

Poetry Series

Francois Hoon
- poems -

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Francois Hoon(18 January 1982 -)

Francois Hoon was born on the 18th of January 1982 in Pretoria, South Africa. He grew up in a middle-class suburban household and a reformed traditional Christian culture. Christianity had for a big part of his life been a good set of intellectual beliefs and morals to hold onto as a good way of life. A bunch of nice but not really very practically realistic stories in a Book that you read and then try to get a lesson from for your life.

In 1996 at the age of 14 he went to a youth Christian gathering and for the first time experienced the God of the Bible to be alive, and to be a Person with whom individual and personal interaction was possible. He gave his life and his heart to this God and this new interaction caused a new source of life and joy to well up inside of him.

Nine months later, in March 1997, he wrote his first poem, *The Rose*, to a girl he had a crush on. In that same year while praising God once, he received in a brief moment a vision from Him, which he felt compelled to express in writing. This was the first time he felt satisfaction in poetic expression, and it gave birth to his second poem, and the one to usher in the rest, *One Night*.

Through highschool the guidance and support of an English teacher encouraged him to continue writing and to further explore the art and expression of poetry. It was in these years that his love and appreciation for classic poetry came to fruition, and poets like Matthew Arnold, William Shakespeare and Dylan Thomas opened up new inspiration for him. His first poem to be published in the school paper was *Lying Love* in 2000. In 2001 and 2002 he studied English, especially prose and poetry, at the University of Pretoria as part of the degree Multimedia. During these years he studied poets such as Edgar Allan Poe, Robert Frost, John Donne and William Wordsworth as well as others that influenced his writing.

In 2001, after being baptized in the ocean a day before his 19th birthday, God revealed Himself to him in ways that challenged and built up his faith and his trust in Him and in the practical realness and applicability of the Bible and of the power of God. He awoke one night coughing heavily from Bronchitis he was suffering from, and after feeling lead by God to pray for this he was healed completely within half an hour. These revelations of Gods power continued through the years following and Francois' devotion to Him grew in likewise fashion.

During his third year at University he realised that the course he was studying

was not going to lead to a lifestyle and a life that he wanted, and he eventually pursued a career in professional tennis in 2003. Earning no money pursuing this, he decided to become a tennis coach after a bit more than a year, having reached a national singles ranking of 133. In 2006 he decided to answer God's call on his life for full-time ministry, and joined a youth adventure camps ministry in Pretoria for a year.

In recent times authors such as J.R.R. Tolkien and C.S. Lewis has served as an inspiration for his writing. From an early age Francois Hoon has had an appreciation and a love for beauty and believes that poetry shouldn't merely be the expressing of self, but should be a fusion of expression and beauty, and should stir something inside of a person that causes him to see and to seek something of a greater meaning and of an ultimate beauty.

In 2007 he travelled around the world as part of The Global Challenge team, journeying to countries and places across the globe and ministering God's love, compassion and Gospel to people and to places in need of His touch and of His truth. In 2008 he started a ministry called Megiddo Ministries and went on an outreach to Israel and to Bosnia and Herzegovina.

At the moment he is preparing for an outreach to South America in 2010.

(See)

A Lake, Mountains, And Three Volcanoes

Beauty be a setting such
In this perfection hearts draw much
To places of depth where a soul longs to
Find itself not mere
In things which are seen right here

A lake that stretches
Life to flow
Waters living
A companion to our needs reaches
Searches the cavities of depths to all unknown
Bringing to places of peace
A fateful fulfillment of all beseeches

Those mountains of might proclaiming in spite
Of all assaults of vain dark workings
Glorious strength surrounded in height
On all sides kept, we are safely in beauty

Volcanic fortifications proudly stand thrice
Along the sides of the lake on the sights of the mount
By the current of heat fusion the feat
A liquid fire constantly pushing on higher
A desire for deep to meet with deep.
From heights of fire to depths of desire
Volcanic flow destroys the dice
Of a life lived to the apparent rolling
Of fate's fatal heap

(2007-06-13)

Francois Hoon

A Little While Longer

A little while longer we lie in this stillness of earth
The time silent, as it flies by to the ending of our mirth
Your presence brings peace in these moments sweet
Your touch release a stir long forgotten till now this meet

A river runs between us and the world
In a dream we live for moments few
As our hearts our minds and emotions swirled
We stayed sheltered in this time on morning dew

To capture this moment we indulge it's gift
In time stolen from reality and sense we flee
To places of depth serene only us can see
To dreams of delight unknown we kindlingly lift

My sweet, a little while longer hold on with me
To places of prospect that right now we cannot see

Francois Hoon

A Thousand Lights From A Mountain

Here I stand
In darkness of uncertainty
On the edge of a cliff in the middle of a night
A cool breeze is chilling my spine
As I look beyond on a golden shine

Behind me in the dark a forest broods
A darkness as such menacing my mood
It's coldness and frightening solitude
Impressing on my mind
As if a force compelling me away

As I stand I feel the gravel 'neath my feet
Crunching loosely as I shift my weight
An unstable base if I were to leap
As one or two pebbles slips,
And drops from the steep

I feel the pull
The darkness closely beneath
Gravitation choosing to hoard in this void
Calling my soul to soar towards
Yearning to sail onto some uncertain heath

I start to feel my legs growing tired
Beginning to wonder
What I'm meant to do
Is what I see
A goal
Or just a view?

A thousand lights from a mountaintop
Haunting my thoughts as I watch upon the drop
I cringe from the cold watery wind
Wanting to lie down and curl-up in a heap

Isolation...
I wipe the
Moist like

Sweat from my face

Long for warmth as the lights seem to be
A huddle of hoards a snug multitude
Maroon dark glow lighting the night
I watch from afar like a pushed-away Jude
An endlessness wild divide them and me

On this moment I feel that gravity that drains my will
Emptying my soul to a desolate still

Power punched from my legs
As I hunch to gain breath
I cringe at what wrings my muscles to death
An invisible force disabling me

Now increasingly
I long to leap
From a mountain top to a thousand lights
But thorny thistles to my ankles clings
Piercing stalks
Through my flesh cleaves

The wringing the wrath benumbing me move
Suddenly start slipping
As a grasp ungripped by oil
My body I feel gradually uncoil
Brawn tension dipping
A cloud of mist comes freshingly soothe

A fog appears from around the mount
Forming slowly down far in the valley beneath
Covering the light to an eerie golden glow
'Tis as though
The dark being lit
As fluorescence of light
From the mist emanate

Through the thickness of air
I see the glow
Glowing gold
An almost warmth

On my skin now it fold

I try to take it hold
Desperation in my chest surges toward
This hope now felt all around
I shout, echo silent sound
I must now, I must get toward
My last hope – it to hold

Ah... I lift
I'm lifting free on flowing glow
I let go
Of the mountain beneath
And the thousand lights
Now above me it brights
Do I fall or fly?
I don't know,
"I don't know! " I cry

Francois Hoon

Amber

An amber glow slides off the evening
From reflections on windows and pale streetlamps.
On bricks in the dark it lights a soft touch
In the stillness of dusk the slight effects much

A cove of safety I find myself in
From cold winds and gusts and brutal storms
A haven of ignorance the divine kind
A tranquil peace softly brushes my mind

As time moves on I realize a truth
That this amber haven no temporary soothe
Its a place in a shadow of eternal magnificence
Where my rent has been payed in infinite significance

Months moves past and events change vastly
And ignorance in innocence changes by design
A plan comes together from a purpose divine
Stunning my life and my future in dramatic bliss!

A light enters my haven softly and smooth
Flowing down from above, caressingly move
Touching the metal constructions I raised inside
Softly breaking them down and place them aside

O this light of your love was invited in
By our Father who knows design through affection
You've flooded this haven of life under wings
Joining me in this space and all that life brings

Now together we stand in this purchased place
In trust in the One who bestows this grace
Of blessing and love in presence of the Source
I adore you with love linked in Christ's perfect course

(2010-04)

Francois Hoon

Beach

An endless beach a golden strand
Two lovers walking hand in hand
The swinging of arms
The chanting of tunes

Like the sunsets on goldbrown dunes
They recall memory of times before.
The future lies a silver shine
A faraway dawn on an endless beach

Over the sea the horizon is mist
Spraying now cool and calm a breeze
The mysterious gray deepning her thought
Pushing her body against his chest.
His hand moving down tightening `round hips
Cherishness they sought

Soft sand slipping between they're toes
Gentle exhilaration quieting woes.
A biting gust tugging they're clothes
But each one the others refuge, enclose

They're emotions soar on the crest of the wave
Glaucous water surging to the curl
Passive suspense towering a cave
Down crashing
Turbulent passion

Francois Hoon

Beach Of Beauty

Rolling on the wind the sun soothingly bathes
A warmth into grains stretched into endlessness
A soft heat rises in peaceful swells that craves
The freedom of the sky and the breath above the waves

As water spill out over sand that embraces
Soaking down to the earth a gift of graces
Gently a roar almost softly broods on the ear
A sound of content silently caressing away fear

Oh the beauty of the affection that I see
Like tranquil harmony brushing down my neck
These elements in perfection loving along this sea
Oh my love how I long for you, ever so far from me

(2009-01-09)

Francois Hoon

Beauty

Aching flames of fleshious promise
Beauticious nature,
..... luscious temptature.
Verve of life the motive drive
Emotions unearthed,
..... `tis life being birthed,
A lyric of a lyre chanting this desire.

Beauty forbidden
..... Beauty ache
Ultimation shines the promise it keeps
Falling on high on elation that weeps
The future holds,
But this
Synchronisement of souls

Francois Hoon

Bright Eyes

Bright eyes
Burning like fire
Bright eyes
Your heart was my desire

Bright eyes...
Sparkling love flooding from your soul
But none of thee said I be your sire
A thousand loves the memoirs we shared
But your heart, dear love, too young for fire

You're a precious stone, radiating life
A teeming heart
Bleeding goodness and warmth,
All surpassing
Like sundrops on ice

Purest of smile, diamond of figure
Your absorbing kiss, inhaling my soul.
To seize your devotion my supreme intent
Pondering that path, me eternally bent

Adieu, dear love, your acquaintance sweet
Gave it my all but your heart wouldn't meet.
'Tis foolish to seek what the future might hold
After
Al,
I can say: "My love did you enfold."

Francois Hoon

Broken Wood

A skirmish of hearts
Of bits flown to parts
Yet the friends' clear love
Holding still all in cove

As dark trees whistle
And green grass allure
The wooden bench silent,
Bending to its bruise

A pang from the core
In desolation must bore
Between him and the Sky
Vexing disenchantment lie

From a wooden soft pith
He beseech Thee
A plea for the breath
The winds,
O truest of death

Francois Hoon

Cats On A Bedouin Shore

On Bedouin shore soft I sit and wonder
Looking over a dark Red Sea and a darker shore yonder
On pillows of content and a breeze God sent

The sky a beautiful cool as I silently ponder

When some cats astray to my pillows make their way -
A beautiful one proud, walking and gracefully sway
Its velvet fur inviting, but walking away spiting

Longing to touch and to caress so much
I ask Father mine to send one such
To stroke and to cuddle for a little love though subtle

Again a few more come and gracefully stride
With confidence and splendor and contented pride

They just walk away past to my wish no notice

Once more I ask my Father mine
To send such a feline to stroke its spine
For a cuddle and a touch and a little loving such

When out from the dark a figure moves
Hesitant uncertain, not sure it may go
I watch it moving closer – a need in its stride
Desiring something, but wanting to hide

Towards me it moves, its steps apprehensive
Appearing from the shadows till I see comprehensive;
... It's face ugly and marred
... With torn patches scarred
... Fur weak and brittle
... Showing shine so awfully little

Looking dirty and haggard and most possibly sick
I pull back fearing even the touch of its lick

On that moment I could see it was as though

He waited my response, one he very well know
Repeated rejection, devoid of affection
A life with a fate of continuous defection

When revealing in an instance my Father to me
His heart and His sorrow so clearly I could see

A heart ever broken for His own creation
Longing for them to just draw near
To give love eternal, life without fear
Healing the pain of His holy nation

But most so proud, so self contented
In worlds structured to be self-augmented
The love of money as security be
The hope and pleasure the world seek and see

His call for our hearts
Fall on cold frozen parts
Of a self-sufficient machine
Built independent, so that on Him we not have to lean

His call to love to touch and care
Just answered by the broken, the needy and poor
His plea for all to enter the door
But just the weak, dependent who choose to draw near

The drifters and the lost in a world at large
To a feast and a wedding they find their way
To a home and a husband eternally
On a dark Bedouin shore
They no longer stay

Francois Hoon

Closing Door And The Distance To Pain

We chattered for hours in hope and glee
Friends sharing novel beginnings as the night passed free
I don't know now the words to come next...
My pen stops, as I wonder how things progressed

The door was open for a few days dear
Sounds beautiful flowed as new hearts drew near
Landscapes unguarded they were with waters lush
Dried down now to the sounds of a dreaded hush

A creaking door slowly started to move shut
More and more closer it slipped to a wall and a room of solitude
Outside now I sit in a small wooden hut
I pray for relief from this drought and the lifting of a hood

A distance exists between a two
A space between the points of relation
And dire isolation
A measure of distance or time and hurt between me and you

May we force open this closing door
And dismiss the distance to pain to a faraway shore

(2008-03-10)

Francois Hoon

Crust

Six months pass,
But growing through the cracks in my dreams the grass,
A weed
Feeding my soul delusion as seed

God's gifts the friends as wine
But weeping away going fade with time
Entertainment they were
- A recreation from truth
Making diversion, my consciousness aloof
Aiding so such that when alone
My body my life
Constrained, just a drone
Bound from entering the spirit of Throne

God's water God's dream
Dripping through a crust
Of blindness living in delusional rust
Though where it does fall
Golden life sprouting sparkingly tall
Feeding a soul
My life
Otherwise destined to fall

Francois Hoon

Departure

Late I depart from something so sweet
Till morn when we again will meet.

Mine tongue sometimes been bitter
Of trivial scrap my minds litter.

Soundful silence...
Such lips my venue sometimes have.
That though naïve burns deep my thought
To wring my wellness to distraught.

Mutestorm passed
Clarity grasped
Now divulge our divinity
Our truth reign eternity.

Come, earthly heaven
.... Swallow me...
..... Serenity
Satisfaction hath no boundary

O essence of love
To your ecstasy I surrender me
For none is better than thee

(1999)

Francois Hoon

Direction

When east turns to south forth
West will turn to north

A straight line of opposites
Making one to be
Complete circle unity
Ceasing one to be?
Of nature all action generate reaction
Stabilizing back
Equilibrium

When previous aligned forces pull back
Its connections react according to slack
Changing that which once was one
To separate, making opposites done

The equatorial alignment of two
Alter thee
Relational polarity

Francois Hoon

Drops

Particles crash, the water smash
Vehement disfigurement of organic trash
Water seep down the gaps the ground
A soothing cascade of shattering sound

O soothing water of promise comprise
Spirit leading, my resistance demise
O soul my forward longing
Tranquil showers over an ocean thronging
The promise serene
In His will, life..... thrive

A crust drenched to tendered clay
My dampened soil now flowing to the tide
Gravitation'ly pulled as the silt softly slide
Downward the mount
Oceanly bound
To there where glory stay!

Francois Hoon

Ellipsis...

Three dots that end a line
That stir the thoughts to a further place
An ending unknown lets the images shine
Of dreams or of dreads that the future chase

(2009-09-17)

Francois Hoon

Ember Nights

Light whistling of leaves on trees
Lights flashing, softly, on faraway clouds
A breeze of rain freshens the air
We, looking beyond at nature fair

The grass in front seems attentive our voices
Gently warming the ambience we share
A velvety tie of tenderness sweet
O so deeply the wish our hearts to meet

As darkness of night our senses behold
An ember temperate breathing its glow
A gentle heat ebbing as waves
The ambience of breath
Pulsingly kindle

Latent in waiting
Ember soft
Dreaming of fires, ignited, ablaze
A brilliance of heat to scorch all else
Gently we await,
Sharing ember nights

(2005-03-13)

Francois Hoon

Grey

O grey, grey, grey
Hopelessly trying to fold it away
My matter grey unsaned by the grey mist spray
Black and white knowledge; blinding pressure
Wavering love coughs up it's mindfaltering measure.

Frozen sitting on the soft sanctueous matter
Forty five minutes of paralysed shock
Embodied I the latter.
Grey headache chasing the last living hope and zest
.... Draining will
What cause this destructive pest?

Sadistic world that.... lures
Then muck it coughs
All evil exposed by a searing flame
To clean the mess own to earthborn matter.
For, give all worldly up
Or look point blank the death-torturing cup.

Satanistic world why keepith me?
Oh God why giveth me still breath?
To stumble in a world of living death?
Bestow us earthly hope and dare
Then disroot our foundation with roots lying bare?

Rather to be dumb, numb, aloof
And thoughtless
For but the genius think his
Saneness amiss.

Francois Hoon

Hollow

Revelation came in time a month
A month of cheer, smear and jolly good year

A month of money
A month without honey
A worldly month as true can be
A stepping-stone of future to be

An insight a vision of what to come
The lifequest a pity
A grind and a wind,
Just to be a hollow you find

You wrack your mind, your will, your self
You earn your money, you buy your worth
You wrack your mind, you find your worth
Collect your due, you darker in hue
A timeless quest to be the best
Become a man,
Money not, never can

You yearn for substance, to peace your heart
To fill the gap ever broken apart
You pour the money the stature the friend
The drink the love it all can not mend

Where's the peace it was when young?
Secure and calm,
When all was as sung

Francois Hoon

In A Small Dark And Gloomy Town

In a small dark and gloomy town
I awake one night with chaos in the air
I can feel a mood brewing, pressing like a frown

Getting up from my bed the voices I can hear
Of people screaming and running
Overcome by fear

Looking out the window of my wooden cottage room
I see frantic panic in the dirt roads rife
Scattering away from the forest beyond the town
People rush in frenzy for the sake of their life

I walk out the door with a calm beyond myself
Seeing limbs hanging limp of many in distress
Some lying in the dust, unable to move
Accepting their fate, but in anguish no less

Going down the hill to the forest ahead
Houses are ransacked and doors torn apart
Bodies and blood drape the walls and the floor
And on a corner lies a crushed apple cart

From the woods in front the last cries grow silent
Like a hush satisfied with a sacrifice of hoards
But content just a moment as its need re-emerge
Now lingering in the leaves and the broken floorboards

Walking ahead I can feel no fear
Into the trees and the silence of dark
The wind whistles restless in the treetops above
And the smell of blood wafts from the bark

Into the gloom I see figures moving
Lithely and large with deep-grating breath
Hound-like shadows rising twice my height
With jaws still sunk into feasts of death

Upon my notice sudden zeal overwhelms them

And with passion and glee they storm my way
Pushing each other in absolute eager
Desiring flesh like there's no break of day

I stand in sureness as the hellhounds approach
For I know no harm from them can befall me
The first lunges and grabs for my head
But makes no contact and falls down dead
The others follow but collapse the same
Having no answer to the power in faith's name

(2009-09-30)

Francois Hoon

Island Blue

A placid stream flows through my thought
As a cool round liquid drop
Falling, but never to a stop.
A blue radiance cool around my mind
Brings a vision of an island of some kind

I see it from afar as I hover oceans deep
Waters beneath me rushing by
Dark lines blur and then not –
Sometimes a glimpse I fleetingly see

I move toward that dark shape ahead
As clouds dark cast shadows over these oceans deep
Cool air flings against my body
I speed up ahead between the gray and the murk blue

Lanky palms emerge from what I see
Nearing the isle casting dusk they lean
They flow forth into forest opulence
And showers from above sharing moist with glee
An island soaked with waters, shadows,
Blue,
It's free...

(2004-11-19)

Francois Hoon

It's Almost Past Twelve And I Have No Words

It's almost past twelve and I have no words
No words to express this feeling inside
A sadness of eternity, the lost thereof
Of multitudes, too many, blind in their stride

Everyday passing we see them go by
One more time and another, we turn a blind eye
Too much hassle or maybe a waste
Will our words have no impact, or not to their taste?

Is it not worth the risk to just tell the truth
To extend a warm heart and a glimpse of Him?
Do we fear the scoff of ignorant pride
Or the surfacing of doubt that we try to hide

Do we realize the loss that a Father's heart suffers?
Millions of souls for whom He gave it all
Deceived by the world and going down with the fall
Dying a death that's beyond mortality

Oh Lord
I seek Your power, my mouth's companion
To do the work that good arguments don't
I yearn to see Your glory sprout new in lives of the lost
For hearts to be quenched in the source of light

It's almost past twelve as time nears its end
Many will fall away on the broad path's bend
The straight is narrow and few there are who find it
But my heart and my words give a chance to find it!

Find it!

(2009-06-16)

Francois Hoon

Joy!

In an evening such as ever before
God opened my heart to a fiery soar
These emotions till then,
Lingering 'hind a door
My life in an instance lifted from a floor

But oh as I thought later that night
My passion kept caught by elational height
A Father so dear, loving so much
Permitting me His authoritative touch
Power to conquer all malignant grasp
Elohim, as His sons, bestows us so vast

But yet, as if in His eyes ample this not
He breaks the embankment of mine adulation
Revealed, a pearl, a beauty of creation
A channel of clarity gazing thus forth
A picture like crystal showing my north

Francois Hoon

Kinders

Agter élke liewe draai
Sit die kinders en spaai.
Enige mure en deur
Kan húl oë nie keer.
Donderende kabaal
Kan tóg nie
Die ore áf van ons haal.

Met die oë van valke
En tonge van die vuur.
Spoeg hul
Vasgespalke,
Ons liefde teen `n muur.

Hulle sig ritsel in die blare.
Hulle gehoor spruit uit
Die wêreld se are.
Hulle tonge vloei met spoed van lig
Ons stand onthul met verterende gul.

Sal hoor en sien tog ooit vergaan
Of is die grootsheid van ons liefde uitgeput gedaan?
Die kernheid ingekeer na mekaar,
Sodat die gesig van die wêreld
Uiteindelik
Wég staar

(2000-07-27)

Francois Hoon

Longing

I gaze into the night
From my room from my window new
I see the winds and hear green leaves
Green leaves now cast with shadow of night
Stirring me a longing future sight

I stare out on promise
Like a vista vastly on a fresh scape
I touch sweetly scent of spraying seas
Seas spray light lit now with lightening bliss
Fading fear be quenched to dismiss

I look onto the dream
Like a faraway fire at night on a beach
I smell the wet wood with hope ablaze
Burning brighter in the distance gleam
Touching waves a phosphoric beam

I gaze into the night
As a soul who soars abiding alone
The longing comes for a second to embrace
The partaking of space with divinely grace
A gaze dually shared, outshining sight!

Francois Hoon

Love

Love is patient, love is kind
Love seeks not its own mind
Love doesn't envy, doesn't boast
Does not keep arrogance and rudeness as host
Love is neither irritable nor resenting
Rejoicing not at wrong but when truth presenting

Love bears all
Believes all
Hopes all
And endures all

Love never ends...
All things will go past
Good and bad both will go around the bends
But love will stay to the last

So now love, hope and faith fly as a dove
But the greatest of all these is love

(2009-01-14)

Francois Hoon

Lying Love

A ninemonth season of narcotic love
With naked veracity down to the core
Purest love it showed to be
Soft, soothing, allrevealingly.

The sun shone on lightbrown curves
Happy times plenty, like beachgrains on her moist skin.
Moments of true perfection...
Warm, melting with wondrous affection.

Joy...
Addictive, seductive, deceptive
Dragging me away it's captive
Hope...
A burning flame, as sure as God
A murdering pain, a torturing rod

Faith...
Should to be blind; should to conquer the mind
Wary, should thou get thy sight
.... thus observe this fallible plight.
Joy, hope and faith grind
Together in the devious abyss of mind.

Lying love you do have might
Capsize my emotions shattering smite
Prolong pain with my memory so plain
Feelings uttered now all in vain
Gnawing suffering
Am I still sane?

Francois Hoon

Manstreet

That man on the street
Sleeping for his meat
Crouching by the street
Yearning for the meat
His face between his feet
His life pounded by the street
His head pounding from the beat
This beat and this street
Wreak chaos when it meet
Feet bound from seeking meat
Binds thoughts to pound, and keep
Will and heart from meet to sever weep

Francois Hoon

My Prayer

Let not my faith depend on me
For I am weak.
Let me trust wholly on You Lord
- Almighty God
You be
My trust
- Take my doubt away.

Any stronghold that Satan might have on my body,
My faith,
Banish it
In the name of Your Son Jesus,
The Liberator of my soul,
My strength,
My love,
My trust,
And He singularly at that.

Jesus baptize my body,
My mind,
My faith,
My spirit,
Emotions,
In Your love and Your will.
Let no doubt ever surface in my spirit Lord.

Dunk me in Your undeniable love, mercy and grace Lord,
For You have saved me from eternal death.

Let my spirit be one with Your Spirit
And Your will Lord be fastened strongly
And without the possibility of it being loosened
By my small faith Lord.

You be my faith Lord.
Let it not depend on me Lord, most worthy,
For I am weak.
Give me Your love and mercy and Your grace Lord
Take me deeper

Into Your realm.
Let me see Your eyes Lord
Let me learn to know You more
Deeper than ever before

Francois Hoon

O Life Divine

There is a silence that stills the mind
When walking or sitting or wandering alone
A silence that bids fear and fret you make you own
To melt away and be left behind

When I'm weak or wilful and struggling on
A road marked with circles retraced on dust and dearth
And crumbling hope that dries a firth
Where battles was fought with conquests gone

Where ships and vessels of mighty resolve
Once in waters deep did wage their wars
With armour and arms of supposed infinite stores
And cannons aimed with singular will for foes' dissolve'

I lie here now in this barren bay
Where waters decreased to muddy dirt
Where wrecks of wood lie scattered and hurt
And marks of valour replaced as ruins now stay

The strength of man now broken by truth
Dependence on will and capacity of self
A futile quest as for freedom we delve
In bodies own the law of nature cries out this sooth

Over my valley a light now breaks
The Spirit of Life that shines and soaks
A strength not my own in blood it cloaks
My war-torn fields, with freedom it shakes!

(2008-02-17)

Francois Hoon

One Night

One night,
I saw the force,
Moving,
Moving steadily through the
thick infested mass of dark water;
An ocean plagued by lust and greed.

Within the ocean's core
Lay the domain of the sinister whore
The anarchistic ulcer,
For pus it seep in this deep.

But scenting it with seductive desire
The cunning defector is luring it's
Blinded slaves to fatal fire.

The apple eaten by beings of water,
To become wise.
They only managed the slaughter;
To organize own demise.

The dark fish use their sensibility:
They only realitise them into dark's easy reality.

But when the Sun dawns over the ocean...
The force succeed...
The rocks appear in blaze of the Stone.
For rocks plentiful,
Sapphire's only some.

Stones' judgement the mighty light
Rocks reflect, to shine with fire
Rocks be scorched, be damned in fire
Dark waters shall cease,
Emeralds release.
Ecstatic day Sun's love ablaze!

Then...
A thousand day end one night.

(1997-06)

Francois Hoon

Orion's Belt

On an evening destined by Celestial design
The stars looked down to a beginning divine
Silent on grass in the shadows of a mountain
Two souls connect in the shadow of Almighty

As the last rays of sun touch the tops of the crest
A new ray of light ignites at the Father's behest
Like a candle lit in darkness approaching
A small glimmer glows, slowly poaching

On the cool of the grass in subtle green beauty
My heart warms to this soul on my side
The time falls away in peaceful oblivion
As hearts become shared, not wanting to hide

Your sincerity and gentleness strokes a chord
Of the beauty that's precious in the sight of the Lord
This melody lingers to the core of my senses
Your eyes draws me in and collapses my fences

Three stars we gaze upon looking up from the grass
A part of the wonder and beauty of creation
A belt that binds these moments to memories
A sign in the sky of someone somewhere else

Three Persons looking down from heaven above
Father Son Holy Spirit also watching in love
May it be that a belt from their heart will hold
What we have, what will be, in Their love enfold

(2009-12-31)

Francois Hoon

Ponderance Of Joy

What is joy, delight?
For delight is but distraction
Escapement of life

Delight is but pleasure
Physically received
But mentally perceived
A reaction of body to outer stimuli

What is joy, delight?
When in delight
Man joy perceives
The bliss that comes
Ah joy it must be...

I look around me
What do I see...
What do I find that brings joy to me?
Not gifts not things not coin none of thee
But sharing of life with people loving me

To be content, what does it take?
What does it take to not be fake?
A spirit at rest and a soul at ease
What is this secret of life to seize?

Contentment little with money none
But seeking it such with money as means
It is as trying to walk to the sun

What brings us to peace
If at all peacelessness on earth do cease
For where desire ambition goals exist
Peacelessness persist

It just may be that peace no constant state
But fleeting moments of joy, hope, and rest
Caught between oceans of rush worry and sweat
Deep dark whirlpools

That perplexities of thought create

Ah joy... you illusive purple rose
Ever fragile ever rare

Rolling down a mount a gem
Running after, man, a chase
Always chase just sometimes caught
What would happen whilst in pursuit
We looked up
And saw the view we're brought?

Francois Hoon

Predator's Prey

A young boy is crumbled in a bundle small
Under wooden boards of stairs outdoor
His breath is held as he grips the ground of the floor
In his back an ache, from the angst in his heart a longed-for break

Just a few steps higher hiding in the same place I
His brother older I cringe at the fear my body holds
My muscles trembling and my mouth distastefully dry
I wish to be bolder as the strength I have, it all folds

I taste the dust in my mouth as I press my face to dirt
Afraid to look up I still feel the fright of my brother 'neath my heels
I long to break out with might,
Protect those I should and fight

In this old park we lie and wait
Two boys young who ran to hide the first place straight
Our parents off far out of sight or shout
The earth still as our hearts pound and grabs our stout

I hear the slow sliding of steps approaching
Grass underfoot shrieks a still and menacing yell
The steps stop hardly two feet above head
And timely steps forward creaking wood an earsplitting bell

Treading down I see the dirt on his sole
He looks around
Seeking a glimpse or a sense of some sound
Of the prey he seeks to please his soul

He walks down further to where my brother lies
With all I have I yearn for him to keep the silence
To protect our sanctuary's secret from probing eyes
To keep our hearts and lives from this impending violence

He moves down the steps and I take some courage
And see him walking past and 'round some foliage
I nudge my brother to make an escape
Squeezing out through the gap and scraping my nape

Out free in the sun I sense the need to run
Whispering urgent I beckon my brother along
But down low under the steps he falters and stays
A choice to be made, I choose to run

Across the lawns and the fields I stumble in fear
To the park's other side where my parents near
Thoughts of my brother haunts me forward
As tears of dread propels me on

Reaching safety I shout the urgent distress
To parents in anguish strained no less
We run back toward the old wooden stairs
Finding empty the place where terror now stays

We search for a cause with hope seeming grim
No trace of a boy whose chance now is slim
Tearing me apart the guilt and the shame
Of leaving him there, will life be the same?

(2008-02-04)

Francois Hoon

Riverstars

In the midst of a wild, cool, a placid
Small little stars they scurry around
A community of life in silence they sound
The submittance to the greater roar in passion abound.

Waters of calm contain them with caress
They yearn only it's welcome, it's peaceful embrace.

Each in it's own they create their world
So significantly big, so vast, so complex
Too big for themselves to grip onto mind.
Yet, the river flows with passionate ease.

Scurry scurry, making ripples they go
Endless ripples to the bounds of the flow
Circular impacts so proudly bestowed
Yet the river flows with passionate ease.

O greatness of this current magnificent wild
Containing the weak, the proud as Your child
We marvel at our ripples our magnificent waves
Yet the river it flows with passionate ease.

Waves of influence we ripple away
Creating a truth by which we sway
Ripples and waves collide, concuss
But all the while in this current we stay
'Cause the river it flows with passionate ease.

I see a river rushing, silently crushing
A foe of dust and drought and death.
I see a tide rushing, violently it's crushing
Our selves our fears our enemies to death
Because our River of love flows
With passionate ease.

(2006-07-18)

Search For The Divine

Words are few to describe the gentle crackling of an early dawn
When dark turns to life in a crisp new bristling
When enthused winged creatures stir away the nightly yawn
With sounds of verve on green growth moist'ning
Oh the marvel of passion that fills
When the root of beauty pierce senses and the heart stills

When in the midst of those who speak with crudeness
With tongues dragging forlorn in the slums of mind
From mouths that leak into bits of lewdness
I yearn to places apart from the residue of such kind
To the marvel of passion that fills
When the root of beauty pierce senses and the heart stills

I stand at a coast on the rocks in the night
Gazing out over waters with waves at wild
On the skyline flashes of lightning with might
Light the dark brooding clouds and rain falling mild
Oh this marvel of passion that fills
When the root of beauty pierce senses and the heart stills

A day-by-day dwelling through the mindsets of mass
A gray weary walk through the tunes of this plight
With compulsions of comfort composed by a reigning class
I long to be free from the desolate symphony of man's delight
And to marvel at the passion that fills
When the root of beauty pierce senses and the heart stills

When an old haggard soul cross my way
From wounds of before dried up and bare
And new waters soak his spirit to fertile clay
For luscious life to sprout with sparkling dare
I marvel at this passion that fills
When the root of beauty pierce senses and the heart stills

From a place deep within the core of depravity
Ripples of damage rise and shake stability
Tearing up a world to die a debased cavity
Of famine, lust and greed which smiles, reveling its ability

Oh I crave the marvel of passion that fills
When the root of beauty pierce senses and the heart stills

I can no more refrain from calling His Name
He's the only music to the silence of death
My Father, Friend and Christ who took our blame
Symphony of life and harmony of love
He is the marvel of passion that fills
The root of beauty piercing senses when our hearts stills

(2008-09-15)

Francois Hoon

Sequituris Tates

The small being opens his eyes
To a war raging in the silence of blind lies
- Looks upon a virgin window
First blood of the war fought unseen

A bolt opened never shut again
Tension strung now a crevice convulse
Hauling outward with spasmodic pain,
But gracious existence urging this pulse

Power piercing from the gash in my blind
New conviction stall this clash on my mind

Francois Hoon

Servants Of Futility

On a dark grass lawn with fading lights in the far
Figures sit and lie, their shadows almost no more
Their mouths move to utter and consume
The time passing by as they lie and they lie

The lights that were bright before now fades by degrees
The streets around them quiet as stillness creeps on this lawn in the night

They linger long and late to forget the glow that was before
That prompted a cause and a hope in store
A strive and a joy for a value to be
For a future and a wish that they wanted to see

A frigid chill brushes their necks
As the grass now damp brings a cold from below
They seek each other's proximity recurrently
To still the unease that stirs when alone

In the middle of this night they gather in a group
To smile and to forge a joy out of sight
While the dark wall beside circles a city in plight
A people in gloom sleep as their spirits yearn to recoup

On a dark grass lawn with fading lights in the far
Figures sit and lie, their shadows gone forever more
The light that was, cast shadows no more
They smile but they sigh as they lie and they lie

(2008-07-30)

Francois Hoon

Shining Insignificance

A dreary road that winds and grinds
You down to dirt on a trail trodden frail
When you're walked over and stepped upon
As people pass you by
Passing you by as a speck of dust
Or a grain of sand on a sheet of rust

A painful road that confronts the worth
Of a life not 'known by the eyes of many
When deeds are done to be unseen by any
Opinions around judged by estimation of sight
And self-righteous ignorance of perceptual might

The praise of whom do we strive to gain
When we venture an effort or a loving pain
Do we discern the value of achieved action
By the response or honor from esteemed faction?

Do we measure the value and weight of one
By achievement and triumph for the human eye done
Bringing cause for life to merely be
The search for approval and the glory of me

For whoever himself exalts
Humbled shall he be
And he who humbles himself
Exaltation he shall see
Meriting deeds for men take heed
No reward our Father keeps for such proceed
For so the last shall then be first
And the first in turn
Shall last ever be

O judgement of man how frail you see
Life's value is measured eternally
The kingdom of heaven sought on earth
Bringing glory to God and eternal birth

Through world's perception we trivial be

A life lived for Christ not the laurels of me
Seeking treasures in heaven from the earthly free
Our insignificance an offering that shines up to Thee!

Francois Hoon

Snowflakes

Commenced the night with uneasy cold
That threatening winter wanting to take hold
Lightening crashed and trunks were thrashed
The force of night wreaking its spite
All hail broke loose and nature were pained,
That fight in the night when violence rained

Silence drew near and morphed the mood
Suddenly gentle, something else brood
All the trees again breathed and uttered relieved,
As nature inhaled, in silence await...

A deer looked up and sniffed the air,
An aroma sweet, scented so fair
A petal fell down and rested on his frown,
Whilst silently he strode, through thicket seeking road

The night grew still, the forest suspended
The air held a promise, something sweet be commenced

Then, trickling down, spiraling down
A snowflake floated, hovering down
First one, then two, then three followed thee
It weren't so long then the skies filled with glee

The treetops stretched, striving to be freshed
As the heavens came down with whitesilver grace

The forest were freed and frolicked and indeed
Brought about that adored divinely accord

The snowflakes came, for two nights just
Warming the skies, that cold winter crust
Though the winter had begun, the forest sung
Cause for two nights just, in the air...
Love hung

Francois Hoon

Soaring Light

O pain of the poem where are you now
To inspire, to conjure my words of passion
Emotions so bare, so preciously full
To flood out the lines that stirs the soul

As the poet they say doth need the pain
To utter his soul on paper plain
My soul longs for You and is quenched it's thirst
Even the pangs of a love aloof make not my passions burst

For how do you stir and cry and bear your sigh
Abundantly abandoned giving all to the feel
The heartaches and passions that stir the mind
Giving expression existence of life in some kind
When the art of existence, the Maker thereof
Captures and keeps your souls' crevices nigh
To the Source of all purpose and achings
Lifted up and cherished on high

I think back to times turbulent
When the cry of my heart roamed out free
Hovering about with the speed of light
Crossing landscapes and pastures dark and light
Over meadows and mountains and oceans of might
Heaths of dusk and dark rocky planes
And pulsing red fervent landscapes of love

Seeking uncaught to that place of a meaning
A searching force compulsively bound

I lie here now looking out beyond
My heart a still, an ebbing of soft humming sound

All fears and passions and achings caught
My soul in the grip of tenderly Source
All knowing, all being
Eternally sought

(2005-11-20)

Francois Hoon

Sorrow

I can't find myself
I can't find what I'm said to be
I can't find to see the future He see
The promises spoke fall helpless of me
My burd'ning failure sorrows me to depths

I long my failed love in failure still perfect
Dripping glee, floating
Covered with dismay
But the love, yes it was, tangibly good
I long its givenness, captured in delight!

I fail, I fail, I sorrow for me
My God in me promise miracles to be
But I myself allow this not
I stink I cause it all to rot

I can't, I can't, please God dismiss me!
Allow me not authority over me
For what I touch my humanity wreck
I seek Your will fast'ning 'round my neck
To hang my self, my flesh de cease
To watch just You, Your reign increase
All You my Lord, please kill myself
Murder me
Till all these failures flee
I cry now Lord, I dissatisfy
I cry, I cry, now come to me!
Destroy me till just You remain
Otherwise I no longer sane

Seems futile these words so often spoke
Cause rarely happens my flesh revoke

Come now Lord, now heal my pain
I need You more in presence much
Come now Lord till all of You
Overwhelmingly I touch

Talaat Harb Street

As I walk through woven roads entangled
A heat pressing from the 'sphere and this bustling petrol-fair
Walking on tar crossing darkly rivers sullied
With grime and soot and soaked-down polluted air.

A strange peace creeps up in my mind
Like the swells of heat below, the billows from the pave'
I walk along supremely content
Wherever I tread it feels like my have'.

The world is my dwelling, I dwell on things slight and vast
Through circles in the streets with statues seeming grim
Strolling on making way on this street called Talaat Harb
The sun streaks down warm as my feet cross streets' brim.

Voyages of life down paths of joy and strife
We walk secure when we trust in love and faith
Wherever we go Father keeps with His sword or a knife
Piercing through, His Word of love, to wants and pains unsay'th.

(2008-01-09)

Francois Hoon

The Drifter Fly

One morning I awoke with sun spilling to my bed
With my awareness weak I notice an intruder by his instincts bound and lead
Roaming through my room on a quest known his own
Flying midst a crisp morning breeze he ventures alone
His apparent intent to my face ever bent
Making circles in this space shared by two of unlike kind
He roams about in pointless purpose
In a place and a moment not meant for him

(2008-11-20)

Francois Hoon

The Lost Of Romance

In a timeless sphere a thought becomes born
Of something lingering in the heart of existence
A stir of emotion flows
As the thoughts in quantity grows

A love bursts free as the thought takes shape
Of a creature small, frail, but cloaked in care
The vision of a life now sprouts to being
Now a person own, complete in its seeing

Weaved together in a nurturing hollow
A body is formed with intricate care
Meticulously designed in infinite complexity
The Creator looks on shaping matchless dexterity

A cry of life bursting in force
Signals the deftly fragile dawn of years
A tear from above the height of the sky
Falls from love on this soul close to His eye

A human walks now on the face of this earth
The tear from above burn eternal a space in his soul
A yearn for the romance that caused its creation
To satiate his life and become realization

Years moving on in the life becoming lived
The person passes now `neath the hands of vice
Deluded deeds of dread dragging down to dire
The hopes of virtue getting lost in this mire

Ripping of the present be the scars of the future
And a hate now new being born from the past
Like flowers in beauty and fragrance and grace
Scorched by the flames of reality in this place

As our tears may dropp from our heights to the floor
Tears of blood roll down to the moments before
A Man gave His life for the romance of all
To save all He loves from the fate of this fall

The tear that came from above the height of the sky
Became the water of life to all for which it die
To gather from grief to eternal rapture
The lost of romance whose hearts it yearns to capture

(2008-09-02)

Francois Hoon

The Place

The place of green dreams
Under darkened trees
Shades upon green grass thick
Foretells the pleasure bliss may be

A place that flows forth
The contentment soft
And thrusts like violence
Dissatisfaction dark

The darkness under the thick trees brush
Shadows cast on dry rotten leaves
I sit and ponder its beauty much
As my hopes, my dreams
Bring birth pangs such

Green and black the colours blotch
As an end in either possible be

I ask my Father to feather my mind
To focus thoughts back on the right kind

As natural beauty of green black and brush
So such my life an ebbing gush

Francois Hoon

The Propagation

A subtle tongue finds its way
To places where judgement still empty lay
A screen created in the minds of many
To paint the pictures seen by any

A subtle tongue that twists perception
To colour judgment before conception
The observance of action to make it sense
Dependant on previous data dispensed

The words of his mouth were smoother than butter
But war was all his heart did utter
His words were sounded softer than oil
Yet drawn swords in deceit they'd boil

How do I fight this propagation
Not sinking down to the same temptation
How do I change the truth to be true
Without striving in vengeance and dealing what's due

Francois Hoon

The Rose

March '96

There she was...

The rose, elegantly placed,
With unexplainable beauty embraced.
Overwhelming from outside,
Shining from within.
The freshness of the morning dew,
Enchanting and glittering...
Touching a few?

November '96

The rose, knowing nothing sensing none.
The honey bird - attracted by the rose -
Compelled to get near.
But thorns of uncertainty,
Scents of enigma,
Causes the timid young honey bird
Delay the break of the barrier.

February '97

The beak of the honey bird
Nearing the domain of the rose,
But the barrier, still there.

The honey bird,
Tentatively trying to tear away the timidness...
But alas, still afraid to harm, to scare away.

The rose, still silent, still being...
Majestic
Unaware the uncertainty,
The shyness of bird.

Should the bird try to acquaint,
Or should be a restraint,
Will the rose stagger back,
It's thorns ready, ready to...
What?

(1997-03)

Francois Hoon

The Wooden Maze

I see a vision of the sounds very clear
They are close by ever so very near
A maze of people in a polished wooden forest
Where voices ring thorough and silence protest
This place that I see brings memories to me
Of far gone times past and young ignorance vast

This maze and these noises they mingle through my mind
As a spirit that hovers to encroach a certain kind
At the first of glance its tranquility flows
Hiding and cov'ring the snare that glows
Minds of people trained towards a steeple
Of thoughts and beliefs that comforts, deceives

Becoming haven empty to many the maze knows
To compel those back who don't resist its blows
Through winding pathways and intricate turns
The mind lingers rather to the polished wooden furn's
The cacophony of sounds that mesmerize and bounds
To a pattern and a pace that swirls the human race

It soothes and it calms to stop another sound
From breaking to conscience and making unbound
Deflecting minds many from the stillness out there
That seeks to enter and raise to a diff'rent sphere

A Power of love through an uttered heart grasped
The Companion of might in the silence vast

(2008-03-18)

Francois Hoon

Twilight

Realm of thought
Shaken to distraught.
Revelation newly caught
Dawning now a twilight on my thought.

Devious circles twining tongues.
Smashing again and again against
A wall that forths no gain.

Efforts fall helplessly
One by one
Each and every one
Into a never-ending path
That lead to no good seed.

Action, reaction then miscontraction
Pile the future up, towering
A Babylon of merciless dissatisfaction.

Phrases recaught which previously fought.
Fights previously thought
Now presently brought.

Will in my chest this torture ever cease?
Or torch away my breath my heart
Will be us
Or yet
A wall
Fall apart?
A nightfall or dawn, make this twilight depart.

Francois Hoon

Twisted Night Thought

A vision disturbance nightly caught
Triggered though by the definite drought

A vision of lost love ugly portrayed
With physical likeness disturbingly hazed
Poor pieces of poverty dirtily thatched
With filthily newlove somehow blinded entwined

Then upon notice a soft pleading yell
Resounding from her bloodcares like a knell
Asking the question my homecoming, well?

Superficial new love instated, shouting of ache
It's disturbing soul being pleading for break

This thoughts progression enhancing her then
My queryfull servings her timely alter
To shine again the previous gleam

What sense this dream be now?
Longing me again?
Tell it's meaning me oh Lord, now?

Francois Hoon

What

Watts a million pulse my life
Pulse pulse, a cutting knife
Cut cut, my spirit to bare
Quest a midway lifecurrent, share

Outward looking, my heart a hesitant glare
Visions appear
Static sparks lingering fear
Longing o loving tear

Abolish my life's larks
Thrust bare Your core
Lingering a lark song
Progress o my soul else shivering in duress
Be You my goal, be me more less

Quench thorough my lacking of living prime
Sickened of lifetaste a soury lime
Chime, chime the clock of time
Will ever I reach Celestial rhyme?

Francois Hoon

Woman

O you who make so many swoon at your feet
Through history your charm and your alluring splendor
Has always induced a sacrifice to meet

Sometimes I feel it's a snare that's slipped into
A trick of nature for spawning to persist
A trap nearly inevitable, laid for a lure
A next stage of a life, for loneliness a cure

Is it true that passion can really persist
Through years of haste and anger and stress
Of the routine mundane endeavors of life
Where feelings of elation are replaced by strife

O you who possess the paramount beauty
You carry eyes, affections, even hearts within
Like adornments and diamonds stroking on your skin
Of those you encounter along your course of life

I wonder at this wonder that always continues
Hearts meet in love but in time a bad omen
Yet a battle I feel sometimes in my sinews
To surrender to the beauty and love of a woman

(2009-05-10)

Francois Hoon

Young Girl

You wish to find a substance of strength
Searching for beauty to find it there
Standing on the edge of throwing all care
To a hope and the meaning of a love of length

You yearn for a body of holding power
To soothe away the solitary hour
A cherished caress to be secure
But cautious you go for this a lure

The seeking of souls to partake of time
The searching of hearts to find a chime
To be known by the eyes of passionate care
To be safely kept in arms of a loving lair

Young girl,
Don't sell your beauty to a destructive soul
A price for passion causing your fall
This appearance of strength seem to answer your call
But the reaping of lust its ultimate goal

(2007-08-08)

Francois Hoon