

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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words come to me from time to time some i write down others are lost in the
wind from where they came

Faces

The faces of people are many
Some beam with joy their sprit busting to get out
Some are trapped in their own world showing nothing of their inner self to the
outside
Some have the look of purpose a mission to complete
Some just meander no set goal in sight
The faces of people are many that many we tend to forget

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Fear Not

Fear not the dark ahead
Our hearts and hands will always be near
Bathe in life's lights
While it's shine is bright
Look at the delights you have bought this world
Be not afraid and always stand tall
If life should sweep you away from us
Know that we will always love you
Be not afraid, for we will join you someday

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I Will

I will be the breath in you when you are sad
I will be your heart when you are glad
I will make the sun shine just for you
I will be all the good in you I can
I will give my all until life in me does end

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Kia Kaha

I will be strong.

I will stand up and face life's wind of thorns, with a strong mind and open heart.

I will accept life's pleasures with gladness and glee.

I will treasure and learn from life's lessons and share them if need be.

I will nurture my children and teach them right from wrong.

I will show and share love with my friends.

I will be strong in the face of my enemies, but show them compassion and help if they need it.

I will listen and share in children's laughter by day and marvel at stars in night sky.

My heart will always be expecting and my mind will search for the truth.

And when its over I will no that they'll miss me, but ill just slip quietly away..

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Lifes Sruggles

When life's struggle got you by the neck its squeezing the soul from you
Its choking the goodness and warmth from your body.
Its making you scream with the pressure and the pain
Its making you forget the good and look toward the in sane
When life's doing this to you look at what's around you and think are there things
around me to take away this pain.
Family, friends, wonders in nature. Some activity you enjoy, a moment in the
past, some small thing or some one that will ease the pain of life a moment so
you can gain your breath and start the fight again..

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Manawatu Gorge

Manawatu gorge

The manawatu gorge a place of solid rock or just natures toy
Of step bush lined gullies
Of massive and jagged rock faces
Of gently misty rain

The manawatu gorge where natures fury shows its rage
With blasts of bitter cold
With mountains of water, which play with trees and house size boulders?
With rock slides which sweep rail and roading aside
The manawatu gorge a place where natures giants reside

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More Than Us

Mountains stand like guardians tall and erect.
Not bothered by passing clouds or the thunder storm quiet near.
Looking at their forests, which are being ripped from their sides?

Looking at their water, which is being turned into waste?
They are not that bothered cause they no who will win this race

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Parents

Our parents when we see through young eyes.
When our hearts, are only, filled with want.
They seem like a hindrance,
To what we want and think we need.
They impose boundaries which we think are wrong.
It's not till we are older and in many cases they are gone.
That their boundaries and expectations where to teach us not hurt.
Their way of showing how much they loved us, by trying to teach us right from
wrong

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Shadows

Shadows

We walk in the shadows of others and others walk in ours.
Our lives shine bright like beacons or are as dim as the dark.
We reach out for one and another not knowing what we will find.
Our pathways are different and not always that easy.
We often find soul mates or strangers that share in our journey.
Our footsteps are filled with pleasure but more often with pain.
We move freely through the good times and crawl slowly through the pain.
Our reward when it's over, will be to sit in the light, there will be no more
darkness.
We won't walk in shadows but stand in his sight...

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Spring

The sparkle of sunlight, the new blossoms of spring, as it shines in the eyes of
new born lambs yet to walk.

Spring is here forcing its way through the remaining cold of winter.

The yellows, pinks, and whites of new flowers, as they burst from the trees.

Spring is here dragging summer with it as it comes

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Time

Time brings us all to heal
Time takes the strength from the strong
Time takes the youth from the young
Time makes the seed a tree
Time makes a rain dropp a sea
Time builds mountains from grains of sand
Time creates the people that are you and I
Time is more than a moment, longer than all life times.
Time worth more than any riches
Time ticks in seconds but rushes past us in years
Time is unstoppable so use your time with vision and wisdom don't waste on
down and doom

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Traffic Serpent

Bumper to bumper a long serpent of brake lights
Moving inch by inch
Joined together by fumes of diesel and petrol
This giant snake of vehicles creeps slowly forward eager to be gone
Weaving its way slowly around corners
And dashing more quickly down the long straights
Its many colors catching flecks of the early sun
Its eyes of red white and amber blinking and flashing as if greeting the day to
come
As more of the day approaches the long serpent like trail of vehicles is gone
Replaced by the orderly meander of off peck traffic just out there for a roam

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Waka

Shinning and gleaming she sits and waits.
Created with love and sweat of many she waits.
At last she is placed gently into the water.
She is at last where she belongs.
She feels at one with the water.
It gathers round her, her shape forms to it.
Then its time to begin her first journey.
The chosen crew mounts her with pride and joy.
In time to an ancient chant, their paddles dig deep into the water.
She surges forward cutting into the water like a giant knife cutting its way
through life.
Splashes of water land on her hull and shine like diamonds.
The people watch hearts full of pride and excitement.
She is alive now and will serve them for many years.

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Waves

They roll to the shore like a giant line of soldier's line after line
They crash and smash them self's with a roar like thunder upon the rocks and sand

The sight of such giant waves makes you marvel at the power of nature.

The hissing and froth makes a sight to behold.

Then as if a magic wand, has been waved they are gone back into the depth from which they where made.

Back to the depths to ready for the next battle when they will march again.

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Weather God

Wind rain and the bone chill of cold

Is this the anger of the weather god sending us merely made of flesh a warning?

A warning not to stand to tall in the order of things

A warning of how brick and cement hardened for a hundred years can crumble
and be washed away in a mere moment

Or is it to teach us that from all bad there is always better

From all wind rain and cold

There will be calm sun and warmth

Let us all heed its warnings

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Wisdom

The years gather around us as time passes by
Each one that we live through has taught us such wisdom, and granted us
treasures, more than we can behold.
The wisdom and treasures don't come easy they are built with tear drops and
born out of sweat
They come in the heat of the day and the bitter cold of the night
They are granted with life or dredged from the ashes of death
The wisdom and treasures are not easily located as they can hide in the shadows
and the mist of our minds
But when we no how to seek and use them, we finally become endless just like
time

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