

Poetry Series

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

- poems -



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Ronni ManoaHofbauer()

I'm the luckiest woman alive. I'm married to an exceptionally adorable man. I have the most loving, talented and handsome son, and the proudest grandma of twin boys.

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The Prime Minister's Parade

Australia's leaders, a curious crew,
Like ships on a sea, some steady, some new.
From Menzies, the captain, with charts in his hand,
To Albanese, the latest to take command.

Menzies was the lighthouse, bright and tall,
Guiding the ship through the rise and the fall.
But oh, his map? It was grand and old,
Like a treasure chest, full of stories told.

Then came Holt, a swimmer, bold and free,
Who vanished one day like a fish in the sea!
'Where's the PM?' they asked with a grin,
Turns out he dove in but never came in.

Gorton took over, a bit like a boat,
He steered it, but sometimes he'd rock and he'd float.
Like a weathered sailor, he'd grin and say,
'Guess we'll navigate this the Aussie way!'

Then came Whitlam, the man with a plan,
A champion of change, a new-age man.
He opened the sails and caught the breeze,
But some said his ship was too quick to please.

Fraser was next, like a steely old rig,
A sturdy old ship, trying not to dig.
He weathered the storms, kept sailing ahead,
Though his crew often wished for a quieter bed.

Hawke, the skipper, a true Aussie bloke,
With a beer in one hand and a joke that would poke.
He steered the ship with a wink and a smile,
Made the nation laugh and ran things in style.

Keating, the mate with a sharp, cheeky tongue,
He sang of reform while his rivals had none.
Like a sailor with flair, he'd dance on the deck,
With visions of wealth that some thought a wreck.

Howard came in, a sailor quite neat,
With policies steady and votes at his feet.
He sailed the calm seas, kept it all in line,
But when storms came, he'd just sip his wine.

Rudd was the captain who rocked the old boat,
With a promise of change, he'd quickly devote.
But like waves crashing wildly on the shore,
He couldn't hold steady, they asked for more.

Gillard took helm, a ship strong and bright,
A captain, a woman, leading the fight.
She sailed through the tempests with courage and grace,
But some said the ship had too many a chase.

Abbott, the sailor, with a "no-nonsense" plan,
He'd navigate sternly, like a tough, hard man.
With his bike and his beard, he'd steady the crew,
But occasionally, the ship would capsize, too.

Turnbull was next, a suave captain bold,
Who promised a new wind, but the ship grew cold.
He tried to change sails, but the wind blew too strong,
And the crew grumbled, "How long can this go on?"

Now Albanese, the latest in line,
With a new course to chart, it seems just fine.
He's plotting the stars, the horizon in view,
But don't worry, mate—he'll stay steady and true.

Australia's leaders, a motley old fleet,
With quirks and with talents, none quite complete.
Through rough seas and calm, they've all had their say,
Navigating the winds in their own unique way!

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The Mask Of Truth

Honesty is a river, clear and wide,
Its waters flow, no secrets to hide.
It carves its path through stone and clay,
A steady current, lighting the way.

Dishonesty is a fog that creeps,
A veil of shadows where silence sleeps.
It twists and turns, a labyrinth deep,
A fleeting whisper the heart must keep.

Truth is a tree, its roots running deep,
Each branch a promise it vows to keep.
Its leaves flutter in the wind's embrace,
Standing tall in the light of grace.

Lies are like vines that wind and crawl,
Entangling truth, then letting it fall.
They cling and twist, their thorns dig in,
Until the roots of truth wear thin.

Honesty is a flame, burning bright,
A beacon of warmth in the darkest night.
Dishonesty is smoke, rising high,
Blurring the stars in the endless sky.

So truth stands firm, as solid as stone,
While lies dissolve, to dust unknown.
In the end, the river will always be
The only path to set you free.

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Tranquil Tracks

The morning greets with a gentle hum,
As the train arrives, its rhythm a drum.
No chaos of cars, no honking refrain,
Just quiet solace aboard this train.

Through misty fields and sleepy towns,
The world awakens, yet I slow down.
A book in hand, or thoughts to trace,
This time is mine, a sacred space.

The city's bustle fades behind,
I step aboard and ease my mind.
No racing lights, no endless queues,
Just steady tracks and calming views.

And when the day has had its say,
I board again, to drift away.
The evening sky a painted dome,
My journey back, a ride to home.

This train, my haven, my moving retreat,
Where life's rush and clamor admit defeat.
A cherished pause, both night and day,
On tranquil tracks, I find my way.

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The Silent Season

A garden once lush, now shifts in its bloom,
The sun hangs lower, casting shadows of gloom,
Yet in this change, new seeds find their room.

A river once steady now twists and turns,
Its waters run hot, then icy it burns,
Yet within its flow, resilience learns.

The clock in its tower ticks faster, then slow,
Marking the rhythms only time could bestow,
Each chime a reminder of cycles we know.

A phoenix of self, shedding feathers of old,
Its flames burn bright, unyielding and bold,
Rising anew with a story retold.

The moon waxes less, her light softly dims,
But her wisdom now dances on the edge of her whims,
A quiet revolution within her hymns.

Menopause, the pause where strength is revealed,
A battlefield crossed, yet the spirit is steeled,
In the heart of its storm, a new dawn is sealed.

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Winter In Bright

In Bright, where winter breathes a subtle chill,
The mountains loom with whispers soft and low,
The air is crisp, the town serene and still,
A gentle calm beneath the twilight's glow.

The Ovens River flows through misty air,
Its glassy surface mirrors skies of gray,
Bare trees stand quiet, stripped but standing fair,
A winter canvas brushed in soft array.

Though snow is scarce, the frosts still gently gleam,
Adorning leaves with nature's fleeting art,
And fireside warmth fulfills the season's dream,
As Bright's embrace ignites the weary heart.

Oh, Bright, in winter's quiet you remain,
A haven kissed by beauty's soft refrain.

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Unbound Rhythms

A heart unchained, it soars on high,
Through fields of hope, beneath the sky,
Where dreams can flourish and fears can die.

No tether binds, no shadow remains,
It dances freely, untouched by chains,
Singing of joy through life's terrains.

Its rhythm beats to a boundless song,
Guided by love, where it belongs,
Freedom of the heart is forever strong.

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Red Elegance: The Louboutin Legacy

A Christian Louboutin, bold and refined,
Elegance crafted with artistry aligned,
A treasure of beauty, uniquely designed.

Its silhouette speaks of luxury rare,
Red-lined whispers declare savoir-faire,
A symbol of power, beyond compare.

With every clasp, a story is told,
Of timeless allure and glamour bold,
A masterpiece sculpted in leather and gold.

Carried with grace, it turns every head,
A mark of prestige in hues richly spread,
Christian Louboutin, where dreams are bred.

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Strides Of Elegance: The Fendi Affair

A step in Fendi, where style aligns,
Each stitch a story, each curve defines,
A dance of luxury, where art entwines.

Leather so supple, like whispers of grace,
Soles that conquer, no time to waste,
Fendi shoes walk with a bold embrace.

From city lights to grand soirée,
They carry dreams in a polished display,
Fendi's charm turns night to day.

A symbol of class, a mark of flair,
Each stride a statement, beyond compare,
Fendi shoes, a treasure rare.

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Metaphor

A mirror of truth in a veil of disguise,
A river of meaning beneath calm skies,
Metaphor dances where language lies.

It paints with colours no eyes have seen,
Bridging the gap from thought to dream,
A silent echo, both sharp and serene.

The heart's heavy burden becomes a flame,
The soul, a vessel no storm can tame,
Metaphor whispers, calling its name.

A world in a grain, a universe in a glance,
A fleeting truth in a fleeting chance,
Metaphor leads in its mystic dance.

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Brave Heart

Oh, brave heart, forged in the fire's embrace,
You march through storms with steady grace,
A beacon of courage in life's fierce race.

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Look Into My Eyes

Look into my eyes, where truths reside,
A mirror of dreams, no place to hide,
A universe vast, where souls collide.

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Do Not Forget Me

Do not forget me, though shadows may fall,
My voice will linger, a whispering call,
In the quiet of dusk, I'll answer it all.

Do not forget me, when memories fade,
My essence resides in the moments we made,
In laughter and tears, in sunshine or shade.

Do not forget me, though time may deceive,
In your heart's quiet corners, I weave,
A story eternal, as long as you believe.

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The Essence Of Time

Time, a river, relentless and vast,
A whisper of future, a shadow of past.
Moments like droplets, fleeting yet clear,
Vanishing softly, yet ever so near.

It stitches the fabric of life with care,
Binding each moment, a thread to repair.
Silent and steady, it marches in stride,
A companion we follow, a truth we can't hide.

In the cradle of dawn, it tenderly wakes,
In the stillness of night, its presence it stakes.
Neither seen nor touched, yet it weaves,
A tapestry of stories, of hopes and beliefs.

Time is a teacher, patient and stern,
Its lessons engraved, its cycles we learn.
A healer of wounds, a thief of our youth,
A guardian of change, unyielding in truth.

Cherish its pulse, let it guide your way,
For time is a gift that won't ever stay.
In its embrace, we find who we are,
Each fleeting moment, our brightest star.

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The Tides Of Time

In a world where wonder weaves through days,
A child awakens in golden rays,
With laughter as light as the breeze can be,
Feet dancing free, a boundless spree.

Tiny hands grasp the morning dew,
Chasing dreams that seem endlessly new,
Every fall is met with a daring grin,
For in youth's embrace, the adventure begins.

With each passing year, the body will grow,
Strength like a river, a constant flow.
Climbing trees with a heart full of cheer,
Reaching for stars that shimmer so near.

Time pages turn, and the years gently fold,
The leaps turn to strolls, from silver to gold.
Once nimble feet that could run like the wind,
Now shuffle and pause, as the journey begins.

Imperfect echoes of laughter and song,
The body remembers what it once could prolong.
Flexible joints, now weary and frail,
Yet wisdom, like twilight, begins to unveil.

For in every line that etches the face,
Lives the laughter, the love, and life's fleeting grace.
With stories like rivers flowing through veins,
Each wrinkle a testament of joys and of pains.

To grow old, dear heart, is a privileged art,
A canvas painted with each cherished part.
In quiet reflection, find beauty in age,
Embracing the seasons, a wise turning page.

So let the years dance, as they gracefully pass,
For through every challenge, life's seasons amass.
With gratitude glowing in the twilight's soft glow,
Celebrate the journey—there's beauty in growing old.

The Beauty Of Brokenness

In the gallery of existence, where dreams are draped like cloth,
Each canvas bears its splatters, each stroke a silent oath.
Life's portraits tell of journeys, in hues both bright and dim,
A masterpiece of chaos, where shadows speak to whim.

A garden's tangled whispers, where wildflowers intertwine,
The thorns embrace the petals, both yours and also mine.
Every leaf tells a story, in the dance of wind and rain,
A tapestry of longing, in pleasure, stitched with pain.

The sculptor's hands are trembling, as marble gently weeps,
He chisels out the softness, where beauty sometimes sleeps.
Each crack, a soft reminder, that time is shaped by scars,
A constellation of failures, with wisdom as our stars.

The river's winding journey, with bends of doubt and grace,
Sings lullabies of courage, as it carves its embrace.
The rocks, do not falter, though fiercely they may stand,
For in the dance of water, they learn to understand.

Beneath the crooked branches, where shadows weave their tales,
The heart finds strength in fractures—where light through darkness sails.
In every misfit moment, in every heart that's bruised,
We find the magic thread in the flawed, the broken, used.

So let us raise our glasses, to toast what seems awry,
In the tapestry of life, it's the threads that dare to fly.
For perfection lies not hidden, in symmetry's cruel bind,
But in the splendid chaos of the beautifully unrefined.

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Whispers In The Air: A Pandemic Cantata

In the quiet dawn, a whisper spread,
A shadowed figure, a fevered dread.
Rumours swirled like autumn leaves,
Masking truth with what one believes.

Science, bright as a candle's flare,
Fought against the weight of despair.
In labs where minds, like warriors, toiled,
Discoveries born, while humanity recoiled.

Fear gripped hearts—a thief in the night,
Gathering shadows, stealing the light.
Isolation fell like a heavy shroud,
In silent rooms, we mourned out loud.

What once was normal now felt so strange,
Death lingered near, a cruel exchange.
Morbidity danced on our weary minds,
Reminding us all of the ties that bind.

But in the chaos, resilience grew,
Connections sparked, like morning dew.
Neighbours reaching, hands through glass,
In the silence, we found strength amassed.

Through sorrowful nights, we learned to see,
Shared stories of loss, a bittersweet decree.
In the face of grief, we lifted our gaze,
For hope's gentle flame ignited a blaze.

And though we stumbled, the path was steep,
Together we rose from the depths, from the deep.
With science our shield, and love our maypole,
Victory sang in the hearts of the soul.

So here's to the lessons, the bonds forged in pain,
To courage in chaos, to sunshine in rain.
In the whispers of air, we find our refrain,
A melody woven in loss, yet we gain.

Despicable

In shadows deep, where whispers creep,
A heart once bright, now shrouded in sleet.
With laughter false, and schemes unkind,
The soul of mischief is what they find.

A world of chaos, a cunning ruse,
Each trick and trap, a bitter muse.
Yet beneath the mask, a glimmer hides,
In the depths of darkness, hope still abides.

For even in deeds that make us frown,
There's a chance for change when the mask comes down.
So let us not dwell on the despicable ways,
But seek the light that can turn dark days.

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Tuvalu, My Heart's Home

In the embrace of the endless sea,
Tuvalu calls, a home to me,
With skies of blue and sunsets bright,
Your shores are woven in my light.

From Funafuti's vibrant shores,
To the legends that our spirit adores,
The wind breathes stories of days long past,
In each rolling wave, your hopes are cast.

Though Australia stretches wide and vast,
In my heart, your spirit is steadfast,
With laughter shared beneath the palms,
Your love surrounds me, a soothing balm.

The coral hues beneath the sun,
A tapestry of life, woven as one,
I carry your songs in every breath,
In distant lands, you conquer death.

Your waters sing, the stars align,
In every pulse, your heart is mine,
No matter where the tides may flow,
Tuvalu's love, forever I'll know.

So here I stand, with open arms,
Embracing both worlds, their unique charms,
For Tuvalu, my precious gem,
Will always shine within my stem.

In every sunset, every tide,
Tuvalu, you'll forever reside
In the depths of my soul, where love will bloom,
A cherished heart, wherever I roam.

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Songs Of The Heart: The Psalms' Embrace

In ancient scrolls where whispers dwell,
A tapestry of heart's farewell,
The Book of Psalms, a sacred song,
Where echoes of the soul belong.

From mountain heights to valleys deep,
In joyous praise or sorrowed weep,
A symphony of voices rise,
In worship bold, beneath the skies.

A shepherd's heart, a warrior's cry,
In faith they lift their eyes on high,
'Create in me a heart anew, '
In every breath, the spirit's hue.

With tender grace, the Lord's embrace,
In darkest nights, we find our place,
For every tear, a promised dawn,
In trust, like flowers, we lean on.

The woes of life, the trials faced,
In every line, His love is traced,
The righteous path, the wicked's fate,
In timeless words, we contemplate.

'Be still, and know, ' the silence speaks,
In whispered truths the spirit seeks,
From desperation to delight,
A candle's flame in darkest night.

Through songs of joy and deep lament,
Each phrase, a journey, a testament,
From David's harp to choirs of light,
In every heart, a flicker bright.

So, let us turn the pages slow,
Infused with hope, where grace will flow,
For in these verses, souls are found,
In Psalms, the sacred whispers sound.

Silhouette's Embrace

In twilight's tender brush, a figure stands still,
A shadowed enchantress, cloaked in night's thrill.
A whisper of presence, where light dares not tread,
A dance of the unseen, where silence is spread.

Like a memory stitched in the fabric of dusk,
A silhouette woven of longing and husk,
It bends to the breeze like a story untold,
A shape of the dreams that the heart seeks to hold.

A ghost of desire, in the soft twilight's glow,
Tracing the contours of what we may know.
Eclipsed by the glow of the moon's watchful eye,
A flicker of hope as the dark begins to sigh.

In the garden of shadows, where whispers take flight,
Every edge tells a tale, every curve holds a light.
This figure, a symbol of choices once made,
A tapestry woven in light and in shade.

Like a poem unwritten, each line stands apart,
Chasing the echoes that linger in heart.
It's a canvas of longing, a mirror to be,
Reflecting our wishes, our dreams wild and free.

So dance, dear silhouette, in your veils of the night,
You embody the essence of shadow and light.
For in every outline, in each silent sprawl,
Lies the depth of existence, the beauty of all.

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Monet's Dreamscape

In a world where colours weave a silent song,
Brushstrokes dance like whispers, soft and strong.
A canvas unfurls, a garden of light,
Where water and petals converse in delight.

The sun drips gold like honeyed sweet dew,
Each stroke a heartbeat, each hue a truth new.
Reflections shimmer like memories spun,
In twilight's embrace, the day's dream is done.

Lilies float like secrets on a tranquil pond,
Petals embrace water, where earth and sky bond.
A symphony painted in violet and blue,
Nature's gentle laughter, a jubilant hue.

In the canvas's depths, time seems to sway,
A moment suspended, forever to stay.
Brushes like wands cast enchantments divine,
Transforming the ordinary into pure wine.

Oh, Monet, magician, with palette in hand,
You weave the ephemeral, you capture the grand.
In your garden of colors, the world finds its peace,
A dance of existence, where sorrows release.

So let us wander through this dreamscape of grace,
Where time melts like shadows, and we find our place.
In the whispers of color, in the shimmer of light,
Monet's enchanting world fills our hearts with delight.

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The Silent Bond

In the quiet moments, where words often fail,
A son and his father share a love that's frail.
Not always spoken, yet deeply they feel,
A connection unbroken, steadfast and real.

With weathered hands, the father imparts,
Wisdom and laughter, woven through hearts.
In shared glances and knowing smiles,
They navigate life's meandering miles.

The son, now a man, with respect in his gaze,
Sees in his father the strength of the days.
Through trials and triumphs, side by side,
In silence they stand, with love as their guide.

No need for loud proclamations to proclaim,
In the heart's quiet language, they whisper each name.
Through the ups and the downs, come what may,
Their bond is the anchor that won't fade away.

For love is not always a chorus of song,
Sometimes it's the silence that proves to be strong.
In the depths of their hearts, the truth lies so clear—
A son and his father, forever held dear.

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The Eternal Dance

When the sun's golden embrace first greets the sky,
Hope is reborn, a phoenix taking flight.
The canvas of dawn, a masterpiece divine,
Paints the world anew, a symphony of light.

From the horizon, the sun emerges with grace,
Chasing away the shadows, illuminating each face.
It is a sacred moment, a breath held in time,
As the day is reborn, a rebirth sublime.

And as the sun sets, a symphony in reverse,
The heavens ablaze, a celestial hearse.
Yet, in this farewell, a promise is made,
That darkness is but a veil, not meant to fade.

For the sunset, a prelude to the night's embrace,
Is but a gentle pause in life's eternal race.
The sun, a symbol for the human spirit's dance,
Rises and falls, a timeless, sacred trance.

In this ebb and flow, we find the essence of life,
A tapestry of beauty, woven through joy and strife.
Each sunrise, a chance to begin anew,
Each sunset, a reminder that hope will see us through.

The sun, a guiding light in this world so vast,
Teaches us to cherish the present, the future, the past.
For in its eternal cycle, we find the strength to endure,
The beauty that surrounds us, forever pure.

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The Chameleon's Canvas

Cloaked in the hues of its surroundings,
The chameleon dances, a master of disguise.
Blending seamlessly with bark and leaf,
It becomes the very essence it envies.

This creature, a living, breathing paradox,
Emblematic of the duality that lies within.
For in its shifting skin, a lesson is revealed,
A testament to the power of adaptation's kin.

The chameleon, a living, breathing canvas,
Paints its mood upon the world around.
Emerald, ebony, ochre, and azure,
Its colors, a kaleidoscope, abound.

Yet, beneath this veil of ever-changing hue,
Lies a core of unwavering identity.
A soul that refuses to be defined by the seen,
But by the essence that sets it free.

For the chameleon, a symbol of resilience,
Teaches us to embrace our mutable ways.
To don the masks that suit the moment,
While still remaining true to our inner blaze.

In this dance of adaptation and self-discovery,
We find the strength to navigate life's stage.
Changing with the tides, yet steadfast in our truth,
Chameleons of the world, a lesson for every age.

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Liquid Echoes

Tears, the liquid echoes of the soul,
Crystalline cascades that ebb and flow.
Sadness, a tempest that rages within,
Unleashing its torrents, a river of woe.

The eyes, windows to the heart's turbulent sea,
Reveal the depths of grief, the ache that cannot be.
Salty droplets, like pearls upon the cheek,
Bearing witness to the pain that we seek to speak.

Yet, amidst the storm, a glimmer of light appears,
As tears of joy, a gentle rain, begin to fall.
Laughter, a sweet symphony that lifts the veil,
Washing away the shadows, restoring us all.

These tears, they are not mere watery sighs,
But a language of emotion that the heart supplies.
They are the ebb and flow of life's eternal dance,
Bittersweet melodies that help us to advance.

For in the sorrow, we find the seeds of hope,
And in the joy, the strength to face each new scope.
Tears, the liquid echoes that stir the soul,
Reminding us of the emotions that make us whole.

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Reflections Of Dignity

In the depths of the soul, a quiet strength resides,
A fortress of grace, where the spirit abides.
Amidst the tempests that life may bring,
Dignity stands tall, an unwavering thing.

It is not in the pomp, the grandeur, the show,
That true dignity lies, a quiet, steady flow.
It is in the bearing, the poise, the quiet grace,
That the essence of dignity leaves its lasting trace.

To walk with head held high, eyes focused and clear,
To meet life's challenges without a hint of fear.
To speak with conviction, to act with intent,
This is the hallmark of dignity, a noble ascent.

In the face of adversity, when the world seems unkind,
Dignity shines forth, a beacon for the mind.
It is the compass that guides us through darkened days,
A North Star to follow, illuminating our ways.

Dignity is not a garment to be donned and shed,
But a living, breathing essence, a part of us, instead.
It is the core of our being, the strength that we hold,
A treasure more precious than silver or gold.

So let us embrace this dignity, this steadfast grace,
And carry it with us, through each time and place.
For in the end, it is not wealth or status that matters most,
But the dignity we possess, our most cherished boast.

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Echoes Of The Empty Rooms

Loneliness, a silent symphony,
A void that echoes through the halls of life.
Like a shadow cast upon the soul,
It lingers, a constant companion in the strife.

The empty rooms speak in muted tones,
Their whispers, like ghosts, haunting the air.
The silence, a deafening roar,
Drowning out the laughter that once filled the lair.

Doors left ajar, once bustling with life,
Now stand as sentinels, guarding the solitude.
The heart, a distant drum, its rhythm faint,
Yearns for the warmth of human attitude.

Loneliness, a relentless tide,
Ebbs and flows, a turbulent sea.
Yet in the depths, a glimmer of light,
A promise of connection, a chance to be free.

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A Sonnet On Promises

Each promise made, a seed within the earth,
A fragile spark beneath the weight of stone.
It craves the rain to prove its quiet worth,
And sunlight's touch to claim its place alone.

Some bloom like lilies, pure and swiftly bright,
While others twist like vines through time's embrace.
A few are shadows lost to endless night,
Or fleeting winds that leave a fleeting trace.

Yet in their roots lies hope, a vow to stand,
Though storms may rage and skies may tear apart.
Each tender bond, an oath by fate's own hand,
Is etched in whispers deep within the heart.

For promises, like stars, can light our skies,
Or break like glass—but still, their truth applies.

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A Sonnet On Fulfilment

Beneath the sky, where shifting seasons play,
Life weaves its threads of joy and quiet pain.
Each shadow cast enriches light of day,
For roses bloom from earth once kissed by rain.

The heart's a vessel, brimming tides that swell,
Both sorrow's whispers and the laughter's song.
A mirrored lake that holds what words can't tell,
Reflecting truths where night and dawn belong.

The stars above, like dreams, are faint yet near,
They guide us through the storms that bend our will.
In trials' forge, the soul grows crystal clear,
A mountain shaped by winds both harsh and still.

Fulfilment stands where opposites align,
A fleeting gift, eternal and divine.

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Haiku On Meadows And Wildlife

Wildflowers sway, bloom
Butterflies dance, birds take flight
Meadow's vibrant life

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



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Haiku On Thunder And Lightning

Rumbling skies erupt,
Jagged bolts split the darkness,
Nature's wild symphony

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Haiku On Hugs And Kisses

Tender embraces,
Soft lips brush against skin's warmth,
Love's gentle caress

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Haiku On Moonlight And Dreams

Silvery moonbeams dance,
Illuminating night's veil,
Guiding dreamers' flights

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Haiku On Sunflowers In The Sun

Golden heads turn skyward,
Rays dance across petal fields,
Sunflowers bask in light

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Haiku On Tears Of Joy

Glistening drops fall,
Streaming down flushed, smiling face,
Tears of pure delight

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Haiku On Family Bonds

Roots entwined, hearts joined,
Unconditional love blooms,
Family's warm embrace

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Haiku On Laughter And Health

Joyous peals of mirth,
Lifting spirits, healing hearts,
Laughter, medicine

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Haiku On Storms

Dark clouds gather near,
Winds howl, lightning cracks the sky,
Nature's raw power

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Haiku On Standing Tall

Unbowed, head held high,
Weathering life's storms with grace,
Standing proud and tall

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Sand And Love Haiku

Grains of sand whisper,
Shifting beneath bare footsteps,
Love's ephemeral

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Haiku On Timidity

Hesitant footsteps
Shrinking from the world's harsh gaze
Timid heart beats slow

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Dove

Soft dove's gentle coo
Wings flutter, graceful and white
Bringing peace, serene

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

The Rugby Rumble

A dance of giants upon the green stage,
Muscled titans, their primal rage unleashed.
They collide with thunderous, bone-shaking might,
A symphony of impacts, a primal delight.

The oval ball, a slippery siren's call,
Passed, kicked, chased with reckless abandon.
Defenders converge, a human fortress wall,
Breached by fleet-footed forwards, their momentum unbroken.

Through the trenches they plow, grunting and driven,
Inches mean victory, any ground must be given.
The crowd's rising roar, a rallying cry,
Fueling the warriors, their spirits to sanctify.

But amidst the chaos, flashes of grace arise -
A sidestep, a fend, a try that electrifies.
Poetry in motion, ballet on the pitch,
Skill and strategy, the rugby gods bewitched.

For beneath the bludgeon, the artistry abides,
Tactics and techniques that the mind's eye divides.
The game's dichotomy - primal and sublime,
A timeless clash, rugby's eternal rhyme.

Whether watching from stands or viewing TV,
The rugby rumble casts its spellbinding spell.
For once bitten by its fever, its rhythm, its roar,
This sport of kings will entrance forevermore.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

The Week's Rhythm

Monday, the alarm clock's sharp ring,
Jolting us awake, a reluctant start to things.
But coffee in hand, we gradually come alive,
Tackling the tasks, staying focused to thrive.

Tuesday, the metronome's steady beat,
Marking time, productivity's steady feet.
Deadlines loom, the to-do list grows,
But we forge ahead, one step that shows.

Wednesday, the humpback whale's languid sway,
Mid-week doldrums, energy starts to decay.
We pause for breath, sneak in a quick nap,
Recharge our batteries, get back on track.

Thursday, the engine's rising roar,
Weekend's approach, excitement at the fore.
Tasks get checked off, the pace starts to quicken,
Anticipation builds, spirits start to thicken.

Friday, the crowd's roaring cheer,
The workweek's end, freedom drawing near.
Work melts away, the fun is about to begin,
Time to cut loose, let the good times roll in.

Saturday, a lullaby's soft refrain,
Peaceful rhythms, a chance to rest and regain.
Leisure abounds, no schedules to keep,
Sink into the couch, enjoy a long, lazy sleep.

Sunday, the harp's serene, angelic sway,
A day of quiet contemplation, to worship and pray.
Rejuvenate the soul, recharge the mind,
Ready for Monday, the cycle to unwind.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Weekend Respites

The workweek fades, stress melts away,
As Friday's end brings Saturday's sway.
Time to unwind, breathe deep, and play,
Savour moments that brighten the day.

Sleep in late, linger over coffee's aroma,
Stroll through farmer's markets, enjoy the panorama.
Catch up with friends, share laughter and cheer,
Recharge the batteries, the weekend is here!

Tasks can wait, to-do lists on hold,
This brief interlude is nature's pure gold.
Embrace the freedom, relish the ease,
Weekend delights, the spirit to please.

So when Monday looms, don't feel dismay,
Remember the joy of the weekend's sway.
This precious time will come 'round again,
A restorative pause before work begins.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Summer Dusk Serenade

As the sun slips away, a veil descends -
Gossamer curtain, night's gentle amends.
And riding this current, a serenade takes flight,
Dusk's symphony, summer's lullaby of light.

This zephyr, this minstrel, a troubadour's tune,
Lilting and dancing 'neath Luna's soft croon.
Each rustling leaf, a plucked string's refrain,
Allegorical notes in nature's sweet strain.

The fragrance of blossoms, a synecdoche sweet,
Heralding summer's last ardent heartbeat.
This wind-carried chorus, this lullaby's grace -
A twilight allegory, summer's fleeting embrace.

As darkness enfolds us, the minstrel departs,
But its memory lingers, deep in our hearts.
For in dusk's cool caress, its ephemeral sway,
We glimpse summer's soul at the closing of day.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Spring's Whisper

As the sun dips low,
Spring's whisper takes flight,
A gentle companion
Through fading daylight.

This zephyr, this sprite -
A breath from above,
Caresses the earth
With a touch soft as dove.

Syncopated symphony
Of rustling leaves,
A lullaby carried
On Spring's evening breeze.

Flora's sweet fragrance,
A floral ballet,
Dances on currents
That usher in day.

Allegory of change,
Of renewal's embrace -
This breeze, this soft murmur,
Spring's ephemeral grace.

As darkness descends,
This sprite takes its leave,
But its memory lingers -
A gift we receive.

For in Spring's cool breath,
Its fleeting caress,
We feel nature's heartbeat,
Its rhythm to bless.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Rapture Of The Hibiscus

Vibrant hibiscus, nature's radiant bloom,
Bursting with color, a tropical perfume.
Petals unfurling, a captivating sight,
Beckoning the senses, a true delight.

Your crimson hues, a bold and fiery tint,
Draw the eye, a mesmerizing glint.
Delicate veins, a delicate design,
Gracing the landscape, a vision divine.

The air is alive with your fragrant scent,
A sweet aroma, heaven-sent.
It dances on the breeze, a sensual treat,
Intoxicating all who dare to meet.

Hibiscus, symbol of beauty and grace,
You captivate the heart, leaving a lasting trace.
In your fleeting moments, a lesson you impart -
Cherish the present, for life is art.

Your resilience shines, a beacon of hope,
Reminding us to embrace life's kaleidoscope.
Hibiscus, a treasure, a wonder to behold,
Your vibrant essence, a story untold.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

The Allure Of Scarves

Draped with grace, a sartorial delight,
Scarves captivate, a true style ignite.
From silken smooth to cashmere's soft caress,
They adorn our necks, a fashion finesse.

A splash of color, a bold accessory,
Scarves transform, a wardrobe's reverie.
Whether flowing free or artfully tied,
They elevate our look, a touch of pride.

Parisian chic or bohemian flair,
Scarves transcend time, a timeless affair.
They whisper of travels, of lands far away,
Each thread a story, a sartorial display.

Decorative, functional, a versatile find,
Scarves express the wearer's cultivated mind.
From city streets to countryside vistas,
They grace our attire, fashion's true maestras.

Scarves, the ultimate fashion statement,
Elevating our style, a refined amendment.
In their elegant folds, we find our own grace,
Radiating confidence, a fashionable trace.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

The Frangipani's Grace

Frangipani, nature's graceful bloom,
Petals unfurling, a captivating plume.
Delicate stars, in shades of white and pink,
Adorning the branches, a sight to make hearts sink.

Their gentle fragrance, a sweet allure,
Enchanting the senses, calming and pure.
Each petal, a work of art divine,
Radiating beauty, a tropical design.

Frangipani, a symbol of joy and rebirth,
Reminding us of life's eternal worth.
In their delicate dance, they cast a spell,
A fleeting moment, a story to tell.

From dawn till dusk, they stand tall and proud,
Swaying softly, their beauty unowed.
Frangipani, a gift from nature's hand,
A timeless wonder, in this tropical land.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Grandparents' Love

Grandparents' love, a timeless treasure,
Flows like a river, a boundless pleasure.
In their embrace, a warmth so divine,
Memories etched, a tapestry sublime.

Grandchildren, the light that fills their eyes,
A bond that transcends, never dies.
Wisdom imparted, stories untold,
Moments of laughter, worth more than gold.

Through the years, a guiding hand,
Unwavering support, a steadfast stand.
Grandparents, the pillars of our lives,
Reminding us of what truly thrives.

In the twilight of their years, a legacy they leave,
A love so pure, it's hard to believe.
Grandchildren, the greatest gift they bestow,
A bond that deepens, as the seasons flow.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

The Garden Crown

Woven secrets of the isles,
Fresh plumeria for miles and miles,
Fragrant circles 'round my hair,
Ocean breeze caught dancing there.

Tiare blooms and maile vine,
Memories of coconut wine,
Each flower placed with gentle care,
Love and culture braided fair.

Crown of ancestors worn with pride,
Island beauty personified,
Precious petals kiss my face,
Wrapped in sweetness, wrapped in grace.

Some wear diamonds, some wear gold,
But give me flowers, fresh and bold,
For in these garlands, wisdom sings
Of island hearts and sacred things.

When I wear these scented rings,
My spirit soars, my heart just sings,
Connected to this ancient art,
Pacific beauty in my heart.

More than fashion, more than show,
These garlands tell what islanders know:
That beauty flows from earth and sea,
In flowers strung so tenderly.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Divine Victory Lines

This line upon my chest runs deep,
A silver thread of victory drawn
By surgeon's hands while I did sleep,
Between two worlds at breaking dawn.

But greater hands were guiding there,
The Almighty God who holds my days,
Who heard each whispered faithful prayer,
And through the darkness, lit my ways.

They split my armor, broke the seal,
To mend the drum that keeps my time,
While God's own grace helped me to heal,
His mercy marking every line.

Not all war wounds are born from strife—
Some come from fighting just to stay,
When Heaven's power grants new life,
And faith gives strength to find the way.

Each morning when I trace its path,
I feel His presence, pure and true,
Who lifted me from death's dark wrath,
And shaped my heart and spirit new.

Some see a scar, but I see more:
A testament to divine grace,
Where God's own hand led me to shore,
And gave me strength to set this pace.

Let others hide their battle signs—
I wear this badge with sacred pride,
For in these healing, silver lines
Lives proof that God stayed by my side.

This mark's no flaw upon my form,
But witness to His saving light,
Who steered me through my fiercest storm,
And gave me power to win this fight.

So trace this line of hope with me,
This holy script, this saving grace—
For in this scar, the world can see
The mighty works of God's embrace.

For every beat beneath this seal
Rings praise to Him who made me strong:
Not just survival, but to feel
The joy of knowing I belong.

In every pulse, in every breath,
I feel His mercy, vast and deep,
Who called me back from gates of death,
And gave me precious life to keep.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

The Snowy Peak

Wrapped in winter's purest white embrace,
The mountain stands in solitary might,
Where clouds caress its weathered face,
And eagles soar in golden light.

Each crystalline flake finds its rest
Upon the ancient granite shield,
While avalanches down its breast
Thunder through the frozen field.

Pine trees bow beneath their crown
Of diamond dust and silver sheen,
As twilight shadows tumble down
Through valleys deep, unseen.

The wind carves sculptures in the drift,
Creates cornices of delicate lace,
While moonbeams through the storm clouds sift
To dance on nature's finest grace.

Silent sentinel against the sky,
Guardian of the wild and free,
You catch the stars as they pass by
And hold them there for all to see.

Your peak defies both time and age,
Eternally in frozen sleep,
While writing on Earth's greatest page
The secrets that you keep.

Beneath your mantle, pure and deep,
The seasons come and go,
But you maintain your steadfast keep,
Forever crowned in snow.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Sonnet: The Yellow Rose's Joy

Sweet golden petals bathed in morning light,
Like sunshine caught and wrapped in velvet sheen,
A flower born to make the heart delight,
With warmth that glows where darker blooms have been.

Your fragrance speaks of friendship's tender call,
Each layer curled in patterns pure and true,
While honeyed tones rise upward, standing tall,
Against the garden's shifting shades of blue.

No red rose passion nor white rose's grace
Can match your cheerful spirit's gentle shine,
As dewdrops on your leaves leave silver trace,
And bees drift near to taste your sweet design.

Of all the flowers nature deigns to bring,
You, yellow rose, make every moment spring.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

 PoemHunter.com

O'brien: Legacy Of The Name

From Éire's ancient shores, the name rings clear,
O'Brien - descendants of the mighty Brian,
High Kings who ruled with wisdom, sword, and spear,
Their blood still flows through veins both fierce and lion.

Through Thomond's hills and Clare's wild rocky coast,
The clan held strong through centuries of strife,
While Celtic crosses marked what some had lost,
And bagpipes keened the rhythm of their life.

Ó Briain in Gaelic script tells tales of old,
Of Boroimhe's legacy, proud and true,
Each generation's stories rendered bold,
From emerald shores beneath the morning dew.

In modern times the name still carries pride,
From Dublin streets to shores across the tide,
Where O'Briens walk with that ancient stride,
Their heritage held close, both far and wide.

The apostrophe, like bridge 'tween old and new,
Connects the 'O' to histories profound,
While children born still carry crimson-blue,
The colors that their ancestors once found.

So raise a glass to all who bear this name,
To teachers, builders, poets, one and all,
For though they walk in paths of modern fame,
They answer still that ancient Celtic call.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Sonnet: The Window Of Perception

O perfect sphere of jelly, lens, and light,
That swims within its socket's bony cage,
Through which the world's vast wonders take their flight,
And paint upon the mind their living page.

Your iris dances, pupil shrinks and grows,
Like camera's shutter swift to change its view,
While color floods through cornea's curved windows,
And retina reads each signal old and new.

Six muscles guide your endless graceful dance,
As quantum photons strike your surface clear,
Converting waves to pictures at a glance,
To build the vision of both far and near.

Nature's own lens, more perfect than man's art,
That links the outer world to mind and heart.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

 PoemHunter.com

Sonnet: The Seasonal Affliction

Ah springtime's blooms, so innocent and fair,
Yet bearing forth my seasonal demise,
As pollen drifts upon the gentle air,
To wage its war against my nose and eyes.

With handkerchief clutched tight in desperate hand,
I battle through each bright but hostile day,
While Nature's golden dust doth sweep the land,
And leaves me longing for the rains of May.

My eyes now stream like rivers in their course,
My sneezes echo like a thunder's roar,
Each breath becomes a challenge fierce with force,
As antihistamines I do implore.

Though spring brings joy to many, I confess,
To me it brings but sneezeful wretchedness.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

 PoemHunter.com

Sonnet: The Dance Of Rain

Upon the window panes they gently fall,
These crystal droplets from the brooding sky,
Each bearing stories that they wish to call,
As down the glass they race and multiply.

Like nature's tears they cleanse the dusty earth,
Their rhythm speaks a language pure and clear,
In puddles deep they dance with endless mirth,
While thunder drums a bass note far and near.

They nourish flowers sleeping in their beds,
And wash the leaves until they shine anew,
Like diamonds scattered when the storm cloud sheds
Its treasures on the world in morning dew.

Though some may curse the rain and seek the sun,
I'll praise each drop until its course is run.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

 PoemHunter.com

Equine Grace

Mane flowing like silk in wind,
Hooves that make the earth rescind,
Power wrapped in graceful flight,
Thunder's child, pure delight.

Eyes that hold a gentle soul,
Yet wild hearts that can't be sold,
Speed that makes the wind look slow,
Grace that sets the heart aglow.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



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Spirit Of Liberty

On sacred winds your spirit soars,
Above the mountain's ancient cores,
Like freedom wrapped in feather-light,
A dance of power, a crown of might.

In your wings, wild stories weave,
As earth below stands to receive
The blessing of your regal glide—
Nature's grace personified.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Through Nature's Eyes

Beauty whispers through the trees,
Dancing softly on the breeze,
Written in the sunset's glow,
As evening colours start to flow.

In rustling leaves and gentle rain,
Nature's poetry speaks again,
Through storms that shake the mighty oak,
And morning mists that rise like smoke.

It lives in moments pure and true,
In morning frost and drops of dew,
In hearts that love with depth untold,
In simple wonders we behold.

From darkness deep to the brightest day,
Beauty guides us on our way,
Teaching souls who dare to see:
In all things, wonder there can be.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Innocent Hearts

Children bright with hearts so new,
Should not pay for conflicts they never knew.
Judge them not by grown-up fights,
Let them shine with their own lights.

Each young soul deserves their chance,
Free from prejudice's cruel dance.
For in their pure and untouched ways,
Lives hope for better, brighter days.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Symphony Of States: An Australian Journey

Vast red earth beneath endless sky,
Where ancient stories never die.
From coast to coast, this sunburnt land
Holds wonders shaped by nature's hand.

In New South Wales, the Opera House gleams,
Harbour Bridge spans Sydney's dreams.
Where surfers ride the coastal breaks,
And Blue Mountains majesty awakes.

Victoria's Great Ocean Road winds free,
Twelve Apostles rising from the sea.
Melbourne's laneways, culture deep,
Where sport and art their rendezvous keep.

Queensland's Reef, a living treasure,
Rainforests green beyond all measure.
The Whitsundays' pristine shore,
Where ancient reef meets forest floor.

South Australia's wine lands flow,
Adelaide's festivals put on their show.
Kangaroo Island's wild expanse,
Where native creatures lead nature's dance.

Western Australia, vast and wide,
Where pink lakes and red gorges reside.
Perth's swan-blessed waters flowing free,
Ningaloo's whale sharks glide through sea.

Tasmania, wild and pure,
Where convict tales still endure.
Cradle Mountain pierces cloud,
MONA's art makes spirits proud.

Northern Territory's red heartbeats,
Where Uluru and culture meet.
Kakadu's waters tell their tale,
Of Dreamtime stories that never fail.

In ACT, democracy stands tall,
Parliament House watching over all.
Where nations gather, laws are made,
In Canberra's planned parade.

Together these lands make one great whole,
A nation with a mighty soul.
From desert red to ocean blue,
Australia, forever proud and true.

Where didgeridoos and songlines sing,
And kookaburras make bushland rings.
This southern land beneath the stars,
Will forever hold our hearts in bars.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Sacred Tiare

Pure white petals, like stars in the night,
Dancing on branches in soft island light,
Sweet perfume carried on trade wind's sigh,
Beneath the vast Pacific sky.

Sacred flower of ancestral lore,
Treasured gift from ocean's shore,
In coconut oil your essence sleeps,
While ancient wisdom your spirit keeps.

Around brown necks you grace with pride,
Traditional welcome, grooms and bride,
Your fragrance speaks of island home,
Where gentle waves caress white foam.

In gardens where our elders dwell,
Your stories only time can tell,
Of chiefs who wore you with such grace,
In ceremonies of time and place.

Delicate blooms at dawn unfold,
More precious than the finest gold,
Guardian of Pacific ways,
Blessing all our sacred days.

In monoi oil your scent lives on,
From dusk until the breaking dawn,
Reminding us of who we are,
Under the Southern Cross's star.

Temple flower, crown of light,
Blessing every island rite,
In you our culture's heart still beats,
Where sky and sacred ocean meets.

From generation unto age,
You mark each turning history's page,
Sacred Tiare, pure and true,
Our hearts will always turn to you.

The Echo Of Goodbye

In empty rooms where memories dwell,
Where silence speaks the words we cannot tell,
Your absence echoes through each passing day,
Like shadows stretching as light fades away.

The morning coffee sits untouched and cold,
As grief unfolds in stories left untold,
Your favourite chair still holds your gentle grace,
While time moves on at such a cruel pace.

They say that healing comes in waves of blue,
Some days I drown, some days I struggle through,
The world spins on with such indifference now,
While I'm still learning when to sink or bow.

Lost moments flutter like autumn's last leaves,
As memory carefully sorts and weaves
A tapestry of all you used to be,
Now hanging in the halls of memory.

I find you in the smallest things that stay:
Your handwriting, your mug, your favourite way
Of folding corners in beloved books,
The window seat where you'd pause to look.

The seasons change without asking leave,
While I stay here, still learning how to grieve,
For mourning knows no proper time or place,
It moves along at its own chosen pace.

Some say that time will heal what hurts today,
That memories of loss will fade away,
But love transformed is still a kind of love,
Like stars that shine though storms rage above.

So here I sit with grief's unwanted art,
Learning to carry you within my heart,
Finding that love and loss together weave
A pattern time cannot make us leave.

For you are gone, yet somehow still remain,
Like sunshine dancing through the autumn rain,
And though I mourn what time cannot restore,
Love echoes still behind a closing door.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

The Weight Of Grace

In shadows of hurt where pain resides,
Where broken trust like mist abides,
There lies a path, though hard to see,
Through darkness to serenity.

Forgiveness weighs like mountain stone,
A burden carried all alone,
Yet holding on to yesterday
Weighs heavier with each passing day.

The heart bleeds slow with memories kept,
Of bitter tears in silence wept,
While anger burns with fierce desire
To keep alive revenge's fire.

But grace, like morning's gentle light,
Breaks softly through the walls of night,
Teaching souls this ancient art:
Freedom lives in an open heart.

To let go is to learn to fly,
Release the hurt, release the 'why, '
For chains that bind are often made
Of grievances too long delayed.

Forgiveness is not to forget,
Nor say the sun has never set,
But rather choose to break the chain
That binds our now to yesterday's pain.

In letting go, we find release,
In understanding, there is peace,
For mercy shown in spite of wrong
Makes wounded spirits brave and strong.

The greatest power we possess
Lives in our choice to heal and bless,
To rise above what caused our fall
And answer hurt with grace's call.

For in forgiving, we set free
Not just the other - but also me.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Ode To My Nieces And Nephews

Scattered near and far,
My nieces and nephews, like shining stars.
Each one a beacon, a light so true,
Illuminating our family, through and through.

From island home to global reach,
Their spirits soar, their hearts they teach.
Honouring the legacy of grandparents past,
Family bonds that forever last.

In laughter and love, they do their part,
Enriching our lives, filling our hearts.
Big or small, their contributions abound,
Respect and culture, forever profound.

Whether hosting festive gatherings with glee,
Or lending a hand quietly, thoughtfully.
Their actions, both grand and understated,
Weave the tapestry that keeps us related.

Though miles may part, they remain close,
For in this family, their roots they chose.
I cherish them all, for who they are,
My nieces and nephews, near and far.

They bring such joy to each family event,
Their youthful spirits, a wonderful lament
To the steady rhythms of our island ways -
A beautiful blend, for all our days.

I'm so proud of the people they've become,
Each one unique, yet together as one.
In their diversity, our family thrives,
Blessed by the light each niece and nephew provides.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

A Collection Of Dreams

My Chanel sits pretty with quilted grace,
Double C's gleaming like stars in their place,
Each chain link whispers of Coco's flair,
Parisian nights and debonair.

Louis Vuitton, in classic brown,
Monogrammed canvas of world renown,
Those timeless LVs intertwined,
Legacy of the most refined.

Bvlgari's serpenti, so sleek and bold,
Scales that shimmer in perfect gold,
A statement piece that turns each head,
Where luxury and art are perfectly wed.

Prada's nylon, so sleek and clean,
Triangle logo, minimalist dream,
Italian craftwork in every seam,
Making practicality reign supreme.

Ferragamo's elegance, pristine and pure,
Vera bow dancing, forever secure,
Florence's heritage in leather so fine,
Where form and function intertwine.

Fendi's baguette tucked under arm,
Double F's working their eternal charm,
Roma's pride in every stitch,
Stories of craftwork eternally rich.

Louboutin's bag like his shoes so bold,
With spikes and leather that never grow old,
Matching the soles of crimson trace,
Adding edge to every place.

Yet Birkin beckons from afar,
Like a distant, unreachable star,
The pinnacle of handbag art,
Soon to claim its special part.

For in this gallery of mine,
Where leather and luxury intertwine,
Each piece brings confidence divine,
Making everyday life shine.

They're not just bags upon my shelf,
But extensions of my better self,
Each one chosen with such care,
Making every moment rare.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Six Days Of Forever

Six precious days, a lifetime of love,
Your tiny hands, blessed from above.
Twenty-six weeks was all we had to wait,
To meet our angel at heaven's gate.

Justin, our warrior, so small yet so strong,
In our hearts you've been here all along.
Your brother, just eighteen months and small,
Too young to understand it all.

Though your time here was brief as morning dew,
Every moment was sacred, every second true.
Thirty-four years have passed since you flew,
But our love grows stronger, forever new.

Some say you left too soon, my dear,
But angels know when to appear.
You taught us love needs no measure of time,
Your spirit eternal, your memory sublime.

In quiet moments when memories flow,
We feel your presence, this we know.
A family's love that knows no end,
Two little brothers' souls to blend.

Six days on earth, but love without end,
Our precious angel, our soul to tend.
Justin, sweet child of heaven above,
You filled a lifetime with infinite love.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

The Jean Scheme

Some like 'em skinny, tight as can be,
Wrestling them on while hopping like a bee.
'Are they painted? ' grandma likes to ask,
'Getting those off must be quite a task! '

Then there's the ripped ones, holes everywhere,
Making parents worldwide pull out their hair.
'You paid extra for less fabric? ' they cry,
While fashion folks just heave a knowing sigh.

Wide-legged beauties, swooshing down the street,
Like denim bells from hip down to feet.
'Are you hiding sailboats in there? ' they jest,
As I swish past, feeling my best.

Mom-jeans rising high above the waist,
Some call it vintage, others call it waste.
But comfort rules and fashion comes and goes,
While I rock whatever denim flows.

Raw denim lovers talk of special wash,
'Don't clean for months! ' (Oh my, how posh!)
While others bleach and stone-wash with pride,
In this great jean debate, I'll let it slide.

For skinny, baggy, ripped or plain,
These cotton warriors take the strain.
Some may judge, some may complain,
But I'll wear my jeans through sunshine and rain!

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Tapula: A Family Legacy

From ancient isles where chiefs held court,
In Samoa's peaks and Tuvalu's shores,
The Tapula name carried weight and worth,
Through sacred customs, ancient lores.

High chiefs who led with wisdom deep,
Their blood now flows through scattered seeds,
Across vast oceans we now leap,
Yet bound by love that distance heeds.

Some dwell where southern stars still shine,
While others chase the northern lights,
But when we meet, our hearts align,
Like constellations in the night.

Through modern cities, foreign lands,
Our roots grow deeper year by year,
The fa'aaloalo, alofa in our hands,
Respect and honor we hold dear.

When families gather, stories flow
Like gentle waves on island shores,
The love our elders helped to sow
Now blooms on distant corridors.

Though seas divide our daily lives,
Our hearts beat to the same old drum,
The spirit of our chiefs survives
In every daughter, every son.

Tapula blood runs proud and true,
From ancient times to present day,
In everything we say and do,
Our legacy lights up the way.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Celestial Ballet

Mars retreats towards Saturn's glow,
While Jupiter southward, predawn, does go.
A thin crescent Moon, a silver slice,
Joins Mercury and Venus, oh so nice.

Deneb and Altair, bright stars in sight,
As Mars and Saturn greet the morning light.
The Sun marches on its steadfast way,
Crossing Earth's Equator on this day.

Equinox arrives, a cosmic cue,
Spring in the North, Autumn renews.
A magnificent alignment, stars align,
Nature's clockwork, perfectly fine.

At Mercy's house, cool breezes play,
A silent chill marks end of day.
The Heavens open, a starry song,
Welcoming Pisces, where they belong.

Oh March 20th, 2018, so grand,
When celestial wonders grace our land.
A ballet of planets, stars, and Moon,
Nature's rhythm, a cosmic tune.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Springtime Showers

Gentle droplets kiss the earth,
Awakening dormant seeds to birth.
Petrichor rises, sweet and clean,
Nature's perfume, fresh and green.

Buds unfurl in misty air,
Drinking deep without a care.
Puddles mirror cloudy skies,
As robins hunt for earthworm prize.

Raindrops dance on new-born leaves,
A symphony the spring conceives.
Each splash a promise, soft and true,
Of life renewed and skies of blue.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

A Heart Unbroken

Through storms of rage and tempests wild,
A mother's love stands undefiled.
Though fists may fly and words may sting,
Her heart, unwavering, still does sing.

In darkness deep and shadows long,
Her love remains a beacon strong.
No act too harsh, no wound too deep,
To shake the vigil she does keep.

She sees beyond the present pain,
To hope for sunshine after rain.
Her child, though lost in anger's haze,
Still holds her heart through all their days.

Not blind to faults, yet seeing more -
The soul she knew and still adores.
A love unyielding, fierce and true,
Believing change can bloom anew.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Symphony Of The Heart

In the chamber of the chest, a maestro dwells,
Conducting life's most intricate song.
With each beat, a new movement swells,
A rhythm to which all emotions belong.

The strings of arteries vibrate with care,
Pulsing melodies of joy and of strife.
While ventricles drum a steady air,
The percussion section of a complex life.

Valves like cymbals clash and close,
In perfect time, they never cease.
Through crescendos of love, the tempo grows,
In sorrow's lull, it finds release.

Listen close to the body's score,
As it plays through night and day.
In rest, pianissimo it explores,
In passion, fortissimo holds sway.

Adrenaline's trumpet calls out clear,
When danger or excitement abound.
While oxytocin's flute, sweet and dear,
In moments of tenderness is found.

Each life writes its unique refrain,
No two symphonies quite the same.
Yet all hearts, in joy and pain,
Play on in this cosmic game.

Sometimes discordant notes intrude,
Arrhythmias of doubt and fear.
But the heart's orchestra, ever renewed,
Finds harmony year after year.

So let your heart play loud and strong,
Its music is yours alone to share.
For in this grand, unending song,
Lies the beauty of being here and now, aware.

From first faint notes in mother's womb,
To the final, fading, gentle chime,
The symphony of heart gives bloom
To the magnificent music of time.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Mirage Of The Heart

In the desert of desire, we wander,
Chasing mirages that shimmer and dance.
Love, an oasis just beyond our grasp,
Beckoning with promises of sweet romance.

Reality bends in the heat of passion,
Truth and fantasy blur into one.
What we see, is it real or illusion?
A trick of the heart, or the noonday sun?

Your touch feels real, your words ring true,
But are you the one I think I see?
Or merely a reflection of my longings,
A beautiful illusion set temporarily free?

We build our castles on shifting sands,
Ignoring the winds of change that blow.
Convinced our love will stand forever,
Blind to the cracks beginning to show.

Yet in this dance of real and imagined,
There's a beauty that cannot be denied.
For even if love is part illusion,
It's the sweetest dream in which we've lied.

So let us embrace this grand delusion,
If delusion is what it proves to be.
For in the space between truth and fiction,
Perhaps that's where love sets us free.

In the end, does it truly matter
If what we feel is real or not?
The joy, the pain, the wild elation,
Are genuine threads in love's complex plot.

So let us drink from this mirage,
And quench our thirst for something more.
For in the realm of love and illusion,
It's the journey that we're living for.

Spice Of Life

Flames dance on the tongue, a culinary fire,
Chilli's heat, an addiction, a burning desire.
From jalapeno's kick to ghost pepper's fury,
Each bite a thrill, each meal its own story.

Szechuan peppercorns with their numbing embrace,
Thai bird's eye chillies, so small yet so base.
Habanero's fruity notes with a fiery trail,
And smoky chipotle, in adobo's veil.

Indian curries, a rainbow of spice,
Vietnamese pho, sriracha so nice.
Mexican salsas, fresh and bright,
Korean gochujang, a fermented delight.

The first bite tingles, a warmth unfurls,
As endorphins rush, the pleasure swirls.
Sweat on the brow, a flush on the cheek,
The spice lover's high that so many seek.

Capsaicin's burn, a paradox sweet,
Pain and pleasure in each spicy treat.
Eyes may water, noses may run,
But for the devoted, it's nothing but fun.

Beyond the heat, layers unfold,
Complex flavours, both shy and bold.
Cumin, coriander, garlic, and more,
In harmony with chilli's mighty roar.

From street food stalls to gourmet fare,
Spicy dishes beyond compare.
A global language of flavours intense,
Awakening every single sense.

So bring on the heat, let taste buds ignite,
In spicy food, find pure delight.
For in each chilli-laden bite we savour,
Life becomes richer, full of flavour.

Chardonnay's Song

In crystal glass, a golden sun,
Chardonnay's journey has begun.
From Burgundy to Australia's land,
Where adventures await from vines that stand.

Pale straw to deep gold, colours play,
As light dances through each glass today.
Swirl the wine, let aromas flow,
Of fruits and flowers, a delightful show.

Green apple crisp and citrus bright,
In unoaked forms, pure delight.
Or aged in barrels with toasty grace,
Rich layers bloom in every taste.

Tropical fruits join in the song,
Pineapple and mango, they belong.
Smooth on the palate or mineral-kissed,
Each sip unveils what you can't miss.

From seafood feasts to tart desserts,
Chardonnay shines, the heart it converts.
So raise your glass to the wine divine,
Cheers to Howard Park, where we intertwine!

In every sip, let stories unfold,
Of terroir's touch and memories told.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Crimson Depths

In glass depths, a universe unfolds,
Shiraz, dark as night, its story told.
A symphony of purple, garnet, black,
Swirling memories of sun-kissed track.

From Rhône to Barossa, vines stretch wide,
Syrah or Shiraz, names side by side.
Grapes hang heavy, blue-black gems,
Promising flavours from roots to stems.

First sip explodes, a spice bazaar,
Black pepper, clove, transported far.
Dark fruits emerge, plum and blackberry,
With hints of earth and woodland cherry.

Full-bodied, bold, it coats the tongue,
A velvet embrace, pleasures among.
Tannins firm yet smooth caress,
A structure built to impress.

Notes of leather, maybe smoke,
Each vintage unique, a master's stroke.
Some whisper chocolate, mocha, game,
In Shiraz's endless flavour flame.

It pairs with feasts fit for kings,
Grilled meats and savoury things.
Or sipped alone on winter's night,
By fireside glow, a pure delight.

So raise your glass of liquid jewel,
Let Shiraz work its vinous fuel.
In every drop, a story spins,
Of sun and soil, where joy begins.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Crystal Clear Perfection

In a glass, sleek and fine,
Gin and vermouth intertwine.
A twist of lemon, or olive green,
Completes this elegant cocktail scene.

Stirred, not shaken, ice-cold and bright,
A sip of sophistication, pure delight.
Classic Martini, timeless and true,
A liquid sonnet, created for you.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



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Islay's Liquid Gold

Upon the rugged shores where wild winds blow,
The isle of Islay cradles dreams of gold,
In peat and smoke, its storied treasures flow,
Each dram reveals a history retold.

With every sip, the sea's embrace is found,
Salt-kissed and fragrant, notes of earth arise,
A dance of flavors, smoky, rich, profound,
Whispers of brine beneath the open skies.

From Laphroaig to Lagavulin's sweet charm,
Each bottle holds the tempest of the land,
Where hardy folk with whisky's warmth disarm,
And coax from ancient bogs a drink so grand.

So raise a glass to Islay's fabled lore,
In every drop, the isle's soul we explore.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

 PoemHunter.com

Effervescent Elixir

In flutes of crystal, clear and fine,
Bubbles rise in a golden line.
Champagne, the stars captured in a glass,
A liquid symphony, unsurpassed.

Born in chalk soils of French terrain,
Where patience and passion remain.
Grapes nurtured by sun and gentle rain,
A legacy of flavour to sustain.

The pop of cork, a joyous sound,
Heralds celebration all around.
A misty spray, then gentle pour,
Promises pleasures to explore.

Tiny pearls dance and softly sing,
Of toasts made and memories to bring.
Crisp and bright on eager tongue,
Stories of harvests old and young.

Notes of apple, citrus, and bread,
Whisper of feasts that lie ahead.
Sometimes dry, sometimes sweet,
Each sip makes the heart upbeat.

From Épernay to Reims, tradition flows,
In caves deep where no one goes.
Time ticks by, years pass slow,
As complexity and character grow.

Weddings, New Years, victories won,
Champagne sparkles for everyone.
In moments grand or quiet nights,
It elevates all of life's delights.

So raise a glass of this golden brew,
To dreams fulfilled and skies of blue.
Champagne, more than mere libation,
A bottled joy, cause for elation.

Autumn's Mirror: Hallstatt

Nestled in Austria's mountainous embrace,
Hallstatt slumbers in October's misty lace.
A jewel box village on a silvered lake,
Where autumn's chill causes hearts to ache.

Pastel houses huddle close and tight,
Their reflections dancing in water's light.
Spires and gables pierce the leaden sky,
As geese in perfect formation fly by.

Cold raindrops patter on cobblestone streets,
Where footsteps echo and history meets.
Cafés glow warm through fog-kissed panes,
Offering respite from autumn's rains.

High above, the ancient salt mines rest,
Snow-capped sentinels at nature's behest.
Silent witnesses to centuries past,
Their secrets in mountain rock held fast.

Mist rolls down from evergreen slopes,
Wrapping the town in gossamer cloaks.
Each building a masterpiece, quaint and small,
A painter's dream, admired by all.

Boats bob gently at wooden quays,
Their colours muted by the autumn breeze.
The lake a mirror, still and deep,
Reflecting beauty it seems to keep.

As daylight fades and lamps flicker on,
Hallstatt transforms with day now gone.
A fairytale village in twilight's glow,
Picturesque perfection in rain or snow.

In this Alpine haven, time stands still,
October's magic works its will.
Hallstatt in autumn, a sight to behold,
A treasure more precious than any gold.

Neon Oasis

In the heart of Nevada's desert sand,
Rises a city built on dreams so grand.
Las Vegas, where the night outshines the day,
A playground where Lady Luck holds sway.

Fountains dance to music's pulsing beat,
Towering hotels line each bustling street.
Replicas of world wonders stand tall and proud,
Drawing wonder from the awestruck crowd.

Roulette wheels spin, cards are swiftly dealt,
The thrill of chance, palpably felt.
Jackpots chime like celestial bells,
Weaving their own enchanting spells.

On stages grand, legends come alive,
Magicians, singers, all strive to thrive.
Cirque du Soleil defies gravity's reign,
Leaving spectators' senses happily slain.

Gourmet feasts fit for kings and queens,
In opulent halls and views serene.
From buffets grand to chef's cuisine,
A culinary journey unforeseen.

Beyond the Strip, nature still prevails,
Red Rock Canyon tells its ancient tales.
A reminder of the wild, untamed West,
Where adventurers can truly rest.

Las Vegas, city of eternal light,
Where day blends seamlessly into night.
A desert jewel, a neon dream,
Where life is lived to the extreme.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Scents Of The Seasons

In winter's chill, Coco Chanel embraces,
Warm vanilla and spice, it gracefully traces.
A comforting blanket of amber and wood,
Wrapping us tight as only fragrance could.

Spring awakens with Oscar de la Renta's bloom,
Floral notes dance, dispelling all gloom.
Jasmine and rose in a delicate swirl,
As new life unfurls, petal by petal, curl by curl.

Summer sizzles with Dolce & Gabbana's zest,
Citrus and sunshine, we're thoroughly blessed.
Light and crisp like a Mediterranean breeze,
Carrying dreams of far-off turquoise seas.

Autumn arrives in a Chanel-scented mist,
Patchouli and moss that cannot be missed.
Rich and complex like the changing leaves,
A sensory story that nature weaves.

Giorgio Armani joins this olfactory dance,
Adding depth and allure with each passing glance.
Aquatic freshness for days bright and long,
In cooler months, a woody, spicy song.

Through every season, these scents remain,
Memories bottled, again and again.
From Chanel to Oscar, Dolce to Armani's grace,
Each perfume finds its perfect place.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Firefly Magic

Fireflies glowing
Tiny lanterns in the dark
Night's magic unfolds

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Orchard's Bounty

Crisp apple orchard
Red fruit hangs heavy on boughs
Sweet scent of harvest

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Coastal Rhythm

Gentle ocean waves
Caress the sandy shoreline
Eternal rhythm

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Zen Moments

Old bamboo fountain
Water trickles, then silence
Zen garden at peace

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Winter's Blanket

Snowflakes drifting down
Blanketing the world in white
Winter's soft embrace

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



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Misty Dawn

Mountain silhouette
Pierces through the morning mist
Day's first awakening

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Summer's Standstill

Cicadas buzzing
Summer heat hangs in the air
Time seems to stand still

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Autumn's Whisper

Autumn leaves falling
Whisper secrets to the ground
Nature's lullaby

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Nocturnal Ballet

Moonlight on water
Ripples dance in silent night
Stars join the ballet

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Ephemeral Pink

Cherry blossoms bloom
Pink petals paint the landscape
Spring's fleeting beauty

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



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Essence Of Style

Silk and leather, cotton and lace,
A wardrobe of moods for every face.
Bold patterns speak without a sound,
Subtle hues whisper all around.

Personality draped in chosen hue,
Each outfit a story, honest and true.
Confidence stitched in every seam,
Identity woven like a dream.

A spritz of scent, the final touch,
Invisible aura speaking volumes as such.
Floral, woody, or sweet refrain,
A signature trailing like a fragrant train.

Fashion, perfume, and inner grace,
Dance together in time and space.
A symphony of self, unique and rare,
Expressed in fabric, scent, and flair.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Passport Of Dreams

From Paris streets to New York's grand skyline,
Monte Carlo's glitz to Hawaii's shore divine.
Amalfi's cliffs that kiss the azure sea,
Ireland's emerald hills, wild and free.

Scotland's lochs shrouded in misty lore,
Swiss Alps reaching to heaven's door.
Austria's valleys filled with music sweet,
Tuvalu's islands where sky and ocean meet.

A world of wonders, each unique and rare,
Memories woven with love and care.
From bustling cities to tranquil isles,
These cherished places spark joy and smiles.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



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Granite Soul

Carved from cliffs of cold disdain,
A heart of stone, impervious to pain.
Weathered by storms of life's harsh gale,
Its walls stand firm, beyond assail.

No warmth seeps through its stony shield,
No tender touch can make it yield.
Emotions crash like waves, in vain,
Against this fortress built of strain.

Yet deep within, a flicker gleams,
A spark of life, of long-lost dreams.
For even stone can crack and break,
When love's persistent chisel makes

Its mark upon the hardened face,
Revealing softness, hidden grace.
The heart of stone, once thought so sure,
Finds strength in learning to endure

Not just the hard, but gentle too,
As life sculpts something wholly new.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

The Bard's Eternal Quill

In Stratford-upon-Avon's embrace,
A genius born of mortal space.
With quill in hand and mind ablaze,
Will Shakespeare set the world astage.

His sonnets sang of love's sweet ache,
While tragedies made hearts to break.
In comedies, he spun such mirth,
His words gave laughter joyous birth.

From Hamlet's doubt to Lear's despair,
Macbeth's ambition, Juliet fair,
He painted souls in hues so true,
That centuries cannot subdue.

The Globe did echo with his art,
As groundlings cheered and nobles start.
His language, rich as finest wine,
Still flows through time, forever fine.

O Bard of Avon, timeless scribe,
Your legacy cannot subside.
In every player's proud refrain,
Immortal Will, you live again.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Grateful Days

Each dawn, a gift unwrapped in light,
A canvas blank, a world so bright.
For breath that fills these lungs anew,
For skies that paint in every hue.

For laughter shared with those we love,
For stars that twinkle high above,
For challenges that help us grow,
For quiet moments, time slowed.

In nature's song, in friends so dear,
In memories that draw us near,
We find the wealth of being alive,
A treasure trove where joy can thrive.

So let us pause in gratitude,
For life's sweet symphony of good.
In every step, in every way,
We're blessed to live another day.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Endless Expanse

Time stretches beyond our grasp,
An infinite road with no signpost.
Stars born and die in cosmic dance,
While eternity plays as the gracious host.

Seconds blend to years, to eons long,
In the grand tapestry, we're but a thread.
Yet in a moment, we touch the everlasting song,
Where past and future seamlessly wed.

No beginning, no end in sight,
Just the constant flow of now.
In eternity's gentle, ceaseless light,
We glimpse forever, though we know not how.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



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Radiance Within

Not in the mirror's fleeting glance,
Nor in the shimmer of youth's fair dance,
But deeper still, where spirit dwells,
A beauty blooms that time foretells.

In kindness shown to friend and foe,
In strength that lets compassion grow,
In wisdom earned through joy and strife,
These mark the loveliness of life.

A gentle word, a helping hand,
A heart that strives to understand,
These jewels outshine all outward art,
True beauty blossoms from the heart.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



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Pearls Of Wisdom

Ivory soldiers in a crimson sea,
Guardians of smiles, set in rows so neat.
Gums embrace them, pink and strong,
A fortress where enamel knights belong.

Brush and floss, the daily drill,
To keep decay from scaling the hill.
But beyond the physical, there's more to say,
Mental floss prevents moral decay.

For just as plaque can dull our pearly shine,
Negative thoughts can tarnish the mind.
So cleanse your thoughts, and rinse with care,
A healthy outlook's beyond compare.

Let your grin reflect your inner light,
Both teeth and spirit gleaming bright.
For in this world of sweet and sour,
A clean mind and mouth have equal power.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Nature's Morning Ballet

Gentle light bathes the waking world,
As kangaroos bask in golden rays unfurled.
Soft-eared rabbits dart through dewy grass,
Their presence fleeting as moments pass.

Upon the lake, a regal swan glides,
Her cygnets trailing, in her care they abide.
Ripples dance in the cool morning breeze,
Nature's ballet performed with ease.

Arctotheca calendula carpets the field,
A sea of yellow, spring's bounty revealed.
Their petals reach for the clear blue sky,
Where the sun climbs ever so high.

In this tableau of wild serenity,
Earth showcases its grand diversity.
A magnificent morning, a gift to behold,
Where nature's beauty gently unfolds.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Ode To My Cherished Friend

My dearest friend, you ignite my creative spark,
Your laughter and grace, my eternal muse.
In both waking moments and dreams' embrace,
Your presence is a treasure I'd never refuse.

Shall I liken you to the brightest summer morn?
You shine with a warmth, a brilliance so rare.
Soft sunrays may kiss the fresh, dewy grass,
Yet you surpass the dawn's gentle glare.

How do I adore you? Beyond all measure and time,
I treasure your humor, your style, your heart.
Thoughts of you weave melodies so sublime,
Your love fills my world, makes everything art.

Though life may call us to travel apart,
These words I write come straight from my heart.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

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The Ideal And Bright Scorpion

Whose scorpion is that? I think I know.
Its owner is quite happy though.
Full of joy like a vivid rainbow,
I watch him laugh. I cry hello.

He gives his scorpion a shake,
And laughs until her belly aches.
The only other sound's the break,
Of distant waves and birds awake.

The scorpion is ideal, bright and deep,
But he has promises to keep,
After cake and lots of sleep.
Sweet dreams come to him cheap.

He rises from his gentle bed,
With thoughts of kittens in his head,
He eats his jam with lots of bread.
Ready for the day ahead.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

A Man Called Will

There once was a young man called will.
He said, 'See the lovely sill! '
It was rather last,
But not very glass,
He just couldn't say no to the prill.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



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Tom's Explosive Surprise

There once was a young man called tom,
Who cried, 'See this grand cherry bomb! '
It was rather small,
Not hospital-call,
But it sure made his neighbours go 'mom! '

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

The Paradox Of Learning

Ivory towers, no matter how they reach,
Remain bastions of the academic.
Remember always their pedantic speech,
Their theories often seem endemic.

How dare one claim literacy trivial?
It's the crown jewel of human progression.
Yet it can be both crucial and initial,
Critical, yet prone to digression.

Why assume the book is a weighty tome?
Often it's the slimmest that transform.
In its pages, a universe to roam,
Ideas that weather any storm.

Descending into literature's depth,
Soft whispers of knowledge take hold.
Each word a treasure, each page breadth,
Stories both new and ages old.

In learning's paradox, we find our way,
Between the rigid and the free.
In books both big and small, we may
Discover what it means to be.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Royal Deception

Mist-shrouded peak looms
A regal Persian monarch
Seal's treachery lurks

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Girl

Bright break of the day
A beautiful, right girl runs
before the flower

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Tranquil Shores And Swine

Gleaming shores of white
A tranquil stream meets the sea
Swine grazes nearby

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Nature's Flavours

Rain drops on petals
Bitter cocoa meets sweet grape
Spring's fleeting flavours

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Eternal Beacon

In every breath, in every day,
I feel Your presence guide my way.
Through stormy seas and skies of blue,
My heart, oh Lord, beats thanks to You.

Sometimes Your answers swiftly come,
Like morning light or evening drum.
Other times, in silence I wait,
Trusting Your love, accepting fate.

You've shaped me with Your gentle hand,
Each trial and triumph You have planned.
The person I've become, I see,
Is but a reflection of Thee.

In blessings counted, large and small,
I hear Your soft, unwavering call.
Through answered prayers and gracious deeds,
You nurture all my spirit's needs.

My faith in You, a beacon bright,
Illuminates the darkest night.
For in Your wisdom, vast and true,
I find the strength to see life through.

Oh Lord, my rock, my guiding star,
You've brought me closer, near and far.
With grateful heart, I praise Your name,
Your endless love, forever the same.

In every step, in every choice,
I listen for Your guiding voice.
For all I am and hope to be,
I owe to You, who set me free.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Waves Of Remembrance

Vast and blue, the ocean calls,
A siren song that gently falls.
But in its depths, a memory lies,
Of infant fears and muffled cries.

The waves that lapped at tiny feet,
Now whisper tales I can't delete.
A trauma etched in deepest mind,
Leaving visible fear behind.

Great ships loom, like towering palms,
Their shadows stir my deep alarms.
In fragile craft, I feel so small,
Remembering when I couldn't crawl.

Yet still, the sea holds beauty true,
In shades of green and endless blue.
I watch from shore with wary eyes,
Respecting both its lows and highs.

This fear, a part of who I am,
A childhood script, an inner qualm.
But every day I face the tide,
Acknowledging both fear and pride.

For in this dance of love and dread,
I've learned to face what lies ahead.
The ocean, teacher, foe, and friend,
A relationship that knows no end

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Polynesian Tapestry

I am a tapestry of island dreams,
Woven with threads from distant shores.
In my veins, a symphony of seas,
A heritage that forever soars.

Polynesian blood, the core of me,
An exquisite formula, rich and rare.
Irish wit dances in my eyes,
A sprinkle of laughter in the air.

Asian spice seasons my soul,
A dash of fire, a hint of zest.
Samoan strength courses through,
In every heartbeat, I am blessed.

Tuvaluan grace, a gentle tide,
Flows in my movements, smooth and true.
A blend of cultures, a work of art,
In every cell, a vibrant hue.

Proud to be Polynesian, I stand tall,
A living bridge of islands and more.
Many components, one beating heart,
A testament to shores my ancestors saw.

In this mix, I find my pride,
A celebration of all I am.
Polynesian roots reach deep and wide,
Anchoring me in this vast ocean's span.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Scattered Seeds Of One Strong Tree

From a single root, we grew so vast,
Branches reaching far and wide.
Each leaf unique, yet part of the whole,
Our differences, we wear with pride.

Across the globe, we've taken flight,
But gravity pulls us back as one.
In laughter, tears, and memories shared,
We shine bright as the morning sun.

Some quick to flame, others soft and still,
The jesters and the sages too.
A tapestry of souls entwined,
Woven in love, forever true.

Though oceans deep may keep us apart,
Our bond remains unbroken, strong.
For in our veins, the same blood flows,
To you, dear siblings, I belong.

We honour those who gave us life,
Our late parents, wise and kind.
Their legacy lives on in us,
In heart, in soul, in mind.

So let the years roll swiftly by,
Let distance try to tear us apart.
We'll always find our way back home,
To the family that beats in one heart.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

My Heart's Echo

In you, my son, I found a love so pure,
A heartbeat strong, a bond forever sure.
The apple of my eye, my guiding light,
You fill my world with wonder and delight.

No other soul could ever take your place,
My care, my nurture, wrapped in your embrace.
You are the centre of my universe,
In joy and pain, for better and for worse.

When shadows loom and strength begins to wane,
Your smile ignites my spirit once again.
You give me hope, a reason to press on,
My courage renewed with each approaching dawn.

From your first breath until my final day,
My love for you will never fade away.
My son, my heart, my first and truest love,
A gift more precious than the stars above.

Now, as I watch you guide your children true,
My heart swells with pride, my joy anew.
A mother's love, a grandmother's grace,
In this blessed role, I've found my place.

For every moment, I'm forever grateful,
This journey with you, so rich and fateful.
Mother and grandmother, titles I treasure,
My cup of life filled beyond all measure.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

When Parents Leave Us

In the void where they once stood,
The world shifts, misunderstood.
No longer children, we must be
Guardians of our own destiny.

Their hugs, a warmth we can't replace,
Their kisses, a now-phantom grace.
Words that lifted, encouraged, inspired,
Now echoes of love that time has retired.

Life's path grows steeper, harder to climb,
Without their shield from the thorns of time.
Orphaned hearts, regardless of age,
Face an unfamiliar, daunting stage.

Though we've built families of our own,
Their faces in our souls are sewn.
Etched forever in memory's art,
Parents remain life's counterpart.

Within us all, a child still lives,
Yearning for the comfort parents give.
That unconditional, steadfast love,
Now whispers to us from above.

We stand alone, yet not apart,
Their legacy lives in each heart.
Though they've gone beyond our reach,
Their love remains, a silent speech.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Tiny Warriors, Mighty Spirits

Through hospital haze, I glimpse your fight,
Tiny hands grasping at life's thread.
Your breaths, soft as whispers,
Echo the strength of roaring winds.

In your eyes, I see earth's resilience,
In your hearts, fire's unwavering warmth.
Your spirits flow like untamed rivers,
Your wills soar on unseen currents of air.

Days orbit like distant planets,
Each turn bringing new hope, new fears.
Little warriors in sterile fields,
You wage a battle beyond your years.

Divine forces cradle your fragile forms,
Whispering ancient songs of healing.
Your cries—once faint—now strong and clear,
A victorious anthem rising.

At last, homecoming's joyous flood,
Tears of relief, of love unbound.
No longer shrouded in mist and worry,
But basking in the light of triumph.

My brave ones, my precious gifts,
You've conquered more than most ever will.
In your tiny hands, you hold our hearts,
Forever changed, forever filled.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

My Papa's Love

His eyes, they sparkled with delight,
Whenever I came into sight.
His little girl, I'll always be,
Wrapped in love, so warm and free.

With gentle hands and tender heart,
He built my world, right from the start.
Each day a gift, tied with a bow,
Of kindness that he'd always show.

He spoiled me, not with things untold,
But with a love worth more than gold.
In every laugh, in every smile,
He made my childhood so worthwhile.

Now he's gone, but memories stay,
Of how he loved me every day.
My papa's voice still echoes clear,
In all the lessons I hold dear.

I miss him so, his presence strong,
The safety of where I belong.
Yet in my heart, he'll always be,
My papa, who loved endlessly.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Echoes Of You

In the quiet of the morning,
When the world is still asleep,
I reach for your memory,
A promise I long to keep.

Your laughter, once my anchor,
Now echoes in empty rooms,
Your smile, a fading picture,
In a garden robbed of blooms.

The warmth of your embraces,
The wisdom in your eyes,
Now live within my heartbeat,
Where your spirit never dies.

I trace the lines you've written,
On my life and in my soul,
Your love, a lasting imprint,
That time can never steal.

In every act of kindness,
In every gentle word,
I hear your voice, still guiding,
Though your presence has blurred.

The world feels colder, darker,
Without your soothing light,
But your love burns eternal,
A beacon in the night.

I miss you, dearest mother,
More than words can convey,
Your memory, my comfort,
As I face each new day.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

My Papa's Little Girl

In the echoes of my childhood,
Your laughter still rings clear,
My papa, my protector,
Forever strong and near.

Your gentle hands, so mighty,
Could lift me to the sky,
Yet soft enough to wipe away,
Each tear I'd ever cry.

You spoiled me with kindness,
And showered me with love,
Your heart, a boundless ocean,
Your soul, pure as a dove.

In every bedtime story,
In every playful chase,
You built a world of wonder,
Filled with magic and with grace.

Though time has drawn its curtain,
And you've journeyed far away,
The love you poured upon me,
Blooms brighter every day.

I miss your warm embraces,
Your proud and tender gaze,
The way you made me feel like
I was worth a million praises.

My Papa, my Hero,
Though you're no longer here,
I'm still your little girl,
And I'll always hold you dear.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Whispers In The Moonlight

Soft as starlight, your gaze meets mine,
Two hearts beating in sweet design.
Fingers entwined, a gentle embrace,
Time stands still in this sacred space.

Your smile, a sunrise in my soul,
With you, I'm broken yet whole.
Words unspoken, but deeply felt,
In your arms, all doubts melt.

Like petals dancing on the breeze,
Our love flows with graceful ease.
Through storms and sunshine, hand in hand,
We'll walk this path across the land.

A love so deep, it knows no bounds,
In your laughter, my heart resounds.
Forever yours, forever mine,
Two souls in perfect love entwined.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Double The Joy

Look! There they are, our dynamic duo,
Two peas in a pod, a perfect tableau.
Identical grins, mischievous eyes,
Double the laughter, double the surprise.

Twin heartbeats sync in playful rhythm,
Love multiplied by nature's algorithm.
Four tiny hands reach out with glee,
Doubling the hugs for you and me.

Twenty little toes leave tracks in the sand,
Two sets of footprints, adventure-planned.
Double the giggles, double the race,
Two bundles of energy, setting the pace.

Mirror images, yet unique in soul,
Each playing their special, destined role.
A Warrior bold and a Conqueror brave,
New worlds to explore, new paths to pave.

There you are! Our precious pair,
Double the wonder, double the flair.
Two shining stars in our family sky,
Twice-blessed are we, as time goes by.

Little champions with hearts so true,
The world's a brighter place with two of you.
Twin treasures, our joy and delight,
Illuminating our days, enchanting our nights.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Night's Jewels

Glittering stars strewn
Like diamonds in night's dark cloak
Her eyes gleam with joy

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Bond Of Stripes

Playful tiger cub
Mother's heart, son's adventure
Roaring love grows strong

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Just In: A Lifetime In Days

Just in time to grace our world
Just in time to steal our hearts
Just in time to change everything
Just in time to leave your mark

Just in time for first hellos
Just in time for gentle touch
Just in time for whispered hopes
Just in time for so much love

Just in time to teach us strength
Just in time to show life's fragile
Just in time to bind us close
Just in time to say goodbye

Just in time to become eternal
Just in time to guide our way
Just in time to be our angel
Just in time to always stay

Just in time to be our Justin
Just in time for endless love

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Realms Of Wonder

Step into my world of mist and light,
Where dreamers weave their visions bright.
Kaleidoscope skies and silver streams,
A tapestry of our wildest dreams.

Venture through the corridors of my mind,
Where reality and fantasy intertwined
Paint pictures bold with vibrant hue,
Imagination's canvas, ever new.

Journey with me to realms untold,
Where destiny's threads in gold unfold.
Truth and fiction dance as one,
Our story written in stars and sun.

Finally, rest within my heart's embrace,
Your rightful home, your perfect place.
In chambers deep where love resides,
Our souls entwined as time subsides.

Come, take my hand and let us roam,
Through wonder's paths, no more alone.
In mystical realms and mythic lands,
We'll find the magic that understands.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Tides Of The Heart

Carried by his ardent waves,
She questioned her heart's true state.
Was this love's authentic embrace,
Or a mirage of lesser weight?

Infatuation, perhaps gratitude,
Or ego stroked by his pursuit?
His gifts and melodies subdued
Her doubts, rendering her mute.

Flowers bloomed, trinkets gleamed,
His voice a siren's sweet refrain.
Overwhelmed, or so it seemed,
She plunged into passion's domain.

Stumbling, rushing, past the brink,
No time to pause, to breathe, to think.
Irreversibly, she took the leap,
Into love's waters, swift and deep.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Cosmic Longing

Silently, I whisper his name
Into the void where echoes fade,
A dark chasm in my heart's frame,
Where once his presence softly played.

'Where are you? ' I gasp to the night,
As if I'm stardust torn apart,
A million supernovas in flight,
Lost in the cosmos, chart to chart.

A phantom, vast and undefined,
I drift through time's primordial haze,
In seething seas, unconfined,
Adrift in evolution's maze.

'Wake up! ' I cry, as teardrops fall,
Streaming down cheeks of mortal clay,
Fighting fears that would enthrall,
And steal tomorrow's hope away.

I shake off doubts that bind and blind,
These chains of 'what I might become, '
For in this cosmic dance, I find
The strength to beat my freedom's drum.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Nature's Symphony

Golden thread of light
Weaves through verdant canopy,
Dancing in pure air.

Azure dome stretches wide,
Sun's warmth cascades from on high.
Zephyrs sway branch and leaf,
Nature's gentle lullaby.

Mirror-like, the lake reflects
A world of vibrant hue.
Cool breeze whispers secrets,
Caressing skin still damps with dew.

In this moment, earth and sky unite,
A sensory feast, a day so bright.
Each element plays its part,
In nature's symphony of the heart.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Elemental Embrace

Fire, ignite my spirit's core,
Spark of creation, I implore.
Flames that forged my nascent soul,
Rekindle now and make me whole.

Air, whisper secrets in my ear,
Breath of freedom, draw me near.
Winds that carried my first cry,
Lift me up, help me fly.

Water, flow through veins of mine,
Cleanse and soothe, make thoughts align.
Streams that washed away my fears,
Bring me peace through joy and tears.

Earth, beneath my feet stand strong,
Roots of life, where I belong.
Soil that fed my growing years,
Ground me through my hopes and fears.

Elements four, in balance true,
Ancient powers, ever new.
Rescue, hear, comfort, support—
In your embrace, I'm safely moored.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Cosmic Introspection

Within my personal cosmos,
I unfold like a metaphor,
A living allegory in motion.

A colossal star, incandescent,
Drenches me in luminescence,
Its spectrum perfectly attuned
To my essence's frequency.

Overwhelmed by resonance,
I stand transfixed, illuminated,
Euphoria courses through me,
A current of pure elation.

In this moment of clarity,
I am both observer and observed,
A universe unto myself,
Basking in self-discovery.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



PoemHunter.com

Autumn's Nocturne

Unbidden, autumn's chill fingers
Caress the naked hills,
As twilight paints the sky.
Lovers, wrapped in shared warmth,

Gaze into the vast night,
Their ears alive with campground symphonies:
Melodies of laughter,
Staccato shouts of joy,

A child's plaintive cry—an errant note.
Scattered like earthbound stars,
Tiny fires flicker and dance,
Beacons of warmth in the gathering dark.

A tapestry of light and shadow
Drapes across the rolling landscape.
Above, as if on cue,
The moon takes centre stage,

A luminous conductor
Rising to lead the night's orchestra.
In its silver wake,
Stars emerge, twinkling instruments

In this cosmic performance
Nature's amphitheater comes alive,
As autumn's unseen hand
Draws the curtain on summer's final act

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Rebirth Of Eden

Time and matter, once in haste,
Now slow their dance, restored, retraced.
My eyes transfixed on beauty pure,
Earth renewed, a sight so sure.

Lush wilderness spreads far and wide,
Prehistoric in its primal pride.
Is this our future's verdant face?
A world reclaimed by nature's grace?

Brightness floods this new-born sphere,
Joy overwhelms as hope draws near.
Have we at last subdued our greed?
Embraced the planet's urgent need?

In perfect harmony we stand,
With forests, oceans, sky, and land.
This Earth, reborn in beauty's light,
Humanity's most precious sight.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Cozy Omens

Crows cawed in the dark
Woolly socks and pajamas
Winter is coming

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



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Dawn's Weary Whisper

As night's veil slowly lifts,
Consciousness creeps, vision shifts.
Awake, yet blurred, in twilight's haze,
Caught between sleep and day's first rays.

The faithful lamp, now cold and dim,
Its vigil ended on a whim.
Shadows dance in fading light,
As dawn chases away the night.

The entrance yawns, a gaping maw,
Barely lit by morning's thaw.
A sigh escapes, heavy with wear,
Echoing in the stillness there.

Another sunrise, another grind,
The cycle etched deep in mind.
A penny earned, a day begun,
The weary dance has just begun.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

A Southern Sky Welcome

As autumn whispers to the Southern land,
Two days before the equinox's sway,
Twin stars descended, by celestial hand,
To Mercy's house, on this Australian day.

The skies above, a cosmic masterpiece,
Mars and Saturn in retrograde dance,
While Jupiter, with slow and steady ease,
In northern dawn, took its predawn stance.

A crescent moon, so thin and bright,
Joined Venus and swift Mercury,
As Deneb and Altair took flight,
Painting the dusk with starry glee.

The sun, marching across the blue,
Neared Earth's great middle line,
As summer's warmth bid its adieu,
And autumn leaves prepared to shine.

In this grand celestial game,
Two Piscean souls made their debut,
March eighteenth - remember the date,
When my twin grandsons came to me.

At Mercy Hospital, crisp air swirled,
A gentle breeze, with autumn's embrace,
As heaven and earth together twirled,
Welcoming twins with cosmic grace.

How majestic, this special day,
When two became my shining lights,
March 20, 2018, we say,
The stars aligned for my delights.

In the land down under, leaves turn gold,
As your new chapter now unfolds.
Two precious lives, a joy to behold,
Under the Southern Cross, their story told.

Autumn's Tempest

Miniature cyclones emerge,
From the forest's leafy floor,
Autumn's discarded palette
Now a swirling, airborne decor.

The gentle zephyr intensifies,
Transforming to a howling gale,
Sweeping through branch and bough,
Setting wildlife on hurried trail.

In the tempest's passing wake,
An unsettling quiet descends,
The woods, once alive with sound,
Now silent as the storm transcends.

The air, tainted and heavy,
Hangs with an unnatural chill,
A deathly cold permeates,
The forest, suddenly still.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Aurora's Dance

I halted, transfixed by the sight
Of colours splashed across his face,
My gaze drawn upward to the night
Where aurora claimed its space.

Shimmering curtains draped on high,
A celestial show unfurled,
Vibrant blue and violet dye
Painted arcs across the world.

Stars like diamonds, proudly gleamed
In indigo's vast embrace,
While pulsing hues flowed and streamed,
Luscious waves through endless space.

'It's amazing, ' I softly breathed,
Awestruck by the spectacle,
As dazzling colours interweaved,
A dance ethereal, magical.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Unseen Presence

When shadows creep and sorrows steep,
And life's harsh winds do blow,
Remember this, in dark's abyss:
You're not alone, although

It may seem so. For closer than
Your very breath, I wait.
Just shut your eyes, and visualise
A friend who won't abate.

Imagine then, a gesture when
You need a lift of heart:
A thumb raised high against the sky,
A simple, strengthening art.

This silent sign, a bond divine,
Recalls what you should know:
In joy or pain, I will remain.
You're never on your own.

So when the blues feel all too real,
And cruel seems every day,
Just pause and find, within your mind,
The one who's here to stay.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

A Mother's Love Eternal

Pure as crystal springs that softly flow,
My mother's love, a constant, gentle glow.
A goddess graced with wisdom's precious light,
Her heart of gold outshines the stars at night.

Her mind, an ocean—vast and deep and wide,
Where pearls of knowledge and compassion hide.
One mother, one life, a truth profound,
In her, the core of my existence found.

She gave me roots, deep-anchored in the earth,
And wings to soar beyond my place of birth.
Her faith in God, a beacon strong and true,
Reflects the depths of love she holds for me.

I thank the Lord for this gift divine,
The best of mothers, and I'm glad she's mine.
All that I am, all that I'll ever be,
Stems from her nature, loving, kind, and free.

In quiet wonder, I observe her grace,
A living miracle in time and space.
Her being radiates a sacred light,
Illuminating paths through darkest night.

More precious than all treasures one could name,
Her love burns steady, an eternal flame.
My mother, guardian, teacher, friend so dear,
Your presence makes life's melody ring clear.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

The Heart's Inquisition

Can passion's flame, burning bright and true,
Vanquish the shadows that haunt our days?
Might love's embrace, tender and new,
Render our troubles a distant haze?

Or is this bliss but a fleeting dream,
A mirage that shimmers, then fades away?
Will time reveal a less golden gleam,
As the first flush of romance starts to fray?

She ponders these questions in night's deep shroud,
Seeking answers in the silent gloom.
But clarity eludes, doubts crowd,
Leaving unease to linger and loom.

For in love's equation, unknown and vast,
No certainties hold, no truths stand fast.
The heart inquires, but finds no rest,
In this endless, bittersweet quest.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

The Treasure Of Friendship

In life's grand tapestry, a thread so bright,
You shine, my friend, a beacon in the night.
A source of joy, of hope renewed each day,
How blessed am I to have you light my way.

When sorrow's tide threatens to pull me under,
Your presence breaks the spell of grief asunder.
We talk, we share, we seek life's hidden keys,
Finding solace in our shared philosophies.

A call, a text, a favorite café meet,
A steaming cup of comfort, oh so sweet.
You lend an ear when silence feels too loud,
Your words, a balm when darkness forms a shroud.

In triumph's glow, we dance with pure delight,
Our laughter echoes through the starry night.
Tears of joy stream down like silver rain,
As we celebrate each hard-earned gain.

As twilight falls and day gives way to dreams,
I count the ways our friendship truly gleams.
My world enriched, my heart so full and free,
Because you're here, my friend, my soul's trustee.

Through every season, every twist of fate,
You stand beside me, steady and ornate.
A treasure beyond measure, tried and true,
My dearest friend, this ode's for none but you.

Ronni ManoaHofbauer

Winter Sorrow

Frosty whispers stir
From slumber, I arise
Melancholy's song

Solitude engulfs
Chill seeps into bone
Light's absence aches

Shadows lengthen, creep
As winter's grip tightens
Fate's path unclear

Ronni ManoaHofbauer



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