

Poetry Series

NEDRA WILSON
- poems -

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NEDRA WILSON()

Nedra Wilson born in New Orleans.

As a young girl loved to read and write poetry. As I would write and save my poems, they would always be destroyed by flood waters, and I could not remember them. I now write and save my poems on this great web site and hope that they will never be destroyed again...

Gone Sweet Momma

I never told you thank you
I never thought I SHOULD

Now that your gone Sweet Momma
I think I WOULD

Thank you Sweet Momma
you did All you COULD

Never brought you Roses
Never thought I SHOULD

Now that your gone sweet momma
I wish I COULD

Thank you sweet momma
If you were here I WOULD

Dedicated To: Daphne Mason Wilson

NEDRA WILSON

I Am A Dreamer, I Dreamed Of You.

I am dreamer, I dreamed of you
In my dream you held my hand,
you had a plan, you took a chance.

I am a dreamer I dreamed of you,

in my dream I understand in your great plan,
you let me stand,

WOW! It was grand.
Cause you're THE MAN.

And...

I believed in you, my dream came true.

I am a dreamer, dreams do come true.

NEDRA WILSON

Job Well Done

Momma, when you died I ask God 'Why'
He answered me quickly 'HER JOB IS DONE'
I started to cry pleading out to God
'That's my mother and I love her dearly'.
God simply whispered close to my ear
'That's my child and I love her Dearer'.
I didn't give up momma I CRIED out more
'I want to make her happy in life
and give her things that's nice'.
I heard a strong voice right close
to my ear no whisper just clear.
'I HAVE HER JUST REWARD'
I understood momma then and there
that there's nothing on earth
good enough for you here.

Dedicated To: Daphne Mason Wilson

NEDRA WILSON

Me

I left you there, far away from me.

Far away, even I could not see.

You were my past, I could not see, now go, be free from me.

I left you there so far from me, I wanted to be free from me.

Now you came back to me and brought with you a memory.

A memory so far from me, a memory I don't want to be.

Go away memory you brought to me, I left you there, your not me.

I am not the me I use to be. So memory of me be FREE.

NEDRA WILSON

Mother I Still Hear You

When my mother was here
I could not hear her.
Now that she's gone
I hear her clearer.

Dedicated To: Daphne Mason Wilson

NEDRA WILSON

Mother's Advise

When my daughter was first born I went to my mother for advice. I said to my mother 'mother what to do with this baby'. My mother had nine children so I sit prepared because I knew she would have a lot of advise to give. My mother give me a three word advice 'Pray For Her'

I was not satisfied so I proceeded to say something, but before I could finish she began to say

'when she's sleep Pray For Her'

'when she's at school Pray For Her'

'when she's sick Pray For Her'

'when she leave the house Pray For Her'

I quickly realized that was as much advise as I was going to get from a mother of nine.

So I pray.

Thanks Mom

NEDRA WILSON

Poetry

In my love for poetry
I have encountered
many poems that have
encouraged my life.

In my love for life
I have encountered
many words that have
encouraged my living.

Nedra Wilson

NEDRA WILSON

Remembering You Brother

God was looking down on you brother, I saw him Standing on his promise.

I quickly said I'll be a witness I have precious memories of my brother.

You were preparing to leave and I wanted you to stay, so I begin to speak for you brother praying for you. My heart was filled with grief as the tears were rolling down my face.

You slowly turn to me and said 'my eyes have seen the glory' then you turn your head and said 'pass me not'

I was so deeply sadden then a voice said 'you'll understand it better by and by'

I will remember you brother,
it is well with my soul because some glad day after a while,
when we all get to heaven,
we will gather down by the riverside,
we will give God praise,
forever we will worship him,
Oh... what a happy day that will be.

Always and Forever

For: My Brother
Elwood Wilson Jr.

There are 15 song names try to find them.

NEDRA WILSON

The Game

They say that baseball is the game of life.
You have many chances to get it right.

If all at home is good and well, you'll try all you can to get home again.

If all is not well and you don't get home you'll still have more chances to get home and win, but then you will have to depend on a friend.

If your friend strike out and you don't get home, it's not the end, the game is not over, and life's just beginning...

Another friend at the bat, if he strike out than THAT is THAT.

Now you have your last friend at the Mat.

You want to get home and THAT IS A FACT, just make sure this time your friend can BAT.

When you get home you'll scream and SHOUT.
It's safer at home than being OUT.

NEDRA WILSON