

Poetry Series

Carole Cookie Arnold
- poems -

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Carole Cookie Arnold(11/22/48)

Whispers of yesterday now a pulse
Of poetry born from travesty's mingled with joys
I write out of my life's original walk devoting myself
counseling free of charge for all sent my way.
They are my heart.

Blessings

Carole Cookie Arnold

A Child's Eye's

Candied apples sticky and sweet.
Ferris wheel and cotton candy treat.
Curly blonde hair eyes wide and blue.
Carmel candy stuck to her shoe.

Balloons all colors given by clowns.
Face painted smiles nary a frown.
Pennies tossed a goldfish won.
Smell of popcorn Can I have some?

Elephants march poodle's dance.
Heads spinning to catch a glance.
House of mirrors makes her laugh.
Granny look, you 're so big and fat!

Dusk approaches she rubs her eyes.
Grandpa picks her up as she sighs.
Fairy dust was sprinkled in her eyes.
Dancing in her dreams where they hide.

Closing her eyes she drifts to sleep.
Safe in his arms she snuggles deep.
Sprinkles of love from grandpa's kiss sweet.
Placed in bed a teddy to keep.

Glitter and colors Smiles and laughter.
Screams of excitement hit the rafters.
These are the memories that will stay.
Reminding her of this Magical day.

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A Cracker's Porch

Four in the morning the rooster our clock
Pull on my boots collect eggs like it or not
Daily chores from sun up to sun down
Never let gramps catch you with a frown

Saturday nights were the best by far
Gramps played his accordion under the stars
Folks came from neighboring farms
Swinging their partners into another's arms

Turning on the old radio shows
Amos and Andy, The Shadow knows
Jack and Gracie who could ask for more
Playing jacks and pick up Styx on floor

Heart full of tomorrows for days like this
Fairytale stories and visions of bliss.
Drifting away in a sleepy sweet mist
Gramps put me to bed my forehead a kiss

Things were so simple back then
Fresh smell of hay and magnolia's blend
Tattered old porch rich memories hold
When I pass over that porch I'll behold

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A Poets Recipe

Cookie's Cookbook

One cup of creativity
A dash of Imagery
One tsp. rhyme
Three pinches artistry
Two cups heart
Combine ingredients till smooth
Bake until compelled to pen
Place upon parchment paper
Frosted with a title
Serve warm with inspiration
One mug satisfaction
Enjoying a piece of poetic art
A homemade poem

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Abstracts Of Red

Wakened by abstracts of a painting
Sitting confronting red eyes speaking
Through trembling mouth she screams
Red eyes glaring towards her gleamed

Journeys through the darkness of night
Searching for keys to doors locked tight
Fractions of the night cause her to run
Upon her innocence fear was spun

Morning wakens sleeping rosebush red
Yellow sunbeams of peace her soul fed
Wild flower God dips in the misty day
Dawn resurrected this maiden flower today

Shadows of yesterdays reflections missed
Obscured sleep hollows eyes in a crimson kiss
Betraying dreams and blinding our minds
Morning light where peace dwells, she will find

Eyes are windows of the soul.
Rest in his love.

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Ambiance

Wind is elusive yet a powerful force
Soft breezes create a romantic course
When a silver opalescent moon is hung
Star kissed sky of loves magic is spun

Fire's speak if listening you will hear
Dances of a lovers flamed desire appears
Candlelight ambiance and glitter bug sky
Lovers lost in desires as time passes by

Water pond reflects images of fires dance
Colorful plumes sway casting a sultry trance
Under a weeping willow lovers are smitten
Sensual moments of passions not hidden.

Upon her trunk a heart is hand carved deep
By fingers of two lovers memories to keep
These are the elements that form a portal
Forging two lovers hearts into one immortal.

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by Carole Arnold

Carole Cookie Arnold

Bella

Raven black hair with crimson traces
Superior beauty above most faces
Large doe eyes a crystalline blue
Sultry Pink lips seen in so few

Cheeks glowing candy-apple red
Ivory-white smile not a word is said
Long eloquent fingers with perfect nails
Essence regal across the beach she sails

Nothing painted just a natural flow
Her skin permeates an almond glow
A natural earthy scent of an ocean mist
Camel and crimson suit made heads twist

Golden waist-bracelet reflects in the sun
Long shapely legs as she begins to run
Engulfed by ocean, vanishing from sight
A swimming mermaid under the starlite

Standing on jetty watching this creature
Amazed she even allowed me to see her
The voice of an Angel I do hear
Bella's sweet song so near.

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Black Paper Roses

Anchored spirits born of faithless treason
When during the night seized his reason.
Black paper roses with vibrant red petals
Glass pollen stamens filled with costly metals.

Nightmares haunting the depths of his soul
As droplets of sweat down his cheeks roll.
Holy Angels arrive engulfed within his dream
Wrapped in moonlight keeping his soul clean

Whisking him to a hidden city floating on high
Safe from the shadows and their evil eye's.
Fragrance of Emmaus mixed with hyacinths
A new day dawns entering their providence.

Even as we slumber our hearts are protected
Tis never a moment when we are rejected.
Slumber within his hidden city up above
A place so pristine where all you find is love

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Blue Painted Eyes

Porcelain skin with blue painted eyes
Strokes of cherry brushed on her cheeks
Lips are a soft shimmered pink sublime
Flaxen hair graces her face as a smile peeks

Two small strings of pearls adorn her neck
Gracefully touching a peach chiffon dress
Ruffles are trimmed with teal colored specks
With satin peach heels she sits with finesse

A lavender parasol shades her from the sun
On a bench in Central Park awaiting her beau
Horse drawn carriages where romance is won
Flat bottom boats drifting with lovers in tow

Spring blossoms are peeking out in all colors
Plush green grass that tickles your toes
Ice cream vendor's music calls two brothers
Cobblestone streets create a nostalgic flow

Barber pole has stood still for generations
Lady waiting for her beau remains in place
Town halls clock stares in silent expectation
Frozen within painted strokes of eternal grace

This moment in time an artist painted
During the nineteen twenties he gives
This as a gift to one he is acquainted
This lovely lady on the bench who is

My Great Grandmother is the lady who poses
For her beau the artist whom she soon wed
Showered her wedding day with colorful roses
A portrait that speaks of love and where it led

Watching over us she reveals a time
When the air was fresh and life was fair
Town halls clock rang its musical chimes
Sounds of children's laughter filled the air

Thank you granny for times we reminisce
Her picture is hung at the foot of my bed
Soon another generation will inherit this
Then great great granny they to will be led.

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Butterfly Fields

An acre of land hidden from all
Down a dirt road my car had to stall
Flooded the engine no help in sight
Fearing I'd be there well into the night

Looking up and what do I see
Butterfly fields beckoning me
Hundreds of these colorful creatures
Dashing about as flower field seekers

This parcel of land so tucked away
Created for me a glorious day
Sitting amongst a wild flower cover
Butterfly kisses in so many colors

Eloquent purity riches of nature
Golden soaked field's nature my teacher
Colorful beauty as a tender caress
Realizing just how much I am blessed

If for a moment one could gleam
Flight of a butterfly is pure and clean
Sunsets red mist streaks the evening sky
My sad heart lifted was God'S reply

Stranded moments now a hand carved day
Colored me in grace as butterflies played
Hands of God molded this potter's clay
Details of beauty missed as we look away

What visual beauty surrounded you today
Dark skies or did a rainbow make your day
A gentle touch or a child's laughter
Keep your eyes on greener pastures

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Cat-Nipped

My stepfather brought a present for me
I saw the lid moving I wanted to see
Inside a kitten of Siamese decent
Wanting a kitten mother gave her consent

Rats-killer I named him this is why
He'd carry rats inside onto a chair I'd fly
Sneaky little guy and smart as a whip
Problem for him was me he never outwit

A master with the felines seeking in the night
Fighting defending male prowess his plight
Walking from school I found a hurt quail
Fixing its wing so again he might sail

Months passed as he befriended the bird
I should've known that was absurd!
Guarding the quail thru its stormy weather
Here he is with a mouth full of feathers

Outsmarted by him for the first time
Fattening the bird up so he might dine
Trying to use his prowess to flatter
The cat live that's all that matters!

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China Clouds

Picturesque sky sun-soaked fields
Fragile china clouds protect and shield
Flaxen yellow sunflower seeds yield
Nourishing rainstorms a tempest wields

Sugarcane stalks sweeten the air
Peppermint herbs grow without care
Rustic red barn, cattle and horses share
Flower filled trellis adds colorful flare

The sun sets with a harvest moon in place
Buckboard filled hayride grab a space
Spooky stories by tales from the crypt
Made this day of fun worth the trip

A tapestry of beautiful fabric cut for me
This vision of beauty will always be
Sweet memories of the past take flight
Fireflies and jasmine flavor the night

This was the night of my first kiss
Hay loft with Billy a taste of bliss
Memories I will treasure all my days
Every time upon a harvest moon I gaze.

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Crest Of Blue

Looking, as I stood on a Hugh flat rock
Upon white crested blue ridge mountains
Scanning all its majesty one takes stock
Of flawless sights that nature maintains.

On a cliff below a curled horned buck
Head erect as if listening for danger
Aromatic scents of pine and honeysuckle
Overhead two towers house the rangers.

Fall bursting in a splendor of color
Orange, red and yellows flow unbridled
Pines reaching surpassing all others
Brilliant colors capture every title.

Migrating geese fly south for winter
Animals dig deep preparing for sleep
Unlike us, their habits seem simpler
Below a large willow droops and weeps.

Skyward the sun is radiant and warm
Lowering my eyes as I turned to leave
A portrait in my mind started to form
Casting a spell as a picture did weave.

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Daydreamers

A true daydreamer possesses a dynamic mind
They are a human enigma and a rare find
Tarnished by others thinking them dim-witted
No one can grasp how our minds are knitted.

As one of these dreamer's society tried to scar
Envyng our natural abilities our work they mar.
Enigma's now grown still baffle society's peers
Hearing every word said. a daydreamer is here...

Morsels of imagery is the daydreamers creed
A Journey of fantasy upon a white winged steed
Where feather-tipped clouds grace a lavender sky
Kingdoms built on ivory clouds as unicorns fly.

A blueberry moon hangs over a tangerine field
As firefly lanterns give us the warmth they yield
Crystal blue ripples form a dance over pond
Here is where a dreamer's thoughts are found.

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Encrypted Dreams

Heavenly melodies sweet gentle breezes
Giant redwoods reach singing his praises
White tailed doe prances with such grace
As her ten point mate darts as if in a race

Sun's rays trickle down a spiral stairway
A Magnificent tree house's pathway
Built in redwoods covered by branches thick
Staircase beckons where sunbeams split

Redwoods scents air as ivy wraps the rails
The door hand carved in fine detail
Sunbeams dazzling yellow glazed mist
Flowing satins colors of yesterdays kiss

Standing above looking down on this earth
Wondering how God created all this worth
His eye is upon the sparrow and I am small
How does he hear us when we pray or fall?

Although in my dream he came to give
Blessings of his Love is all I need to live
Encrypted on the wings of our dreams
Sealed with-in life's great schemes

Engraved without a quill in hand
Word inscribed candles stand
On the wings of my dreams his plan
Candlelight dancing on my nightstand

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Fantasy In Sugarland

A giant hand carved maple door
Huge standing doors nothing more
Two round brass knocker's overhead
Message hung from handle that said

Bow once left, twice to the right
Face my handles clap with all your might.
Doors opened slowly as I begin to hear
Sounds of children laughing quite near

How could this be? Where were the walls?
Whoops! Downward sailing over the falls
Sounds and smells were getting stronger
Bounced off the end standing in wonder

Talk about Alice in wonderland!
Hello and welcome said Baby Grand
Ivory keys announce that you ventured.
This place creates all adventures.

Hello came a voice looking at my feet
My name is twig the wizard have a seat
What makes you a wizard humbly I ask
Whatever I'm asked I finish the task

That he does said a voice from above
Looking up an apple tree gave me a shove
Stood leaning on a stone wall don't worry
You won't fall so much to see better scurry

Into a courtyard with a glitter bug moon
Tranquility blue peppermint swooned
ns calls the raspberries chime
Gingerbread Sam speaks in rhymes

Sun kissed twins, Barney Banana swoon
Roundy the watermelon shakes and croons
Tulip horns announce new visitor is here
Out from the shadows the Queen did appear

Welcome my dear to Sugarland our home
Fairy's buzzing in marched the gnomes
Toddy the troll said you I wanted greet
Sugarland our home your creation to meet

Fairytales were lost and fantasy died
We brought you here to take this ride
You have brought us back to life you see
Marshmallow shores and pumpkin seas

Pineapples suns and butterfly fields
Magical daydreams is what you yield
Bring back the child from their hearts
Show them the way and where to start.

Help them find the child with in
Through chocolate fences enter in
Listen for the cherries that sing
Look for giant oak door with two rings

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Fires Of Desire

Musical emotions breeze of love
Heartstrings belong to her beloved
Lying poised upon white satin sheets
Clad only in pearls and Lacey lime treats

Flowing blonde shoulder length hair
Violet round eyes with skin so fair
Lips of rubies carved dimples in cheeks
Breasts magnificent all men seek

Curves beneath her sapphire gown
Unfolds desire of which he is bound
Placing one arm behind her head
Stroking her body his desires fed

Slide close as I whisper a song
Possess me now to you I belong
Seductively she kisses holding him tight
Unbridled passions rage through the night

Sensual fulfilled moments still arise
On morning wings of a golden sunrise
A burning flame between a man and wife
Attended to properly lasts for life

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Flamingo Geese

Flamingo's a rich pink color flock
Beside the artesian fed lake to mate
Every year the lake is fully stocked
Standing in groups sealing her fate.

The males huddle against the females
Their long necks sway in a mating dance
Opening their wings like flapping sails
Intimidating other males with a glance.

The third day the dances cease
Away they fly until next year
By dusk my lake fills with geese
I found my lake's become a career.

Soon the mallards arrive for the winter
Leaves are dropping the tree's go dormant
Temperatures sink as silence fills parameters
Always patterned in the same format.

Creation produced environmental habits
Multiplying and replenishing this earth
Developing all breeds who can cohabit.
Placing a price could never cover its worth.

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Garden Pixie

From a fragile royal egg the first of it's kind
Came a pixie whose power boggles the mind
Resting upon the highest mountain peak
Unnoticed from eyes of those who seek

Created by a majestic crystal blue moon
Twilight's garden pixie will be unveiled soon
Pixel is the first of a magical new breed
Instilled in her heart is the garden creed.

This colorful garden which she will tend
Creating a spectrum of colors that transcends
Gathering the seeds for Sugarland's fairy domain
Queen Willow announces news of colorful plains

Joining us along with Sugarcane Forest
Is a garden pixie created for the task before us
Her name is Pixel and with her she brings
Seeds of new life to our forest that clings

When the firefly's light up the sky
By the hundreds they will fly
Dropping seeds from overhead
Pixel has begun Sugarlands garden bed

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Halo

Entering a gathering due to loss
Her head lifting as she looks across
My heart twisted seeing her grief
Nothing we possessed could give relief

Eighteen years old a child herself
Eye swelling tears burst crying myself
Kneeling beside her holding her tight
Nothing we could say would make it right

Eight weeks prior she had a baby girl
Big blue eyes a head full of curls
Four in the morning the phone rings
We knew this was not a good thing

Grandma screams, grandpa tries to revive
Tiny limp body praying she would survive
Call of the Angels came whisking her away
To her Heavenly home where she will play

Family and friends gathered as one today
First time in years putting anger away
My eyes capturing such a glorious sight
A child will lead them toward his light

She accomplished what we did not see
Life is preciously fragile loving is free
Thirty adults were changed that day
As one little Angel was whisked away.

Kayla

Carole Cookie Arnold

Harps Of The Heart

Turquoise and diamonds set in platinum
Sparkling candlelight flickers upon them
Shoulder length hair swept over one side
Cream satin gown not a curve did it hide

A presence about her commanded attention
Everyones eye's were held in suspension
Her gestures were executed with such grace
Gazing upon everyone's captivated face

Five star restaurant, a violin band
Song begins as he gently takes her hand
Unheard melody to which both belong
Floated in dance to a heavenly song

Dips her in such a prestigious style
Casting a spell the crowd sat beguiled
Dance closes and silence filled the room
Both void of hearing danced to one tune

As an awestruck observer I must say this
Perfectly swaying and watching them kiss
Heartstring of their harp made this song
Inspirational Visions I willingly belong.

Finding a pulse to the strings of my harp
Spectacular rhythms my strings impart
Harshness of life suddenly seem to pass
God's song beats as I finish my task.

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Hollers Hunkerton Spa

Birthday weekend at Holler's Spa
Friends have told me it's the best by far
Flew to the Blue-ridge Mountains
Vision of chalets, limos and fountains

Met by a man with a four wheeled truck
Hear You've come for Holler's potluck
Doggie! You're in for a real treat
Lots of pretty ladies there to meet.

Pampered then polished is why I've come
Massage and mud packs that's the bomb
Up a winding gravel road a mile around
Stopping he puts my things on ground

Then he drives off in his old truck
There's nothing around just my luck.
Sun setting now I'm getting scared
No one can see me is what I feared!

Sat on the hill for an hour or more
A wall of rocks opened as the door.
The woman's clothing from long ago.
I never suspected a Spa was below.

Carved into belly of the mountain
Inside were the flowing fountains
Rocks, grass and trees hide it from view
This white-ridged mountain in the Blue

Inside is done in hand carved cedar
Indoor terrace has Cherubim feeders
Rooms colonial in type veiled in white
Meals exquisite best time of my life.

Holler's Hunkerton Spa
Hidden in a holler of the mountain
Hunkered down under a grassy knoll
Spa's natural springs Artesian fed

For resevatons
Dial 888-Day-Dream

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Just Be

Heavens majestic quietness as a calm sea
As time stood motionless the moon climbs
Moonbeams burst thru waters tangled reeds
Memories reflected as sunbeams peak the day

Thoughts of what was stand motionless in time
Each new days experience unique within itself
Remembered yesterdays never seem equal today
Next days experience and what comes into play

Our life's inspirations should not mean
Instead we need to accept this fact in life
We were not placed here to create our image
We need to comprehend that job's been done

And learn just how to be

Carole Cookie Arnold

Lacey Lavender Ice

Eloquently she moves with such Grace
Soft pink costume with lavender lace
Hair woven thru combs of lace orchids
Glittered trim of butterfly orchis

The arena hushed into awaited suspense
Waiting for the ice show to commence
Announcer's voice rang through the air
Ladies and Gents we have one so fair

Everyone's ready all eyes upon the gate
Spotlights break the dark void of wait
She moves across the ice ever so airy
U.S.A. Gold medallists Glynis Cherie

Hearing her name we cheered to greet
Music began we rose from our seats
As she entered moving ever so slow
Bursting forth Glynis stole the show

Stopping briefly as she bowed to all
Sweeping the ice each heart enthralled
Picking the moment to increase her speed
Into a quadruple a great landing indeed

Dropped down and pulls in her spin
As she rises, moves fast as the wind
A sudden jab from the tip of her skate
Poised, she waves and heads for the gate

Applauding so loud we had an encore
Entering ballerina skater gave one more
Floating the ice jumped into a triple
Landed perfectly making it seem simple

Slid to one knee and lowered her head
Rose colored spotlight her beauty fed
Hand to her lips blew a kiss discreetly
Lifting her head winks, smiles sweetly

When she left that stormy night
Her car slid and rolled out of sight
Injured and bound in a wheelchair
At the ballerina music box she stares

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Lavender Wispy Willow

Tangerine lily trumpets melodious sounds
Announcing the arrival of their new Queen
Her presence has graced Sugarlands grounds
A thousand years passed a new era is seen

Kiwi fairy maidens precede royal procession
Casting teal tamo bell pedals at their feet
Magenta butterfly's float in graceful expression
Firefly lanterns lighting where pathways meet

Mood is set and a glitter bug moons been hung
As buttercup fairies begin to chant her name
Chanting bursts into a song of Kiwi tongue
Excitement peaked as she entered her domain

Born in the heart of Willow Kiwi Valley
Never seeing another fairy or Sugarland
Sustained by her nanny Egret O'Malley
Now sees why her destiny was planned

Wispy Willow is Sugarlands new heir
Wide violet blue eye's that glisten in awe
With ruby red lips and deep auburn hair
Her skin an opalescent peach without flaw.

Wispy Willow lavender feathered wings
Adorned in spun violet butterfly silk
Scrolled inheritance in one hand she clings
In other a sack of coconuts full of milk

Marshmallow Shores with pumpkin seas
Toddy Troll smiles as Cora crow sings
Sugarcanes Queen Lea sweetens the breeze
J. D. Bugs has the mantle a new era brings

Sunrise of honey beams burst into dawn
Festivities of lavender streak honey mist sky
Tangerine trumpets play Wispy Willows song
Joyous Lime fairies riding unicorns that fly.

Golden honey glittered ball of morning sun
Raspberry Queen floats in on crimson mist
Bowling before Sugarlands next chosen one
Shows how imagination can create all this.

2006 Carole Cookie Arnold

Carole Cookie Arnold

Legacy

Teachers, classrooms, we attend
Books, paper, pencil and pen.

This is what school pointed towards
"The pen IS mightier then the sword"

As we grow we store things away
Decades later create poetic essays.

After we're gone others will learn
Helping them to write and discern.

A legacy is what we leave behind
So young talent one day will find

The beauty of the a quill in hand
How poetry can change this land.

Our poetry is fresh for today
Archives for the future we convey

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Marshmallow Shores

Raspberry skies raining peppermint drops
Strawberry clouds and blueberry raindrops
Candy cane trees with chocolate fences
Land of dreams that tickle your senses

Climb into my tangerine boat
Upon pumpkin seas we shall float
To laughter island where smiles are free
Ivy swings and rainbow slides you'll see

A land where golden sunbeams sing
Chocolate cherries are bells that ring
Tickets are made of wind-dings galore
Day dream island of marshmallow shores

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Natures Dimensions

Winters unwanted harshness vanishes
Knowing such beauty spring banishes
A soft white veil of icy-laced snow
Creating a spectacular glistening show

Crisp air refreshingly renews its plan
A cleansing purity purging the land
Removing what summer months created
Leaving only memories that are faded.

Boundless visions of fresh creations
Colored satin petals begin restoration
Pictorial scenes of greenery sublime
Painted portraits enduring all time

Unbridled farewells kiss each season
Prerequisites of eloquence are the reasons.
Spring will bring flowered fields wild
Through these eyes of God's child.

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Pineapple Sun

Creative imagery casts a spell
Every poet has learned so well
Step with me to the edge of a page
Stage set as we enter a field of sage

A pineapple sun floats on a lemon mist
Herbal garden of thyme with a mint twist
Looking left a watermelon patch round
Sweet and juicy it puddles the ground

Under a huge oak a table set for a King
Apples, oranges, bananas and cherries sing
Brie and hot bread with frozen fruit drinks
Orchids and violets spun deep, in ivy sink

Dragon flies float over reeds by a creek
Rich yellow buttercups bumble bee's seek
Scents of evening jasmine now fills the air
Spending some time in a land so fair

As all good things come to an end
We step from this page a review we send
A garden tended with fine creative detail
Firefly lanterns light the pages trail

Bend the corner of this page to mark
Another days adventure on a poet's ark
We all see through a stroke of a pen
Travels of eloquence by quill we send

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Pirates Cove

Caps place a rustic local attraction
Travel by skiff is your only action
An island surrounding an old lighthouse
Built in a time when pirates did rouse

Tavern preserved in original detail
Teakwood and brass by those who sailed
Lighthouse their guide as rebels arrived
Bearing gifts marking an era revived

Twenty paces you enter mess hall for eats
Chickens freely roam as you grab a seat
Fresh sea catches are Caps menu choices
Heart of palm salad and liquored voices

Stroll the beach till lighthouse you reach
Wave breaking cries heard of lost who seek
Visions when unbridled thievery ruled
Murder, mayhem and treasured jewels

His-story of Mercy reveals great strength
Saving souls his mission in width and length
Value every heart is God's righteous creed
Forever forgiving their unrighteous deeds

Lighthouse searches for every lost man
Guiding them to safety from distant lands
Thousand farewells cast light still calls
Showing his promise of a love that prevails

Diamonds in the rough purified by fire
Boundless lost hearts that he has sired
Had he not spared the rebel in me
This poetry you're reading would never be.

by Carole Arnold

Carole Cookie Arnold

Priceless

Gentle spray of ocean mist
As the waves break and twist

Creatures swim the oceans virginal floor
Pelicans and Seagulls above do soar

Opalescent silver moon hung high
Crystalline stars hang in a majestic sky

Precious starlite reflects a surface dance
Gold Turquoise and Silver enhanced

Plumage rich with color bend in wind
A breathtaking creation now transcends

Priceless dreams of romance are nature spun
Freely given to us by God and his Son

One mile away a lighthouse does stand
Pointing the way for every lost man

The spiritual and natural work as one
Reach for light that comes from the Son

Peace

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Prism Lights

Unremembered Goals now Wastelands
Facing dark pointless empty corners
Smudges of my dreams forgotten
Secret echoes of failures whispered

Dusky dark clouds hovered
While hypothetic oceanic waters covered
With moonlit majesty dancing in reverence
Whispering it's Pectoral presence

Unremembered cities of lost promise's
With continuous mysteries and innuendo's
Silently obvious and full of crescendo's
Unraveling a secret thread sewed into my soul

Suddenly my mind is flooded with memories
Intrigued by flowering lost goals I see
Power of remembering pleasures my soul
Dark corners will no longer take it's toll.

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Rainbow Pim

Adam-found a Magnificent mountian
Climbed whole-hungered tottering.
Spike-tipped Feather-like white sky
A purpling prism-rich mist
Before him his Rainbow.

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Renditions Of A Renegade

Renditions of realities powerful force
Pretenders walking a staggered course.
Clandestine moments of doctored truths
Acting as a super sleuth.

Suddenly found full circled and bound
Stretching lies into the ground.
False realities one will find
Were renditions of a renegade mind.

Renegade traitors do not deserve
Guarding our secrets to preserve.
Trust, a commodity that's earned
Keeper of secrets without return

Enters one empowered by word
Speaking things they never heard
Renegades shadows burst with light
Raising hands without a fight

Unconditional Love Gods request
His Spirit accomplice's the rest.
God's Word washes them clean
Renegade Souls found redeemed.

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Riches

Riches all around I see
Is anyone else as rich as me?

Mango, Banana, Tangerine and key lime
Succulent fruits with skins and Rhine

Ash, Oak, Cedar and pine
Build a bridge for all mankind

Minerals, Ores, Metals and Gems
Generates wealth from our Earth friend

Paper, Plastic, Porcelain and Glass
Accent lives Present and past

Livestock, poultry, Gardens and Grains
Fortified by Heavens rain

Sun, Moon, Stars and Sea
Now I ask, How Rich are WE?

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Scarlet Yesterdays

Magical starlit nights
Passions float taking flight
Cream-colored blossoms cover
Scarlet moments of two lovers

Mimosa tree graces the hill
Sensual desires Overpower will
Recording every lover's passions
As countless moments fashioned

Loves forbidden fragrant dance
Permeates the air they breathe
Leaving shadows of romance
Echo's of lovers past still weaves

Scarlet yesterdays whisper
A seductive forbidden love song
Her senses soar, he leans to kiss her
Melting passions engulfs all wrong

Complex desires of fleshly emotions
Mimosa blossoms and starlit nights
Intertwined two lover's deep devotion
Creating magical rivers of delight

Morning breaks and Secrets hidden
Scarlet moment's only memories linger
Gentle breezes whisper of a love forbidden
A Heart carved from a lover's finger

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Secret Golden Threads

Picking up a golden sewing needle
Between her fingers once young now feeble
Pushing a secret golden thread thru the eye
She begins stitching a blanket of years gone by.

Squares represent events within her life
One is the day when she became a wife
Golden threads found tucked inside a case
Hidden in a drawer unaware how it was placed

Decades pass now she sews the final square
Children grown opens the blanket and stares
Squares sewn with secret threads of gold
Became a blanket where memories unfold.

Reflects on the Joy's her children did bring
Remembers their laughter over the silliest things
School then marriages now children of their own
Threads sewn together shows her families grown.

Her blankets fabric is made from heritage of choice
When two began this journey creating one voice
She prepares to finish all that life has cast
Seeing loved one's strong in love that lasts.

Heavens gates swing open as she prepares
Knowing when she crosses all things are repaired
Wrapping in the blanket she curls upon the bed
Reaches for Angels then gone not a word was said.

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Sent

Isolated from all who were close
Broken heart for loss hurts the most.
Kneeling bed-side to God I cry
Show me what happened before I die.

Room fills with brilliant bluish light
Feathered wings opened in my sight.
Golden in color an irredesent glow
Following their magnificent flow.

Encompassing me ever so gently
Message given my Father sent me.
Imparting strength thru my soul
Stand In Me, nothing can take toll.

Angelic breath imparted a healing
Taking every pain I had been feeling.
Wrapping a Sacred Peace as I sleep
Musical breezes my soul sweeps.

Resting in Grace he gives my Message
Covering me to hear of his presage.
Waking my hair is shades lighter
Visional scope of future is wider.

Rooms aroma sweet fruits of the vine
Cheeks ruby red color of a fine wine.
Hairs emanates an apple spice incense
Rising up now finally all makes sense.

Thank You Father.

Carole Cookie Arnold

Splendor Of Colors

God's natural splendidness revealed
On my land by a stream concealed

Chinese dogwoods satin petals seize the eye
Trellis fastened fences filled with flowers sublime

Plumes of color and textures amongst punks found
Yellow and Orange velvet petals shoot from the ground

Delicious tranquility emulates such peace and grace
While a red suns mist falls gently on this hidden place

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Sugarcane Princes

Hibiscus flower horns alert sugarlands forest
Fairies tribal melody is announcing in chorus
Crickets rub their wings sending plea of help
As cries of a child whose screams are felt.

Cora crow takes flight following the sound
Hidden at sugarlands edge a child is found
Thicket hides a princess in linen and gold
Toddy troll carries her to fairies abode.

Sugarlands domain awaits child's arrival
Blanket of flower petals promise survival
Sugarcanes under siege to the south
Fairies pour coconut milk into her mouth.

A princess and heir to sugarcane forest
Queen announces her safety is before us
Taking her deep into a giant redwood tree
Years pass now a grown Queen we see

Beautifully strong heading for her land
Dressed in wild flowers a fabric grand
Raven black hair and cheeks of cherry
Deed to her land in her hand she carries.

Sugarcane air is sweet once more
Wild flowered Ivy covers hillside floor
Hearts joyous as peace fills the air
A princess whose beauty none other compare.

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Sugarland

Sugarland where fairies dwell
Gingerbread men protect it well
Giant mushrooms keep off the rain
Redwood trees the fairy domain

Buried deep from human eyes
A city made where fairies fly
Protecting the forest from evil foes
This, their job only few can know

For at the bridge you cannot pass
All-powerful Trolls still stand fast
Firefly lanterns will forever last
Mystical daydreams here are cast

Sunbeams float on a peppermint mist
Sugar land's quiet as a morning kiss
Fairies fly deep into hidden homes
Trolls give the day to the gnomes.

Firefly lanterns snuff out their flames
Elf's and Imp's come out for games
Wizards rule and harbor the day
Fairies rule the forest so they say

Close you eyes and dream with me
Lollipops, candy canes, Can you see
Dusk falls, fairies scurry, Trolls in sight
Firefly lanterns light up the night

Always watching over you with grace
Keeping all safe in this magical place
Fairies sprinkle sleepy dust in your eyes
Sleep little one, in your dreams fairies fly.

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The Sketch Artist

Between his fingers a pencil
Secret dreams formed a stencil
Gifted, hands flow as he thrives
Magically on paper comes alive.

Sketches a blueprint of roomy cells
To flowering courtyard's wishing well
Vibrant tapestries each stroke provides
Provoking an ambiance where love resides

Creation's spun from his deepest dreams
Spectacular rooms with blended schemes
Designer's touch from ceiling to floor
His pencil sketches for one he adores

Entertains colors rich in passion
Bouquets accent boudoir fashion
Magically casts reflections of her
Flickering candles scented in myrrh.

'They Loved'

Carole Cookie Arnold

Thru Three Heavens

In a coma at age thirteen
Two Angels, a message of leaven.
Taking me upward thru three heavens
Thru a portal to a land very pristine.

Birds were flying from nest to nest
While nature was doing her very best.
Breezes were melodies creating a song
My body transparent as I walked along.

Air smelled of incense a fragrance sweet
Animals of all sorts nestled at my feet.
Joy flooded my soul beyond compare
I felt such peace here verses there.

Told of a gown with endless stitching
This feels sacred yet quite bewitching.
My guardians placed with me at birth
Saying, He would tell me of my worth.

Descending a bright bluish white light
Light so bold it blocked my sight.
Looking but couldn't gaze upon his face
Streets of gold flowing crystal traced.

Suddenly far away a mother was weeping
Oh God! Spare my child from life is creeping.
Pulled two directions he gave me a choice
Return I will give you a Caretaker's voice.

Returning will not be a life of ease
Anointed me in fire imparting his decree.
Caretaker of Souls a calling gone cold
Press them to return to the days of old.

This choice placed with a divine purpose
My Gifts imparted bring victory for us.
Share the teachings I have given to you
Narrow is the way and souls are few.

The life waiting for them on the other side
Of a beautiful kingdom where all will abide.
This the reason why you were honed
To be my voice guiding them home.

By Carole Cookie Arnold
2005

Carole Cookie Arnold

Tomorrows Jewels

Walking in God's Gifted Anointing
Following the direction he's pointing
Compelled towards those placed before me
Covering them with his wings till they see.

Guiding them out of their depression
Lifting their arms up from dissension.
Feeding them the bread I learned
Casting upon watered hearts that churn.

Sacrificing my personal time and needs
Caring for the lost & weary are my deeds.
So few can say that others come first
The Mantle of God places in you a thirst.

Few remain whose purpose is touching lives
Giving of yourself a selfless sacrifice.
Putting aside your own life and needs
On this God and I have agreed.

His Mantle of Caretaker a fixer of souls
Behind the scenes where no one knows.
Cast your bread upon a watered soul
It will return a hundred fold.

There's no earthly Glory Bestowed
"His-Story" IS the Gift I Behold.

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Traces Of Gold

Golden curls shimmering in the sun
Falling softly upon this little one.
Her skin reflects a golden trace
Contagious giggles vibrate this place,

Eyes wide and a deep violet blue
Her lips pink as a kiss she blew.
Dimples carved in her cheeks deep.
This vision of an angel I think I'll keep.

Adorned in lavender frills with white
Shines brighter than gold in my sight.
Gracefully she saunters slowly towards me
A brilliance bold with a smile that melts me.

This beautiful creature arrives at my feet
Throws her arms around me oh so sweet.
Looking deep into my eyes softly she speaks
Grandma, I love you and our day of treats.

These traces of gold are memories for me
This poem will show her years later to see.
The time I had with her I loved so deeply
My Beautiful granddaughter McKenzie.

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Two Minute Imagery

Crimson sunrises cherry mist pours forth
On flaxen sunbeams crimson mist is floating
Arrived with a purpose from south to north
Silhouettes produced from a lacquer coating.

Thru my window they accent a brass lantern
Brass ricochets beams into prisms of light
Staircase they seek my wallpapers pattern
Illuminating muted colors a vibrant sight.

Sunray's penetrate some old English stones
Fireplace is embedded with rose quartz glass
Sunbeams detect some collected Flintstones
Golden fingers bend to sunsets cherry cast.

Nature designs sunsets crimsons red blast
Exploding with details of beauty hidden
Prism Colors awaken an immortal contrast
Sunsets crimson kisses ambiance forbidden.

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Visual Mix

So many see only in black and white
Colors are what catch my sight

Red, Oranges, Greens and Yellows
Blues, Pinks, Neon's interesting fellows

Browns, Beige, mauves and Lipstick Red
Purples, Lavenders and Peach I am led

Colorful personalities, intriguing people
Hearts of gold, kind nature, truth not fable

Lambent, brilliant, eloquent with essence
Positive, Loving, Merciful in presence

Smiles, laughter that floats with Grace
Somewhere we've forgotten this place

What captures your attention?
Color I choose as my reflection.

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Warrior In Me

Rage wields a destructive force
Maximum winds on a deadly course
Unbridled emotions borderline minds
Twisting and turning till land it finds.

They hide in the shadows covering lies
Never bold enough to be more than spies
A day of reckoning has now arrived
I am locked and loaded and revived

Trained by the best a sharpened dart
I'm coming for you rover to impart
You ravaged my dignity and respect
The mission I'm on is for you to detect.

All you have seen is the good side of me
Let me introduce 'The Warrior' you see
Finding shadows and flushing them out
Wielding Gods weapons with a mighty shout

I throw you an offer one last time
Step out of the shadows enemy mine
Walked into shadows, unleashed the light
Found them cowering a sickening sight

Placing my Bible back in my pocket
Removed their names from the docket
Remembering the times when sisters we were
She chose the shadows Me? I stayed pure

People do such cruel things to others
I gave my heart to my sisters and brothers
Empowered by how well you maintained
Through God and His Mercy I am Sustained

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Without Warning

Entering a moss covered waterfall cavern
This journey of mine began without warning
Pungent musty smell likened to an old tavern
Algae on the rocks weeped as if in mourning

Most would have turned around heading back
Yet I was compelled to forge on ahead
Soon a tiny light stopped me in my tracks
Crawling thru a crevice into a flower bed

Thinking I walked in circles feeling lost
I stood shocked in disbelief as I scanned
My darting eyes couldn't absorb the cost
On which my journey was richly planned

Fields of blue orchids with golden stems
Who will believe this story I have to tell
Walking forever there seems to be no end
Breathless visions of beauty and then I fell

Down into the dark endless old mine
Carried upon a strong burst of warm air
Thinking all is over just a matter of time
Landed on my feet safe without a care

Torch lit tunnels sparkled with gold dust
Embedded with precious ores and metals
Around then golden stems fed their trust
Strange deposits seep where stems settle

Nuclear waste was thrown here years ago
Orchids adapted over time growing blue
Without human care with strength in tow
This blue orchid journey was penned for you.

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Yellow Neon Eyes

Hiking thru trails mountain high
Marking them as we passed by.
Sun began setting dusk rolled in.
Set up our tents feeling safe within.

Almost asleep I hear a growl
Russell of leaves a smell so foul
Eyes that pierced deep in my heart
God help me before killing me starts

A mountain lion big and bold
This cat made my blood run cold
The others left me there to fend
Alone with this I cannot contend.

Praying God's help would come
Closing my eyes preparing to die
Cat reared back leaping to get her some.
Two more jumped covering my eyes

No bites? what animals are these guys?
Looking, two wolves cover to disguise.
Still as if waiting for a surprise
A growl chimmed in sound of the wise

Huge yellow neon eyes glistened
Beautiful he was and elegantly pristine
He circled the lion without fear
Oh! Lord Help me don't let me die here

Shutting my eyes prepared for death
The two over me stepped off and left.
Feeling his presence sitting next to me
Turned my eyes towards him to see.

Yellow eyes were softly full of care.
I knew God had sent him there.
As he headed for the woods
Pausing and just stood

Stopped looked back as if to say.
I'm in the shadows as you find your way.
My friends? They left me there to die!
God used his creatures to keep me alive.

Selfish people I no longer have time.
Gods mountain is the only one I climb.
Faith moved my mountains

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Your Special Creation

My home is warm and cozy
Soon I will embrace a new world
Wide eyed with cheeks that are Rosy
Hair may be straight or full of curls

Finally seeing my parents face
Watching mommy while she sings
Songs about different places
As daddy smiles what joy he brings

So don't be nervous I'm on my way
I already know the love I'll see
We'll fit as one on the first day
I'm part of the two who created me.

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