

Poetry Series

Helen Antonas
- poems -

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Helen Antonas()

I am 43 and live in Perth Western Australia. I write poems because they just come to y about things that happens from day to day. I hope you like them.

12 Months

It's been twelve months since you passed away
We still miss you terribly each and every day

If only a cure was found to let you stay here
The sadness would go and so would the tears

The ache in our hearts is as strong as ever
You were a great man Dad and very clever

You were there when we needed you, when we were in pain
Now that you are gone we will never see you again

We can't let go Dad, as you were the very best
I just hope in heaven you are getting that well earned rest

Helen Antonas

Angel

I see a little angel coming down from above
Spreading good wishes and loads of love

She's fluttering around me, I wonder why?
She just appeared right out of the sky

Maybe I need a little angel in my life
To help me with all my troubles and strife

She sticks to me like a piece of gum
Teaching me to love and care for everyone

"Do a good deed each day" she says
And you will be rewarded on so many ways

A smile, a hug and a kind word or two
To brighten up others, to help them get through

Everyday you need to do something kind
Those people who are struggling sure wont mind

As you will surely have made their day
They will then talk to others and will always say

"An angel came into my life just now"
"She smiled at me and gave a bow"

"She showed me how to pass on her gift"
"To give others around a great big lift"

So remember all what the angel has done
Don't be sad and don't be glum

Smile a little and say a kind word
Pass on the angel's message, let it be heard

You will be happy for the rest of your day
Be kind and loving, it sure does pay

Daffodils

The daffodils are flowering and they are so very bright
They glow as if luminous, every day and every night

The flowers grown on long stalks, holding them up to the sun
Each a flower on its own, lovely yellow ones

They brighten up the garden, when the cold weather is here
Isn't it nice to have these flowers at this time of year?

It's amazing that such beauty comes from an ugly bulb
The yellow is so vibrant, just like the richest gold

I love the daffodils; they make my day so happy
They make the world seem nicer when the weather is so crappy

Grow on little daffodils, come back again some time
So I can see your gift to us and make another rhyme

Helen Antonas

Fat Willy (Wagtail)

We have a little bird, who we call fat willy
You might think it's odd or even a bit silly

He's a big fat willy wagtail who lives with us at home
He hops around the swimming pool and on the garden gnome

He is looking out for insects to catch and eat for tea
I am glad I am not an insect otherwise he would eat me

He hops upon the pool hose to get the bugs that float
Uh oh! ! ! he ate a huge one and it looks like its stuck in his throat

He keeps us amused every day with his flitting all about
His lovely black and white colouring and his big chest sticking out

What a wonderful gift he is giving by being here each day
I just hope our Fat Willy decides never to go away.

Helen Antonas

Lifeline

Someone answers the calls all day and all night
Volunteers giving their time to help make things right

The calls come in, one after the other
They are from Mums, Dads, sisters and brothers

All kinds of people from all walks of life
Telling us their troubles and all their strife's

We are there to listen and help them on their way
Some will call us back again on another day

We have to be non-judgmental, open-minded and kind
As most of the callers are in some sort of bind

Life isn't easy; life isn't fair
But isn't it nice to call someone who cares

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Murder Of A Child

I saw on the news a little girl was raped and killed
Only 8 years old, her life not yet fulfilled

What prompted that animal to do the things he did?
Why would anyone hurt an innocent little kid?

There will be many How's? Why's? and When's?
All unanswered questions, the asking will never end

The family of the child has to live with the grief
The heartache, the sorrow and the disbelief

What about the killer's family? Didn't they know their son?
Didn't they know that he would kill a little one?

They have to now live with all of the shame
Are they the ones who should be blamed?

Their son is a killer, sick in the head
How would they feel being the parents of the dead?

My heart bleeds for the little girls family and friends
Lets hope this criminal gets what he deserves in the end.

May you rest in peace little one, away from the hurt
Your killer is the lowest of low piece of dirt

He will rot in jail for the rest of his days
He will get his just deserts; he will be made to pay.

Helen Antonas

My Nana

To my wonderful Nana.. may she rest in peace.

I had a wonderful nana, Jean was her first name,
My parents loved her oh so much they named me the same.

My middle name means little Jean, Jeanette it is pronounced,
If I could live my life like hers for even just an ounce.

I would be the most kind, caring person with lots of love to share,
And when I get to her ripe old age, I would have her silver hair.

If I could just bake the way she did with cupboards full of cakes,
The smell from her kitchen each week, made my tummy ache.

She never was judgemental, she loved everyone the same,
Her love for others outstanding, it was her claim to fame.

Now she has passed away, to a better place did she go,
She is right beside me everyday this I sure do know.

Her presence around me I have felt each day when I awake,
And I am sure that on some days I can smell her baking cakes.

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Rachel

Rachel is my niece's name
Her parents think she is insane

Yet they are the ones she learnt everything from
They don't think they have done any wrong

Yelling and screaming, putting her down
Not caring, shunning her, not being around

The child is only 16 years old
They don't give a damn, they can't be told

Don't you know how to bring up a child?
To love and care for her so she doesn't go wild

Grow up you two, stop being such jerks
Your daughter needs her parents, she needs some hard work

She needs guidance, and love so she will survive
I am very surprised she is still alive

What she has been through because of lack of care
She has no-one to turn to, no one to share

Her thoughts and her feelings, her day to day struggles
All the poor girl needs are lots of cuddles

She is calling us, as she knows we do care
She also knows that we are very fair

We love her and guide her through her mixed up life
So she stays out of trouble, stays out of strife.

But we aren't her parents, we are only relations
Come on you two have some patience.

Look after your child the way it should be done
And while you are at it, also help your older one.

