

Poetry Series

Helen Crutchett

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Helen Crutchett()

I've always had a love of poetry since a child and throughout my long and busy life. However, I've managed 'to put pen to paper' whenever I had the time.

I'm in love with the Mystical Poets, namely Rumi, who are my inspiration, as well as the Romantic Poets.

My poems are a mixture of thoughts and diverse.in content.

Examples of themes I write.

Mysticism: My poetry includes vivid descriptions of natural landscapes and elements.

I hope you enjoy my work.

Helen Crutchett



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Angel Sighs

Angel sighs
Fall softly like snow...
Stirring memories to life
of yesteryear
A kaleidoscope of a lifetime of joys
and sorrows, kept in the heart forever.

Helen Crutchett



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I've Grown My Wings, I Want To Fly

Words Acrostic

I'VE detested this listless reverie of broken promises
GROWN to understand the secrets known that
MY Soul knew all along and gave me
WINGS unfolding in glorious array....

I desire a love that fills my heart, the sweetest
WANT is you my darling, no more stolen moments
TO join with you forever and
FLY with two wings instead of one ~

Helen Crutchett



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The Bird Sings Because It Has A Song

(Word Acrostic)

THE sky and trees are alive with harmony

BIRD calls pierce the air with sweet shrill music to our ears

SINGS the freedom of a happy heart overflowing with joy

BECAUSE of trust in God to supply all needs

IT flies unrestrained over hills and oceans deep to forests lush

HAS food for her chicks with wide open beaks

A short life, but the bird trills long a

SONG of blessings and hope if only we would hear!

Helen Crutchett



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Ideas

My
Ideas
Die
Like waves
Free falling
Nonstop
Clouds
Distance
Earthly woes
I sit and
Ponder
Sense
Time here
Fading
Too quickly
Stop
The end.

Helen Crutchett



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Crescent Moon

Night drapes black velvet
Around a crescent moon
Seductive shadows spinning...

Chasing silky clouds
Colliding night blending
Into dawn's dewy new page...

Sulky stars slink silently away
Soon I awake to a festive
Autumn day...

Remembering...

Spring's perfect innocence
A sizzling hot summer's love
Dreading the long winter chill...

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The Artist Olley

The little Sydney yellow house still stands
the old wooden tabletop's disarray is
splotched with thick oil paints
squeezed and twisted among the
muddled brushes of vibrant colours
half completed flower paintings propped up
drunkenly around the room garden
dried flower arrangements fill empty spaces
an easel with an unfinished painting
waits patiently for the artist to appear
in her favourite battered sunhat
the yellow house smiles again.

Helen Crutchett



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Storm Clouds

Storm clouds gather
feeling the chill shivering,
I close the window ~

Watching silent movies
I smooth my dishevelled hair,
Stir my coffee now as cold
as my body ~

The grey somber waves thunder,
crashing over an unforgiving shoreline.
The lighting, disturbs and
electric emotions fire within me ~

The storm goddesses are angry
but I am beyond caring,
let them fight amongst themselves
I'm ready to face the storm.~

Helen Crutchett



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Moments

Celebrate these moments,
moments that give you joy,
an aha moment when a word can
change the meaning of a poem ~

When a chrysalis transforms into
a butterfly, a moment to enthrall,
when you swear you see a fairy
dancing in the hall ~

Opening to the morning sun
a spider's web of jewels
the joy that it can bring,
glistening in the rain ~

Silky sunbeams dancing on leaves,
The heady fragrance of lavender
In a carpet of purple sea
A gift from the Creator and
all of this for free! ~

Helen Crutchett

Shattered

The weak fluttering of my broken
heart lay scattered into a million pieces,
a broken priceless statue
needing to be glued back
but not knowing how ~

The shops are full these treasures
some fake some real,
but the only statue true is the
porcelain crafted by a loving heart
now left in fragments ~

I begin to reassemble and
try to make sense of my broken heart
and glue the empty dreams back to
where they belong ~

Helen Crutchett



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Behind The Veil

I rise from my bed in the dead of night
To pen my lonely poems.
Sleep will escape me until I release
The longing for you into a prayer ~

My heart is as taut as the strings of a lyre
Longing to see your Divine countenance
Hiding behind the veil preparing a place
For me in the garden of the Divine~

You will hand me the rose of love
I, in turn, will give you my soul
I have known you since creation
And I will know you again Beloved. ~

Helen Crutchett



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On Moving On

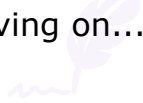
The river ne'er looks behind
What's written is written
Too late to atone...

The tide keeps flowing
Thanks to the moon
We keep boating
In a floating of trust...

There are things we've done that
Can ne'er be changed,
It's best we accept, losing a battle
That ne'er be won.

Instead of regretting
Yesterday's story
You can write anew,
Learning our lessons and
Then moving on...

Helen Crutchett



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On Happiness

Ahh, what sweet happiness
Little singing bird, are you
Hiding in shadows
So coveted and desired
We grasp at blue feathers
Alas, it's too late
You have slipped through,
The fingers of fate.

Helen Crutchett



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A Rainbow Completed

Come the precious night
When I find myself in your arms.
I will pluck the moon from the jealous sky and
Close the window on the noisy crowd.

Press your face against the window of desire
See the reflection of perfection
A pearl opening in the sea of love
A promise made
A rainbow completed.

Helen Crutchett



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Stupendous Moon

When did the moon come out in such
splendour?
Was it the new dawn that found a Soul
asleep?
When did the puzzle of my life fit into
My jigsaw of assorted memories?
Was it the day I met you?
Was it the first words you wrote on my
heart?
Was it the love of the Divine that allowed me
To find my beloved?
Gentle poet I am a captive of your endearing words
I am willingly to surrender to the mystery of you and
Our Stupendous moon!

Helen Crutchett



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The Divine

I rise from my bed in the dead of night
To pen my lonely poems,
Sleep will escape me until I release
The longing for you in a prayer ---

My heart taut as tyre strings
Long to see your face, alas
You are beyond the veil
Preparing a place in the temple of
the Supreme Divine--

In a garden haven of fragrance sweet
You will hand me the rose of love,
I, will give you my Soul ---

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Stars

Let mine eyes drink in a sky of twinkling stars
Once seen as lover's stars to me
Seem like frozen teardrops now
Flattened as windswept moors
Their beauty faded far from sight
No more than a butterfly plucked in flight
Wings crushed and pinned behind glass
To twinkle no more.

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The Keeper

Brush away the fluffy clouds
Draw back the veil that darkens
The delicate moon, translucent as
The first blush of a summer rose,
Reveal her sweet face to the world.
Keep watch over lovers
Be keeper of their dreams,
Where swift flows the river of
Loves eternal whisperings.

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On Being Foolish

Don't be foolish said the Sun...
Don't be fooled, said the Moon...

Your eyes are heavy with sleep
The World turns without you...

You, with scaled eyes seeking
The narrow arid path...

Doesn't the sky know of
The vines readiness to shed...

The grapes for sweet wine
When the Dawn comes be ready

Sip the nectar of life from the cup
Lest you remain in ignorance and sleep
Forever ~

Helen Crutchett



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The Innocents

They sat by moonlight's glow
Pledging their dying love.
The sky lit up with the redness
Of Mars and in their arms they
Held the world of love to their breasts.
The promise of Venus's blessing
Imprinted on their hearts,
The moon disappeared thrusting two
Lovers into ebony's silent space.
To the point beyond ecstasies' petalled path
Worn from the struggle of two lost lovers
Drawn by gravity to each other.
Whispered sonnets written by the hand
Of amore's pen of righteousness.
They lay in each other's arms
With the peace tranquillity of innocents
They slept and dreamed their dreams for
All eternity~

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Resurrect My Heart

You don't hear my heart's melodies. or
Care about the poems I compose
In my lonely midnight hours...

Or even know of the love that overflows into
An ocean of tears, drowning my soul forever
Down, down into the depth of a bottomless ocean...

You don't hear my heartbeats ticking
Aimlessly as a metronome, draining strength
From my tired mind and body...

I am left alone in the wilting
Garden of what if's and could be's
How did come to this my beloved? ...

Time to lock away my heart
In a dungeon of pain and grief
With my bittersweet hopes...

Longings trapped in memories,
Memories never again to be shared
With you, whom I loved beyond measure~

Helen Crutchett

Heatwave

I can't catch cool verbs
Summer is groaning,
missing Autumn's
damp carpets of spongy
walking places
I wilt at the sun's
bold beams heavy
moonboots dragging
on sand dunes white
dry cuttlefish bones
lay petrified.

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Snowflakes

Swirling snowflakes
Share their secrets
I hear them whisper
As they softly sway
Leaving patterns
In the snow
Sleet stirs autumnal colours
Muddied from careless footsteps.
Interred in a snowdome,
Ice shards, sharp, break
Frozen concepts.
Tears sting my eyes and
I'm swept away on a
Carpet of white lies.

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The Ties That Bind

Your poems are the ties that bind
From this moment I cast away
The heavy garment of disillusionment.
Your poet's passion reaches me
And love's garden blooms with heavy fragrance.
When the moon brings a thousand sighs
To my trembling lips
It seems like paradise is upon me.
My unheard cries spill onto the words
Letters run together and blur all
And I swoon as if a thousand harps
From heaven embraced the pages penned
In truth's purity flowing from your heart to mine.

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Poet Of My Heart

Poet of my heart
Whose poetry is penned
By flickering candlelight
With ancient quill dipped
In Scarlet ink of passion sighs.

Poet of my Soul
Inspiration of my muse
Let not the distance between us
Extend to our outer realms of existence

I long for my astral playmate
Two Innocents traversing
Our evolving suns
In parallel universes.

I would scan the vastness and
Travel eons to discover
A love painted with the
Brush of eternity.

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Faerie Child

The old woman looked in the mirror
Searching for the girl she used to be
Then one day through swirling mist,
A child smiled back at her.

A faerie child with cherry lips
Pink blossom cheeks,
Eyes as bright as the Southern Star
Fresh flowers in her hair.

Then with a voice like tinkling chimes said.
'It's time to take you home my dear
Where hearts are free and spirit's soar
And worries are no more.

We'll sip raindrops from lily leaves
Share nectar with the honeybees
Among yellow skirted daffodils,
Hide from dotted ladybirds.'

The faerie hovered for a minute
Her task not quite complete,
Then on rainbow-coloured wings
Flew to a waiting faerie glen.

At dawn's first gentle light
They found the old woman in her bed,
But didn't see the faerie dust
Sprinkled in her hair.

Helen Crutchett

Winging Homeward

It's the fire in her soul
The love in her heart
Winging her home.

It's the hard travelled
the painful chasms
human beings must bear.

To the beat of a drum
followed faithfully
Stumbling through
unchartered territory.

The fire torments
Her enquiring mind
Rising again as the Phoenix
On golden coloured wings.

It's the fire in her soul
The love in her heart
She finds her home.

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Helen Crutchett

Universal Secrets

I'm just a slave intoxicated
With the call of love from the beloved
I pray for mercy and correction,
Shelter from the heat in
The desert of my lost soul.

Thirsty for the sip from the cup
Seeking divine light through veils
Concealing the mysteries of the ebbing
And flowing of the oceans,

I continue in this weak human condition
Ever reaching toward my Creator
Who nourishes my restless Soul,
Protecting me from turbulent storms
Sailing in the ark of my spiritual life
Reborn as a tiny babe.

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Tangled Web

Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When we're sure in our hearts
He doth deceive.

Still, we hunger for his endless love
Or be left alone like a wingless dove
Sweet words amorous, deceit well hidden
We tread this path like someone driven.

Caught in a trap with no deliverance
His love is not what you'd call agape
Still, we fall hard for this bard
Until it dawns one day
We have been burned.

Helen Crutchett



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On The Roof Of The World

Something touched me
Deep in the forest of slumber,
Arousing senses to the possibility
All was not lost on Earth's
Perplexing plane,

Winding lanes of labyrinth's
Steppingstones, worn to smooth
Dare me to solve the mystery of
A Temporal world devoid of the
Divine pathway.

Suddenly I jolt from this reverie
I sense no golden guiding light,
I, a seeker of truth and light
Weighed down in an earthly body.

Longing for my Soul to soar
To the roof of the World
Where I saw you spinning
like a Dervish, drunk with love,
Caught in a starburst sandstorm

In reunion with the Beloved. ~

Helen Crutchett

Only In Dreams

In dreams I can soar to unbelievable heights
Creative thoughts take flight.

Gathering moonbeams in a jar
Wishing on a million stars.

Laughing at moon's frosty stare
I frolic childlike without a care.

Matchless meteorites explode
In bouquets of colours exposed.

In dreams the wolves and I run wild
Like a free spirit, beguiled.

There isn't anything I can't do
In Dreams!

Helen Crutchett



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Moonstruck

Let our senses absorb
The wonder of the stars
Telling secrets to the moon
In a hazy moonstruck mood
A world away from each other
No time to stop and wonder
Caught in the slipstream of
Moondust miracles
Travel in time to our destiny~

Helen Crutchett

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Moon Waltz

The night is young
The moon waning soon,
No time to lose, the band is playing
Our favourite Strauss tune.
The lights are low, spirits high
Heartbeats quicken to a waiting sky
Now we fly!

Helen Crutchett

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A Ship Named Grace

Clothe me in that sweet mellow sunrise
Seeking the beauty of the day
I dance beneath Rose petals leafy bowers
Savouring the perfume of apple blossom bloom.

As Spring's call spills a carpet of many vibrant views
I bow in reverence to the earth and nature's nuance
As I sail in a 'ship named Grace' ~

Helen Crutchett



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Dawn's Calling

I was dreaming when dawn's
Left hand was in the sky
Waving hello to the sun
Saying goodbye to the moon.
A new day with fresh thoughts
Ruminate on pen's tip.
Muse plays hide and seek with
Sunbeams across the desk
Scattered papers cover dust
While I yawn at dawn's early call.

Helen Crutchett

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Cerise Rose

The cerise rose of yesteryear
Seems much sweeter now
In our garden of promises
Painting an Eden of colours
Our love shimmers beyond
Confines of distance
Despite my lonely vigil.
It's strange how close
You seem to me tonight
I rest my weary head on sweet
Pink fluffy cloud pillows
Wherein our garden of longing
We touch again ~

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Moonstone

You are my precious moonstone
Swirling soul sparks
Stoking passion's fire.
A soft candle glow lifting
My spirit beyond moonbeams.
Sparkling diamonds seem
Opaque to the brilliance
Of your sweet soul.
My angel of goodness
My soft place to fall.
Protector my delicate heart
We dance to the rhythm
Of our moon-dance tryst.

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Words

Secret words are kept in a drawer
Hurtful words go out the door
Words are just words
When it's all said and done
Can come back and bite you
And you never know when ~

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Resplendent Rhapsody

Memories surfaced
When she struggled to hear
The symphony that once was her life
Scattered minuets mingled with
Bursts of images, feelings blending
With staccato chords of raw emotion
Prematurely her resplendent rhapsody
Once resounded in triumphant
Crescendo of love's felicity.

Shattered somber notes
Left a discord in her sad sonata
Her heart in tangled tones
Of discordant notes.
That was long ago ---
Today she has found a
Sweeter song for each
Tuneful day composes
A new opera, singing in
Harmony with life ~

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Our Destiny

DESTINY you are a fickle road
Winding tracks with no maps
No beginning and secret only
To the end

DESTINY you are a river
Where we can barely keep
Our heads afloat, pushed along
Helplessly with the flowing tide

DESTINY you are a luck dip
Never knowing what we have in store
Sometimes winning, sometimes loosing
Surprising always and unexpected

There is great order in the Universe
Light and dark, good and evil
Whatever may come is ultimately
In your Destiny's hands ~

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Our Planet

The ink black sky slumbering
Like some huge beast in hibernation
Slowly shakes off its sleep
Stirs, then quickens to life
Like a baby in its mother's womb
The steady rhythmic miracle unfolds
The final birth pang delivering
A premature sun ~

The dark curtain slowly draws back
Like a veil from a bride's face
Revealing her exquisite beauty
The sun starts her fiery dance
Beating like some giant heart
Giving life to our Earth ~

Suckling mother sun
Drawing endlessly the milk of plenty
We warm our beings over
The hearth of Ra bathed in the
Bold radiance of infinite fullness ~

The mantle of darkness soon surrounds
Descending to the waiting horizon
Our sun pays homage to her favourite Planet
Gives a final wave and disappears ~

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Helen Crutchett

Destiny

DESTINY you are a fickle road
Winding tracks with no maps
No beginning no end.

DESTINY you are a flowing river
Where we can barely keep afloat
Hoping we get to the other side.

DESTINY you are a luck dip
We never know what fate has in store
Light and dark, yin and yang

Whatever may come is in Destiny's hands.

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Wandering Into Dreams

When the sun silently slips away
I find solitude in ebony's silent secrets
Where incognito I wander into dreams
from the harsh daylight's glare.

I write my prose as clouds sweep
Across the moon clearing cobwebs
From my mind as muse dances
With swinging disco stars.

Moonbeams catch her unawares
It's then I slip into a twilight zone
Of memories, hopes and fears
Of lost loves and new beginnings.

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Spirits Of Darkness

Spirits so vile roam this lost Earth
Hungering for blood with their endless thirst.

Haunting our nights from the darkest place
Spirits so dark we daren't look at their face.

Don't let them seduce you and drag you away
Many signs will make you fodder for prey.

They thrive on intolerance and greed
Of abuse and anger, they always feed.

They welcome wars and the atrocities of men
The havoc they cause, I can't even pen.

These spirits so monstrous who laugh with glee
Are around everywhere, we just don't see.

Flesh eaters of evil seek their own kind
A sickness spreading to entrap our minds.

Vying for victims each day and night
Selecting each person who appeals to their sight.

These rotten soul stealers will survive alright
If we don't take warning to curb this blight.

Helen Crutchett

I Would Love You

With the subtleness of butterfly's kisses
With a passion that would rival poets' sonnets
With the devotion of holy heavenly saints
With the overwhelming love a new mother

I would love you.

With the gentleness of a cooling breeze
With the sweetness of honeycomb
With endearing love songs, serenade you
With a writer's passion I would pen love letters

I would love you.

With an artist's vision I would paint a masterpiece
With the unfolding night, caress you
With whispered words known only to lovers
With the sureness of my soul

I would love you.

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Nature's Palette

When each day's dawn
Spreads a splash of pink
I paint my mood a happy hue.

Sapphires' seashells shining
Hug the swelling shore
Ice cream clouds melting the
Ocean blue my poet's heart.

The beauty of nature's harmony
From inspiration's steady flow
My world takes on a different glow.

I paint until the sun beds down
With charcoal night approaching
I pack my paint brushes away
Go on my way with nature's
Gentle hushing

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Opal Starlight

Ages have passed since our meeting in time
Loved captured by a thousand angel sighs
Within the golden threads of life force sublime
Floating and waiting for us far beyond
Prisms of light caught in zillions of stars
Etching the enchantment of our close bond
Reborn anew from your soul touching mine.

Helen Crutchett

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Life Without You

A faint accompaniment my mind says
In monotonous tones
I won't stop till my broken heart
Is a work of art.
A creative urge will bring a brilliance
To my waiting canvas
New brushes will sweep with
Sweet abandon.
My paints selected from nature's paint box
With a call to a renaissance
Charcoal sketches bold and strong
Will grace my easel
Each splattering of oil colour
Coming alive.
I shall hang my painting with pride
Knowing whatever happens
Artists will practise their art
Poets pen their poems,
And life goes on without you.

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In The Blink Of An Eye

Born astonished
In the blink of an eye
A moment lived
A lifetime to the fullest
Misfortune between
First and last breath.

I paste hope and faith
On a grim face of fortune
Dipping my feet into the icy
Pool of an indifferent moon
I abhor the scorching of the sun
Waking to the sound of a weeping world
Fighting out of control forces.

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Desert Nights

A mirage of dancing water ripples
ghostly shapes as shadows
deepen and lengthen in
lingering desert nights

The Azan calling the faithful to Salah is
like air sweetened by desert honey suckle
in a golden mosque
pyramids repose guarding secrets silhouetted

Against the veil of seeping coldness
steely stars keep watch until the newborn sun
unfurling, spreads her orange wrap across the
desert sea's scorching heat ruling over lands
of antiquity

Prophets promising those lost in this wilderness
would find shelter within the coolness of an oasis
and in the arms of their Master.

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Our Great Southern Land

Summer paints a picture
With broad and heavy strokes
And captures the endless beauty
Of our great Southern land.

It dots the wattle trees with gold
Crimson red, for waratahs
Burnt umber for the earth
Dark green for mountains valleys.

Pink and grey galahs so vivid fly high
A kookaburra's laughter
Heard among tall gum trees
Mocking all who passes by.

Vast blue skies mixed with
Ocean green until they become
Waves of foaming white.

Yellow wheat fields ripen
Under a scorching orange haze
Cool forests of green ferns
Offer shelter from the sun's burning rays.

The dry creek beds and desert plains
A vista of ochre and sienna
The sacred place for Aborigines, since time began
The rightful owners of our Great Southern Land
Called Australia.

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My Treasure

I'm just a slave intoxicated
With the call of love from the beloved.
I pray for mercy, shelter from the desert heat
of my lost soul,
Seeking compassion and Divine light
I wonder at the ebbing and flowing
Of the ocean never giving up secrets of the deep.
Hope is the wealth of a treasure
Peacefulness is the purification of the heart
Angels sing notes of tenderness
In the highest heavens.
In this weak human condition, I ever reaching
Towards my Creator, sustainer of life
My beginning, my end
My eternity.

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Tomorrow Land

Meet me in the stream of tomorrow land
If in this life I shall ne'er hold your hand.
To clutch on to a dream that I cannot touch
Doth trickle thru' the sands of time like dandelion dust.
My eyes gaze unseeing into the gloom of black ink
Spilt on a page unwritten because muse's thoughts flit
Unspoken across the waiting line like poppies dead
Without your love all is lost and my heart feels like lead.
Only your soothing words can quell this ache inside
How many times must I hide my love because of foolish pride
Prevents me from saying what I feel in case of rejection
So, I hide behind a mirror of fantasy and dreams reflection
Hoping you will look to the heavens tonight to see my star
Pouring pity upon this sorry woman's heart.

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A Different Hue

The stars with diamonds are frozen still
Gone the warm hearth leaving a heart to thaw
A love story penned ne'er to unfold
Blight of the moon chills to the core
Heart empty, emotions worn
Spirit broken with your uncaring ways
With all hope gone a soul tattered and torn
I know one day you will have to pay.
The stars now seem to be of a different hue
Distant and remote as your love to me
You played you game, I lost it seems
Please tell me what gave you that right?

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A Blank Rune

You scribbled sharp sentences
On the pages of my life
Ripped and threw them away.
Wind whipped words
Into a scattered theme.
Today I have a blank book
The ink well has dried
Why did you destroy my poems?
Whisked away with sonnets
All I held dear.
I no longer wish to write my grief
It's too much to bear and
the echoes of a sad story line
What shall I do with an empty life?
A useless possession when one has
No words to write and no mind.

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Brother Sun, Sister Moon

Brother Sun, shine your beacon over
Planet Earth and all creatures
Loved by God and spread
Your healing warmth
Among humankind and wash a wave
Of forgiveness and harmony
For are you not the sustaining force of our lives?
Of flowing blood and throbbing heartbeat.
Who knows better than you about a dying universe
Destroyed day by day by mankind.
Do not hide your face in shame Brother Sun
We need you to survive a polluted hungry world
We all cry out for mercy and are losing hope.
Sister Moon, do you not weep to see
The cycles of Seasons disrupted by
Foolish people who have corrupted harmony.
Do not shield your eyes from this drought
Stricken and hungry World.
Show us the way Brother Sun, Sister Moon
Remind us again as we are still ignorant
Despite your warnings
Please tell us it is not too late!

Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett

Tread Softly Thy Spirits Of The Night

Tread softly thy spirits of the night
Her sleeping doth still the blinking stars.
On blushed cheeks falls a lock of ebony hair,
Moonlight drifting on alabaster
Skin as smooth as cream.
Do not disturb her dreaming lest
Her visions perturbed, do interrupt
Thoughts of her lover gone
To battle to do battle.
Oh, how she prayers unceasing in daylight
Exhaustion taking upon her, sighing into
Satin pillows when nocturnal sleep is caste.
Where stillness overcomes and subdues
Restless dreams of this maiden fair
Awaiting her knight's return
From fields of blood
Shed for a kingdom's glory.
When the sun doth lights a dewy morning
Bid her rise to greet the day anew
With hope beating in her breast
Her gaze thro' open window into the garden
Of longing thus wondering this be the day
Of her beloved's return.

(c) Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett

Castle Of Dreams

We built our castle of dreams
With bricks of love
A sacred shrine for nighttime trysts.
A rainbow drawbridge over a moat
of crystal pool's shimmering starlight.
We danced in our cocooned world
protected in each other' arms
Enclosed safely in our dreams,
Two lovers weaving gold and
Silver threads of forevermore.

Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Celestial Dreams

I want your dreams to touch mine
Your arms embracing my longing
Your lips lingering with lyrical
Letters penned for my eyes only.
I want the feather pillow of your dreaming
Softly cradling me in ecstasy
Promising everlasting love.
Entwining hearts in midnight passion
Skin touching skin
Soul touch soul.
Sublime universe of our making
Oh, my love that I might fly
On the wings of a phoenix
Casting the off ashes of my past.
To rise again whole and starting anew
But for tonight I can only dream your
Dream and you only dream mine.

Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Faith's Rainbow

Faith floats on rainbow clouds
Promising colourful days
Banishing feelings of unworthiness
Faith floats as a delicate butterfly
Tenderness to a lonely existence
With assurance of serenity and peace
Faith floats gently as an autumn leaf
Caught in a breeze of forgiving
From the tree of life, Alfa and Omega
Faith floats as a spirit friend
Lifting the fog of blindness
Revealing the balanced harmony
Of the meaning of life with its ups and downs
To sense the Divineness of our Creator
Unfolding the mystery of nature and mankind.

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Looking Back (Glosa)

Excuse me if my cries fill the sky
With sombre sounds like a sad violin
Birds stop their flight and ask why?
The world seems to have an unsure spin
Excuse me if I flood the plains with tears
Drowning memories of happier times
When love came and quelled my fears
With a poet's hand you fed me lines
You're my life and I'm running for my life
I handed you my tender heart to break
Looking back like Lot's wife
I wish I could return but it's too late.

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Heart, We Will Forget Him (Glosa)

Heart, we will forget him!
with the power of our might
a sorry tale that we could write
if I did not feel so trite.
You and I, tonight!
will remember precious love
cooing of the gentle dove
sounds of symphonies songs.
You may forget the warmth he gave
I will remember the same
sweet blush of a rising moon
his sonnets making me swoon.
I will forget the light
You remember balmy nights
I have forgotten those things
tucked away in the annals of time.

Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Cloisters

To me you are the song the nightingale trills
In the lonely spaces of music's thymic beat
Our heart's violin strings deep in the strains
Of love's beautiful, orchestrated melody.
A wandering minstrel strolling into my life
From a place far beyond understanding
Leaving heart prints sculptured upon my soul
To keep in the cloisters of my heart forever.

Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Forbidden Fruit

Just one more sip of fine wine
one more taste of forbidden fruit
one last gamble in the love stakes
I will give up my addiction...
you.

Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Sparks

We warmed our souls in the flames of burning
sizzling passion.

Sparks that once lit your eyes with longing
searing heat into mine have now dimmed
leaving curling smoke
in a heavy grey cloak of recrimination.
I gaze at the last glow of logs destined to
become dead ashes again.

(c) Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett



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Fragments

Why did the roses scatter
into fragrant fragments
while I was sleeping in dream's
tranquil moments?

I heard that blue bird song of hope
chirping happy melodies
to my singing heart
as the World turned to me and smiled.

Then the depths of truth came out stumbling
into narrow doors I learnt again that
reason had lost its way.

Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

New Wings

When I falter on the edge of goodbye
Brand new wings I will have to try
I'll search through my music for a song
One so beautiful it will belong.

A lament of things not fully achieved
Or, a great aria composed by me.
There will be no swan songs of sadness
Just loving memories and gladness

The toils and troubles I'll leave behind
For in these portions' true lessons found
Not for accolades I have lived my life
As God only knows I've had my strife

I'll finally see the rainbow's end
Where I'll greet my Angel friends again
In the shimmering mystery of Heaven
I'll see gold and purple emblazoned
My spirit and soul finally set free.

Helen Crutchett

You Stepped Out Of My Dreams

You stepped out of my dreams
Into the waiting dawning
Waking to suns beaming
There was a twinkling gleam
Doves happily winging
On silk clouds redeeming
Rainbows fresh shower stream
With all blessings bringing
Angels white appearing
You stepped out of my dreams.

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Hourglass

The past has a habit of returning
like an unwanted mosquito
film reels splintered
taped back clumsily
not showing the true picture of
the distant past
the here and now
the future
blended in a cohesive
patterned predictability
I saw myself in the distance
having met myself coming back
as a stranger
stone broke my hourglass
with shattered time warped
disillusionment
borne away on the winds of
dashed hopes and what might have been
vague memories plague my mind
And unsettle my soul.

Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett

Sandstorm

You breezed into my desert life
For a brief moment in time
across the luna landscape of my mind
A labyrinth maze of emotions felt
As passion whipped into a raging storm
of heartbreak and despair.
I did not plan to fall for your irresistible ways
Now all I have left is your picture in a frame
Brown eyes following my every footstep
Across my Sahara existence today.

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Unplayed Melodies

Unplayed melodies remain
unfinished symphonies refrain
love songs not yet sung
a violin yet to be strung

a sunflower who can't face the sun
the fair maiden's heart yet to be won
folk tales of realms still undiscovered
the rainbows end with no gold recovered

the book of romance waiting to be read
a couplet to warm a cold bed
a nightingale's exquisite notes
caught deep in his throat

heights so heady not yet conquered
unexplored courses to be charted
a garden of delights delivered
a soul mate discovered ~

 PoemHunter.com

(c) Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett

An Evening Mood

Lift me like an olive branch
and be my homeward dove
toward those tempting isles
that await a tranquil mood.
In the dusk of a summer night
seemingly two, but one in soul
you and I and love.

Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

I Am A Woman In Love With The Setting Stars

I am filled with the universe descending upon me
AM I dancing with the vast infinite nature of creation or
A burgeoning, blossoming of a beautiful Earth?
WOMAN thinks, prays and meditates her breathing
IN the mystery of newborn stars and changing moons
LOVE is the perfume of life saturated in mercies
WITH angels who watch our comings and goings
THE great Creator is vigilant and keeps his counsel
SETTING the prophets among humankind to teach truth
STARS witness as women raise their hands in praise!

Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Weeping Willow

Straining to catch sunlight
the willow weeps.
Along the riverbank of longing
I no longer feel warm.
My eyes see sorrow all around
the birds have ceased their twittering
My days are closing in with
the night beckoning a moonless sky,
The stars blink back tears.

Lay me beneath the magnolia tree
where I shall see my beloved mountain,
plant buttercups for my head
moss to rest my feet,
in my hands place a lily
on my heart a rose.

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Helen Crutchett

Sweet Breeze

whisper to me poems
penned by my poet's gentle hand,
his lyrics sonnets' sentimental songs
every word of love dipped in dewy tears of dawn
sweeping across the ocean his kisses
whence he touched my soul with lilting prose,
do not dim this candle and forsake me not my sweet
messenger
have mercy in your fanciful flight to hear this woman's desire
of her poet's words of undying love,
brush the air with metaphors spectacular stanzas and
alliterations
wherein he doth sit in
complete composure
within a rhyme
knowing he is mine.

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Selene

Night drips inky blackness
around a crescent moon,
as silent clouds delicately
float soft silver beams.
Stardust sinking into
slumber, blending
into dawn's renewing.
I awake to another Autumn story
remembering a Summer's love
and a long winter chill.

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Without You

My heart will go on beating
When sweet blossoms bloom until
Butterflies announce in flight
renewal is only fleeting.

Warmed with rays of Summer's fire
Stoked by the heat of your love
Lazy days and sunsets gaze upon
Our soul's desires.

My heart will go on beating when
Autumn's colours softly fall
Nature knows the seasons
and the reasons why
love stories sometimes end.

Weathering winter's bitter snow
While safely cradled in your arms
We recite poems aloud
In our cosy chateau.

But if you turn around and walk away
And your love should cease
Then I could not guarantee my love
My heart would beat another day.

Helen Crutchett

Carousel

When I was a child the raw
earthy decadent smell of carnival,
flashing mirrors and bright lights
frightened me.

The gaudy carousel
giddy with colour of
ruby red garish paint,
splashed with speckled
orange and green on horses
with bizarre wooden faces.

I hung suspended
as the music started to grind
desperately
feeling for the stirrups
with feet that never seemed to reach/
My stomach churning over
like a piano roll
in time with the clanking
of the greasy machinery.

The smelly oily rags hanging
from the overalls of a freckled
faced youth with a cheeky grin,
around and around, I go
blurred faces flashing before me.

I grab the golden pole attached to
my poor inanimate pony
holding on so tightly that my
knuckles turn red, white and
then numb.

Music, horses, noises, spilt food,
the sickly smell of sawdust all
blended together and I am
losing my grip on the slippery
glossy brown saddle.

The scratchy music blaring
as the carousel moves which
at a frightening pace
then suddenly the ride is over.

Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett

Hush Thy Spirits Of The Night

Tread Softly thy spirits of the night
Her sleeping doth still the blinking stars
On blushed cheeks falls a lock of ebony hair
Crescent moonlight drifting on alabaster
Skin as smooth as cream
Do not disturb her dreaming, lest
Her visions perturbed do interrupt
Thoughts of her lover gone
To battle to do mighty deeds.
Oh, how she pines unceasingly in daylight unti
Exhaustion takes upon her and sighing into
Satin pillows
Where stillness overcomes and subdues
Restless dreams of this maiden fair
Waiting for her Knight's return
From fields of blood
Shed for a kingdom's glory
When the sun doth lights a dewy morning
Bid her rise to greet the day anew
With hope again beating in her breast
Her gaze through open window into the garden
Of longing thus wondering this be the day
of her beloved's return.

Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett

Stage Fright

I, too, am a player in this strange play of life
On a stage too big for my comfort.
A sea of faces making up the audience.
Some have left their mark as they played their
Part so well.
Grand players all
Some have been so forgettable I have pushed
Them into the alcove of my mind and lost
Them forever into oblivion.
Some I am forced to remember from time to time
As one cannot forget their role played to perfection
With such a dramatic effect as to leave me
Lost for words and frozen with
Stage fright ~

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Nightingale

When day has taken to her bed
'neath the comforting blanket of night's
warm coverlet
mysterious moon lights her lamp
over a sleepy world
stars shimmer like fireflies
to a tinkling tune of a nightingale's
nocturnal under heav'n's watchful eye
the ocean's lonely lullaby
soothes the world into peaceful slumber ~

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Will You Dance With Me, Sir?

Will you waltz with me in the moist midnight air...
Take my hand to the passionate strains of violins
In our newly discovered rose gardens of
secret delights
Kissed by moon's bright shining
light
Enchanted by the calling of deep
Mystical sounds
Gaze deep into my eyes as you embrace
my waist so tight...
On a magical carpet ride
This enchanting night
When our dance is through, my dear
Our hearts entwined together its clear
As we sit at the feet of Eros' enthralling shrine
Our love will out-dazzle the brightest star's shine.

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

A Sprite's Delight

Take wing with me... soar o'er trees
To faerie realm's distant dreams
Mirror moonbeams flirted
Dainty butterflies skirted
'neath a sprinkling of stars
Dipping toes in rock spas
Cavorting in unfettered delight
Mysteries of a faerie night
Where elves and bats wing
Their midnight flight
Soon moon casts its hypnotic spell
We see the faerie Tinker bell
We visited often with these wee faerie folk
listening to the tales they spoke
As innocent children we thought this be true
Ours for the asking whenever we're blue.

(c) Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

The Doves Have Flown

The fire burns with white hot fury
streets run with rivers of blood
The doves of peace can find no resting place
In this tormented world as the wolves of war
Howling overhead aim for their targets
Bombs find their mark and slaughter the
Innocent
Their screams piercing the thick poisoned air
As buildings crumble and deep craters appear
There is little left of people except body parts
Scooped hurriedly into plastic bags and makeshift
Coffins
Mothers clasp dead babies to their breasts
Too traumatized to ever cry again
People cower in fear of the brutes of men
Towering
Over them with guns and endure pain, unimaginable
As the butts strike their heads and lay open their skulls
The young men, cut down in their prime lay
Strewn on the killing fields, their eyes showing the pain
Of their last minutes on this Earth
Others are captured to endure the most hellish of
Torture and torment, in deplorable conditions
Oh, this wretched World says the dove

This evil blight on humankind...
This abomination...
This devastation
This greedy world of evil predators
Hell bent on killing humankind
Our sacred planet left obliterated
This man made hell on Earth

The Phoenix Bird is doomed never to rise
From the ashes again
The Doves of Peace fly off, never to return ~

Helen Crutchett

My Pegasus

It must have been moonglow
intoxication that entered
my being one night,
a night when I thought
all was lost in heaven and earth
suddenly the ink black sky exploded
in a burst of golden rainbow
colours clambering
to embrace this lonely
poetess whose pen had dried
like the shell of a fallen
star exposed to elements of
a changeable cosmos
my darling, my saviour of the night
rescuer of this woman
locked high in a castle
on cliffs overlooking
an angry sea
you came in answer
to a siren's call
never giving up
my prayers carried
on wings to your heart
come my Pegasus...
ride across the infinite
heavens, home of
uncountable stars
with your golden bridle
to the precious place
in my soul held only for you ~

Helen Crutchett

September Morn

you stepped out of my dream
into my September morn
dappled sunlight caressing
Autumn leaves bright and
perfect
love blossomed from shadows of the
night into the full embrace
of the warming sun
touching
our souls with the heat
of a poet's passion and
the haunting harmony
of a soft symphony
played in our hearts
beating as metronomes
in perfect rhythm to the
dance of love in
our
sacred garden of delights ~

Helen Crutchett

The Dark Night Of The Soul

Through the dark night of the soul
With no treasure maps to guide me
No helpful signs along the way
No hiding from that bird of gloom
Through lonely clouds of blackness

When hope was adrift on sea tides
Witches rode on hideous brooms
Cold shivers ran down my spine
To a grave of skeleton memories
When I lost my way in a labyrinth
Of disillusionment and pain
In one moment of time
I have been one acquainted with the night.

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Sufficient Unto Me

You could show me the rivers of paradise,
it would be nothing if your love ceased to flow.
The shade of the palm trees would not ease
the burning of my soul, if you went from my life.
They could show me the fading footprints
of the prophets,
if you did not run toward me, I would be lost
in the desert sands for all time.
I could smell the sweetest rose in the world alas
it's perfume would fade if I could not sense you
near me.
They could offer me all the gold in the world
though not one ounce would I take if I lost you
forever.
They could hand me the sun in my left hand
the moon in my right, even that wouldn't console
me without my beloved by my side.
You are my paradise, my sheltering oasis
my poet of sweet words.

Helen Crutchett

Tree

I chanced upon you one fateful day
bathed in your glory for the whole world to see.
The plunder all around you left you unfazed.
As thunderous sounds of trees falling down
cut through the air you stood your ground.
Your magnificent branches lifting up to the sky
like a prayer towards heaven, I stood in awe.
Did you feel sorrow when the others
were felled, to make way for the buildings
where people will dwell?
There was something about you
so proud and serene
defying man's uncaring and greed.
Oh, most beautiful tree
may you always stand tall
to welcome the birds to their nests
and give them sweet rest.

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

The Whisperers

They are the weavers of daydreams
The gypsies of your enquiring mind
Leading you on paths to worlds unknown
Sending your thoughts to heavenly heights
Lighting within you eternal flames
They fly to the moon on angels wings
To gather the moondust of ideas
Where seeds of creativity grow
In fragrant rainbow gardens of peace
They dazzle your eyes with glorious visions
Until immersed and swimming freely
In the sea of beauty, beyond a poet's imagination
They are the eternal dreamers since time began
The gentle whisperers deep within your writer's soul
The unwritten words within you
Awaken to their caresses
The kisses from the muse you serve ~

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

I Am Muse

I am Cleopatra Queen of the Nile,
Miriam discovering Moses in the bulrushes
Sarah bearing her long for child in a Bedouin tent.
I am a princess locked in her ivory tower,
Elizabeth reading Brownings' poems.
Florence Nightingale tending her beloved soldiers
I am Helen of Troy, who launched a thousand ships.
I am Gaia, Earth Mother suckling her needy children
Demeter of the Bountiful Harvest,
Persephone innocent maid, Queen of the underworld.
Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty
Sister Moon and keeper of the stars.
I fly with the Phoenix Bird who rises from the ashes
I am an angel mostly, a devil sometimes
Running with the wolves at full moon
I can be a lamb or a tigress, meek and strong
Saint or sinner, you decide.
I can be all these things and more
As I am your Muse to do what you will.

Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett

He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not

Valentine's Day, a special day they say...
with flowers and verses delivered
to lucky sweethearts', chocolate hearts,
sugary kisses, sweet nothings
whispered on moonlit strolls.
I ponder Valentine's Day petulantly
plucking petals cupid's arrows are sharp
swift never missing their mark
turning the driest heart into a green oasis of love.
He loves me, he loves me not...

Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

A Work Of Art

A creative urge adds brilliance to my canvas
new brushes sweeping sweet abandon
Paint thick from nature's nuances
ready for a renaissance charcoal sketches
will grace my easel each daub of paint
creating colourful coalescing harmony
I shall hang my painting with pride
knowing whatever happens
artists will still practice their art
poets will forever compose their poems
and life goes on without you.

(c) Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

The Mystical Way

I am the weaver of your dreams
the gypsy in your soul seeking
revolutionary paths
I am the gentle breeze beneath your wings
floating to heavenly heights
telling spiritual truths
I collect the scattered shells of
your heart and piece them one
by one to become whole again
I gather rainbows in baskets
wrapping you in the
fragrant garden of peace
I will fly you to the moon
to gather the moon-glow of your thoughts
where seeds of creativity grow
I, the Mystical Dreamer,
the mystic within your dreams
the dreamer of your soul ~

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

The Energy Of Life

Come, sit with the beloved in the gardens of tranquillity
where nature's essence flows like the ancient Nile
swirling with the twirling dervishes as drums beat spiritual oneness until you hear
only the pounding of your heart
life's energy is the timeless dance of ecstasy beyond human understanding
whereby you have reached the joy and the mystery of enlightenment.

Helen Crutchett



PoemHunter.com

Fantasies Forest

Night-time adorns our hearts with wings daring us to fly.
Restless spirits wrapping cobweb threads of
endearing sonnets capturing words of soothing
soliloquy beyond the sound of silence.
Sky meanders as keeper of the stars
following the moon's path
as two lovers of truth trespass on hallowed ground
entering night's fantasies forest.

Helen Crutchett

Helen Crutchett



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