

Poetry Series

Jacquie StewartHeimann
- poems -

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Jacquie StewartHeimann()

My favorite and my Inspiration!

We are Seven

- - - A Simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
- Her beauty made me glad.

'Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be? '
'How many? Seven in all, ' she said
And wondering looked at me.

'And where are they? I pray you tell.'
She answered, 'Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

'Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.'

'You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! - I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be.'

Then did the little Maid reply,
'Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.'

'You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.'

'Their graves are green, they may be seen, '
The little Maid replied,
'Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

'My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

'And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

'The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

'So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

'And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.'

'How many are you, then, ' said I,
'If they two are in heaven? '

Quick was the little Maid's reply,
'O Master! we are seven.'

'But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven! '

'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, 'Nay, we are seven! '

by William Wordsworth

A Ray Of Hope

I notice the quiet as I take a breath and move out
My boots crunching on gravel
Guns rattling on my back, my side and in my hands
My breathing feels loud in this oppressive silence
In the distance a dog barks
A lonely sound
When the streets should be full of life
I see all around, the devastation
Of buildings crumbling, cars burned
Blood splattered on the fallen walls
Soaking slowly into the ground
Holes where there should be parks
Rubble where there should be libraries and schools
Skeletal frames where there should be hospitals and homes
A child's toy lies in the dust
Broken, bloody, silent
I move on, slowly, quietly, watching, listening, praying
I hear a small noise, a little hum
I pause, freeze, barely breathing
Slowly, so slowly I move
Gun in hand, breath caught in my lungs
Nerves taut, fingers tighten every so slightly
I ease around the fallen wall
... and pause
A little girl sits, alone, humming in a fallen doorway
An old rag doll surround by broken cups
A tea party amongst the ruins
Oblivious to the fears, pain, desolation around
The sun breaks through bathing her in light
In the midst of war
A ray of sunshine, a ray of hope.

Jacquie StewartHeimann

After

The wind moans through brittle cracks
A quiet scraping at the panes
Outside a desolate, barren land
And a solitary ravaged tree
A vision of cold suffering
Devastation, loss
Bleakness stretches through eternity
A howl echoes through the night
Singing of hurt and anguish
Silence descends
Oppressive, heavy, pressing
The emptiness strikes hard
Resonating deep inside
A pain, a clenching of the heart
Of the soul
Striped bare, nothing left
To give... to love... to live

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Anatomy Of A Meeting

Voices drone in monotones
Chairs creak and people sigh
Pens scratch, papers rustle
Some stare at the sky

Low coughs, throats cleared
Sketches and doodles drawn
Questions asked, empty facts
Time drags on and on

Quiet murmurs, bad jokes told
Low chuckles and some groans
Hidden yawns, nodding heads
When can we go home

Someone voices a new idea
Sparks of interest light
A new energy fills the room
The group it does excite

Discussions start, people join
Participation abounds
Interactions, animation
We're now a lively crowd

Ideas fly around the room
The meeting overruns
Reluctantly we all adjourn
And exit one by one

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Angela

We won't say Good-Bye
Instead... we will remember
Your contagious laugh
So infectious we join in
So joyful it can brighten any day
Your personality
So wonderful and beautiful
Its light cannot be extinguished
Your sense of humor
Quirky, wild
And uncontained
Your outer beauty
Which reflects your inner soul
Vibrant, care and luminous
Your opinions
Loud, clear and confident
With an honesty we treasure
Your articulation of situations
When words fail us you never do
"Oh Haaail No! "
So much to remember, to honor
Thoughtfulness, patience
Kindness and much, much more
So we won't say Good-Bye
Instead... we will miss you!

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Babys First...

(Dedicated to Autumn, Hailee and Wyatt)

From the moment of their first breath
We live for our child's firsts
Their first smile, their first laugh
Their first cry and tears
Their first tooth, first step, first word
Their first 'I love you'
Their first journey alone, so brave
Their first friend, and love
Their first dance, first date
Their first fight with sweet reconciliation
Their first life without you
Their first child and wonderful knowledge
You smile at their first journey of firsts

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Birth Of Spring

A flicker
Awareness
Darkness, solid
All around
I push, extend
A crack
Joy!
Harder
Solid give way
I stretch down
Still dark
Damp
I drink
Rest
I reach up
Searching
For warmth
And light
Still dark
Despair!
WAIT!
A glimmer
Hope
Stretching more
I break through
Bright warm light!
I sigh
Face upturned
Drinking in the sun
Branching out
I bloom!

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Bittersweet Harangue

I turn on the TV and what do I see
Tons of disasters blaring at me
Murder and rapists, bombs and attacks
What in the world can I say about that

I turn on the radio, the news is the same
Everyone's fighting and placing the blame
The world's in chaos, society's a mess
What can we do, I can't even guess

I open the paper and read the news
Kidnappings, riots and priests accused
Blizzards, hurricanes, tornados and ice
Heat waves and droughts, it's not very nice

Ozone depleting, rainforests too
Animals hunted until but a few
Earthquakes, tsunamis, eruptions and more
How on earth can we take anymore

Raging wildfires blaze out of control
Each devastation is taking its toll
Corrupted world leaders, children in crime
We're killing ourselves a bit at a time

The world, the people, no one cares
My heart it breaks, my soul it scares
What can we do about all this madness
Fall deeper and deeper into the sadness

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Bus Trip

Drifting past the windows
The changing scenes
All flashing by
Of farms and animals
Woosh... gone
A wooded lake shore
Woosh... gone
A flower covered hillside
Woosh... gone
Cars and buildings tall
Woosh... gone
Manicured lawns, cemeteries silent
Woosh... gone
Children playing in a park
Woosh... gone
A bus trip... life
Woosh... gone

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Can We Fly?

We rush to work.
Hurrying, scurrying by
A desolate playground.
The wind blows.
Swing chains rattle, squeak.
We pause, smile.
Memories rise up, take hold
Of hands grasping, legs pumping.
Stretching forward, pushing back.
To and fro, harder, faster.
Higher! Higher! ! Higher! ! !
Can we fly?
Wind in the face, hair tumbling.
Bubbling laughter escapes.
Heart pounds, breath catches.
Soaring skyward
Can we? Dare we?
We jump!
We land.
Amazed, awed, breathless.
We can fly!
Deep breath, wistful sigh.
We open our eyes
And walk on.

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Cassie And Ian

Cassie stands there
Fair of face
Kind and true
Full of grace

To meet the man
Who's strong and bold
Who stole her heart
And blessed her soul

With open arms
She welcomes in
Her one true love
Her new best friend

Ian looks
Into the eyes
That holds his heart
He gently sighs

Then he finds
His arms enfold
Lifes greatest gift
His other soul

To join their lives
The greatest thing
Their love inspires
Bluebirds to sing

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Childhood Dreams

White and fluffy, sailing through the sky
Images of our childhood dreams
A fiery dragon, a pirate ship
An angel with gossamer wings

Unicorns dancing, horses flying
Cotton candy, so sweet and fun
A shining Knight with damsel fair
Everything glistening under the sun

Butterflies emerging from their cocoons
Castles with towers high
A scary cat, a witch and broom
Images that float slowly by

Mickey Mouse with Daffy Duck
Memories of fanciful things
The love and joys of childhood
I thank the sky for remembering

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Cry Me A River

Cry me a river
Then sing out a song
Go celebrate life
After I'm gone

Find some joy
And make it last
Move forward with life
Don't dwell in the past

Live in peace
As fate portends
Share your life
With lovers and friends

Still, visit the memories
Deep in your heart
Know with your soul
That we're not apart

Together we'll be
At creations end
Past time and space
Our love transcends

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Death

Dark, sad, lonely
No sound, no hope
Empty, hollow echoes
Even deeper, drawing down
Despair rising
To finish, to stop
Pain! Terrible Pain!
... A Light
Glowing, shimmering
Growing brighter
More beautiful
Hope sparks
Pain abates
Peace abounds
Heart fills with joy, with love
And loved ones voices
As you pass
Into the Light

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Deborah Ambrose-Mcdonald

In Memory Of...

The loss, the pain.
Taken too soon.
Our hearts ache,
Our souls cry.
No more Hey Girl!
No more laughter,
No more love.
But hope lives on.
With lives saved
By her spirit,
Her love,
Her generous soul.
We've all grown...
By knowing her.
We've become better...
By loving her.
She has touched all,
She will touch all.
Forever in our hearts...
Our heart sister!

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Expectations

Lonely, empty, aching arms
Waiting to be filled
The certainty of destiny
That our fate is sealed

A heart that echoes hollowness
Knowledge that time drags on
It tests your faith, your hope and love
It drags the shadows down

A simple spark comes bursting through
A beacon in the night
To banish fears and endless tears
And bathes your doubt in light

A gentle, caring, somber soul
Drifts into your life
Someone to fight the emptiness
And give you love that's rife

It overflows the barren heart
Lives are interwove
Realize the simple fact
Behold! A treasure trove

You both go on in happiness
Destiny be damned
Life is what you make of it
Grab it with both hands!

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Full Circle

As I stood staring at the trees
Devoid of color, empty of leaves
I feel a great sadness and depression
Could this be one of lifes' little lessons

To show us at the end of life
Old and withered, full of strife
That in the winter of our years
There is no one to shed a tear

But memories come flooding in
To remind us, that just as life begins
We start out, like the spring, so new
With hopes, dreams and love that's true

We grow, mature, gain knowledge and wisdom
From budding new life, to aged and wizened
We pass through seasons as we pass through time
With joys and hopes, with dreams divine

And again, with the spring, comes knowledge anew
An enlightenment that happens to few
Each year bursts forth with joys abound
That life, like seasons, in a circle come round

Jacquie StewartHeimann

He Who Is

You glance across the room
You see him, you smile
He who touched your life, built your soul

Basking you in their warm glow
Memories surface, remembering
The simpler times of life...

When tickle fights, lincoln logs
And piggy back rides
Brought joyous laughter...

Strong arms enfolding you
Sledding down a hill
Brought solace and security...

Fixing broken toys
And building doll beds
Brought veneration and respect...

Scaring bed monsters
And dispersing fear of storms
Brought admiration of his courage...

Long bike rides, warm donuts
And cozy family meals
Brought peace in life...

Kissing boo boos, wiping tears
And changing frowns to smiles
Brought overwhelming love...

He glances up
His eyes touch you
Dancing with love and laughter

The reflection of his soul
The window of his heart
And you lose yourself

In the love...

In the man...

Who is your grandfather

Jacque StewartHeimann

Hearts Missed

Two women gone...
But still loved
Lost...
But not forgotten
Two women who
Impacted many, many lives
With love, support
Help and kindness
Their lives, too brief
Cut short, tragically
Now at peace
We mourn, grieve
But remember...
Touches, smiles
Wisdom, laughter
Hugs
So we love...
We honor...
Their souls
Their memories

In loving memory of
Virginia Alberta Heimann
1923-1983
and
Vicky Lee Heimann
1947-2007
Wife, Mother, Daughter, Grandmother, Aunt

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Holidays Shared

Marley watches from the snow
People walking by
Hands are full of gifts and food
He heaves a gentle sigh

He puts his nose against the door
And watches in the room
Twinkling lights, the fragrant tree
Poinsettias in bloom

People gather on the floor
Zany games are dared
Gifts are given, laughter rings
Memories are shared

A crackling fire on the hearth
Warmth spreads all around
Glasses clink, toasts are made
In all a joyous sound

The food is eaten, drinks are gone
The evening winds down
The celebrations ending
For this Christmas hound

People head back to their cars
In the starry night
But they greet him as they pass
It bathes his heart in light

Jacquie StewartHeimann

I Wonder

Vast, mysterious ocean
What secrets do you hold
An eight-legged octopus
Perhaps a pirate's trove

Around Atlantis hidden
Dancing in the sea
Brightly colored Clownfish swim
Amongst Anemone

Floating past a mermaid
Lying fast asleep
A dark, sleek submarine
Silent in the deep

A sunken Spanish galleon
Filled with gold doubloons
Swum about with toothy sharks
The wreck seaweed festoons

You sit in silent wonder
Waves lapping at your toes
The sun sinks down, the tide comes in
You stand and turn to go

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Just Like You!

I glance down and smile
My little girl looks at me
In my best dress and shoes
Red lipstick on her grinning face
Look mommy, I'm just like you!

I look up and smile
My daughter twirls around
Her prom dress swirling around her feet
So beautiful, so grown-up
Look momma, I'm just like you!

I look in the mirror and smile
My daughter smiles back at me
So radiant in her wedding dress
So glowing, so in love
Look mom, I'm just like you!

I look down and smile
Gently touch my daughter's sweaty brow
Gently touch the soft newborn's cheek
Sweet, innocent new girl
Look mom, I'm just like you!

I look up and smile
My family looks down at me
Daughter, granddaughter, great-granddaughter
Gently they whisper good-bye
Look mom, we're just like you.

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Kevin

(Husband, Father, Grandfather, Friend)

Surrounded by friends and family
I look around and wonder
Was it worth it? Have I lived?
I settle down to ponder

I have lived life to the fullest
That I must admit
I've loved and laughed, sang and cried
And with my wife I sit

That she's my soulmate there's no doubt
Our life we've lived together
With flowers, cards and gentle touch
Our hopes, our dreams remembered

The blending of our families
Leaves me truly blessed
With kids and grandkids all around
Who fill my life with zest

I've opened up my home and heart
To anyone in need
Gave pony rides, been Santa Claus
Helped move and plant and read

With strange old hats upon my head
The many parts I've played
To see the looks and wonderful eyes
The joy will never fade

Shown cows at fairs, rode mini bikes
And broke a horse or two
I've sawed, stripped, stapled, hung
Measured, nailed and glued

With the patience of a saint
I've tried to teach them fun

So there's gray hair on my head
Earned each and every one

Enjoying drinks while a blizzard blows
With family warm and close
Camping trips and swimming holes
And rides in our old boat

Spicy gumbo, chicken fried
And brownies on a plate
Turkey, Pot Roast, Apple Pie
(That's where I got my weight!)

I've romped with goats and picked up eggs
Fed chickens with the tykes
I've pushed that good ole tire swing
And put together bikes

Wedding dances I've enjoyed
With presents tied in bows
Hawaiian shirts and frozen toes
While grilling in the snow

I've sat with sick kids (grandkids, too)
At hospitals and home
I'm glad that I have been around
To see how much they've grown

Out on the road, the friends I've made
On them I can depend
For food, for help, for good clean fun
They've helped me to contend

I've driven truck around the states
And everywhere I've gone
There is no sight I love the most
Then coming home at dawn

I'm proud of my family
Love each and all alike
I would not trade a one of them
They're my heart, my soul, my life.

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Life

Love... Hate
Friends... Enemies
Two sides of a coin
Flipped and caught

Gratifying... Emptiness
Joy... Sadness
Two sides of a coin
Flipped and caught

Hope... Futility
Life... Death
Two sides of a coin
Flipped, not caught

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Little Miss

While standing in the kitchen
A little noise did squeak
So I walk gently down the hall
And in her room I peeked

My little girl is playing
Her toys all in a row
"Listen to me now" she says
Her face is all aglow

"Today we learn our numbers
Count them ... one-two-free"
She looks around expectantly
Her joy is plain to see

"Oh my bear you gets it! "
She claps her hands in glee
"You does gets a treat my friend"
And hugs him tenderly

"Who else can tell me somfin
We learned in school today?
You're right! " she tells the soldier boy
"We like to sing and play! '

She looks at pup and kitty
"A time outs for you two.
You can't fight like that today
Remember? That's the rule."

She turns and leans towards lion
"You are right my dear
It's time for juice and cookie treats
I has them all right here"

And as I watch the picture
Laid out in front of me
I smile with fond memories
And join them for some tea

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Lives Entwined

Dedicated to Amanda and Jason
March 15,2008

In Wedded Bliss you can't believe
Because Bliss does not exist
It's a lie, a fib, a fairy tale
Fantasy wrapped in mist

Extremely happy you can be
This much can be true
With peace, love and harmony
Trust and friendship too.

Sometimes it don't come easily
As you wish it could
There's work involved on both your parts
To make a life that's good

Forgive the hurts, don't hold them in
And talk through troubled times
Act with unity, belief and heart
And out of remorse you'll climb

So build your life on facts and truth
Things tangible to the mind
The rest will come deep from the soul
And both your hearts entwine

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Love Is...

Knowing when to talk and when to listen.

Knowing when to laugh and when to cry.

Knowing when to leave and when to stay.

Knowing when to stand firm and when to be flexible.

Knowing when to support and when to let them stand alone.

Knowing when to hold on and when to let go.

Love is Knowing.

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Love Lines

We see the frail old woman
Sitting in the park
Her face is worn and furrowed
Her hair no longer dark

To see life etched so deeply
The wrinkles are entwined
Age is unforgiving
Runs quickly through our mind

We pause as we are passing
And come to realize
The lines upon her face
Gather 'round her eyes

They show a life of joy
A map upon her face
of lots of love and laughter
As delicate as lace

We smile to ourselves
And send this wish above
Let the map on my face
Reflect her lines of love

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Monterey Wildcats

The searing sun beats down
A birds cry shrieks from overhead
The silence stretches out...
Broken by the shout 'Batter Up! '

A hush falls over the crowd
Faces turn expectantly
The bat cracks, the ball soars
And the season begins

Parents shout encouragement
The team cheers wildly
As the child grins from safe at first
Hot and dusty, the game goes on

Balls caught, pop-ups missed
Strike outs, home runs
Stealing second, bases loaded
Sliding in, clouds of dust

Boys and girls, genders alike
When the ball cap is on
Smack the shoulder of their teammate
As he crosses the plate home

Dusty, tired, satisfied
Win or lose, a game well played
The team gathers in a circle
Chanting together 'We are Wildcats! '

Jacquie StewartHeimann

More Than A Boss

You listen,
 To facts, projections and goals.
But also
 To dreams, hopes and sorrows.

You teach,
 Ethics, responsibility and creativity.
But also
 Patience, understanding and loyalty.

You advise,
 On procedures, ads and campaigns.
But also
 On family, friends and life.

You encourage,
 Cooperation, teamwork and leadership.
But also
 Friendship, laughter and memories.

You radiate,
 Confidence, strength and command.
But also
 Humor, beauty and peace.

You have been
 More than a boss.

You are...
 Our Friend.

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Mourning

Long, dreary, rainy days
Gray clouds drift through a troubled sky
Thunder rolls across the fog covered hills
A single bird sings

Wind rustles through damp leaves
Lightning cracks, the sky opens
Rain pours down to join you in your sadness
The grayness weighs you down

So tired, no energy, no hope
Whump, whump, the wipers beat
A wearing monotonous tone
Tires swish on endless highway

Desolate landscape passes by
A deer lifts his head, takes flight
The field now echos
With the surrounding emptiness

Steam rises from heated road
Shrouding all in mist
A low sad song on the radio
Bring memories of bygone days

So much has changed
So many gone
My soul weeps with the rain drops
as each falls into oblivion

Jacquie StewartHeimann

My Friends

Attachments made
As years go by
First friends, then family
Laughter shared
Memories built
Lives become entwined
Then...
The news is out
My blood runs cold
My hearts been torn asunder
Our group, our family
Separated, severed
Apart...
In my heart
My mind, my soul
Emptiness, sadness
Despair...
Need to keep
To hold on tight
To the memories
Of friends
Whose advice
Patience
Support and Love
Has been etched
Deep in my heart
To never be forgotten

Jacquie StewartHeimann

My Life

A song by my niece Tabitha, Age 7,2014

Walking down the street and
I see you and my heart beats
Like cra cra cra crazy

See you everywhere I go
See you everywhere I go
So why don't you just
Move along, move along, move along

Time to get a life
Drop the knife
Move along, move along tonight!

Jacquie StewartHeimann

My Pome

written by my niece Autumn Anthony, then in 2nd grade, with her spelling

Easter Joy,
Lots of toy's,
Easter eggs,
tiered Leg's,
Choclet fun,
children in the sun
The next day kids sick.
Someone kicked
Third grade has socer Balls
My Boyfriend asked me to the ball.
We'r going on a feild trip we have to walk
I hope secont grad does'nt talk.
My dad allmost had hi's knee cap out!
have you ever seen a whale spout?
I read a ausome dollphin Book.
he got coght on a hook.

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Nature's Requiem

Gentle breezes rustle the grassy plain
Antelope herds graze lazily
Under the setting sun
A flock of birds pass calling softly
Through the reddening sky

In the distance... hidden
A head slowly rises
Her nose sniffs the odorous breeze
She creeps slowly forward on her belly
Silent... stealthy... deadly

A young antelope startles
Lifts his head, listens
She pauses, quivering
In restive anticipation
Of an encounter yet unknown

He steps quietly through verdant grasses
Turning, looking, sensing
Of a faint, intangible danger
His eye catches a flicker, movement
He stops and their eyes meet

A moment passes
Two foes locked by sight
He jumps uttering a warning sound
As the herd scatters in the fading light
As she rises to give chase

He jumps and runs, trying to flee
From the nightmare, the terror
From death
The sense of desperation hangs in the air
He turns, stumbles and crashes down

As claws find tender flesh
He feels her breath, her teeth,
As they tighten and all goes silent

She pants breathlessly, head bowed
In silent homage

She makes a quiet calling sound
As from the underbrush three kits emerge
Tumbling, struggling to reach the life giving meal
Watching as they eat
Nourishment long denied

For another day they will not starve
Her eyes glisten
She raises her head and draws a deep breath
As the lioness, the mother
Roars towards the setting sun

Jacquie StewartHeimann

New Life

(for daughter Terisa and grandson Alex Zander)

Ten little fingers, ten tiny toes
You watch in wonder as he grows

A gentle hug, a mothers sigh
You blink your eyes, time goes by

He's rolling over and sitting up
His bottle is now a sippy cup

He's on his knees, then on his feet
Grab the memories, time is fleet

First a walker, then a trike
Off he goes on a two-wheel bike

Cops and robbers, kick the can
Now he's playing in rock bands

Your mothers arms ache to hold
That baby boy but time has strolled

Budding mustache, his first shave
He's at the beach to catch a wave

You've done your best and raised him right
Now you watch as he takes flight

Straight and tall, your son, a man
As he holds his baby's hand

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Nightmare

A dragon flying through the sky
On wings great and bold
His shadow races 'cross the fields
And makes your blood run cold

Castle spires reaching high
Towering o're the town
Forests bleak and valleys deep
And mountains in mist enshroud

Soldiers battle brave and true
To each his home protect
Though his heart quakes with fear
And brow is drenched in sweat

The battle rages fierce and hot
The rivers run blood red
A sword, a lance pierced your heart
Then you sit up in bed

Jacquie StewartHeimann

No More

Deep, dark, dank, damp
This dungeon of oppressive sadness
Four gray, weeping, stone walls
Slowly closing in
Bearing down, pressing closer
Sucking out air, light, life
No way out
Growing darker, hotter, sadder
Heart heavier, soul burdened
To much, to fast, to soon
All gone, nothing left
Just mind chilling, soul killing emptiness

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Rosie

It's time to celebrate a life
That's spanned a lot of years
Full of love and family
Good times, laughs and tears

Some sadness came throughout the years
Loved ones now have gone
Farming troubles, droughts and floods
And always she marched on

Her family she loves the best
They're what her spirit needs
So she can give all back again
Nurturing life and we're the seeds

She never fails to find a smile
For every passing soul
Wife, mother, Christian, friend
Confident in her roles

Visitors she greets with charm
Fresh milk and treats she bakes
The kindest words she always has
All our lives she's shaped

Up at dawn to milk the cows
Fed chickens in their pens
Got the children off to school
Each day to do again

Faced down angry cows
Drove tractors with the best
Smelling of sunshine, wind and hay
Her life is truly blessed

Weekend card games, family, friends
Winter nights warm and cozy
Short of stature, tall in charm
That's our Rosie

Jacquie StewartHeimann

See Me

My family will not see me cry
When life is harsh and desolate.
They will see me laugh
At the simple, enraptured pleasures of life.

My family will not see my heartbreak
As man digresses toward despair.
They will see me proud
Of my faith and hope in humanity.

My family will not see me sad
When they're hurt, scared or alone.
They will see me smile
With love, compassion and understanding.

My family will not see my grief
When my soul is torn as dear ones pass.
They will see my joy
As lives well lived are remembered.

My family will not see my pain
As disease wracks my ravaged body.
They will see my strength
As I face each day alive!

My family will see me!

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Senses Of The Season

The smell of roasting turkey
And spicy pumpkin pie
The joyous voice of carolers
And sleigh bells passing by

A frosty, cheery snowman
And angels in the snow
Moments shared by families
That sets a heart aglow

You hear the childish laughter
And squeals of pure delight
As gifts are opened, treasures found
And snow falls soft and white

You sit by roaring fires
With glasses full of nog
Toasting love to those who've passed
And burn the ole Yule Log

The Christmas tree lights twinkle
The stars shine up above
Peace on Earth and love to all
To family dearly loved

Jacque StewartHeimann

Serenity

Sun peeks, moon sets
Scented evergreens sway softly
Hushed silence, muffled footsteps
An eagle calls from overhead
Gently splashing waterfall
Graceful doe, majestic buck
Noses lifted to the dawn
Unsteady fawn, first steps
Emerging slowly from the copse
Soulful eyes blink in the light
He stumbles and cries
Father snorts encouragement
Mother nuzzles tenderly
As newborn greets the new day

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Small Steps

(To TC upon her graduation)

Fearful steps
Great unknown
Looking ahead
Long road

First steps
New life
Great expectations
Long road

Next steps
Wisdom learned
New joys
Long road

All steps
Contentment found
Peaceful life
Lifes road

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Snapshots

We've reached the twilight of our years
Outside the cold wind blows
But on the hearth a fire burns
And bathes us in its glow

Before us flickering flames do dance
They start to mesmerize
And in our minds the memories play
Before our dancing eyes

Playing with puppies in the yard
Baking with our mom
First day of school, the teacher's smile
Dancing at the prom

Shyly getting our first kiss
The leaving of our friends
First steps of a little child
Alas, a marriage ends

Starting out at our first job
A loved one now has passed
Graduations, Wedding days
Picnics in the grass

A crying child in the dark
Scraped knees and broken arm
Hide & Seek with laughing friends
A day out at the farm

Arguments that fade with time
Vacations home to Maine
Birthday parties, study dates
Band practice in the rain

Time can dull some memories
Some fade until they're gone
Others stay and grow anew

Like dew upon the dawn

We sigh and lean back in our chair
The memories survive
The things we hold close to our heart
The snapshots of our lives

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Snow Day

Morning dawns
Fresh new snow
Excited children shout

Plans are made
Boots are found
Tumbled all about

Breath clouds
Crisp air
Sledding with a cheer

Red noses
Snowmen
Grins from ear to ear

Forts built
Balls thrown
Laughter echoes `round

Angels made
Views revered
The sun is going down

Steaming chocolate
Crackling fire
Warming fingers and toes

Closing eyes
Nodding heads
The day is at a close

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Sorrow

I sit, I read, I cry
The words dance in my mind
Images flash through my soul
And my heart aches

I grieve for the soul blind
The ones who cannot see
Who cannot feel
The joy, the music, the hope

They read, recite and listen
But can discern no comfort
Just empty hollowness
Droning on through time

I wish the gift of sight
For those who cannot see
For ones blind to the beauty
Simple words can bring

They should dance across the page
And give your soul wings
For to read with no understanding
Is the greatest sorrow of all

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Sounds Of Christmas!

People singing
Sleigh bells ringing

Children laughing
Fires crackling

Axes thumping
Tires bumping

Footsteps crunching
Children munching

Mixers whirring
Kittens purring

Mothers soothing
Babies cooing

Priests are praying
Music playing

Feet a tapping
Fingers snapping

Horns are blowing
Cows are lowing

Winds do whisper
Squirrels all chitter

Paper ripping
Egg nog sipping

Reindeer pawing
Santa calling

Ho! Ho! Ho!

Spring

It flows in slowly
Like a feather on the tide
Quiet, fluttering wings
Soft chirps
A flash of scarlet red
Green peaking through
Half-melted snow
Bright rainbow colors unfolding
Children venture forth
With impish laughter
Mild drip... drip
Hints of warmer breezes
Sun showers caress the face
Your soul sighs with quiet jubilation
Heralding the birth of spring

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Spring's First Rose

Tiny slivers of color
Peaking through lush greens.
Dew drops glistening
On brilliant leaves.
You glance up
As the sun bursts
Over the horizon.
The light touches
Gently, young buds.
Vibrant petals unfurl,
Soft and smooth
In their new life.
You lean over
And inhale
The deep, rich fragrance
And sigh
With profound content
Of Spring's first rose.

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Stone Heart

In the ruined castle lies
A fearsome dragon with blazing eyes
Nearby villagers quake with fear
That more loved ones would disappear

Close by a door creaks in the dark
Scuffled steps, a lone dog barks
Up a path a child roams
Straying far, so far from home

A mother cries out in the night
Sounds of terror filled with fright
An empty bed, a child gone
What fate awaits this innocent one

The villagers take to the streets
Alleys echo with running feet
Stables, woods and paths that wind
But the child they did not find

In the square elders amass
With cries of rage and faces aghast
"A chosen champion, he must go
To face and slay this dragon foe! "

Out he rides with sword and mace
Out across the barren wastes
For lives to save, he must complete
This deadly deed with no retreat

A quiet sound, the dragon wakes
A roar rebounds, the cave mouth quakes
A breath is drawn to flame and burn
This mighty beast's death blow's assured

A tiny hand, a soft caress
A gentle voice with love professed
Innocence shines from trusting eyes
The dragon pauses in surprise

From out the woods the champion rides
His sword is drawn, the time is nigh
As he nears the dreaded beast
On what a sight his eyes did feast

Beneath the massive, gleaming jaws
Cradled in the dragons claws
The child sleeps with features fair
The sun upon her golden hair

A quiet rumble, a warning hiss
To strike with sword the man resists
Love flares out of blazing eyes
Gazing down the dragon sighs

With innocent and tender heart
Her pristine soul breaks through the block
Sensations blossom, long unknown
A mothers heart returns from stone

Jacquie StewartHeimann

The Eagle Weeps

(September 11,2001)

We cry, we weep, we cannot sleep
The images embedded in our souls
Of roaring flames and towers crumbling
Of people screaming, bodies falling
Tear stained faces searching
For a glimpse, a sound, a hope
Of loved ones lost, lives in the balance
Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers
Sons, daughters, husbands, wives
Nieces, nephews, neighbors, friends
Missing, lost, dying in the devastation
We shed tears that cannot stop
As we pray over loved ones graves
And in the breeze our flag gently waves
We watch, we mourn
The world united in quiet sympathy
As the eagle weeps
Over a standing, undivided nation

Jacquie StewartHeimann

The End

Sadness, loneliness, fear
Fear of the uncertain
Of the unknown
And the devastating losses
Loss of childhood
Ideals and dreams
Loss of loved ones
And friends
Loss of stability
Of job and home
The loneliness of life
The tears start
And can't... won't stop
So much lost...
What to do...
Just bow our heads
And cry

Jacquie StewartHeimann

The Neverending Winter

A new day dawns with colors red
The morning creeps across the bed

As I arise to start the day
My body groans, it wants to stay

Tucked up in bed, the warmth it knows
Snug and safe with toasty toes

It's cold outside, the snow abounds
Piled deep upon the ground

The wind is chill, bites to the bone
Icicles crack with eerie tone

Will this winter never end?
Gray days, dark nights, they start to blend

I wish for summer's searing heat
To warm my soul, my mind, my feet

To see some green instead of white
To see spring's birds dance in flight

To see the roses start to bloom
To have the sun disperse the gloom

But with a start my thoughts return
To hear and now, that's my concern

I grab my coat and winter array
Head out the door and face the day

Jacque StewartHeimann

The Question Asked

(To my husband Don)

It's so much together, emotions and deeds
Simple words can't begin to explain
It's crying at movies, breakfast in bed
A walk in the soft summer rain

A question answered without being asked
Your eyes staring into my heart
It's a ring bought, a promise kept
A quiet laugh in the dark

Starting the car on a cold winter day
A softly spoken sigh
Flowers in a vase, cuddles in the dark
Sharing life as it goes by

It's a passing glance, a gentle touch
All virtues to be extolled
So what is the question that has been asked
And the answer that's tried to be told...

Why do you love me?

Jacquie StewartHeimann

The Summer I Was Four

Dedicated to Tabitha Marie Utzig, Age 4

I slept with my favorite toys
Went swinging in the park
Sang in a microphone
And played on my guitar
The summer I was four

I helped a magician with his tricks
Tried dunking in a pool
Made playdough food and animals
And licked mom's mixing spoons
The summer I was four

Played mini golf with my dad
Hot tubbed it with my mom
Dressed up as a Hogwart's witch
And made a magic wand
The summer I was four

I slid down a giant slide
Climbed my first rock wall
Played with my Barbie dolls
And danced like at a ball
The summer I was four

Made mud pies with my new best friends
Built cities in the sand
Cuddled up for movie night
And held my sister's hand
The summer I was four

Ran through sprinklers, ate ice cream
Explored a mountain cave
Tossed a ball with brothers four
And then learned how to bake
The summer I was four

On the computer games I played

With Dora and Mickey Mouse
Rode my bike with training wheels
Around and around the house
The summer I was four

Visited family far away
Canoed a river there
Colored, painted, glittered, glued
My art I loved to share
The summer I was four

Went fishing with my family
Caught more than my dad
Butt sliding down the living room stairs
Oh what fun I had
The summer I was four

My family loves me this I know
My life is pleasure filled
Though years may pass as time goes on
Memories have been built
The summer I was four

Jacquie StewartHeimann

The Writer

He sits and stares
The paper crisp and clean
His mind in chaos
A torrent of words and sound
Jumbled, twisting, distorted

The silence presses in
The clock whispers
Tick, tick, tick
He groans and grabs his head
In frustration, in desperation

Everything there
Elusive, dangling
Just out of reach
One thought away
Tempting, teasing, torture

He pushes back
The chair scrapes, the table creaks
Rising he paces, mumbles
Hands clasped, knuckles white
Anger growing

Where is the inspiration
The muse, the soul
To pour across the paper
To inspire others
To feel, to live, to love, to hope

A sound, faint and clear
Carried by the breeze
Beautiful, sweet and pure
He pauses, listens
Stares at the window

Again the sound touches him
He opens the window wider
The noise, the bustle, the dissonance

Pushes back, beating down life
Heavy, pressing on his soul

He watches outside life passing by
Living in their own selfishness
Oblivious to all that's around
To nothing but their hate,
Their anger and despair

From below, again the sound
A child playing
Humming a simple, joyful song
Cradling her doll
Her precious treasure

Gentle hands brush the hair back
From a porcelain face
Soft lips bestow a loving kiss
Quiet whispers, too low to hear
Love flows from innocent eyes

A glow surrounds her
Growing, rising
Reaching for his tormented soul
Steals his breath, tightens his chest
Gasping for air, he cries

Tears flow as he lets go
Of tensions, anger and loss
Of others expectations
Their demands
And his pain

He breathes in the fresh breeze
The cool, quiet innocence
Of a child in a world of war
Of love in a world of hate
Of hope in a world of despair

The paper crisp & white
No longer clean
But spotted with the cleansing tears

Beckons, calling, ready
Singing softly to his soul

He sits
Lifts pens
Ink flows
Words burst free
Across the waiting page

Jacque StewartHeimann

Time

Like two leaves
Gently swirling, twirling
Briefly touching
Floating through the air
Lives intermingle
Fates combine
Until life blows
Her gentle breath
And we float on
Into sweet, blissful oblivion

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Weep For The Children

Tragedy strikes
Our hearts break
Blood and sadness
Blood and madness
Senseless violence...again

Precious children
Beautiful souls
Voices silent
Futures gone
A country weeps

No longer here
But memories forever
Of joy, laughter and love
The sounds linger
Of play, music and song

Their pleasures of horses
Dolls and whales
New boots, football, pink bows
Of burgers, french toast
And of their families

Their courage fierce
And bravery boundless
They stood by their friends
Hands clasped together
They faced the terror

What can we do
But honor
What can we do
But remember
What can be done
But to weep for the children

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Where Have The Angels Gone?

They look down
Tears fall
Sadness overwhelms
The deaths, the tragedies, the strife
A world in turmoil
No control
Free will runs strong
Hate, envy, greed abounds
Faith is shaken, gone, never found
How did we get to this
Where did we lose our way
The earth rebels
Tries to cleanse
To shake free this cancer we have become
They sigh with lost hope
And turn away
As darkness descends

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Why?

Best friends
Once close
Drift away
Why?

Once sisters
Always there
Now gone
Why?

Laughter shared
Tears shed
Memories fade
Why?

Secrets whispered
Dreams told
Friends change
Why?

New friends
Not the same
Empty heart
WHY?

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Winter Blues

Your eyes open
You smile, breathe deep
Of brisk, salty air
You lean back
Digging your toes
In warm sand
Waves lapping gently
Towards your feet
A soft breeze blows
You look up
At a crisp, blue sky
White, fluffy clouds
Chasing overhead
Birds chirp lively
In the distance
You sigh contentedly
Closing your eyes
Relaxing, enjoying
A perfect summer day
A bell rings...
Your eyes open...
You wake up...

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Winter Magic

A tiny snowflake
Alone
Drifting, twirling
On gentle breezes

Floating
Over quiet woods
Barren fields
Searching

Below a playground
Filled
With laughter, songs
Happy children

Under a barren tree
A child sits
Quiet, sad
Alone

The breeze freshens
Stirring branches
The child looks up
Eyes widen

Face brightens
In surprise, wonder
Tongue darts out
Excitedly

The snowflake
With a gentle sigh
Floats down
Lands

Eyes light up
With delight, warmth
Absorbing the magic
Of winters first snowflake

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Yearnings

The agonies of responsibility
Weigh heavy in our hearts
And fill our souls, our dreams
With sadness, anguish and woe
We wish, we yearn
To release the pain
To drift back to childhood
To experience again
Youth's peaceful slumber
The dreams of innocence
Alas, the futility
The side effects of life
We bear the burdens
Children aren't meant to share
To protect their dreams
But, still we wish...
We yearn...

Jacquie StewartHeimann

Zero Hour

Red, yellow, white, brown, black
Color doesn't matter, everyone attacks

Hatred grows with each passing day
How sad it is that we live this way

The world is built of different cultures
But some just hate, they hover like vultures

People attack for such stupid reasons
Like how they keep the holiday season

What car they drive or language they speak
What songs they sing, the food they eat

What color's their hair, you're a girl, you're a boy
You're different, that's all, time to destroy

They hate what's different, what doesn't match
Their views, their beliefs so attacks they hatch

"Let's make this world believe just one thing
That our way's right!" the voices ring

Called God, Buddha, Jehovah, Shiva
Muhammand, Aum, Nirankar, Allah

There's hundreds of more, whatever the name
They may be different, but the feelings the same

Why can't they accept, why don't they see
Under the skin, we're all meant to be

To live our lives, to trust our hearts
To accept what's different, in life take part

To share, to teach, to listen, to learn
Before it's all gone and this earth burns

