

Poetry Series

Helen C Capan
- poems -

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Helen C Capan(1959)

Singer/songwriter, author, publisher, and speaker, Helen captures the essence of love and freedom which are both keys to expansion and growth. Anyone who has had experience with love addiction, alcoholism, or dependency of any sort would hear the messages at the core of Helen's works.

Please send me an email every time you read of my poems, especially if you are reading it for the 50th time! I hope you find favorites here that make you come back again and again. Send email to: hccapan@

A Good Night

A good night
is filled with
supportive pillows that behave
so well without a fight.

A good night
will cradle
little thoughts that do aspire
to be visions of foresight.

A good night
is gracious,
smoothing down unrumpled covers,
giving way to the light.

A good night,
a great guest,
visits many very rarely,
unaware it's so right.

Helen C Capan

A Way

I think there's a way
that green grass can grow
though constantly tramped on
without being seen.

I think there's a way
that flowers can bloom
though coldness surrounds her
despite the bright day.

I think there's a way
that life will erupt
though encased in cement
from just a small seed.

I think there's a way....but I haven't yet found it.

Written today April 6,2008
by Helen C. Capan

Helen C Capan

A White And Green Dream

Whitewashed
pointy plank pickets
aligned along
a long line
lean low
laughing
at the dreamer
giving green grass
a chance
not in the know
that only slaves mow.

By Helen C Capan

April 2009 - Also see my poems titled Y O U and Without Embrace

Helen C Capan

At War With Love (But I'm Losin' Ground)

The battle's ragin';
The campaigns are many.
My mind's honed steel,
But my heart's a traitor.

I'm at war with love, girl.
Don't you know?
I'm at war with love, girl,
But I'm losin' ground.

The flag's unfurled, girl;
It will not be brought down.
My plan is set,
But my head's been turned.

You've come too close, Girl;
My eye has been captured.
My head and heart
Have just joined your ranks.

I'm at war with love, girl.
Don't you know?
I'm at war with love, girl,
But I'm losin' ground.

My mind's honed steel, Girl,
But my plan's been ambushed.
I'm at war with love, Girl;
I'll not be brought down.

I'm at war with love, Girl.
Don't you know?
I'm at war with love, Girl,
But I lost the ground.

The white flag floats, Girl,
Just don't shoot me down now.
I fought a good fight, Girl,
But you took my ground.

Surround my heart, Girl;
Embrace my surrender;
Engage my soul's wonder;
And share by vow this ground.

Helen C Capan

Believe, My Child

It's not right!
It's not fair!
Did You see
what happened there?
Did You see, Lord?
Did You see?

In poisonous poise
They came to me;
Their fingers point;
They're all against me.
Hiding mouths
Of twisted rope
Turning heads,
In shame, I hope.

Do You see, Lord?
Do You see?

I cry in anger
And in rage.
It's so unfair;
the war they wage.
For my part
In all of this,
Forgive me now,
So you may bless.

I've seen, My Child,
What they've done to you.
I'm outraged at
Their poisonous poise.
But their dark souls
I'd love to save.
So let Me work
For you today.

Look to Me
And not to them.

Let Me love you
Where you are.
Give Me your anger
And your rage.
I'll settle with them
In My Own Way.
The day will come
When they must choose.

Fast, My Child,
And pray today.
Believe, My Child,
There'll be a day
When you will walk
Within the shade
Where breezes live
To give you wings
That you may soar
Above your dreams
Which I've instilled
Within your heart.

I see, My Child,
I have seen.
Believe, My Child,
There'll be a day
When you will walk
Within the shade
Where breezes live
To give you wings
That you may soar
Above your dreams.

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Helen C Capan

Capitol Punishment — Bans, Tax Cuts

DIRECTED TO those responsible for pump prices

They tax the gas;
They tax the bread;
They tax the bass;
They tax each head.

They cut the trees;
They cut the planes;
They cut the free;
They cut all gains.

They ban the guns;
They ban defense;
They'll ban the sun;
Who says it ends?

We must take note.
We must now care.
We'll cast our vote.
We'll thus prepare.

Helen C Capan

Collections

Of money, credit, or coin
for giving, getting, or guarding
evaluate
the Coldness of the heart.

Of fam'ly, lovers, or friends
forgiving, stealing, or keeping
evaluate
the Openness of the heart.

Of deeds, ailments, or crafts
forgiving, hoarding, or sharing
evaluate
the Strength of the heart.

Of treasures, haunts, or hunts
for giving, forgetting, or searching
evaluate
the Tenderness of the heart.

Collections are but cameos
proving the condition of the heart.
Evaluate
their COST to the heart.

Helen C Capan

Day Of Deliverance

Blinded by gin and haunted by night
Demons torment his terrible plight.
Reproach of most people his fare for the day;
The war with the bottle is hopeless to fight.
Yet a cry from his soul for salvation from sin
Raised his eyes to the Lord that gave way to the sight
Of the door to his hell blasted off by the might
Of thousands of warriors sent by the Lord
Whose wind from their wings rushed him into the Light.

Day of Deliverance! Oh, glorious day!
Day of Deliverance! Yes, the Lord sees.
Day of Deliverance! It can happen for you.
Day of Deliverance! He came down for me.

Shackled by shame, craving for more,
Demons cackle at her strong implore;
Helpless to stand against ill-reputation,
Her heart's ambitions are shredded by scores,
Yet a cry from her soul for salvation from sin
Caused her chains to collapse at the sound of the door
Thrown open by thousands of the hosts of the Lord
Sent to scatter the demons afar to and fro
and present her to Christ on that beautiful shore.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise be to the King!
Grateful hearts we do raise; glad songs we do sing.
For freedom from past, our shackles, and shame,
With freedom and power to live in Your Name,
Sacrifices of Joy and Thanksgiving we bring.

Helen C Capan

Fading Cherishment

What happened to
The kiss of morning?
What happened to
The call at noon?
What happened to
Your squeeze behind me
Or the clasp of
Cherished palms?

What happened to
The Honey Hug Me
For reasons that
No one shall know?
What happened to
The nighttime cuddle
Or the search for
Depths to sow?

It happens that
The life we choose
As we near our
End of days
Will cut us off
From those who love us
Sentencing me to
Love that fades.

By Helen C Capan
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Helen C Capan

From Sofa To Chair: Communion Of Old Souls

Blue eyes send caresses
From the couch he just chose;
Across the small room,
My chair now I angle
To smile and view
Our great distance between.

Hair silvered to capture
And intensify light
Reflecting the echoes
Voiced long in the past
His promise to love
"For many tomorrows."

The boy who's now hiding
'Neath a Santa-esque beard
Raises his chin with a
Spark and a grin to
Playfully mouth his
Overstatement of old
"I'm hungry! "

Helen C Capan

Gray Clouds

White clouds are beautiful;
Gray is hard to bear.
Dark clouds are menacing;
But gray, well,
Gray is just there.

Moments that I see you,
Days when I don't,
Words alive in memory;
But days, well,
Days—pass they won't.

Helen C Capan

How Do We Get There From Here?

a song for Mama

The sun's early rays
awakened her eyes;
the little girl spoke with a yawn.
"Mama, where are we going, and where are we now,
and how do we get there from here? "

"Rest now, My Baby,
the trip is not long;
The day will be filled with much fun!
There'll be swinging and sliding and swimming and play,
and, yes, Mama knows the way."

Life's setting of sun
Was closing the eyes
Of Mama, my mentor, and friend.
"Mama, where are you going, and where are you now,
and how do you get there from here? "

Mama's whisper was heard
By all in the room,
Yet she spoke with authority strong,
'Baby, I know where I'm going, and I know where I am,
and Jesus will get me there! '

My way is so dark,
and Mama's long gone,
and now I am left all alone.
But the words in my ear are the ones that I hear
as I waken with all of this fear:
"Lord, where am I going, and where am I now,
and how do I get there from here? "

The answer then came
from Heaven itself,
Resounding through grief and despair:
"I know where you're going, and I know where you are,
and I know how to get there from here!

You're on your way to the mansions of glory
That I have prepared for you there."

I cried when I heard
that comforting word
from my Jesus, the Lord of my life.
"Yes, My Lord, Yes, I will follow just You
so that I will get there from here."

The words of my mama
and Jesus my Lord
will ring in my heart now for years:

"Rest now, My Baby, the trip is not long.
The day will be filled with much fun!
There'll be swinging and sliding and swimming and play;
and, yes, Mama knows the way."
"I know where you're going, and I know where you are,
and I know how to get there from here!
You're well on your way To the mansions of glory
That I have prepared for you there."

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Helen C Capan

I Thought The Darkness Would Be Cold

I thought the darkness
would be cold,
But found that blindness
has been gold.

The warmth surrounding
Me tonight
Is vowed by Jesus
To be my Light.

Helen C Capan

If I Could Write A Song For You

If I could write
a song for you,
I'd fill it full
of fluff and fun.
I'd stuff it with
the softest bear,
a playful thing
I do declare.

The core would be
of brightest sun,
the smile you give
to me bar none.
Its arms would reach
beyond their stretch
to hug and warm
your heart to catch.

I'd fill it with
the freshest air
of park and lake
that day so fair.
For you, my dear,
are just the one
who felt me when
so much was wrong.

I'd fill it with
the trust and hope
you gave to me
to help me cope.
Alas, this song
cannot contain
the truth of how
my feelings changed.

A single call
from you to me
I'm sure will let

this song to be.

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If....Knowing Then What I Know Now

If today were
yesterday
would I have welcomed you so warmly
with open heart and cradling arm
and lots of scented baby oil?

If today were
yesterday
would I have heard God's whispered warning
"A special son for you, My Child,
who'll only last a little while"?

If today were
yesterday
would I have heard God's whispered warning
woven throughout your boyhood bruises
entwined within your teen year trials?

I wonder...
but only for a moment.

If today were
yesterday
Despite the loving whispered warning,
I would have welcomed you as warmly
With open heart and cradling arms
And tons of scented baby oil!
Your life has blessed me so!

Helen C Capan

My Heart's A Fast Talker

My heart's a fast talker
When it comes to my guy.
So I sit and do listen
To it's uncanny replies
As it soothes and unruffles
The demands of my mind.

As if I were listening
To waves on a beach
Whose lapping of shores
To my soul they do reach
Often easing the pain
Though just comforting thoughts.

Yet after a while
The chill of the breeze
And setting of sun
Sends my chest to my knees
Before making me walk
From the voice in my breast.

Helen C Capan

Phone And Phone

On the corner of Phone and Phone I stand
Wond'ring: does help live at the other end?
With nowhere to turn and no dime to spend,
I guess I have fences I need to mend.

I once believed that all roads end
at places where you cannot bend,
but I have found the strength to stand
is really what my life demands.

Helen C Capan

Price Of Freedom: Dealing With The 'Can'

DEDICATED to those who can kick the can

"A buck fifty, " said the clerk on that day.
And the six-pack of tallboys went home with the man.
"Two thirty, " he complained some years later,
As the first of the six-pack took hold of the man.
"Two thirty, " moaned his girl yet again,
"is the price of this hell at the hands of my man.
Ten thousand and fifty is what I'd give
To be rid of this demon sold in the can."

But the price of her freedom was only a prayer
by the faithful to God who stood for the man.

"Three eighty, " said the clerk on this day.
And the six-pack of tallboys went home with the man.
"Three eighty, " said he, in approval this day,
And he patted the sack by his side full of cans.
"Three eighty, " groaned his wife on this day,
"Let me brace for this hell at the hands of my man."

But the pop of the top of the first of the cans
was the spark of a thought hitting home with the man.
So the pop of the top of the rest of the cans
was the first of his freedom from his bond with the can.

Down the drain of the sink went the curse from the cans
and his wife was amazed by the strength of her man.
"Three dollars and eighty cents, " she said.
Yet the price of a prayer was what changed the man.

In her praise to the Lord for the prayer for the man
was the love for the God who could deal with the can.
So the pop of the top of the rest of the cans
was the first of her freedom from his bond with the can.

But the price of her freedom was only a prayer
by the faithful to God who stood for the man.

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Sleep

Stinging eyes,
Heavy head,
I need to shut down
And go to bed.

People pray.
Many speak.
The arms of sweet sleep
Is what I seek.

Bright blue sky,
Shining sun,
In hope that tomorrow
Will be the one.

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Helen C Capan

Splits

SPLITS

When one becomes two,
Soon two become each.

Love lets go
So love can bind.

Then two become one,
and one becomes each!

by Helen C. Capan
May 5,2008

Helen C Capan

Teach Me To Grow

Teach me to grow, oh, more like You.
Show me that love is what we do.
Make me more worthy of Your Call
So I'll reflect Your grace and truth
To one and all.

Impart to us Your Love Divine.
As we seek You, our light will shine.
Help each of us to realize
The pow'r You give through Your Spirit
Changes lives.

Give us, Dear Lord, Your Eyes of Fire
To see the souls entrenched in mire,
Then give us words that throw the line
To pull them from the muck of Sin
To Grace Divine.

Then let us stand with those You've freed
To praise You, Lord, who met their need
When each of us will realize
The pow'r You give through Your Spirit
Changed our lives.

Helen C Capan

The Clearing

I see it ahead
just beyond the trees
The light filters more brightly
the closer I get.
With a shove from my arm
The last branch succumbs
To the force pressing me onward
To stand in the lea.

Upon its green grass
I throw myself down
Assured now that His vision
Had not let me down.
The struggles were worth it;
I rest on my back
Inhaling refreshment,
Inspiring so deeply.

The task is enormous,
Too much for one man;
So I beg you to join me
In seeing the lost.
Then reach through the thickets
That life grows so well;
Cut back the great branches;
The path they will see.

Helen C Capan

The Diamond's Gleam

There must be more than ten thousand words
From which to choose my song
But because of who you are my dear
My song is not real long.
The light, the joy, the times we share,
The heartiness of soul,
Each facets of the diamond's gleam
From whence you make me whole.
The diamond bright that bore such heat
Became the you today,
And knowing what you have been through
My love will never sway.
Oh, Diamond that has come to me,
So lonely twixt the stars,
Please know for sure the light you share
Inspires those afar.
Igniting blazes within the heart
Afueled by thought alone,
Transcending realms and planes of life
From throne to seeds just sewn.
Oh, Diamond, now you dwell within
The duties of Routine,
Yet know the truth despite the facts:
You live with me in here unseen.

Helen C Capan

The Effort Of The Wayward Strand

The wayward strand
begged me
to touch it,
to gently place it,
with great purpose
lovingly behind
its owner's ear
close enough
to breathe the same air
and to be just inches from
his heart.

So I approached
to gently, slowly
place the strand
where it belonged
behind its owner's ear
mere inches from
his heart.

In that moment
a smile spread
across his face
like time-lapsed
photography of a
sunflower in bloom,
but alas from ear to mouth
the signal stopped,
afraid to leap into
his heart.

And the inches
from smile to heart
became a chasm
that the love in the
touch could not
bridge.

So the effort of

the wayward strand
alas was brought to naught,
yet the smile that
spread across his
face will live
immortally.

By Helen C Capan 2009

Helen C Capan

The Flower, The Tower, The Power

A weed, the dandelion, it grew
Becoming your object of awe.
So fast it sprang up,
headed,
and crowned.
That morning you plucked the flower.

The blocks, a discount store toy, they grew
Becoming your object of awe.
Too soon they lined up,
stacking
themselves.
By noon you'd built the tower.

The muscles, mere sinews on bone, they grew
Becoming your object of awe.
Fleet were the hours
training
for strength.
Today you drive the power.

The people, those gathered around, they grow
Becoming your object of awe.
Slow yourself down;
See the
time fly.
Tomorrow you'll be the flower.

Helen C Capan

The Long Way Home

I belong somewhere, but it isn't here
Where joy is o'ershadowed and smiles hold tears
Of wounds not forgotten, though the scars disappear.

I searched ancient 'n' hidden for clues to myself,
Scanned waves of the air, scrolled pages of text.
I looked to the famous for shreds of the truth,
Studied myst'ries of the East behind Walls of the West.

I belong somewhere, but it isn't here.

Then Jesus said:

"You belong somewhere; you know it's not here.
My wounds make you righteous; My scars cast out fear.
Come Home to your birthright; I'll dry all your tears.
You belong Somewhere. You belong Here."

I stand now to say: "You're welcome Here, too,
Where God is not dead and Life is the Truth.
I belong Somewhere, and, yes, it is Here
Where Joy glows so brightly, smiles ban tears."

Helen C Capan

The Master's Touch

a song of testimony and invitation

It wasn't until I needed so much,
It wasn't until I fell,
It wasn't until I needed so much
That I wanted the Master's touch.
It wasn't until I heard how He cared
It wasn't until I learned
It wasn't until I heard how He cared
That I wondered would He want me?

He reached down to pick me up in His hand;
He reached down to give me life;
He reached down to pick me up in His hand;
And He set my path on high.
Now I walk in His ways each day and each night;
Now I listen for gentle words;
Now I tell everyone I meet about Him
And what He will do for them.

So if it is you who is needing so much,
So if you are all alone,
So if it is you who is needing so much,
Call on Him who can make you whole.
So if it is you who is needing so much,
You will want the Master's Touch.

Helen C Capan

The Muddy Path

The path I walk is a muddy one,
Far from the congested highway,
Without green signs and the flashing lights,
It's charm lies within its few stones.

The stones most common yet seldom seen
By drivers of flashy, fast cars,
Have tales to tell of the days of yore
When girls upon horses kissed boys.

The mysterious lack of its stones,
A clue to a change in ways,
A whisper caught by the naked eye,
Confirms that men love their high speeds.

Author's Comments:

"Muddy paths are not always unbearable to walk."

Helen C Capan

The Place Where We Met

The swells of my heart
Rise up to the God
Of the heavens
Who reached down to me,
And the place where we met
Is such Holy Ground
That it always amazes me.

The fingers of my hands
Reach up to touch the Lord
Whose Own Son paid
The price of Calvary,
And the blood flowing down
Washes over me
Now my garments are sparkling clean.

And the place where we met
Is such Holy Ground
That it always amazes me.

The life that I lead
I offer up to the Lord
For His Service
Within this earthly realm,
And the peace that He gives
Each and every day
With such joy that It's worth it all.

And the place where we met
Is such Holy Ground
That it always amazes me.

Helen C Capan

The Sage And Fool Alike Agree

I'm feeling very lonely now
Amidst my spanse of friends
All of whom have flung their arms,
Embracing flashy trends.

Adventure beckons from afar
Attracting more than men.
The ties that closely so entwine
Are stretched to point of rend.

Yet through the mist of years endured
The sage and fool alike
Agree on one important point:
Look back before you hike.

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Helen C Capan

Their Worlds Collapse

I have seen the worlds collapse
Of friends and foes and lovers
Whose grasp for life is insanely vast,
But as the end approaches each
The world they live in smothers them.
Yet even into the Corridors
Where Aged walk in measured step,
Without the touch or chat of friend,
Their World becomes their rocker.

by Helen C Capan

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Author's Note: be careful to balance grasping for all with that of not wanting to make the effort to reach out to others at all.

Helen C Capan

U P R I G H T

Unbent and untwisted,
Perfected and pure,
Revealing
I am
Godly,
Holy,
True.

Author's Comments:

"Becoming upright is a work in progress that begins when anyone recognizes that they are living in a bent or twisted state. Only God can truly right the wrongs and restore the vision of perfection and purity. After He, the GREAT I AM, has unbent and untwisted the life, one (the little I am) can then easily walk uprightly to become a walking testimony of God's grace that begins and ends with Truth."

Helen C Capan

Windblown Caress

As Daisies in meadow
and Whitecaps on wave
Dancing and sparkling
Those winds they now crave
That lavishly whip them
With heated breaths of caress,
So you magically stir me
with your Wind of desire;
Now needing and wanting
The strength of your urge
Awaiting the Breath of
Your powerful surge.

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Helen C Capan

Without Embrace

Your palm rests only upon my cheek
As salve upon my heart runs deep.
Your fingers run just through my hair,
Yet yearnings arise to keep them there.
Your shoulder leaning against my head
To offer comfort, fuels flames instead.
Without embrace, you hold me tight;
The love I feel I hope is right.
Three kisses placed upon my brow
Assure me that I'm needed now.
Without a word, you say so much;
My mind's at peace, must have your touch.
Your gentle pat as you take leave,
Lets me know you're a friend in deed.

Helen C Capan

Witnesses

A flame has been kindled
Again in my heart
That had ceased to believe
That lovers don't part.

The fuels for the fire
Aglow on my face
Are visions of you
Across time and space.

The clouds overhead
Bear witness of this
Then fly with the winds
Your face to caress.

As winter walks through its
Short days and long nights,
The warmth of your T-shirt
Is my hug good and tight.

Your gaze out a window
By day or by night
To clouds high above you
Sends me warmth and great light.

The winds and the clouds
Conspired from the start
To bear witness to love
So lovers don't part.

Helen C Capan

You

Like rain in the desert,
Built in the sky,
Sporadic yet needed,
You're a feast for my eye.

Trembling and sighing,
Waiting for you,
The gusts of your rush
Always make the world blue.

I urge you to linger;
Drench me today;
Stay for the blossom
Growing up in your way.

Helen C Capan

You Against Me

You against me in long-held embrace;
you against me, raindrops on your face;
you against me, it's my heart's hiding place.
And all I remember is you against me.

You wanted to talk with me that night,
but I let you leave without sharing a word,
Yet know that wasn't my plan.
Your song broke my heart when I realized
that by you I'll never be trusted again;
it's best we get rid of the sham.
The phone waits so silently beside the door
that has opened to vanquish my vision of you,
but your unvoiced words tell me who I am.

You against me, in long-held embrace;
you against me, raindrops on your face;
you against me, it's my heart's hiding place.
And all I remember is you against me.

Now all that remains is you against me,
and all that is left is you against me.
All I remember is you against me,
but all that there is, is you against me.

Helen C Capan