

Poetry Series

Douglas Williams
- poems -

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Douglas Williams()

A Dad's Dream Come True

Her eyes glow like a burning candle,
as I walk in the room.

She smiles - grinning from ear to ear,
when I look in her direction.

She giggles as if my hands were tickling her,
when I pick her up off the ground.

Her tight hugs around my neck,
make my heart beat faster.

Her sweet voice is soothing to my ears,
when she sings her newly learned songs.

She makes my life livable,
one glow, smile, giggle, hug and song at a time.

Douglas Williams

A Grown Man's Game

Fans cheer feverishly,
even into the dark cold nights.
Unweathered by the action below,
they cheer until the end.

Lining up in the trenches,
growling, intimidating.
Large men hurl themselves into battle,
against unusual athletes.

Organized by design,
the players execute unknowingly.
All-out to the point of pain,
unto which the outcome will reside.

In the end,
it's just a game.
A grown man's game,
where the stakes are high.

Douglas Williams

A Likeness

Like a rose,
she held herself majestically.
Each part of her,
being like a petal.

Like a bubbling stream,
so beautiful the scenery.
Each thing she did,
being swift and efficient.

Like a mountain,
she was as stubborn as can be.
Each idea she held,
she held unconditionally.

Like a mother,
her heart was blessed with love.
Each person she knew,
she loved wholeheartedly.

And like a friend,
she was first to compromise.
Each time she talked,
she held my attention fully.

And because of these things,
I adore her,
like she is part of my family.

Douglas Williams

A New Addition

A mother's instinct,
a father's protection.
A love so distinct,
the fire behind our passion.

A new flame lit,
our spirits combined.
My unpredictable wit,
your patience untimed.

A part of our world,
never seen by human eyes.
Whether a little boy or a girl,
we'll only teach to reach for the skies.

Douglas Williams

A Perfect Day

Look at that ivory dress!
I don't think anything can compare.
I'll be the first to confess,
I've never seen a woman so beautiful and fair.

Nervously adjusting my tuxedo,
I think of all the time we spent together.
Looking at my watch as time goes,
Only a moment in forever.

Standing at the altar,
Waiting to fulfill our vows.
The music starts and I see her,
Walking slowly, so slowly down the aisle.

A tear forms in my eye,
As the music fades out slowly.
I glance towards the sky,
And thank God for sending my Heather Leigh!

Looking straight into her eyes,
I feel the tingles that love brings.
Our vows are spoken and we are tied,
Meanwhile caressing our newly given rings.

The preacher now says the now infamous phrase,
'You may kiss the bride.'
A tear trickles down her cheek as the veil raises,
And we kiss, love bursting inside.

We turn towards our friends and family,
We wave and start walking back down the aisle.
Knowing that we are now united eternally,
We can only muster tears and a smile.

It's only the beginning for us,
As the coming years watch our every move.
We'll certainly make things a fuss,
But in the end we will pull through.

But how does a perfect day end?
Only God would know such a day.
But I know this day he did send,
Oh, yes - That I can surely say.

Douglas Williams

Book Of My Life

Each day is but a chapter,
in the book that we live everyday.
The next page is unwritten,
waiting for the midnight closing.

Every morning's challenge,
to turn the page.

Your loving me constantly,
makes it extremely easy.
Our family gives me the incentive,
to enter the day fiery.

Every day's challenge,
to start on the page.

My daughters laughter,
and your smile.
Give me all the happiness,
that a man deserves.

Every night's challenge,
to finish up the page.

Sometimes I must wonder,
how I deserve everything.
Then I realize all the proof,
it's in the book we live.

Every morning's challenge,
to turn the page.

Douglas Williams

Catching Pride

Sitting in tranquility,
watching the sun rise over the horizon.
Casting my superiority by the wayside,
hoping to catch my share of pride.

As dawn breaks into early morning,
silver glistens over the fluid canvas.
Others much like myself nearby,
looking with the same endeavored glare.

Morning turns into midday,
as I return to my humble abode.
My own self filled with much pride,
and everyone else with a jealous stare.

Once again as we sit for family supper,
my plate garnished deservedly.
We reverently prayed,
for tomorrow to be just as plentiful.

Douglas Williams

Cupid Smiling

One cold day of winter,
Cupid smiled upon me.
He watched my life,
And just knew of my perfect match.

As his arrow of love rested in the latch,
His smile grew exponentially.
He knew he had found my wife,
He let the arrow fly,
It hit its mark,
But at this time only to leave a splinter.

Months went by,
Cupid endeavored to make new couples.
As he was saddened that our union never formed,
He never quit trying.

On a sticky hot day in June,
Cupid far from his prime month,
With fate's help, brought us together again.
Only this time,
To be together forever.

And if I look hard enough,
I'll see Cupid smiling upon her and me.
I just can't help to look back and smile,
Knowing that I owe him everything.

Douglas Williams

Daydreams

Staring out my car window,
mesmerized by the intense rain.
Daydreams of love and romance,
fill my already aching head.

A picture materializing in my mind,
like a giant puzzle.
The pieces fall in place one by one,
ending with the best of my imagination.

Thinking of her,
Wanting to hear her voice.
Needing her near,
feeling her soft touch.

Filled only by happiness and pleasure,
a few of my life-long dreams.
Slow sensitizing kisses and gentle hugs,
bringing me to cloud nine.

Embracing under the moonlight,
bringing together all our hopes.
Sharing our unconditional love,
washing away all the memories.

A loud honk behind me,
jars me from my dream.
Going straight to my destination,
knowing she's somewhere.

Staring out my car window,
mesmerized by the intense rain.

Douglas Williams

Faces Of Evil

Grey skies grumbled,
lightning whipped in delight.
Tortured souls whispered,
piercing his virgin ears.

The old man's can jingled,
wordlessly with hands out.
Fluorescent light grew dim,
as he walked into the dark.

He felt the force,
looked to the street corner.
Eyes - red as blood,
face transparent.

Without hesitation,
or fear of danger.
He paced slowly,
to the otherworldly figure.

Vermin danced feverishly,
across the damp street.
Parting to the side,
polarized by evil ambiance.

He stood face-to-face,
with his dreary master.
curiously watching, observing,
waiting for a challenge.

The aura glowed afar,
with a stroke of red.
Then disappearing in an instant,
leaving only a strange silhouette.

He clumsily falls off the curb,
as he comes to a realization.
That not just a moment ago,
he was looking at his reflection.

Douglas Williams

Has Time Stopped?

Watching the face of the clock,
the hands moving ever so slowly.
With a tick and a tock,
the time changes so clearly.

I look deep inside my soul,
and see things that don't look right.
And watch as my life rolls,
and hope my problems come to light.

For as long as I have known,
I've been so quiet and shy.
In the last few years I've been shown,
I'd been living with time just flying by.

Enjoying the beautiful things in life,
is something I now work towards.
Decreasing the amount of strife,
being part of the greatest rewards.

Time scampers by no more,
as I love all we have here.
Either walking on the shore,
or conquering my deepest fears.

Never to be in a depression,
and keep a positive outlook.
Always making a good impression,
looking past the covers of every book.

Douglas Williams

Here I Come

Walking through the garden,
taking in the scents.
Pondering where I've been,
and what my life so far has meant.

I look at the decisions I've made,
and the consequences of those.
As the time seems to fade,
I was right, what I chose.

Am I like I want to be?
A question I ask myself often.
Do I see the things I need to see?
And wondering if I'll ever notice them.

I know things will turn out right,
if I only believe they will.
I will not go down without a fight,
as the world turns more real.

From the things I've seen,
and experienced first-hand.
I will know where to lean,
and know when to demand.

I pray that I am ready,
and prepare for the day.
Standing steady,
waiting to say.

Look out world, here I come.

Douglas Williams

If Love...

If love is blind,
then I shall never see.
If love is to forever bind,
then I shall never be free.

If love causes the heart to beat,
then mine shall beat forever.
If love causes many events forfeit,
then I shall take them in stride and complain never.

If love causes the world to evolve,
then I shall be there with you.
If love makes problems to solve,
then I shall be there with the clues.

If love causes our purse to be lite,
then I shall still be the richest of all.
If love causes us to sometimes fight,
then I shall not make it a tough call.

If love were all these things,
then I would surely love you.
If love and happiness is all you bring,
then I shall be more than contented too.

Douglas Williams

If You Loved Me

When you speak my name,
my heart beats faster.
When you look into my eyes,
they sparkle and glow.

I want the things you do, the same,
I'll do everything I can, within my power.
When you talk to other guys,
I'll never let jealousy show.

I'll hold your hand in public,
and never complain.
I'll be your friend,
and never let go.

When you're sick,
I'll be by your side snow or rain.
Flowers I'll send,
or tickets to a show.

All this I'd do for you,
only if you loved me.
I'd do it forever too,
and do it so simply.

Douglas Williams

Just One Day

Why cherish our love,
one day of the year only?
A date in memory,
lost to life's thrill.

This day, feelings do rise,
Yes, slightly higher than yesterday.
Or, tomorrow or the next,
for today is etched into my soul.

Time stopped and hearts skipped,
floating down the aisle.
A dreamer's most vivid dream,
compares to my vision that night.

As age takes its toll on us both,
I can only hope to love you each day.
As if the that day were today,
everyday of our lives.

Yet, even aged - memory cannot forget,
your face, your hands, or your kiss.
I know now as I did that day,
that I would love you forever.

Douglas Williams

Memories Of A Lifetime

Majestically standing before you today,
They are King and Queen of this mid-April day.
A union of their bodies, minds and spirits.
A bond so strong - nothing can tear it.

Each have lived a lifetime of memories.
Both good and bad.
But as they prevail through the worst,
They stand proud in their exultation.

She remembered the tradition,
Something borrowed, something blue.
A tradition that brings couples together,
That will join their love as true.

Each staring into the other's soul,
A power they have now since gained.
Knowing every word before they speak,
And each heartbeat is felt mentally.

When this ceremony is over,
Their lives will have just begun.
For Heather and Douglas,
from two became one.

And in years to come,
When they look through their picture book,
Memories will engulf them as they look.
In their future, present and past,
It's apparent that their love will last.

A lifetime of memories,
in just one day.
Yes - Many more are promised,
After today.

Douglas Williams

Moments Together

We've had our great moments,
with the binding of our hearts.

We've had our moments of blessing,
with the births of our children.

We've had our good moments,
when our children make us laugh.

We've had our shining moments,
when our children make us proud.

We've also had our sublime moments,
when all we can do is cry.

We've had our moments of sadness,
when the people we love have passed.

We've had all these moments together,
and we will continue on forever.

Douglas Williams

Nature's Own

A pebble in the pond,
rippling to the center.
Falling quickly to the floor,
the light fading behind.

'What does this mean? '
the young boy ponders.
As he lets go of yet another,
Sitting at the edge.

He looks for the common bond,
between himself and nature.
Watching for the opportunity or door,
the one he just can't seem to find.

Unsure of his surroundings,
admiring the God-created wonders.
Turns slightly to the call of his mother,
and runs home full pledge.

Standing before his earthly creator,
he quietly acknowledges her authority.
Watching and studying her every move,
learning traits and manners without her even knowing.

His mother brushes the dirt from his shirt,
and looked into his innocent eyes.
Smiled happily as she admired him,
and bringing him close for a hug.

Mother and child,
the created and the creator,
embrace as one.
Nature, close as we come.

Douglas Williams

Nothing But The Best

As I watch you sleep this eve,
I see your body move in rhythm.
I hear you exhale as you breathe,
the light fluctuations within.

As I lay next to you,
I understand why I love you so.
It's the many things you do,
that make me cherish you so.

It's the way you smile,
when I tell a terrible joke.

It's the way you take care of me,
when I'm down and out.

It's the way you love me,
when no one else could.

It's the way you talk,
in your best sexy voice.

It's just everything about you,
that makes my life whole.

My life without you,
would be empty and meaningless.
My life with you,
is nothing but the best.

Douglas Williams

Reflections Of Myself

Into the deep blue sky,
so beautiful and peaceful.
White, rollin' clouds try,
to cover and seem almost nocturnal.

Green pastures full of life,
livestock roam and eat.
Never knowing the meaning of strife,
and the pleasure of completing a feat.

But our species and nature,
is to have these trials and tribulations.
Nevertheless we are never sure,
as most lose concentration.

These things build the human spirit,
and make us eternally strong.
It's the plan we see fit,
whether it's right or wrong.

Happiness, pleasure, pain and sadness,
is part of everyone.
For many these are endless,
and few that choose to run.

But why be afraid?
Why not look into the face of fear?
There is a person to be made,
and a way to make the mind clear.

Look into your greatest fear,
and tell yourself you are not scared.
Do not dare to shed a tear,
or worry about how you fared.

Let your mind go free,
and your fears deteriorate.
And you will definitely see,
the certainty of your fate.

Douglas Williams

Searching My Soul

Searching my soul,
trying to find myself.
The emptiness taking it's toll,
wondering what love is and how it felt.

I look deep inside,
searching for what is there.
Into where my heart resides,
all of which I wish to share.

Behind every door,
and through every window.
In the mall or the store,
waiting for my true love to show.

I wonder where she is now,
at home, at work, or having fun.
I wonder if she'd notice me anyhow,
and rather look at the sun.

I look forward to each new day,
hoping I'd find her in that hour.
And from the sun comes a ray,
to my soul, love does shower.

Where is she, where is she?

Douglas Williams

The Feeling Inside

Lonely and depressed,
feeling down and out.
Always being stressed,
with no release about.

What causes this to be?
Who is at fault here?
There is something I fail to see,
and clearly hear.

No one to listen,
no one to talk to.
No advice given,
and none returned to you.

As I move around,
the black cloud follows.
Look at the misfortune I've found,
don't think I've ever been this low.

Look at me,
I hide it so well.
A happy disposition is all you see,
thinking my life is just swell.

Were you ever wrong,
I could be much better.
It's been too long,
since I've had more.

Take a long hard look,
and tell me I'm alright.
Look under the cover of the book,
and see the pain and the fight.

Within myself,
a battle rages.
One too large to be felt,
without being in the same stages.

Don't try to say I'm happy,
if we both know I'm not.
Don't try to put it delicately,
just tell me I don't have a lot.

Don't play games with my mind,
or with my fragile heart.
Don't be too kind,
or any of that sort.

Look at my eyes,
then my face.
See the feelings arise,
and see my place.

Know me, love me,
just be near me.

Douglas Williams