

Poetry Series

Grace Kusta Nasralla
- poems -

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Christmas

Is Christmas `bout celebrations?
Its joy... result from gifts?
Or is it just remembrance of
A birth that caused some sifts?

Is Christmas just about me
My family, my kids, my life?
Or should I look beyond myself
And labour to end strife?

Does Christmas happen once a year,
Then after hides its shine?
Or is it source for life that keeps
Brightening your heart and mine?

The Christmas message is so clear
God's humbled self in human life;
His Love in Babe to change the World
Bring justice... goodwill in rife.

Christmas is a life by choice
A delicate heart that's pure;
A helping hand that reach beyond
The broken hearts to cure.

This Christmas let us look within
To find the self that takes;
Replace it with God's humble heart
That heals the many aches.

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Crushed Dreams

Dreams are shattered,
No chance to mend the pieces.
Feelings, hopes all scattered,
A broken heart whose pain unease's

Left behind, hurt and vexed,
Trying to reason with the past.
Wondering of what comes next,
Curious how long the pain will last.

How can a heart handle much ache?
The question echo's in the dark.
Can't breath, I plead for a break!
In agony await the spark.

Losing faith in human race
Looking `round me with disgust
Trying to fit back into place
Chasing a life robust

A world with endless gravitate
A sinking ship with hopeless end
Oh God your hand before its late
Expedite help ... I plead... You send

You are the light I see afar
My hand to you I stretch
Pull me out with minute scar
Restore my life its now a wretch

I hear the answer as I speak
"You are my design" says He,
Trust in me when you are weak
I feel your pain, just walk with me

I take revenge, I use my power,
To bring the broken back to peace;
I breath life in every flower
Have faith in Me your pain will cease.

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Inspire

Who's gonna defend that innocence?
Who will speak on her behalf?
Maybe she longs for a friend
Or maybe she lost her half.

Her circle may've been rough on her;
She may've been pushed to struggle.
Her mind may not have endured
The infectious minds that boggle.

Her dreams may have been shattered,
Her aspirations for life crushed.
Her hopes in people 'round her
Were broken and somehow mushed!

Lost in a world of broken dreams
She sweats for survival;
Moans for a hearing ear
Longs to flee from rival.

We live in a world of broken lives,
I wonder how we treat it;
Is it with compassion and love,
Or we quickly get defeated!

Do we inspire? or aspire?

Do we inspire who's around us
Or aspire to have more;
Forgetting what matters most
Instead we aim to score.

We neglect spreading hope,
Indifference takes us over;
In place of mending hearts,
Our hearts take off in rover!

Let's work on changing lives
With words that inspire,

Being agents for hope
Before our hearts retire.

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Live In Festive Existence (Life)

At the circus I saw this fact,
A funny, hilarious and joyful act;
A presentation, exclusively intact,
With a room to bounce and have a chuckle.

Life when lived merry with pact,
A balance of fun and order react;
A journey with sufficient tract,
To have a laugh and loosen the buckle.

Amusing poise feels like a stacte,
Providing reason to retract;
When chaos steps in to extract,
The best in life in loads and muckle.

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Taken By Surprise

Life may take us by surprise
Happy it may be or sad,
Attitude's what helps us rise
When life circumstance is bad.

In sickness there's always hope
That tomorrow may bring health,
In poverty's far tightened rope
Dreams of future with much wealth.

If children hurt and leave you
After labor for their good,
Send upward prayers in lieu
Of broken hearts and fired wood.

Friends may deeply let us down
With words that stab the guts,
Pick the pieces do not frown
Heal the wounds and mend the cuts.

Losing loved ones; death so brings
Grief and sadness take control,
Future hope of heaven sings
Life gets better; let time roll.

Life will take us by surprise
Are we ready to respond?
Let hope for tomorrow rise;
Daily living with much fond.

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