

Collection of Poetry  
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I like, you like, I liked you  
Goodbye  
Cool My Fire  
When the World Turns the Wrong Way  
Three Steps to Falling

I like, you like, I liked you.

I like to dance with my shoes off  
Toes taking titillating traces through tickling cold floors.  
Feels like daisies.

I like to sing with my shirt off.  
Fabric irrelevant to melodies  
Slipping sensual sounds satisfyingly through solid air.  
Feels like ice on skin  
When she licks  
I-

I like to laugh with my guard down  
It flies farther  
Laughing loudly and lovingly, love  
Love  
Love the way you look at me with those-  
And then...

I like to love with my legs open  
It feels softer  
Mouths meandering motionlessly over moments  
Moments when you  
And I  
I-

I like to miss you with the blinds up  
More distance to discover  
Watching wordlessly while waves wander miles away  
Mimics you  
You-

You liked to have sex while I was standing  
Standing  
Standing wasn't comfortable  
Legs lifted lifelessly with leaded lids  
Drifting minds.  
Mind over matter?  
Does it even matter?

You liked things fast  
Faster  
Flowing freely; frustratingly frisky  
Take a moment to look me in the eyes  
I-

You liked to kiss me slowly  
With clothes on  
Hearts headed heavily towards pounding heated moments

You liked to talk about life  
Things I never thought of  
Introspective intelligence inspired imagination  
Opening my eyes  
My-  
I...

I like to miss you on Saturday mornings  
Nobody around  
Quiet quarters quilting queer concepts

I like to forget you on Sunday nights  
Nerves  
Never knowing next seconds never feeling  
I felt-

You liked to kiss in private.

I like to dance with my shoes off  
I like to sing with my shirt off  
I like to laugh with my guard down  
I like to love with my legs open

I like to kiss in public.

## Goodbye

An obsession makes you wear lace  
You're on fire  
I keep getting calls from unknown numbers  
Maybe you could pick me up?

The curtain on your face lines my wall  
I make a tower of my childhood  
Forgot to eat.  
Maybe we could-

Bring me black eyelashes  
Blue ones are too delicate

She speaks with sugar so  
They cut out her tongue  
It didn't hurt.  
Maybe if you listened you'd hear.  
I'm going to choke.  
Catch my last words with your hand.

Did you read the letter?  
I wrote it with waves.  
Blue turns of satin  
Warn me if I'm leftover  
I hate sitting still  
Remind me of your skin.

I trace my fingers  
And from ring to ring  
Rip open the clasp of my necklace to my ears  
Licking lips is a quiet breakfast.

I'm sorry you didn't get in  
I landed on a rock while aiming for the sun  
Suggestions on the gamma rays of the north  
Did you skip me?

There's something condescending about my name in your mouth.

## Cool My Fire

I can see the stars and your skin at the same time

Take my hand

Breathe me in

My legs are shaking

My room is buzzing

Your profile is my world

I can breathe you in when the world collapses.

Breaks of colored ashes in the sky

You and I

Desperate clinging

I know better – I know

Go

Go

Go

To every machine

Every cent falling through

Reaching towards lava

My heart is fire

Fire

Fire escapes through your lips

Fingers

Hold mine

Time transfixes

Convoluting kisses

Maybe she misses-

Eyes glazed

Transparent

Tighten the elastic in my hair so I have numb to feel

It's a little too real

When your eyes complete mine

Your touch leaves Goosebumps in its tracks.

What if we get caught?

## When the World Turns the Wrong Way

The world is falling apart  
Terrorists are bombing  
Earthquakes are destroying  
Tsunamis are covering  
Racism is spreading heat over hearts like a broken wildfire  
Terrorism is spreading ice over bodies like snowflakes take over fingertips  
and everybody keeps screaming "kill them all"

Terror spreads like a plague in the heart of those affected  
and hatred grows in the eyes of the observer  
War strikes upon War  
and we discuss the need of World War III  
As if its no hidden concept  
or a necessary evil

I hear talk as if people, individuals, know the way to solve the world  
to fix the world  
"to kill millions more"  
to choose fire against fire

The problem with adding fire to a fire  
is the fire grows  
and more terror is plagued in the hearts of the innocent  
and more hatred grows in the eyes of the observers  
and then more fire is added  
its an evil circle  
a ring of fire  
a ring of hatred  
a ring of dead bodies circulating the earth  
humanity dead on the ground  
as I watch the men who killed them  
walk over the bodies  
as if it is the floor  
and I ask for no more  
but the screams keep ringing in my ears  
and the blood of the innocent  
is on my hands  
and I can't get the red away

No matter how many sit ins I plan  
No matter how many protests I attend  
No matter how much I lose my voice  
No matter how much I try  
and break

and cry  
and think  
and wonder  
and fight  
and run  
There are still hundreds of thousand dead

We live in a world  
In a world  
Where we grew up with war.  
We're numb to it  
Used to it  
Death upon death upon nothing  
Numb  
No feeling  
Surrounded by hate  
And they still ask us why we cry.

The world is turning apart  
and I'm losing my heart  
to the fear  
and I'm sad  
I'm so sad  
because so many are dead  
and so many are fighting  
and people keep wanting to kill  
and nobody seems to be calm  
and nobody wants to love  
and the world is turning and turning and turning  
but not the right way  
it's backwards  
and upside down  
its confused and it's broken  
and a war is afoot  
and I will be the generation that has to deal with it.

Blood upon blood upon pillage upon split throats.  
Death upon brother  
Upon sister  
He dies  
She dies  
We march  
The world turns.  
Nothings happens  
Nothing changes  
We march

We yell  
We retreat  
We forget

Numb to the screams  
Numb to the deaths  
Numb to the blood

Staining  
Staining  
Spilling  
Staining

The world is stained in red  
and the blue is turning black  
and the hearts are being ripped out  
but there's nothing else to expect  
because the world is slowly wilting  
and dying  
and destroying  
because that is what happens  
When the World Turns the Wrong Way.

## Three Steps to Falling

### **Step One**

Thick beige carpet underneath my shoulders  
Almost itched – more of a burn  
Earned.  
Losing air  
How did I get there?  
End up on the floor  
More and more.  
Knife running down my skin  
And that grin

My knuckles were bruises from holding myself up on the floor.

Breaking down in my room  
Nothing felt whole  
Cold  
Kissed her  
Loved me  
Laid on my bed  
What he said-  
Six covers  
Different colors  
Covering my skin

My nails bled from the biting

Tripod before the recital  
Lights blare red and blue  
Girls in tutus  
My eyes hurt  
I'm distracted  
Drop my tripod's top on my fingers  
Lies  
Tears well in my eyes

He kisses my fingers.

### **Step Two**

Rushes of light circulate behind your face as we drive into midnight  
Cinderella would be in a lot of trouble  
It's not cold

Your smile etches its corners into my heart and pedals faster so it races with the wheels.  
Every time the light flicks from yellow to red, you lean over and learn my lips  
Trace my heart with your tongue  
I can see with my eyes closed  
I've never hated a green light before  
Fingers entwine as you steer your way home  
"You're ridiculous" you mutter through curved lips and shining eyes.  
I am too busy memorizing your face  
Your skin in the dark  
The curves of your warms  
It's hard not to stare  
Trees and houses are swirls behind you  
Your clock is four minutes past.

My thoughts wander back to how we got here  
Green grass  
Slightly broken fingers  
A little too much to drink  
Stars that were airplanes  
Rooftops  
Falling deeply for your hands

I look at your hands now  
I'm obsessed with the curves  
I want to stare forever  
But close my lids as your palms caress my face  
A whirl of safety

The light flicks green  
And we race off  
Laughter spills out through cracks in the windows  
I kiss your shoulder...  
I never have to get out of the car

### **Step Three**

Toes curl and tap  
Lips raw from biting  
Lashes dash to my side  
My hands itch when yours are miles away

Butterflies line my bones  
Nobody has ever made me feel  
Raw

Inventively myself

We could dance into fireflies  
Just lead the way

Paths on paths upon footsteps  
Hopefully ours will move in synch  
The world is kinder  
When you kiss me goodnight.

**Has Been Previously Published:**

Water Me with Paint

Skin touches Skin touches Sin  
Animate my mind with your tongue.  
I live inside your heart  
When you cry – I cry

Hold my arms pinned to the wall  
    Slipping like an oil painting  
Braided white with blue  
I'm addicted to you

Type your love onto my skin  
Carve your fingers into colors on my eyelids  
Leaking emotion through human sized pores  
Swim farther into me  
    Steal my breath  
I beg through upside down tears

Keep me safe in the tunnels of your fingertips  
Words are my only platform  
Manipulate with pupils  
Captivate me  
If you break – I break.

Be My Ocean.