

WOMAN

A SHORT POETIC DIARY
RAE-DEVONNE

Magnifique'

Thoughts. Endless thoughts that I think
deserve it's own pages.

www.rahwaygirlzpublishing.com

ISSUE 01





Introduction

Cheers to this little slice of inner me. I have so many creative outlets that it amazes me that I never took the time to create this journal of sorts. A walk into my little, tiny heart and head. It's bits and bobs of deep thoughts and awakenings. Peek inside of my mind and listen to some music while you ponder. We have a massive wave of turmoil, peace, and sorrow within us, and I think it's best to get it out whenever you can. I know I keep myself busy; this is just one piece of the overflowing pie.

Playlist to listen to while you read:

1. Caroline Rose-Feel The Way I Want
2. Allira- One, Two, Three
3. Mette- VAN GOGH
4. FKA twigs- Killer
5. Lyn Lapid- do you really?
6. Isak Danielson-Always

Rae-Devonne

Contributors

Of Woman



Written by Me.
Wynter Aiken



Ceated by Me.
Wynter Aiken



Published by Me.
Wynter Aiken



Endless thoughts by Me.
Wynter Aiken

2024

Life really is a non-empty whole. I'm piling and[filing. With
everything in between. .



Cheers *Madness*

Ever get the thoughts that everything you get you don't deserve? It's a madness really. SO many good things could be going on and here comes the doubt. The sense of worry, overzealous worry. Where does it go once the thoughts pass? Why do I do this to myself? Sprinkle a little bit of happiness and one thought booms into a cater of doubt, stress, and foreboding. I shall fix it, with a bit of love and glue. You should too. I see your doubt in the air. Surrounding you like a frowny cloud. Let's push it away. Together.

Little Think Of Me..

I remember the first time I fell in love. A gut punch to the gut. Butterfly swarm. Warm glass of milk by the fire. That's what it felt like. Atleast-what I thought. Ever been in love? Ever felt your feet get swept underneath your feet? Beating heart in overdrive? It's a feeling I'll never forget and yet, this time it's so much better.

I'm still a small clan in the big ocean of wonder. Still figuring out what life is giving me. How I should navigate my thoughts, dreams, and wiggly toes looking for excitement and a fresh breeze.

This time around my heart is beating on the best beat it could be. The man I met is a warm bubble to my space. I've let many into my space before, ones that weren't meant to be. I thought otherwise. Now, it's a smile upon my face most times, a frown here and there. This time, it's right. Sure, you get the spats and blues, all relationships get them I'm sure. But, I'm learning and going. My first time learning and going with this man. It's new to me. It's crazy to me. He loves me. He loves me. I love myself. He loves me.

Ever been in love where it comes easy but you still have those petty patterns that appeared before? I guess that's why they say-don't repeat, just be. I'm being this time. It's a dramatic tune to the wayward beat that once was before. I like it. But, I still have a lot to change and do. Make this last. Make this forever.





WOMAN

ISSUE 1



WOMAN I AM.
WOMAN I'M
GROWING.
IT DON'T
MATTER.
I'M GOING
AS ME.

SOMETHING THERE

Squeezing my sides to feel righteous in my victory against the heavy waves that can punch at any fleeting moment. Something new is on the horizon. I'm excited. I can feel it like an ocean breeze after the sun has set. Can you feel it too?

CAN YOU FEEL
IT TOO?

STYLES OF *Dancing* *Drum.*

Getting to the point where dancing to my own drum doesn't seem as scary as it used to be. It feels great to feel safe within myself. Still gotta let those reds and oranges pass, but perhaps we can make a purple scene scream?



Silhouettes of flowers that represent the sweet smells of a new day and light.

We don't get to choose this life. It's ours. It's ours till the clock strikes and then rebirth into magic appears. Life grants you a pinnacle of happy, dark, joyful, sad, courageous moments, all in-between that is a flowing flower of life's greatest and worst moments. A ray of sunshine in a dark cloud. A caterpillar blooming after midnight crest. A Ladybug buzzing in the spring season. A cat purring upon its throne. Wind hitting your face, tears streaming. Whether life is lemons or pears, making the best of it is heaven.

Peace is a loose term because who really knows peace? Breathing deeply in the sunshine as he breathes life into me. I think about peace, like a warm, fuzzy blanket on a nice, breezy summer day. Life hurts sometimes but peace is all the more welcoming.