

Poetry Series

frances tallboy
- poems -

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frances tallboy(17th february 1955)

I am an aquarian and I am very true of my sign. I love poetry it is my first love. I am hard of hearing but this does not stop the beauty of the words of good poetry. I always write in truth and I write from the heart because all my poetry comes to me just by sitting at the keyboard. Never have to compose or sit and think of what to write. It just comes like the flow of the ink from a pen. I have five grandchildren and two children. They mean the world to me. But none of them really read poetry except the eldest granddaughter Angel who also writes little poem. Love to you all frances

Feeling Of The Season

When I think of christmas and all that it does bring
Really makes my heart want to cry out and to sing
Pretty little presents underneath the tree thats bright
With the faces of the little children filled with sheer delight

This is the time for good cheer and love for all man kind
Hope it truely is and with good thoughts on our mind
The flashing lights around the tree make it a pretty sight
Much to my imagination a wonder and delight

When the children rush to open their presents with fun
Let this be a special day for daughter and for sons
Then the sleepy little children trying hard to stay awake
knowing their will be some tears because it now becoming late

Then in the evening all alone reflecting of the day
I will say some words to the son of God I pray
Thinking of his brithday and what it means to me
As he celbrates his birthday it was he who set me free

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Flying In The Skies

As I hear the birds calling high up in the sky
I too want to soar around and into the sky so high
Freedom of the heavens and the wings that make me fly
With the beauty of the angels like a chorus we will cry

The wind is blowing through my hair and on my glowing face
Knowing that my gods shines with his loving grace
Let the peace of heaven shine down from high above
From the one almighty surrounding us with love

When we pause to think of the beauty of the world we live
Knowing that one day the lord he will forgive
Angel of death comes down to earth for the victims he has picked
This is because the devil his victims he does trick

So let me come to you my lord when my time is nigh
Then my lovely lord I will truely fly
Up into the skies to greet you with my soul as well
Knowing that when down below was my living hell

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Heartbreaking

When your heart is breaking and I need to find my soul
Only in my dark refuge can I maybe fill this hole
My heart is breaking to the point where it doth feel the pain
Feeling all this loneliness is like blood lost from the vein

Wish I was as hard as wood so the does not feel so bad
Then I know perhaps maybe I would feel so glad
This is not the case now like a butterfly with out its fragile wings
Only in gods glory would my heart still sing

My body is so weak from fighting all the time
Can you not hear my heartbeat beating like a chime
When the chiming stops and their is silence their within
Knowing that ones life is hanging by a string

Fragile petals on a flower fighting for its life
As the cold wind blows and cuts into it like a knife
Birds are flying south now for the heat of the sun
Not like the hunted wild fowl fleeing from the gun

Never mind this banter of me letting off my steam
Maybe If I think of life let it float by like the flowing of a stream
Then this hurt would flow away to another age
Like turning of a life story and writing another page

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Kidnapped

The wind is howling my fears are real
my wounds are open and will not heal
The darkness of the blindfold smells
Of the squalid hovel that I dwell

My ankles shackled and the wounds are deep
But only can feel not see my wounds that seep
My tormentors will back to haunt my soul
As I lay in filth in this hell hole

Taken from the streets and bound and gagged
By my arms and legs pulled and dragged
Two months now of beatings and hell
No one can hear my cries or yells

Only inwardly I can hear my cries
No one comes as on the floor I lie
I hear them coming though my view is black
Because over my head I wear this sack

Now the time has come to die
Oh my god please hear my cries
Let my spirit be released and free
And my family be free to grieve

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My Inspiration

My greatest inspiration comes from within my heart
Nothing ever mattered only what god gave from the start
He took my unworthy life and tore me inside out
Then he gave me a tongue and hands to know what lifes about

Inspiration is always within the spirit and also the mind
With a gentle nudge you can truly in you find
The peace that you find within is a gift and not a deadly vice
But remember all my lovely friends not the devil you entice

God gave me a vocation even though my ears are poor
But he did see a reason and vision what my life was for
He made me care for the sick the dying and the lonely lost
No matter what his vision was it would not count the cost

The patience that he gave me to ease my work load so
knowing that in me my love would surely always grow
To tend for those less able and to heal their broken bones
Also being their to ease their pain and groans in a loving tone

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My Ode To My Love Across The Seas

How I love you my precious love thats mine
I will always love you till the end of time
The passion that you instill in me is open and so free
Only hope my lover that this statement you agree

The tears I spend wondering if you are still enrapt in me
Even though my darling you live far across the sea
I dream of you and think of you and what you are doing now
I would do anything to chart the seas some how

But for now I just sit here dreaming of what we used to sow
With the power of your passion made my heart to grow
Till my end of days I wish that you were here
But now my darling lover I will shed a lovers tear

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My Rock

My lover how I need you so close but yet you are so far
Cannot reach you my love by phone train or car
You see you truly are my rock and I heed the words you write
Every single one of them is wonderful and bright

The ocean stretches before me so I cannot hold you close
Sometimes in the night I see you like a ghost
Yet I still have my dreams of you embracing me in the night
This is so wonderful and in spirit out of sight

Passionate in our dreams and also inside our heads
Maybe we just want to dream and lie there in our beds
The twilight years befall us and it comes to us so soon
Wish we were enjoying our last days underneath the moon

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Native American Dream

I see my reflection in the river as I move the lillies all around
As I lay their stretched upon the grassy ground
Reflecting of the beauty of the spirits in the sky
Quietly and peaceful on this earth where I do lie

I am alone with my thoughts and this is good you see
Knowing that their is no one that can chain me when I am free
The birds whistling up over me in the trees above
Filling my heart with wonder and the sense of love

The bald eagle and his majesty can see him swooping up on high
Listening to the winds as in the air he flies
Then contemplate how free he is a majesty in flight
But then now down on the ground I feel the same delight

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