

Poetry Series

erie morgan Maples
- poems -

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erie morgan Maples()

Are You Ready To Say Yes

Tell me are you ready to say yes to
the heavenly creator of the earth that we
live that has spin so out of control.

I know that you will love him as
much as I do, you will feel his presence
as I do, he is the loving Lord and savior
of this broken earth.

Are you ready to say yes to him
and be apart of his children, to be
adopted by a father who will never
leave you in your times of need.

I'm apart of that family of God and
it's an honor that he would send his
only son to die for us even when he
could've said no he said 'yes'.

he loved you and I that much no sinner
to die for us, are you ready to say 'yes' to
him and know what it means to be free from

the sin that you living now,

(c)

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Erica Maples

are you ready to say yes to the father who is in heaven, he is waiting for you to become apart of his family, read the poem and pray a prayer of forgiveness and then you will be saved, please some-one do this before it's too late it's never too late for God he has been knocking as your heart's door waiting and wanting to come in please

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The Emotional War Zone Of Hate

Inside the gloom of emotional warfare you struggle to keep silent while all of the disastrous slanderings goes off like the assault weapons inside the war zone of hate.

You merely judge the people around you only to feel their violent trade and notorious shards of hate towards you.

As you sit and try to comprehend all of the hateful battlements of hate, you try and apply yourself to the goodness of forgiveness, inside a emotional war zone of hate.

These manipulations of disturbed hatred possesses an insurmountable obstacle to overcome, as you reveal your disguised punishments hidden in this emotional war zone of hatred.

You long to trudge through the quicksand of dilemma, just to find closure from the echoes of agony and disasters in your life.

You confess all of the difficult sins, seeking the council of a million people for your lost soul for salvation from the punishment that you have bestowed upon yourself.

But you some-how refrain from recounting your personal battles

of being held captive inside the
emotional war zone, it's like you
are commanding yourself to bottle
up your fears and tears for the world
to see

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