

Poetry Series

Lydia J. McFarland
- poems -

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Lydia J. McFarland(1977-)

1st Impression

Once our eyes met
I knew you wanted me
I could see it
in your lustful stare
licking your lips
as your gaze,
traveled down to
my thick, caramel brown thighs
Even so, when you looked in my direction
in my expression,
you saw no emotion
which gave you the impression
that I had no intention
to allow you, the opportunity
to indulge yourself;
you skinny dipping in my ocean
was not an option

Lydia J. McFarland

A Lovely Place

A lovely place, is a place of security,
it is full of peace, honor and well-being.
A place everyone wants to go,
but won't take head to any direction.

What color is this place?
Why, it is clear as far
as the human eyes can see.
Only a pure soul could endure
something so lovely.

Are our souls pure?
what a ridiculous question to ask,
only one being could answer that!

There's another lovely place,
a deserted sea shore.
A place that never ends,
you could walk around it for
days and days and end up
at where you began.

Somewhat dazed,
but then you'd realize
what it really means to be
chosen for that special place.

Lydia J. McFarland

A Moment

I hear the soft sweet wind,
as it carries whispering voices away,
as the cool morning breeze passes me by,
I feel the warm sun comfort my cold soul,
As I wait, to reach out and touch,
What in my mind feels like,
the soft heavens above.

Lydia J. McFarland

A Sign From Me

Deeper than the deepest ocean
Is my love for you.

It is wider than the Grand Canyon,
It is higher than Mount Everest,
It is longer than the Mississippi River.

I give you all my love,
yet yours is limited.

Why do you separate...
the grass from the hills?
Although it hurts to be neglected,

I will stand by your side,
and hope for a better tomorrow.

Yet with an ocean comes a tide,
as the sand of your lives,
slowly erodes away.

Yours Truly,
Your God Almighty

Lydia J. McFarland

Baby Girl Come Home

Baby girl... Why do you desire all these earthly things?
when I can give you the wisdom, wealth and security
of more than one thousand kings.
I am your God, your soul survivor
You must first humble yourself,
and trust in me,
through my son Jesus Christ
you shall be free.
You once knew my Greatness and wonderful power,
but something happened and you became
that of a wilted flower.
I miss your bright petals and your beautiful smile
You can have that again, if you could just sit awhile
and soak in my glory, and honor me with praise
time is short, there is no time to waste.
Just come to me, and ask for my help.
I am always available rain or shine!
you are my beautiful flower, a child of mine.
I will always forgive and forget.
Baby girl... I know that it's hard, but just take the first step
and the rest will follow.
You were made in my image, that you must know
I desire great things for you, in all that you do.
Please come back home to me daughter, until then I bid you a deu.

(a plea from a Concerned Father to his daughter)

Lydia J. McFarland

Birds

Birds can sing
Birds can fly
Birds can see across the sky.

You may look if you want,
there on a tree-top sitting
under the warm rays of sun,
a little birdie's chirping

'GOODBYE GOODBYE'

Lydia J. McFarland

Bp Blues

I'm feelin' rather dreary
totally blan
but no one seems to hear me
or wants to understand
I'm not that crazy
just want to be heard
just sitting here ramblin'
like an old buzzard
too young to be fat
too prideful to be pitied
too old to complain
too smart to be unfocussed
too depressed to be insane

Lydia J. McFarland

Consequences

Yeah I hit him,
at a costly price,

I was provoked, I said 'stop' twice
he didn't, and that wasn't nice

So I struck out and slapped him,
and shocked us both

It's apparent that the message
I sent across was clearly understood

But the fact that I put my hands on him
didn't do us any good.

Lydia J. McFarland

Conviction

I shouldn't have ever opened the door
and invited you in,

we are so alike it's like we are some kin
this emotion I'm feeling can't be helped,
damn, why did I invite you in?

I want to give this emotion a name,
but then to voice it would be a shame.
I know that we could never be together
not out in the sun shiney weather.

I shouldn't have ever opened the door.
you're so precious and new,
what ever will i do?

Damn boy, I'm hooked on you.
I opened the door,
I showed you a window into my soul.
and now with out you, I feel so cold.

If I could turn back the hands of time,
out of site and out of mind.
I would have made sure,
you were my first.
this energy in me,
is just dying to burst.

I shouldn't have opened the door.
shouldn't have given you a window of opportunity
to ever hope you could be with me.

I'm sorry I couldn't help myself
I was feeling so cold, and you warmed me up
with that fire, blazing in you.
so precious, pure and true.

I know I shouldn't say it,
I shouldn't give it a name.

this emotion I'm feeling
brings me joy and pain.

Damn it boy, I love you! ! ! !

There I named it
and what I write,
you know is true.

shouldn't have ever opened the door
and invited you in.
but through Christ you, mesmerize me.
you cause conviction in my heart.

Your a wholesome,
driven, unique and intriguing
creature.

A masterpiece, meticulously molded
by God.
you fill me with the desire
to excel in all his greatness.

I'm glad I opened the door,
and allowed you in.

Lydia J. McFarland

Dear Father

Dear Father,

all this greatness you've instilled in me
yet I still insist on hiding, from my destiny,
I've been called to write.... and prophecy
to others by sharing this precious gift
you've bestowed upon me...
making excuses for not sharing
when deep down in my heart
and soul I've always wished I could be
your shining star, I don't want glory or fame,
I just want to be acknowledged for these
inspirational perspectives that you have
allowed me to mold and shape into a
masterpiece that will touch others hearts,
minds and souls.
and to be able to do it with out shame.
so that I made spread the news of
Your Glory My Dear Lord.

Lydia J. McFarland

Depression

Downcast, thoughts forelorn
while others look on with eyes of scorn
Dreams are incomplete
As reincarnations from your past,
seem to repeat
consumed by problems that refuse to die
you bury your head,
as tears fall from your eyes.

Lydia J. McFarland

Even Though

Wow! you've still got that spark,
my heart still skips a beat when you are near
it's been years I know,
but I still remember,
back then they called it puppy love.
you were my boo and I was your girl.
you were a big part of my world.
Not sure what happened, and why things changed
but our friendship, although a little distant,
no doubt still remains the same.
You still look great!
Don't you realize how important you are?
You may not even think it or understand the beauty
that lies within you, for you are
an intelligent, handsome, creative, unique and
spiritual gentleman; there's an anointing in your life,
Even though our paths in life have changed,
May God continue to encourage and bless you in all that you do.
I will always care for you. Someday God will send you
a beautiful angel, that will be all that you dreamed of
and you will make her your wife.

Luv your friend

Ja'naela

Lydia J. McFarland

Hallowed Be Thy Precious Name

Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.
We want to praise you, for your greatness
Hallowed be thy name!

We want to thank you for your mercy
and your heavenly grace.

Hallowed be thy name
I say Hallowed be thy name!

We gather together on this day,
to celebrate the birth of Christ, Jesus,
born on Christmas Day!

It's not about Frosty the snowman, or even shopping.
And it's not about the number of gifts,
waiting for us underneath the Christmas tree.

It's about Immanuel, our Lord and Savior,
born in a little town called Bethlehem,
by way of the Blessed Virgin Mary, on Christmas Day!

Hallowed be thy name
I say Hallowed be thy precious name!

For the short time he was here on earth,
he taught us how to love, live righteously and pray.
He performed miracles and enlightened us on the ways of our Father
And most of all he gave us the bread of life.

Hallowed be thy name
I say Hallowed be thy precious name!

For when he chose to die upon the cross in Calvary,
he sacrificed himself willingly for our sins,
to save us from our iniquities
And whosoever believes in him shall have everlasting life.

Hallowed be thy name

I say Hallowed be thy precious name!

Although Christmas is a day of Joy, Peace, Harmony, giving and receiving.
It is also a day of remembrance and celebration;
for all the things Immanuel, our Lord and Savior and
Yahweh, our Father, God Almighty had done and continues to do for us.

Hallowed be thy name
I say Hallowed be the Holy name!

So from this day forward
I commission you, Oh blessed children of God,
Why not let everyday be about celebration, worship and praise?

Let's show our true appreciation to our Heavenly Father
for blessing us with his most precious gift,
His only begotten son, Christ Jesus
The light of the world!
A constant reminder of his purpose
and what he sacrificed for you and for me.

Hallowed be thy name
I say Hallowed be thy Holy name!

Let's make a commitment to glorify our Lord
And walk in his will,
not just on Christmas, but each and everyday.

Hallowed be thy name
I say Hallowed be thy Holy name!

Written By

Lydia McFarland

In honor of God the Father & Christ Jesus his son

December 20,2009

Lydia J. McFarland

Heart Break

Lost in thought my dreams corrupted,
My heart is crumpled deep down inside.

I'm quite lonely, yet a cold heart
could never hold me.

My feelings have been smashed,
a few memories trashed.

I surely regret these feelings of neglect.

Lost in thought my dreams corrupted,
My heart feels some unjust.

It is innocent, has done no wrong,
but is treated like a traitor,
fighting against love and hate.

Yet as always,
a cold heart would never suspect.

Lydia J. McFarland

Held Captive By You

your words and inspiration
for they are like tender caresses,
on my brown skin,
your wisdom captivates my mind,
and your warmth, warms my heart
your astuteness mesmerizes me,
your creativity leaves me feeling enrapt.
you're a fascinating alluring being,
and I can't help but be enthralled by your presence.

Lydia J. McFarland

In The Morning If I Arise...

In the morning if I arise...
I will turn against those,
who are not wise
you will see
the wrath of God
flood the earth
with just a nod,

Better yet...
all he has to do
is give the command,
and you my brother
will meet your fate.
'Oh Lord save me! ' you will shout,
but it was too late,
so he kicked you out.

My dearly beloved siblings,
I've come to you with this warning:
In easier terms...
Our Father is saying:
'Shape up my children, or you shall be shipped out! '
I hope you all understand that!
Because I do, and I'm going to try my hardest,
to be righteous, by him...

So are you with me?
If not that's fine,
Because I am bold...
I am strong, and I have the will power,
to do what has to be done.

Dear brothers and sisters,
I love you through Christ,
for we are all one in him,
but the things you are doing...
disobedience, folly, fornication, lying, stealing,
perversion, drugs, violence and homosexuality;
You all know that these are not the things of God.

We are not on this earth to please ourselves,
We are here to accomplish something in life,
accept Jesus Christ as our personal savior,
repent, and do the good work of The Lord.
So that when judgment day arrives,
we shall be admitted into heaven with our Heavenly Father,
and our Brother, who died for us.

Love always,
your sister in Christ
Lydia J. Taylor

Lydia J. McFarland

In Your Eyes

In your eyes, I see
a child longing to be free.
The child sees no color,
but feels we should love one another.

In your eyes, I see
the question;
Why put one through so much misery?

You are free,
yet you keep the child imprisoned.

In your eyes, I see
guilt, hurt, anger and fear.

Yet you do not come forth,
Why do you procrastinate?
Is this child a part of you, your innerself?

Let the child be free,
do not pity it with your
heartaches and complaints.

In your eyes, I see
that the child,
grows weak and withers away.

Lydia J. McFarland

It's You

When I smile, there's a sparkle in my eyes...
it's you... it's you, Lord... it's you.
When I laugh, there is happiness in my heart,
it's you, it's you, it's you.
When I sing there is joy in my soul
it's you... it's you, Lord... it's you.
When I shout out your name, in praise
I do it, I do it, without shame.
When I dance in your grace,
to glorify your name
I do it, I do it without shame.

Lydia J. McFarland

Looks Can Be Deceiving

Outside of me, I look different,
yet in a sense I am the same.

Inside me I am confused,
and full of shame.

Outside of me, I am fearless,
bold and Conquering,

Inside of me, I am lost,
and steady wandering.

Outside of me, I attack those,
that try to deceive me.

Inside of me, I want love,
peace and harmony.

Outside of me, nothing matters, but

Inside of me,

My heart often shatters.

Outside of me, I am searching for something. but

Inside of me, I already possess it.

Lydia J. McFarland

Lydia Taylor

Living Life
Young
Devouring Death
In
An Arrangement.

Taking Time To Thoroughly
Appreciate the beauty of being
Young
Living Life Luxuriously in
Our Own
Resourceful way.

Lydia J. McFarland

No Longer

I can no longer deny this gift, from up high
that you have bestowed unto me
As hard as I have struggled,
and fought to live my own life.

I now realize that
it was never my intention
to be prideful, and unworthy of your grace
At times I feel I can't show you my true face.

This wonderful gift of poetry and song;
I've tried to shelter it; I was selfish
and now know I was wrong.

This gift you've given me,
has no place for a being without a face!
I will try to live this life you've chosen for me
and will do my best to Honor thee.

Lydia J. McFarland

Out In The Country

Out in the country,
that's where I be.
It ain't no wonderland,
you soon shall see.
I live in a house,
shangles and all,
on top of all that,
my front door's com'n off.

My roof needs repair'n,
the grass needs some mow'n,
Them cows need some tend'n,
and my clothes need some mend'n.

My husban's drunk an' all,
he's a bumb,
don't do nothin'
but spit and bawl.

Out in the country,
that's where I be.
It ain't no wonderland,
for him and me.
My dog... Bumpy,
I should send'm to the city,
maybe then I'd get some publicity.
He's dirty an' ugly, but he sho' is smart.

But if he go,
I won't see him no mo'e
so I best stay out in the country,
and die po'r

Lydia J. McFarland

Pandora's Box

How many secrets untold,
does one treasure chest hold
in the possession of Pandora's Box?

How long does it take for an inconspicuous
being to pry at you with its deceitful
treachery?

To knock and hash at your mind, To kick and
slash at your inner strength!

How long can you withstand this impulsive
demand?

Do we really harbor a conscience,
Or is it merely good versus evil?

Why, but who knows the answers untold,
except for the essence in Pandora's box.

Who has the key, to free us all from this
mortal pain and suffering?

Why, your curious mind and the soul of
Pandora's Box combined.

Lydia J. McFarland

Pffft...

the thing u said the other day
about being happy that I am just like her
when you reflect back on the days
this girl u would've preferred.
she seems so perfect,
no woman could compare
she had mahogany brown skin
and long wavy black hair
her intelligence proceeded her
she was your beautiful black queen
you talked about her so freakin' much
made me want to scream! ! !
even so... those days have come and gone,
a compliment and and insult
is what you've managed to combine
telling me you're happy you've got someone
just like her! pffft, Why not just kick me in the behind?

Lydia J. McFarland

Regardless

Regardless of what you've done,
think of the battle you've won...

Overcoming guilt and distress,
you'll soon be out of this mess.

Regardless of what you've done,

I am your friend, and I'll be there
for you until the end.

Lydia J. McFarland

Sound Mind

Non exposed,
virtual to reality,
under the influence,
in peace with ones self.

Diverged...

Within ones own mind,
time does not exist.

It's a part of man's world.

Diverged...

A minority to priority,
lost in society,

Where does one turn
with limited space?

Diverged...

Unrecognized by the
common folk in this,
unrealistic module.

Diverged...

Is it possible,
to live among
these people,
and have a sound mind?

Diverged...

Lost in space,
is it a delusion,
or mere confusion?

Diverged...

Lydia J. McFarland

Stealin Dem Dere Chickens

Yeh' I know that it's sunday and all,
but I ain't to ole tuu come ou'side an' see
who try'n to steal'n my chick'ns
You ain't supposed tuu wear black,
or shoot nobody on Sunday, but Oh! well
I just a ketched Mr. McClarly's lil' ole white boy try'n tuu
steal'n dem dere chick'ns but don't worry he ain't com'n back
NO MO'E

(the photo was of a poor middle aged country black woman with a double barrel shot gun, and 3 white chickens standing next to her in a circle, a tattered shack behind her, with her looking angrily off into the distance.)

Lydia J. McFarland

Strange As It May Seem

Strange as it may seem,
I do have these feelings.

I care for you so much,
I let you know with every
caress and touch.

You are my love,
my life,

and I hope to have you
by my side until the end of time.

Lydia J. McFarland

Summary Of Phillipians 3: 12-20

I am not perfect, nor have I acquired all
of the skills required in order to enter
The Almighty's Kingdom.

I do not forget my past, nor do I dwell on it,
but I look forward to inheriting my my golden future.
Even though the path is narrow. I strive
forward to reach, His Heavenly Gates,
hidden behind His Majestic, yet colorful rainbow.
I boldy stand with my sisters, and brothers,
to walk in a humble, yet radical Spirit's Shoes.
So that I may acquire citizenship,
within the Kingdom of God.

Lydia J. McFarland

Sweet As A Jellybean

I thought of you today,

just like everyday.

I thought you would like a jelly bean,

Because you're so sweet, and nice to me.

You've etched a place in my heart,

and that's how friendship starts.

Lydia J. McFarland

The Bitter End

I'm jealous of your friends,
That golden bond, you all share.
I used to be envious of the way
the ladies would smile and stare.
I'm hateful for all the things
to me, you've said and done,
I'm regretful because sometimes,
I think that you're not the one.
all these wasted years,
Of sweat, blood and tears.
looking back, I think I was a fool,
You were a total waste of time.
Your love is like that of a drunken man,
who has more love for his liquor,
than that of his woman
You're nice and sweet to me,
when it's to your liking
but your rage, and fury
to others is rather shocking
your friends can hardly believe
that you would take advantage of their trust,
and are so quick to deceive,
I am vengeful, for I want you to suffer
for all the lies, threats, broken promises,
for all the fights, arguments and beatings
I want you to feel a pain like no other.
I want you to grovel at my feet,
I want you to beg for mercy and admit your defeat.
Even though we are no longer together,
A small part of my heart, still dares to care.
possibly a thin glimpse of hope, that you will change
for that is the only way I can cope...with
seven years of trials, seven years of pain
seven years of sunshine, and seven years of rain.
I used to be sweet, but with all this ware and tare,
over the years I've become bitter, and full of despair
If I've hurt your feelings, I can't say that I'm sorry
this last outburst of yours, has left me numb; of course
I was crystal clear, when I said I wanted you out,

But you stated that you refuse to leave...
And that's understandable, no doubt.
If we didn't share children, there would be no need for you to stay
It's very clear that you love them more than me... anyways.

Lydia J. McFarland

The Lighthouse Of The Lord

I gave the world my son,
and he laid down his life for it.

Even so it goes on turning unaware,
of its creator's rupturing despair,

Gather together in the lighthouse of the Lord,
and direct the ships lost at sea...

My children you must bring them ashore...
lead them, encourage them and show the the way.

As one body, be a compass...
Guide them North, show them that my way is the only way.

Let the lighthouse of the Lord be a beacon,
as it shines brightly in my name.

Let it glow as it shimmers through the deep waters,

Beckoning my lost children at sea.

'I am The Lord, Your God... Abide in me and noone else,
and you have my word that you shall prevail! '

They cry 'Holy...is The Lord our God! '
As they joyously gather in my name!

Sincerely,

Your God, Almighty

Lydia J. McFarland

Trumpets

The trumpets are blaring in heaven
and the angels are singing and dancing
and the saints are here on earth
lifting God's name up in prayer.

Oh the trumpets are blaring in heaven
and the angels are singing and dancing
and the saints are here on earth
bowing down in reverence.

Oh Lord revitalize my soul,
please make my mind anew,
refresh my spirit
and give me a heart of servitude.
As we go out into the world for you
and witness to the lost and those with a willing ear
will return to you in multitudes

Oh what a day that will be
can't wait for that glorious celebration!

Where the trumpets are blaring in heaven
and the angels are singing and dancing
and the saints of God are rejoicing
as they lift up your name in praise.

Oh the trumpets are blaring in heaven
and the angels are singing and dancing
and the saints are here on earth
bowing down in reverence.

Lydia J. McFarland

Untitled

Forgive me for being distant and staying away, I miss you all dearly...
in spite of my flaws and selfish way
Living the life as a chosen one is a heavy cross to bare
But if I just put one foot forward and don't look back...
God will help me get there...to that place of rest (mental peace)
as I travel a long the path of righteousness,
I have friends and mentors like you, that help guide me...
even when I am blind to my own iniquities
At least one of you is always standing in the gap for me!

Forgive me for being distant and straying away...
from my duties and my calling...
There are things in this world that I have not
or will ever experience
because God chose a better life for me
and now I must succumb and walk in it.
Pouting in the spirit has proven to be futile
I do not want to be that disobedient daughter
that got washed away by the tide...
So Lord I surrender... please have your way.

Lydia J. McFarland

Worthless...?

I'm sorry for letting you down,
I have been nowhere to be found.
Making promises I know I can't keep
worrying you sick, making it difficult for you to sleep
When you call, usually I am home;
but I've been so depressed who cares about the phone
Sad but true, feeling like I've fallen far from heavenly grace
to ashamed to show my tear stricken face,
God loves me this I know
but these new meds got me feelin like....SO!
My so called sweet heart prefers someone else
give him his refund; and put me back on the shelf.
Feeling unwanted, stained and blue
Who'd want something dirty?
not me, how about you?

Lydia J. McFarland