art of
darby tanner*

Author's Note

This poetry collection is a combination of poems that I have written over the past five years. most of these poems started as humble journal entries that I never expected would see the light of day. From 'a gentle rain' to 'nightshade,' quite a few of my poems have been published, aside from this personal venture.

I chose these poems because of the consistent themes of personal struggle, growing up, and the natural world, which I have learned all overlap in some shape or form.

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under the sun

2015

a gentle rain

everyone loves a gentle rain
the quiet it brings
the peace

it's addictive to this chaos world
more than any drug i've heard of
and never an unappreciated constant

although

logic would reason that
every time a thing is done
it becomes less significant

but everyone loves a gentle rain

for every time i taste failure
i relish it the same

a palate of bitter isolation
briny negligence and a sour collapse
of confidence

it is always miserable

feeling unspoken disappointment
from opinions i am expected to respect and
impress
i'd say failure is like a gentle rain
and then harbor to toxicity

and for every time i'm ashamed
it's just as miserable as failing

feeling as though i've wasted eternities
quenching opinion and pursuing stupidity
as i end up caring about selflessness
even 'till it devolves to selfishness

there is but a finger brush of that happy me-
dium
and feels awfully similar to a gentle rain

and for every extended apology
that refuses to dispel
the regret that consumed my life
much longer than any rational person
could have reasonably anticipated
that coveted release of closure
and reclaim of what is mine
end up merely cool spits
of a gentle rain

and for every tear that fell
'till my tongue could savor the salt
each claims significance for me

there is no indirect relationship of tears to hap-
piness
or any procedural acclimation to
my terrible migraine sentiments
that only grow stronger with frequency

those woes at the back of teeming rooms
tend to explode into the most shrapnel

when my hair could no longer shield me
 from the cutting edges of those smirks
 as i try desperately to swat at the discre-
 tion that taunts me

those opinions of mute voices
 are deathly similar to a gentle rain

indeed
 i can remember
 every sob that's racked me to the point
 of that vengeful nasty regret
 for whom that opt against reclaiming
 their dignity in my presence

their ignorant smiles have always remind-
 ed me of
 that gentle poignant rain

each thought
 each feeling
 each person that had the grit to
 ravage my every embrace
 are important to my Story

and both the weakest hurricane and
 the harshest breeze

define me differently
 yet mean the same

although
 i much prefer a gentle rain

my own

The voice I hear is not my own
 But the chirps of birds above me.

The trees surrounding are not my home-
 Indeed, they might as well be.

The things I touch are not my own
 But formed by other's hands.

The image of the real, true world
 Trumps all my other plans.

As if a painter dripped dark colors --
 Not from a brush's fibers --

And finger-painted down the bluff
 Filling each crevice and rough.

If I were told to make this up
 I guarantee I couldn't

Because around me is Their old world
 None of which my own.

i feel it again

I feel it again
 The cool wetness against my skin
 And its dreary seeping into my
 Pried open soul

The soft reverberations barely lasted
 The touches turned
 So hard and fast like a
 Jackhammer to the senses

My body never betrays myself
 Only the watergate of the mind
 That pulls open the floodgates
 Before the hurricane has even arrived

Too bad im not a singer
 As all my days would be filled
 With sensational ballads
 To glorify the separation for profit

But this isnt a movie -
 And once again i feel it
 Damn it, i feel it
 The cool illness of that
 Dreaded gentle rain

golden youth

White hued sky
 colored with subtlety
 and gray
 green fresh grass
 stomped on by little
 rubber shoes
 and leaves anew.
 'Tis that time of
 youthful peace.
 Seeking nothing but
 the peeking rays of day.

Sometimes concealed is
 a hiding spot,
 A secret garden for oneself,
 with rickety arches and a stone-
 mossed bench
 Wrapped by a wondrous leafy
 overhang.

Swing around baskets
 to hear the fantastical song
 of wind against the wicker
 dancing as the butterflies
 prance and gather
 and find in yourself buried
 in the bristles of Earth
 that light the pumping heart's
 golden fire.

transcend

The clear blue snippets of above
 peek through
 clambering the
 branches and frolicky green
 leaves. Nature all-inspired
 reaches higher than we
 as the glimpses of eternity
 through masked foliage
 have us content on Earth,
 yet rest us be. How'd ever climb up
 those branches reaching
 higher than our height
 already? When was the time
 to arise already passed by?
 Transform me to the critters
 and race up endless vines
 to see at last what nature
 deems worthy
 of its growth in time.

nightshade

Here I sit on the sofa
 Where we sat eight seasons prior
 And this nostalgia stagnant in the air
 Pressing close to my chest —
 Has never felt so bitterly sweet.

Here I can hear your voice again
 Whispering sweet sayings by my side.
 Shivers cinch up my shoulders as the
 Solace
 Drips from your fingers
 Clutching gently on my sides.
 On my cheeks I can
 Feel your breath, the words
 Anticipatory.

And warmth blooms from subdued winter kisses
 Remaining alive in my memories
 Thriving like flames once present
 In the fireplace
 Now ashy and abandoned.

Oh — how I revel in the idea of our
 November nights
 And wallow just the same.
 My heart is so inflamed by
 Your memory,
 The day we come together again will be
 Wildfire
 Eliminating the perennial nightshade.

fragility

I was too used to
 Having you stumble upon
 Me in hidden fragility
 When you'd pick up all the pieces
 Help me meld the hairline cracks.
 Yet proportionally they grow larger
 The longer your absence pierces.
 No matter how hard I work to
 Close the gaps,
 It's only tacky temporaries.
 Now it's mutilation,
 Demolishing the shell enclosing me
 To establish its foundation
 As rock rather than of sand.

a sling of daises

a sling of daises
 and crutches of pine
 helped heal
 the broken bee's spine.
 can't quite get by with these,
 how do we substitute wings?
 yet the stinger remains for the
 death 'til you part

leafeaters

Leaves breaking underfoot,
Sunlight shining through glass,
Squirrels rustling in a bush,
And diesel engines whirring past.

Among the trees and bees
Or tickled by grass below.
Ink splotched leaves on your knees
Always putting on a show.

Where ever you deign to go
Held within the binding,
Multicolored, high and low,
A feast that's rather blinding.

Consume, consume, heave some up,
Not all these are friendly.
At last the pile, all torn up,
And the eaters search again.

loot

Saying no seemed
So typical
Until I saw
Them all
Approaching
With plunderous smiles
And lovely compliments
Steaming off their lips.

decades

back to the home
 back to the dress-ups
 and dollies
 play fights
 and puzzles
 elaborate prizes
 for games made up
 after mid-morning baking
 beside the generations.
 far have you gone
 away from that decade.
 back now you come
 stood still in the drive
 gazing in it all
 knowing how long you've
 gone and traveled
 ways from those days.

she may be fluttering

And imagining the wind
 But within her soul she lacked
 Black ink to sign, unpinned.
 So she felt the water as wind
 And the waves as flying,
 Dreaming that despite her sins
 Her story would waft widely.
 But at end of dreams gone by,
 The burdened drown like flying.

pelting rain into the woods

Pelting rain into the woods
 trees stand
 tall as skyscrapers
 that no storm can
 take down
 just holding the lightning
 as it comes

foreseen fears

In a future time
 By my future lake
 I cry out for my children
 And mourn for their sake.
 Not for, though, the reasons
 Of a golden era of past,
 Present is progress fine,
 But some indoctrinated few
 Perpetuate to last
 Generations
 Of children's children's
 children
 In a fear to live, stuck
 Under parents watch 'gainst themselves.
 Grown up to resent their skin, or hears, or
 bellies,
 All due to mine own lusts.
 Pray without ceasing,
 Crying without tears,
 i see no higher up
 Than these foreseen fears.

the lily path

She steps along the lily path
In need of none except to pass
The tow'ring trees of countryside
To family at the evening mass.

The sun-shine rays across the sky
Do lessen as her day glides by.
She lollygags to crush the leaves
And sun unnoticed turns pink, shy.

The bright side on her left she sees
Far rows of grain rolled into sheaves.
She could reach out to pick and shush
A stomach she holds grumbling.

Since none of them she dares to crush,
Outside the path she does not touch
The lillies who have much to say,
Barring, blocking a girl now flushed.

The evening shines just like the day
And she feels glee despite the gray.
It's different now that she can seem
To lose herself inside the fray...

The right side brings a tempered gleam
And trickles out a cool, slow stream.
She wishes she could skip her mass
And baptize here like in her dream.

Back in the dream she struck a match
That blew away her lily path.
There was indeed a still, cold pond
Just covered all by lily pads.

Of lilies she was never fond.
Their petals reaching far beyond
The places she can't seem to see
But told to seek the path they donne.

Just maybe they won't disagree
If she decides to turn and flee.
The path behind is oh so bright...
Perhaps she will not have to fight?



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