

Poetry Series

Mary Murphy
- poems -

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Mary Murphy()

I am Mary, I am 16 and have great hopes for my future! I love to write poetry I could write all day if it wasn't for highschool. Being catholic I attend a private Catholic school and I love it despite it's extreme level of difficult. I love Science and Math but don't have a problem with all subjects. This year I have especially loved Apologetics. I am one of 12 children along with my sister Joann. I am the youngest of the girls, the 10th kid. I have beautiful nephews and neices and the best aunts uncles, cousins, and grandparents I could EVER ask for.... oh and I could never forget my two amazing parents and all my great brothers and sisters.

I live such a happy life, and above everything in my life and at the basis of everything in my life, I am truly proud to say that I am a Catholic who will never quit, this gives my life meaning and purpose, everything else would be FAR less without this fraction of who I am...and me, well I just wouldn't be me.

I am very Irish...at least 1/2 Irish, and well that's great too; my favorite color is green and my last name is Murphy, so I guess that I am doing my part as an Irish girl.

I wan't to thank everyone who reads my poetry for simply reading it, and for everyone who comments or sends me messages....well thats very much appreciated and I will include you ALL in my prayers along with trying to comment on your work as well =)

Thank you for reading, God Bless your life, your day, all your loved ones, and YOU!

A Mother Mistaken....Another Life Taken.

She wonders if she'll ever feel the same
wishing she could erase this unquenchable shame.
'How could I have destroyed a gift so great?
Have forced upon such an innocent life, such a horrible fate?
It seemed so simple and clear
but now I feel the pain of each piercing tear.
I've done the unspeakable; I've committed such a crime.
Now I'm left with regrets unbearable, I'll bare for all time.
I'd give anything to make things right,
knowing that it's too late I can't sleep at night.
They lied, it was a crime, I know that it had to be.
I cried, things weren't fine; the murder of my baby was all I could see.
If some should say, that it wasn't wrong.
For them I'll pray, for it was all along.
I do not blame others, for it was my choice.
But If only I could change yours, please hear my voice.
What they say is a tissue, resembles your face,
and has a beautiful future none can replace.
To take it away, like I did to my daughter.
Was not the right answer, it was man-slaughter.
She'd still be alive; she'd be here with me.
In my arms I'd hold my precious baby.
How can one say, that she is a tissue?
This way of thought is more than an issue.
What else should one look like in that stage of life?
This has become, an incredible strife.
If I had known or thought this way before,
I would have never walked into that clinic door.
When will this end? How could it have begun?
My conscience will never mend, I have nowhere to run.
This murder, this injustice, we must see that it's incorrect.
How could we treat God's power with such disrespect?
The rights of the baby were sacrificed for my own.
The decision of her taken life was based on my convenience alone.
What sort of mother am I, to do such a thing?
The baby did no wrong, but I was wrong in everything.
They told me this "tissue" was not really alive.
But even microscopic cells live and survive.
Well this BABY has more than one cell!

I should have thought this through before, but instead I fell.
I was blinded by how MY life would be affected.
By lies, and deception my mind was infected.
Did it solve my problem? No, my life will never be the same.
But worst of all, the baby never had the chance of life, only a taste of pain.
A wrong can never be justified by another wrong. This is a fact.
The way we avoid this, is through the truth we extract.
Murder is murder, no matter the victim.
Only God can take a life, the choice belongs him.
It must stop. Before you make the choice I did, I'm begging you...DONT!
It wont make you feel better or solve your problems, it won't, please believe me.
IT WON'T! "

Mary Murphy

A Poem For Mom

Mom you've always made me stronger,
Taught me to hold on for just a little longer.
You correct my mistakes and praise my success.
You love to tell me just how to dress.
Being a teen I often cause trouble,
And being a twin, the difficulty is double.
However I've learned much more from you,
Than all of those friends who affect what I do.
I know you love me, and always choose what's best;
I'm just one of the 12 soon to leave the nest.
You really are magnificent in all that you are.
You're my life's greatest example by far!
You gave me life, along with Joann,
And you've help me to live it,
the best that I can.

(I am a twin and one of twelve kids all belonging to my/ our amazing mom)

Mary Murphy

A Return Home

The mother holds her precious daughter
praying for the return of the loving father
He wears his cross close to his heart
and watches while all hope falls apart
The enemy is gaining all sense of power
and he misses his family more by the hour
to make it home alive is his only thought
while he's dodging the sounds of shot after shot
He wants to wrap his baby girl tight in his arms
to protect her, and his family from all harms
But he a soldier has duty to the call
and will fight to the end, though the end might prove small
Tears flow from his eyes though a man he may be
as he looks at his companions who can no longer breath
as he grasps his cross tightly in his fist
he runs into dark deep mist
determined to make it home
But he cannot make it alone.
His men are scattered all over the ground,
the bombs are everywhere yet he cant here a sound.
His heart is set on his little girls face,
As he runs for cover in this cold and forbidden place.
One second he's there the next he is gone.
He awakes into light, as if the light was switched on.
Surrounded by loved ones and his relieved family,
He wakes up to find what he prayed he'd live to see.
He had fallen in the dark and the enemy had withdrawn.
The war had ended just when all hope was gone.
No one quite knew how he stayed alive.
Something greater than weapons had helped him survive.
Now he is home, and safe from all harm,
Holding his new baby with his uninjured arm.

Mary Murphy

A Spring Poem

Such beauty fills the spring,
New life for everything.
Metallic colors fill the skies,
With the magic of each dazzling sunrise.
Dandelions all yellow and bright,
Transform into wishes that drift out of sight.
A walk in the sun will do the soul good.
Time always flies by, faster than it should.
Reflections of greens and blues trapped in the lake.
A perfect day for a malt or a shake.
No need for a coat, but grab one just in case.
Those chancy clouds might steel, that sunlight on your face.
The frogs just keep going, and crickets never end!
But at least it's nice knowing, you can listen with a friend.
It seemed like winter lasted forever,
And the beginning of summer was going to be never.
But now it is spring, and nature is awake!
It's all announcing, the long waited Summer break!
We've had our fill of school's complication,
Let's hurry up and get started with Summer vacation!

Mary Murphy

An Unheard Call

Just a little baby
So small and petite
Waits with his mom
In the hospital seat.

“Where am I, I wonder
What do I look like?
Will my name be John..
Or will she call me Mike?

I can't wait to see
what it's like outside
It's getting a little crowded,
In this place I ride.

I must be getting heavy,
I bet she cannot wait,
Maybe she'll have me early
...hopefully I won't be late.

I'm getting so impatient...
I want to see the land,
Oh look here comes the doctor! ”
The doctor takes her hand.

“What is he telling her?
I can't quite make it out,
but mommy's voice sounds scared,
so full of fear and doubt.

I hope she is okay,
I'll comfort her before long,
I can't wait to meet her!
Now what could be going wrong?

Here comes all the nurses,
They are lying her in a bed,
I know this isn't home,
what could the doctor have said?

Are those tears on her face?
I don't like it here,
My mommy isn't happy,
And I'm beginning to fear.

What... me, Fetus?
I don't like that name,
I want my mom to name me,
but she seems too ashamed.

Mom I'll be a good son,
I will make you smile,
just wait till you see me,
I'll be there in a little while.

I'm so excited to see you,
I bet you're beautiful and bright,
Because I've seen your face,
In my dreams each night.

Mommy, did that nurse call me tissue?
Don't listen to them please.
Because you must know I'm here,
I'm not just some disease.

I have fingers like you do,
And a face I know you've seen,
The doctor showed me to you,
On that one black screen

What are all those tools for?
They better not hurt you,
For if they harm you one bit,
I'll harm them too.

Ouch that hurt...
What's happening to me?
be very gentle,
I'm only a baby.

Mommy do something,

they are trying take my life,
why are you letting them cut me
with that knife.

What's going on,
Your shaking,
At least its not your life,
These nurses are taking.

.mommy? !

Mommy, I'm up higher now,
I see you down below,
I'm safe here but disappointed,
Because I loved you so.

I'm not alone here, don't worry
There are other baby's too,
they all are here for the same reason,
we all had moms like you.

Each day I see new faces,
all scratched up and torn,
these are all the faces,
Of the precious unborn.

God says he's sorry,
that we never got to live,
and never had the chance,
to see what He tried to give.

So many brilliant people,
Fill this place I now stay.
They all had a place in the world,
But that place was taken away.

God's curious about,
What's going through your head.
He sent you a precious gift,
But you chose pain instead.

Mother I am sorry,
that you were so mistaken,
the nurses all told lies,
and so my life was taken.

Some people down there know,
That abortion is wrong,
they are trying to stop it,
but they are taking too long.

They need more help you see,
Because they are so small,
Just like my friends and me,
You couldn't hear our call.

Mary Murphy

Bad Spelling

words seamed to bee so usseles...
Nevar had much youse to spel...
and now, when I actualy nead too..
my speling is like hel.

Mary Murphy

Cleanse Me

I don't know what to do,
I'm lost, I'm scared, I'm nothing without you.
my thoughts are tangled and twisted,
my heart, afraid of things it once trusted.
many things are blurred and hard to see
not in sight, or hearing but feelings inside me.
how can I know what's true and what's not?
Is there an honest answer? I must be taught.
I'm shivering, but so warm, what does this mean?
I feel dirty inside, but outward I'm clean.
Oh Lord, Help me determine right from wrong.
Grant me your grace so I may be strong.
In all my decisions, the great and the small,
help me to be consistent with your grace through them all.
You've given such marvels and joys in this life
help us to share them with people in strife.
Help us to understand what you want us to see,
You give us the choice, and the chance to be happy,
Its our own will, and decisions that get us so lost,
The death of your son, was our transgressions cost.
And now we can follow you in full, for eternity,
so long as we have your grace and forgiveness, which has perpetuity.
Cleanse me, and make me warm, and purify me once more.
Clear the way, help me see, your answers I wait for.

Mary Murphy

Darling Fight Bravely

Life is short.
This is true,
But it seems so slow
When without you.

I miss your warmth
As these weeks grow cold,
Just filling in time,
But the T.V is growing old,

You take your bags,
I wish you could stay,
I start to cry
As you walk away.

You wipe your eyes,
And don't think I see,
That you wish too,
To stay with me.

But the war is waiting,
It's now your time,
And I'll be praying my heart out,
As you're fighting crime.

It's just so hard
To watch you leave, □
With my torn heart,
And tear drenched sleeve.

My makeup is smeared,
My eyes are black,
I cry and cry,
Because you haven't come back.

You'd think your job was harder,
Yes you will actually fight,
But there is no greater pain
Than of loosing you tonight.

Though summer comes,
I still shiver inside,
Nothing feels colder
Than those tears I cried.

Still stained to my cheek,
And locked in my heart,
Only you can melt
My tears apart.

I long to see you,
I dream of that day,
I've never missed someone,
In such a deep way.

Darling fight bravely,
Be strong through the night,
I'll be here waiting,
I'll pray you're alright.

Mary Murphy

Importance Of Family

It's colder tonight
As the winter draws near.
Still in our cardboard home,
Daddy said to stay here.

They took away our house,
Now we live on the street.
No one seems to care,
Not a single person we meet.

Daddy lost his job,
And one week later left.
Now he is in jail,
For violence and theft.

All my toys are gone.
The baby won't stop crying.
Mommy can't find work,
But she will never stop trying.

I'm sick of all the pavement.
I want my soft warm bed.
No covers but newspaper.
The side walk for my head.

Mommy brought home some candy.
One chocolate bar to share.
She also brought us mittens.
We each got our own pair.

My watch is broken,
It must be after midnight.
The ally way is filled,
With the ambulance light.

They've come to take the baby,
She cannot even breathe.
Mommy climbs in with them,
And without me they all leave.

Now I'm all alone.
All I can do is pray.
But when talking to God,
I don't know what to say.

"God I know you watching,
I feel You in my heart.
You've watched us in our strengths,
And have seen us fall apart.

Thank You for all the mornings,
I though I'd never see.
Thank You for this strength,
You've put inside of me.

You always bring mom home,
In health and a good mood.
And despite the hard conditions,
You bless us with some food.

The world is a hard place.
But family helps allot.
They make me forget what I don't have.
And appreciate what I've got.

Please bring them both back,
So I can see them again.
This is all I ask.
Thank you God, Amen."

I walked to the hospital.
When the next day had arrived.
Mommy was in the chapel.
The baby hadn't survived.

She looked into to my eyes,
And told me to be strong.
She held me in her arms,
And sang me a song.

The song was about Jesus,

And his amazing grace.
And as she sang it to me,
Tears streamed down her cold face.

She was shaking out of control
Her breathing became real deep.
She fell upon the ground;
I prayed she was only asleep.

I ran to get some help.
The doctor finally came.
She was still on the ground,
But didn't look the same.

Her eyes were open
She had a smile on.
But she wasn't awake.
She was gone.

Her eyes were looking at the cross.
Her hands gripped her medal tight.
I knew she was with God,
And that I would be alright.

The doctor had me taken care of,
The nurses took me away.
They put me in an orphanage,
And there I was supposed to stay.

I finally had a bed again,
and food at every meal.
They were all so good to me,
I didn't think it was real.

Months later a family came to visit.
They talked with me for a while.
They said they wanted to take me home.
I said yes with a smile.

They welcomed me as a new member,
I felt like I belonged there.
I told them about my story.

They always seemed to care.

I missed my mother and sister,
But God had a plan for me.
Now he holds them closer,
For all eternity.

The world is a hard place.
But family helps allot.
They make me forget what I don't have.
And appreciate what I've got.

Mary Murphy

Life Passes So Fast

Baby girl rests in the crib,
Now she's got a dirty bib,
Little nightgown with slippers of blue,
And now she wears a school dress too.
Lunch box packed and ready to go,
She's the star dancer in the show.
Roller blades and scraped up knees,
Plays with the boys, they're climbing trees.
Last baby tooth falls out today,
No more dolls used for play.
Soccer uniform stained and ripped,
Wore heels today and never tripped.
Bowling alley with her friends,
Shopping for the latest trends.
Headphones on while in the car,
Meets her boyfriend at the bar.
Driver's license finally passed,
Got her tongue pierced and never asked.
Midnight parties, all night stands,
Dad just never understands.
High schools over, college trip,
Another piercing on the lip.
Party girl like all the rest,
Tries to live her life the best.
New boyfriend but he's the one,
Wedding plans have just begun.
Baby girl is on the way,
Due date is the 5th of May,
Maternity clothes are the latest bother,
Tries to blame it on the father.
Hospital run, they drive away,
Baby girl was born today.
Now a mommy with tears of joy,
Soon to have a baby boy.
Four more kids within 6 years,
Daddy's drinking too many beers.
Time to take the kids away,
Because of dad they cannot stay.
Mommy finds another life,

Another guy wants her as wife.
The kids move out, they're on their own
Mom and husband now alone.
Goes to church and lives life right,
Never skips her prayers each night.
In the mirror she sees the gray,
And sees her wrinkles increase each day.
How did life pass by so quick?
She never heard those hours tick.
She finds herself now all alone,
Husband died from disease of the bone.
A day at home spent near the fire,
This long lived life has caused her tire,
The next morning comes and goes,
But how she died no body knows.

Mary Murphy

Living In Despair

No ones knows just how I feel,
Or what pain I hold inside.
Know one knows just how bad,
I wish I could hide.
This person walking towards me,
Must think they know it all,
I said hello but all I got
Was a laugh because I'm tall.
This man behind the counter
He hasn't stopped to think,
That he doesn't even know me,
Yet he laughs at how I drink.
This driver with the temper,
Must be really sure,
That he knows my reason,
Of how I got this poor.
The girls with fancy clothes on,
They just laugh and grin.
But do they ever look deeper,
At the person I am within?
The workers at the work site
They joke and joke away,
But if they only understood
Or hear what I had to say.
Maybe they'd speak different,
Maybe they'd feel shame,
Maybe they would realize,
That I too, can feel pain.
Maybe if the world knew me,
Or even seemed to care,
I would not be forced to be this way,
Living in despair.

Mary Murphy

Loving More Each Day

Society is falling,
Propriety is gone.
The weak of us are calling,
As poverty grows on.
The houses are increasing
But the homeless are as well.
Must we take a step back
To see how far we fell?
Technology is growing,
More and more each day.
But less love we are showing,
Living life this way.
Kindness is a scarcity
Leaving many unfed.
Where is generosity?
Look where greed has lead.
We must all remember,
That we are not alone,
Each January to December
Many die from lack of home.
We are all together,
To fight through life as one,
And if all but one makes it,
Consider that as none.
Love must be existing,
Towards everyone we see,
No time for resisting,
Love unconditionally.
Treat others with understanding,
Let not your heart turn cold.
No love is too demanding,
No, love cannot grow old.
Love will keep increasing
As it is given away.
Let's create a better world
By loving more each day.

Mary Murphy

New Baby Girl

Your new little girl is on her way,
To live a new life with you everyday.
She'll grow in your footsteps, and live by your love.
As you teach her of the world and her Creator above.

As two great examples of how one should live,
She'll follow the examples you both will give.
Having been joined as one loving part,
Together all your love will fill her heart.

I look forward to seeing her cute little face,
The perfect symbol of God's loving grace.
Best wishes to your family of three.
May God watch and bless you and your new baby.

Mary Murphy

Oh Mother Be Ashamed Of Me

Dear Mom,
I need help,
I've done something wrong.
I was too weak,
And I thought It'd make me strong.
I had an abortion;
I killed him, now he's dead.
I've never seen a face so cute,
When stained with blood so red.
Oh mother, be ashamed of me.
I watched my child die.
I never thought it be that way,
I never thought I'd cry.
I now know what I did,
And knowing kills me inside.
My baby boy was given life,
But his life I denied.
Sure I'm not mother material...
And my life is a mess,
But how does that make his life,
Valued any less?
I didn't want to tell you,
I wanted to hide the sin,
But now I need your help...
Through this bigger mess I'm in.
I wanted you to love me,
And never to let you down.
I loved to see you smile,
And dreaded every frown.
But mom if you had seen me,
If you were simply there,
You would have been so horrified,
It was such a nightmare.
Oh mom, my loving mother
I know you taught me well,
I should have acted smarter...
But look how far I feel.
I have no excuse,
You told me doctors would lie,

And oh how you were right....
They said no one would die.
I will always suffer,
My heart, my mind, my soul
This pain is just so powerful,
I'll never gain control.

Mary Murphy

Precious Gavin

Way after dark
The phone is ringing
Who knows what news
It could be bringing.

A girl in tears
Is on the other line. ☐
Looking for someone
To say she'll be fine.

A life is within
That she didn't expect.
A little baby,
Now hers to protect.

Hard to speak
With tears on her face,
While speaking to his parents,
She feels so out of place.

But words so sweet
Are the only replies.
They are there for support;
And she no longer cries.

Nine months later
The baby is here,
It was a long hard wait,
But she now holds him near.

The world became warmer,
When Gavin was born,
His sweet little face
Seemed to blur all the torn.

All the family
Is home and excited
With so much love,
Their hearts are ignited.

They can't wait to meet
The cute baby boy,
That brought their older brother
So much joy.

He grew so fast,
And it didn't take long,
He was such a healthy baby,
Like daddy, nice and strong.

Two months had past,
For the two and their boy,
Gavin their angel,
Their bundle of joy.

Such proud parents,
When they spoke of their son,
They loved to brag,
Of their new little one.

One night at home,
They put Gavin to bed,
With such deep love
They kissed his small head.

But something was wrong
Why wasn't he crying?
In the stillness of night,
He was peacefully dieing.

Such a deep sleep,
They couldn't awake him,
Because late that night,
God decided to take him.

Now once again,
The parents are scared,
They had never felt
So horribly unprepared.

Their perfect little child

Was now taken from their lives.
A pain that cuts much deeper
Than the sharpest of all knives.

Gavin now looks down,
He loves his parents so,
If he could speak to them,
I'm sure he'd tell them so.

Though Gavin's life was so short,
It was filled with so much love.
And how happy he must be,
Now safe with God above.

We will always remember Gavin,
Throughout our every day,
And though he feels so far,
Close to our hearts he'll stay.

In loving memory of my precious nephew,
Gavin Joseph Murphy
May 30th – June 31st 2008

Mary Murphy

'Problem' Solved? ? ?

God sees a gift.
You see a disease.
God grants new life.
'Nurse kill it please"
If she could speak,
What would she say?
If she could run,
She'd run away.
Kept inside,
Nowhere to hide.
Ripped apart,
A tiny heart.
A little brain,
That feels the pain.
A clenched fist.
Too small to resist.
Tossed in the trash,
She hands over the cash....
"Problem" solved? ? ? ? ?

Mary Murphy

Reserved For Heaven

All my life I've loved the piano,
Yet never heard a note.
All my life I've loved to sing,
But couldn't use my throat.
Born with ears that never worked,
And a mouth which never spoke,
I never had the chance to laugh,
I never heard the joke.
At first life was confusing,
I never had a clue
That there was any difference,
Between me and you.
What were they all doing?
I would always wonder.
I could see the lighting,
But what was that thing called thunder?
How I longed to know
What her voice was like,
As I watched the lady
Sing into the mic.
When I came realize,
Why I was this way,
There wasn't a single moment,
I wouldn't beg and pray.
I prayed I could hear it,
Every noise on earth.
I longed to hear the baby's cry
The moment after birth.
I longed to hear my mother's voice,
And the song my dad would play.
I longed to tell them everything
I never got to say.
Music looked so pretty,
As I'd strum the silent harp,
But I never knew if I was flat,
Or if I was too sharp.
I'd move my lips quite often,
But I never made a sound.
When I was lost I could not cry,

But somehow I was found.
What does a hiccup sound like?
A cough, a scream, a sneeze?
I wish I knew the sounds of nature
That float within the breeze.
One day I read of Jesus
And how he cured blind,
And the thought that he could cure me too,
Never left my mind.
But then I came realize
The reason of it all,
Not once have my ears or mouth,
Caused my soul to fall.
My mouth is pure and clean
My ears are crystal clear,
This is why the Lord did not allow
Me to speak and hear.
My ears are reserved for Heaven,
For songs of the angels above,
And most of all to speak with God,
And thank him for His love.

Mary Murphy

Short Little Love Similies

1. U make my life so tasty,
U fill it full of sweets...
but these are things much better
Than chocolate bars and treats.

2. You are like an ice-cream cone,
And I am the ice cream inside.
When I am scared that I'll be eaten..
Within your walls I hide.

3. You dear are my future
Ur the man I truly love,
I was once a frozen hand...
but your my missing glove.

4. I love you so much,
you have completed me.
You are like the fisherman..
Who caught and set me free

5. I never have cared for lip stick
But I can bet the world
That if I had the shade for you
I'd be a lip stick warring girl.

6. I love you now...
I'll love you tomorrow...
But don't you dare think
it's a love you can borrow.

Mary Murphy

That Pain Inside Wont Last

Who knows what God above has planned?
Holding the world in the palm of his hand.
Creator of all we touch, hear, and see.
Creator of all life, love, and beauty.
Knowing all things and to where they will lead.
Knowing our wants but granting our needs.
Though at times it's hard for us to understand
Why God allows such things under His command.
We must keep in mind that despite how we feel,
Our God is all knowing with a love that can heal.
No matter our state in mind, soul, or heart.
The good Lord above is there from the start.
He knows all our thoughts and sees every tear.
He knows all our joys and our every fear.
God is all loving, all knowing, and all good.
He understands all that we never could.
Everyday we wish that we could have control,
But God alone can lead us to our ever-lasting goal.
Everyday we wish that we could change the past,
But God knows what He's doing, that pain inside wont last.
Too often we forget Him, when dealing with a loss.
So often we forget our Lord who died upon the cross.
So much pain we go through, sometimes it's hard to bare,
But we mustn't forget the crown of thorns he had to wear.
We fall into depressions and can't see past the hurt,
But Christ is falling with us, three times he hit the dirt.
Sometimes life can deal such tragedy seeming so unfair.
But it always helps to know that Christ will never fail to care.

Mary Murphy

The Creation Of Love

God designed the heart to be a treasure,
When He filled it with love impossible to measure.
He placed it in a chest,
For there the heart fit best.
Here it was protected with a powerful care,
So that this heart might never tare.
But look what the world has done to a heart,
Inside it is slowly falling apart.
When this beautiful treasure is spent in pure vain,
The reward in the end is nothing but pain.
So then God decided to give it a key,
Held by another to set the heart free.
To unlock the tight and heavy chains,
That were locked by the world through the hurt and the pain.
When the keeper of this key is found
Both hearts will discover true love so profound,
And together they will grow to be much more than gold,
A treasure of wealth, a wealth untold.
The love God created to complete hearts design
Was a love pure and just, a love divine.
Such a gift it is to love with all your heart,
When both will join to form one loving part.

Mary Murphy

This Memorial (Veterahns) Day

Aisle after aisle of crosses in the ground
Those who fought with liberty on their lips
Now rest without a sound.
Uncles and brothers,
Father's and Mothers,
All American soldiers who no longer stand.
The American soldiers who died for this land.
Your freedom wasn't free,
Just look and you'll see.
Family's who cry for who they have lost,
Yes...Freedom in fact has a horrible cost.
Each soldier knows what is at stake:
That they are risking their life in the choice they make.
That their children are at home constantly waiting
As their next move their leaders are always debating.
That tomorrow morning might never greet them.
And that dreaded death might suddenly meet them.
Helmets clapped down, knees in the ground,
Weapons ready, nice and steady,
An American soldier prepared to fight.
Praying that he will live through the night.
We either fight or we die,
There's no other reason why.
War is tragic but when he hears the bombs hit,
And the cry's of many, he is reminded why he is a soldier.
Because of the soldiers who stood up and fought,
You have the great freedom that you've got.
Because of the thousands that now lay in the dirt.
You and your loved ones can live without hurt.
Someone has to be there, someone has to fight.
Let's honor the people who did what was right.
This memorial day,
Let's remember and pray
For the soldiers who gave their lives for this country,
And their proud families who must miss them dearly.

Mary Murphy

Time, The Crook Of Life

Dark night moonlight upon your face
Silver Star glare inside your eyes
Oh the magic of that one place,
Just you and me and the evening skies.

Oh misty mountains far away,
Oh wavy lakes with calming souls,
You along with the ceasing day,
Are following nature's powerful tolls.

But my friend and I are here unaffected,
No nighttime air can shake us now,
Our life cannot be further directed,
Or shown and told of where or how.

We stay here together just lying awake,
Watching the world and time take form,
Under the moon and starlight's quake,
Within the night so cold yet warm.

Oh beautiful nature asleep this night,
We rest upon your mellow hush,
As darkness is now compressed by light,
And daytime forces its instant rush.

Good morning lakes no longer still,
And mountains with misty dreams,
No nighttime darkness is left to kill,
Now shine the sun's golden gleams.

Each night of silence that passes us by,
With every sunrise that follows,
Becomes a day when we say goodbye,
To all that time slowly swallows.

Oh time, thief of night and thief of day,
Of moments of joy and moments of tears.
Time, the robber of words wished to say,
Yes time you've turned our days into years.

Each moment of deep tranquility rests
Within the moment we often overlook,
Memory proves useless in these times of forgets,
And time again is the thief, the robber, the crook.

Mary Murphy

To My Parents

March 7th 1992

I was introduced to you
When the clock turned 9: 51
My life had finally begun.

After nine months of endless wait,
There I was in your arms,
Now you guide me to heavens gate,
Protecting me from Satan's harms.

Along with me came my sister Joann,
Who perfectly filled your other hand,
I may have been smaller and a little less grown,
But with Joann I was never alone.

So helpless and small,
"Doctor will she make it? "
Or would I fall,
Your prayers never quit.

I wouldn't eat, nor stop crying,
As the nurses tried to keep me from dying.
God was watching all this from above,
He heard your prayers and spared me in love.

23 long days later you took me away,
At last I could live with my family each day.
All eight brothers and sisters to support my weak head,
And when nighttime came, to tuck me in bed.

You baptized me in Christ's Holy Name
And on that day, a Catholic I became.
By this you gave me the chance to see God someday,
As you taught me about him, and showed me the way.

Each passing day I grew and I grew,
Always trying my best to be jut like you.
With love and faith my mind was filled.
And with that foundation I started to build.

Our family kept growing as new members came,
Not one of those members were ever the same.
First came along Kevin,
And he made eleven.

Two years later God sent us David,
He was the twelfth and last Murphy kid.
Though we all often fought with each other,
We were somehow kept in order by our loving mother.

I stood by your side at mass every Sunday,
Listening closely to the words you would say,
Wishing so deeply that I could also receive,
The One in Whom we so strongly believe.

When I looked up at Jessica and Jennifer,
I looked forward to being "just like her".
Having five older sisters, life wasn't so easy,
But without them life wouldn't be so special for me.

Jessica got married and left the house,
Her room is still empty, except maybe a mouse.
I watched her marry the most perfect guy,
Yet for some reason, I wanted to cry.

The day finally came when my wish came true,
I received Our Lord, just like you!
I stood so much taller that day,
And never wanted to stop feeling that way.

God had actually entered into my body,
The same God who so lovingly created me,
Whenever I feel scared or down,
That feeling of His presence will always lift my frown.

How proud you looked at times I did right,
And how loving you were when you kissed me goodnight,
When I'd close my eyes I'd dream of you,
And pray that I could love the way you do.

As my brothers and sisters ventured into life on their own,

I started to feel less and less at home.
But that's how life goes, and now that is clear,
and no matter where we all go, we'll always hold you near.

Jamie was the next to be swept off her feet,
By another one of the greatest guy's you'll ever meet.
Once again I watched a sister walk down the isle,
She proved to me that sometimes tears take the place of a smile.

Meanwhile Jessica began a family of her own,
She had beautiful kids, all cute to the bone!
I became an aunt, and so proud was I!
To once more experience life pass so perfectly by.

Like you to us, they baptized their children in faith and love,
Because they knew too, God was watching from above.
When I saw the water and chrism welcome the new life so small.
I knew that one day, that new Catholic baby, would also stand tall.

You taught me that in Christ we are all connected,
Because for our sins He died and resurrected.
I believe this without an ounce of hesitation,
And so I was baptized by the Sprit, through Confirmation.

Now it's my turn to be an example,
By living and spreading my faith to all people.
All because from you I have learned,
That if you live life right, Heaven can be earned.

Thank you with all my heart,
For loving me so much from the very start.
I value life a great deal, and look forward to eternity,
And I thank you, because you raised me!

Love always, your daughter Mary.

Mary Murphy

Treat Every Moment As Your Last

Today I thought about my death
What would I say with my very last breath?
Who would be there to watch me pass on?
Who would pray for me when I had gone?
Would people smile at the thought of me?
Would I leave behind a good memory?
Who would be crying as they placed me in the dirt?
How many people would I leave behind hurt?
Who knows the moment of when it will be,
Who knows if today is the last day I'll see.
Each second of life is one second closer
to that second before my life's final closure.
Make each moment count as though it were your last,
Some moments will seem slow, but will be gone so fast.
Nothing is guaranteed in this life on earth,
Each morning has been gift, since the gift of your birth.
The night may seem so close, but who knows if you will greet it.
For tonight death may be waiting and now your turn to meet it.
Yes today I thought about my death,
Could today be the day of my very last breath?

Mary Murphy

Twins

Once upon a time
16 years ago,
We at last discovered
The world in all its glow.
You and I together,
Matching clothes and all,
Wrapped up tight in daddy's hands,
So light, so young, so small.
Me the ball of laughter,
And you the serious one.
We Always had to share,
But still had loads of fun.
From teething times, and potty-training,
We sure had a blast.
And when all that was over,
Mom's thankful words, "at last".
You were pink and pretty,
But I loved Green and Blue.
We were so much different,
But oh, how I loved you.
I loved to get real filthy,
And that'd made mommy mad,
But you liked playing dolls more,
And that wasn't quite as bad.
Sure we loved to make messes,
And hated clean up time,
But really it was our job,
Is being cute a crime?
They told us to stop growing,
They said time went too fast,
But of course we ignored them,
And 14 years had passed.
Now we are much older,
And things are different now,
Time did pass too quickly,
And we now wonder how.
All of our A B C's
Have changed to X's and Y's,
And we're supposed to solve them,

With no more second tries.
As younger girls we always wanted
To know to much and more,
But knowing more is not much fun,
Like we had planned before.
Growing up was once the dream,
But now I miss those days,
When wrong was wrong, right was right,
And life wasn't such a maze.
It never mattered how my hair looked,
Or if my outfit matched.
But now that's what its all about,
And I feel so detached.
The world can easily twist the heart,
And cause some pointless pain.
But despite any force on earth,
Twins we will remain.
Though we've always had to share a room,
And never had much space,
It became a close relationship
That none could ever replace.
Sure we fight over closet room,
And who made the mess on the floor,
But still I would not ask for less....
And could not ask for more.

Dedicated to my twin sister,

By: Mary A. Murphy
September 2008

Mary Murphy

We Affect Forever

We Affect Forever

We are making history, through every day we spend.
We are here, leaving our mark, a mark that will not end.
Others before have left behind this world we now obtain.
Though it's changed since way back when, the old shall always remain.
History is how we got here, history is who we are.
History is what led to this, yes history is not far.
It remains within our families, its tradition and unchanging ways.
It's Christmas day, Thanksgiving, its countless nights and days.
History is what you're becoming; it's what you are soon to be.
And history never dies; it's a part of everybody.
We fight to maintain who we are, to maintain who we've always been.
And while we fight we know this fight is not easy to win.
Many forget the past, and many never even know,
Many people never hear of how times were long ago.
Those thousands of years before us, are more than just time spent.
They are filled with real people, real feelings, and real places that they went.
The People had different life styles very different from our ways,
But it is true that there is nothing new under the sun's golden rays.
Stand proud to be alive, know you affect forever.
Every act that we commit we all commit together.
We are entrusted with this earth; we must love and cherish this life.
We must remember to love our existence lest love becomes our strife.
Yes we are becoming history, through every move we make.
We are here, leaving our mark, a markor perhaps a mistake.

Mary Murphy

When I Fold My Hands In Prayer

When I fold my hands in prayer
I feel safe inside.

When I kneel before the cross,
I no longer hide.

I open myself before the Lord,
I tell him what I feel.

I talk to Him with confidence,
That He will hear and heal.

I tell him how I'll try to change
Like I know I should.

And that I know without Him,
I can do no good.

When I fold my hands real tight,
And pray to God above.

For the first time in my life,
I discover love.

'Holy Father source of life,
You have given me,

Everything I have and need,
To someday be with Thee.

Christ the Son, who came for us,
And granted us salvation.

Your example has shown me,
To love all of creation.

Holy Spirit, fill my soul,
With Your loving grace.

So that I may one day see,
The beauty of Thy face.

Trinity please guide my steps,
Direct me towards the truth.

Help me put this gift of life,
To the greatest use.'

Amen.

Mary Murphy

Wishing You A Merry Christmas!

The Christmas Season has come again

The birth of Christ our King.

A day of love, a day of peace

What joy this day will bring!

Every year when the air grows cold

And snow falls from the sky

We all prepare for the birth day

Of our Lord on High.

We are reminded of God's love,

He gave to us that day

When He sent his only son,

To wipe our sins away.

As this Christmas day draws near

May your hearts be filled with peace

As we greet a brand new year

May all your joys increase.

Mary Murphy

Words We Once Wanted To Say

Time can become a loss of what we once wanted to say,
and feelings tend to get buried beneath it all.
But soon we learn to rename all this with "yesterday"
looking at tomorrow as the day we will stand tall.
But what happens when tomorrow become the yesterday we fear.
When time gets so far ahead of us we forget to embrace each day
and there goes another year.
and we still haven't said those words we once wanted to say.
Even though things like this happen to everyone.
There's still hope in this moment
For we have before us, time we have not yet begun.
time we have not yet spent.
The past remains...as simply the past
and we learn to move slowly into what lies ahead,
when we will learn to make it last
when those words turn into words we have said.
Now look at that future...where we stand so tall
imagine the magnificence of truly embracing each day.
See how our feelings rise above it all.
and how proud we look upon that "yesterday".

Mary Murphy