

Poetry Series

**Diane Wright**  
**- poems -**

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## Diane Wright(March 11,1944)

I learned only a couple of years ago that I have a cousin by the name of T.S. Elliot, who is well-known for his poetry, so I began writing poetry as a hobby. It has been well received, and I have been published in books of anthology in the International Library of Poetry, Owings Mills, Maryland as well as Noble House in New York City, with offices in London, England and Paris, France. I have two boys, Aaron and Eric who are 38 and 34 years, respectively. I am divorced and live with my white cat, Zoe, in Springfield, Virginia, outside of Washington, DC. I work as an Administrative Assistant for a military research and development firm in Alexandria, VA.

# Buddies

They met by sheer fate  
Friendship blossomed, and like the tide  
Came in quickly, and they were joined  
Never to part, staying side by side.

Although they had nowhere to go  
The world outside did not matter at all  
They were content to be at home  
Turning a deaf ear to human call.

Out of the blue, the tide does recede  
The buddy leaves never to return  
The one left looks high and low  
Around every corner, and at every turn.

Where did he go? he asks  
Grief, anxiety and questions succumb to hurt  
Wondering how could this happen  
Keeping a heart waiting on high alert.

Too much tension to feel  
Creating ill emotions beyond reason to care  
Not understanding why the buddy was taken  
Too much grief for a small body to bear.

Too many emotions inwardly takes its toll  
An earthly life became very sick  
He dies to be united with his friend  
An illness that came on him very quick.

Yes, they were only creatures of the world  
Misunderstood, taken for granted, feelings unexpressed  
Now, they are one in spirit, at peace  
Two feline friends together again and blessed.

Diane Wright

# Christmas For Everyone

The snow is rapidly falling  
People scurrying in a fuss  
To complete the shopping list  
In time for the Christmas rush.

The house smells are scintillating  
With cookies, cakes, pies and more  
Excitement is in the air for all  
Wondering what really is in store.

The most joyous time of all  
In giving which is fun  
Yet, why can't we make Christmas  
Every day for everyone?

The season passes quickly  
Going back to our busy lives  
Forgetting one another's needs  
Ignoring the cries and sighs.

The homeless, bereaved, and hurting  
As we commit the biggest sin  
Turning our backs to ignore them  
Waiting for Christmas time again.

Diane Wright

# Just Me

Just Me.....

Who is looking at you in love  
Who sees your beautiful heart  
Who holds you close to me  
And prays we'll never part.

Just Me.....

Who hangs on your every word  
Who wants you in my sight  
Who dreams of a long church aisle  
Praying we'll soon be man and wife.

Just Me.....

Who loves to say your name  
Who calls only to hear your voice  
Dreaming of my fingers in your hair  
And my lips on yours, so moist.

Just Me.....

Waiting, hoping and praying  
That you will soon agree  
To tie the marriage knot  
Until then.....IT'S JUST ME

Diane Wright

# My Guardian Angel

A figure of beauty outlined in white  
Catching rays of light so bright  
Her face angelic and so serene  
Radiance before I've never seen.

Her golden hair does lightly flow  
Falls to her waist swaying to and fro  
Exquisite beauty of golden light  
Like strands of gold; a beautiful sight.

She was given to me as a gift from above  
To let me know God's wondrous love  
To protect and to guide, she is there  
To let me know there is nothing to fear.

Thank you, God, for my angel so fair  
And for your loving, tender care.  
I know now I am never alone  
She is your messenger from the throne.

Diane Wright

# Nature's Music On The Hills

The leaves are changing colors; red, orange, brown and green.  
There is a hint of winter cold weather soon to draw near,  
Yet the beauty of God's handiwork makes a landscape serene.  
His workmanship says within us we have nothing to fear.

The hills speak forth His majesty noting the Creator's touch.  
Trees reflect soldiers strong and attentive as they stand  
Displaying their colors so profusely as from an artist's brush,  
Creating a blanket of velvet color spread across the land.

The heart is touched by color so vividly arrayed.  
His presence seems imminent, and our knees we bow to pray  
In humble reverence for our God so colorfully portrayed,  
And we forget trials and tribulations that did haunt us in the day.

The peace of God emanates from this scene so fair.  
Serenity of the hills causes the heart to sing in praise.  
We reach out to Him, and peace overtakes our every care.  
Within our heart's still voice, anthems to His glory we do raise.

Listen closely! The hills sound forth with adoring praise.  
The trees reach heavenward as if listening with stature stoic.  
The foothills complete the picture with animals there to graze,  
As the hills become alive with the sound of His glorious music.

Diane Wright

# One Last Farewell

I had to put you to sleep  
It broke my heart to witness your pain  
I felt it better to let you go than hang on  
Neither of us would have anything to gain.

You were old, and your body very tired  
Quality of life not the same as before  
I felt it best to let you go to be Heaven bound  
Where your spirit is free to soar.

I remember you as a small kitten  
Alone in a cage, but not concerned for your fate  
You knew someone would come and release you  
As God and the angels told you to wait.

We had some happy times together  
Even though you were not given the chance to roam  
You seemed content to be with me  
As we spent time together at home.

There were lovely times joining hearts in love  
You knew when I was emotionally depressed  
And it bothered you to see such hurt  
Many times, you jumped on my lap giving a caress.

I will miss you when I don't feel well  
You won't be there curled up next to my head  
Watching me to make sure I am all right;  
Not suffering, but comfortable instead.

I know we had some falling outs  
Sometimes my rug received what the litter box should  
I now wonder if that was not your fault  
You tried to do the best you could.

Such a smart cat with a high IQ  
It was remarkable how your Godly love outpoured  
I, on the floor, praying to God  
And you raising your paw praising the Lord.

I heard your voice one more time  
Only a few hours after your demise  
It startled me so that I thought you were here  
Then I realized it was a heavenly cry.

Carry on in Heaven, dear pet  
Other animals are there near the Heavenly ridge  
Where I will meet you soon one day  
Together we will cross over the Rainbow Bridge.

Diane Wright

# St. Nicholas And God

There once was a 4th Century saint named Nicholas  
Born near Myra, near Egypt, Greece and Rome  
He came from one of the city's wealthiest families  
Not spoiled by riches, but loved to give, it is known.

One day, Nicholas heard about a rich man  
He lost all his money as his business did fold  
He had three daughters who desired to marry  
But, no dowries for them, as the story is told.

Because they had no food to eat  
One of his daughters he decided to sell into slavery  
Then the rest might survive  
If they used that money sparingly.

Nicholas heard of this dilemma  
He left at the man's house a bag of gold  
An anonymous gesture of love for the needy  
So the daughter would not have to be sold.

The next day, the man found the money  
Upon asking his friends, "Who is the benefactor of this gift? "  
No one knew, yet he thanked God above  
And the family's spirit soon began to lift.

A year goes on, and the family again is poor  
The first daughter marries, so the second up for sale  
But, another bag of gold comes to the rescue  
Again, from St. Nicholas, without fail.

This time, as before, the giver is not known  
Who is this mysterious person who is always there?  
It must be a gift like Heavenly manna from God  
Who is answering through a lot of prayer.

Again, another year with no money in store  
Yet, this time, the man will wait for Nicholas  
Hopefully to expose the giver of this gift  
And find out why he does all of this.

Sure enough, the benefactor arrives on the scene  
He is caught, and the man asks, "Why did you always  
give anonymously and then go? "  
Nicholas returned the answer with a smile  
"Because it is good to give and have only God to know."

The bishop of Myra died one day.  
The peoples' hearts were torn as they weighed  
Just who could fill the position so prestigious?  
The Lord said he would send someone as they prayed.

And that someone walked through the cathedral door  
His name, Saint Nicholas, that unassuming friend  
The people named him bishop for his good deeds followed him  
The people knew he was picked by God to lead them.

So, my friends, when you hear the name, Santa Claus  
Remember his forerunner, St. Nicholas, who loved giving  
Forgetting himself and honoring God  
So mankind could continue on in joyful, abundant living.

Diane Wright

# The Cravin' Raven

The raven searches for food to consume.  
He flies high and low,  
Yet none does he find.  
He thinks this is not a very good sign.

Soon, food at last, and this the meatless kind.  
He has watched from afar and knows  
This food is left each day on the step;  
Not in the garden for humans to grow.

Swooping down to inspect this food  
The milkman is gone making this a stop.  
This is a treat beyond compare.  
Everyday, the man makes a drop.

The raven pecks, inspects, and thinks  
"The bottle is hard; my beak must not break."  
Maybe here, there, the search goes on!  
Frustration and turmoil is all this creates!

More pecking he does, more frustrated he is;  
This insaneness makes a bird lose his mind.  
"There has to be a way.  
What must I do to reach the food that is inside? "

He pecks all around and discovers the top  
The lid on the bottle is paper-like thin.  
His beak will go through this fine cover,  
And the treasure inside he definitely wins.

Each day he returns with knife, fork and spoon.  
Taking part in this feast, a rare delicacy.  
"No more searching for food must I do,  
Now I can drink to fill my small belly."

Generously, he invites friends to the feast  
They will enjoy this food he is savin'.  
I must not be a pig and eat all for myself.  
I'll invite friends to savor this food I'm cravin.'

The man of the house becomes aware of his loss  
Loudly proclaiming no more food, and all-out war  
To quote a phrase from the poet, Edgar Alan Poe  
Nevermore.....Nevermore.....Nevermore!

Diane Wright

# The Rustic Brown Church

A small brown church sits by the road  
Unobtrusive, silent, with memories in store.  
The old structure drab in color, yet bold  
Was painted brown during the great Civil War.

A man, William Pitts, by stagecoach did come  
To view the beauty of this glen where it stands.  
It was there the church came to him in a dream.  
He began writing a poem from God; not man.

Lo and behold, as years go swiftly by  
The vision unfolds in the glen where he stood.  
The poem he wrote so many years before  
Is the infamous hymn, "Church in the Wildwood."

A still small voice resides in the glen  
Among the quiet gentle rustling of the grass  
It is where God spoke to a man's heart so pure  
And prayers from a town answered at last.

Come to the church in the wildwood.  
Come see for yourself the vision so fair.  
A beautiful setting of flowers and trees.  
You will rest leaving behind all your cares.

How rustic and majestic the brown church stands  
If it could talk and tell you of times long ago  
You would be amazed at all it has seen and heard;  
Stories of white man, Indian, friend, and foe.

No place is so dear to my childhood  
As the Little Brown Church in the Vale  
Where memories of old are emblazoned in wood  
As it whispers secrets and stories to tell.

I know this church of nostalgia and fame.  
I hear its voice as I stand at its doors.  
It tires of keeping stories back of long ago  
I yearn to stay by its side and listen for more.

Children love the bells as they play to pretend  
Dressing in old gowns and veils just for fun  
Envisioning that special day they will wed  
Joining hearts and lives with that special someone.

Oh come to the church in the wildwood  
Oh come to the church in the Dale  
No spot is so dear to my childhood  
As the Little Brown Church in the Vale.

Diane Wright

# What Are Fathers Made Of?

Little boys are made of snails and puppy dog tails  
But fathers are made of concern and love  
Ready to give aid when the going is rough  
Or be a throwing partner with a baseball and glove.

Fathers are made of compassion too  
Shown in a different way from Mom's pure heart  
She is emotional and may cry a lot  
Dad just listens with wisdom to impart.

Yes, wisdom that comes from ages ago  
Lived through his father and generations before  
Stories he relates are sure to fix what ails  
Pulling the right story from his wisdom in store.

Fathers are strong to stand in defense of family  
With God, strength imparted to withstand the fight  
Likened to a mighty ship with God at the helm  
Strife is overcome and at the end, there is light.

"Daddy's little girl" is sugar and spice to small ears  
Special to Dad in tomboyish pranks, frills or lace  
Feminine wiles displayed to win over Daddy's heart  
Tilting her head with clown-like expressions on her face.

Fathers are the light of our lives  
Along with God, shining the way in the darkest of nights  
Helping to ready a small life who, too, will be called  
To be a beacon of light to their own before flight.

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