

Poetry Series

Rosi Caswell
- poems -

Publication Date:
2014

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Rosi Caswell()

A Voice For The Voiceless

A voice for the voiceless,
Both four legs and two.
Speaking for those who cannot engage
In conversation with me, and with you.
So their voices aren't heard
As they don't know how
To tell us their feelings,
Or utter their vow.
We must listen closer.
Bend our heads low to hear.
Show respect to all others
From far and from near.
Always remember we have a great gift,
Not just that of speech,
But of Healing a rift.

Rosi Caswell

All Seeing

I look at myself in the mirror today,

And what do I see?

The ageing image of some person

I know to be me.

I see dark hair threaded

With long silver strands,

And the wrinkles and age spots

Over my hands.

My body appears to be heading one way.

Tell me, did all these things happen today?

Where have I been that I seemed not to see,

That the person I'm viewing

Has ever been me?

My spirit's the same,

And my will just as strong.

It's simply the physical

That lasts not as long.

The moral of the tale,

I relate at this time,

Is to know that our wholeness

Forever does climb.
It moves us and takes us
Through lifetime to life.
We are just who we are
In joy or in strife.
The body may alter
The mind never will.
Whilst we are moving,
We forever are still.
So I look in the mirror
With fresh sight today,
Knowing that which I see
Will be taken away.
But what it contains
Its secrets therein,
Will travel forever
Without and within.
Rosi Caswell

As We Teach We Learn

As we teach we learn, each day
And as we learn we see fresh ways,
To forward go, in boundless joy
Our "blueprint" lives to so enjoy.
The circles turn and spirals wend
Through journeys galore without an end.
So open up your soul and eye
To realise that we never die.
We roam Eternal through the sky
With sun and moon and stars, to cry
Their messages of love and peace
We see the light as we complete
Another Universal twirl,
Sometimes as "boy", and sometimes as "girl, "
though all that truly counts you see,
Is that "I" is always ever "Me";

Rosi Caswell

Beyond An Animal's Eyes

On earth exists a paradise
Beyond an animal's eyes it lies.
That pure fresh love so uncorrupt.
Conversations they never interrupt.
Open your eyes oh humans all,
And listen to the animals' call.
Better people you will be
I promise you, if you only see
That on earth exists a paradise.
Beyond an animal's eyes it lies.

Rosi Caswell

Calico Cat

I walk down the road
And what do I see?
A Calico cat is
looking at me.
I smile at the cat
So refreshingly free.
I sit down and wait
And he deigns to come see.
I ask why his name
Is the Calico Cat.
He rubs on my knee
And he says 'it's just that'
For the Calico Cat
Is not commonly seen.
Don't you know why we're so called?
Just where have you been?
I had to admit I never had heard
Why the Calico Cat was so named.
He flicked up his tail,
Said 'don't be ashamed,
I'll tell you the story'.
The word on the street
Is uttered in whispers
These cats are elite.
The legends do tell
Of the history true
That the Calico Cat
Carries blood only blue.
For he once did a favour
For the King and the Queen.
When his task was complete
Such reverence was seen.
Honoured in the circles
Of royalty was he
And frequently sat
On the pretty queen's knee.
But the secret of trust
He will carry to grave
For the Calico Cat

In whose honour was gave.
In awe and in wonder
Regarded was he,
And to this day the Calico
Still sits on 'the knee'
So hush little darlings
As the tale will be told
And we'll all keep the secret
To have and to hold.
So his story he told me,
Then he went on his way
And I never was wiser
To the end of my day.
The tale of the Calico cat
Is oft relayed,
But the secret of such
In the closing is laid.

Rosi Caswell

Cheyenne The Angel Princess

Empty arms but never heart.
Cheyenne abides with you.
You'll feel her presence bright and strong,
Whenever you feel blue.
She flies beside you, never doubt.
An Angel touched your life.
She'll guard and guide you evermore
Throughout all hurt and strife.
There'll come a day when you can smile
With joy and love transcend.
You'll see and feel such peace galore
Until this life doth end.
You then will fly the levels
Within Heavenly Golden flow
Meeting all the other Angels,
Amongst whom Cheyenne will grow.

Rosi Caswell

Child Of The Future

What can I give you child of the future,
Child of the Universe grand?
Only my wisdom, calmness and peace,
Through years of making a stand.
To you who hold the world for us all.
Your beauty to shine through the land.
With such warmth and devotion and love for this life,
I offer to you just my hand.
Oh child of the future how soundly you sleep.
I wonder what your life will bring.
May it only bring goodness and beauty and light.
Nothing but wonderful things.
I watch as you sleep and know there is hope,
That the future is all in your hands.
You're the child of the future, the child of our dreams.
The one to bring life to our lands.
What can I give you, you wonderful child,
As you rest at peace in your bed.
I can pass on my knowledge, my wisdom
And learning, and place it all inside your head.
Oh child of the future let love overthrow,
Evil with all that it means.
You're the next generation, I want you to know,
You're the product of all of our dreams.
So rest in your small bed and know as you sleep,
I'm standing beside you so strong.
As you take your path, be it ever so steep,
I'm walking with you all along.

Rosi Caswell

Christmas Time

A time of love and laughter

For every girl and boy.

Of giving unconditionally,

With warmth, and too, with joy.

What we must needs remember,

In the midst of all the fun,

Is all the people everywhere.

Humans everyone.

Some people they have no one,

To share the tears and joy,

Of giving and receiving,

Be it laughter, love, or toy.

Remember through the pleasure,

Of presents, food and wine,

The greatest gift to give to all,

Is your company and time.

So know the Christmas spirit

Is love and peace to all.

Not just crackers, Christmas tree

And trimmings in the hall.

Whatever our awareness,
We must not move away,
From unconditional giving,
Not just on Christmas day.

Rosi Caswell

Completion

As she sank gratefully into the cool, marshmallow fluffiness of her bed, her headache began to disperse like softly blowing clouds in a scudding wind, and she drifted off to sleep to allow the flow of both Healing and life to take her where it may.

Within this resolution, lies the knowledge of self-awareness, and the need to go with the flow of life, not fighting against the current, for she knows that within and without of this concept comes true "control" of her life, and likewise her ability to show others this path.

She knows that by standing in her truth, parallel to others, enables them also to stand in their own space and truth, and the balance of Humans, Beasts and Universe can be achieved only in this way.

Her mind continues to drift, reaching out for the Universal wisdom and enlightenment, as her body pursues its own warm comfortable path of regeneration and rebirth, as it sleeps.

Her Mind Energy is now completely free to roam the Universe at will, to span any dimension of its choosing; for here in this space she is not tied to only one life in her current physical vehicle, but is liberated to joyfully transcend any or all, dimensions of her choosing.

Time is not an issue, for on these levels the essence of time simply "is", not being measured in any linear form as on the physical life plain, gives her spirit the free rein of all time and all dimensions.

She finds to her delight, that she can traverse the Universe in what amounts to a split second of "linear" time; the fetters and shackles of physicality do not abound here, and she finds that anything is possible.

She experiments, and rejoices in the confirmation of facts she has known since time immemorial, and love such as cannot be found on the heavy physical plane, which set her free to travel and embrace the Universe at will; such love she yearns and sighs for, in the knowledge that whilst she is tied to the earth plane in her heavy body, she will catch glimpses only of this love which defies description, and which she becomes more reluctant to leave each time it embraces her.

She awakens, at some time of which she knows nought, saddened, but refreshed also, by the wondrous sights and feelings she has experienced, over who knows what distance, and what time.

Each time her soul flies free, she moves nearer to completeness and oneness of Universe and "Self", and she glides happily through her current lifetime, in the sure and certain knowledge of complete freedom, when her tasks are complete, and her lessons learned for Eternity.

Rosi Caswell

Courage

There are many types of courage
On the complicated circle of life.
For some it appears to flow easily,
Without stress, trauma and strife.
Appearances can be deceptive,
For things are not as they appear.
I implore you, please look deeper,
And see beyond into the sphere.
If you look into your heart
And seek your soul's own self.
The courage to be steadfast
Is not left on the shelf.
So be aware and open always
To things not understood,
For courage comes in many guises
Not black, white, bad or good.
The many definitions elude us time again.
We do not need to hold them all.
Awareness is the one key word,
Compassion, love, amidst the squall.
So whatever you think courage means.
Allow the different strains.
Consider, when the fear stings most
Is when our soul pulls taut the chains.

Rosi Caswell

Deserted Sidewalks

As I walk along the roads in dead of night,
I see nothing and no one, save deserted sidewalks,
Where people used to laugh and talk
And play and walk, in times of day.
But now in times of night where I walk alone,
Save with my loyal trusted companion,
Who asks nothing more than to be with me,
And to smell the scents, that abound at night.
Far different from the smells that abound in day.
The night is silent, save for the slight swish of our clothing,
And the faint tinkle of our jewellery,
And these sounds are borne along on the slight night breeze,
Peculiar only to this time, and this dimension.
This time is ours, a freedom borne of space,
And the silent parked cars, that tell the tale,
Of others not so far away, that slumber now,
As we awake, and come alive to run with Energies,
That only we can see and hear.
For when daylight comes around once more,
And all those weary travellers return again,
To struggles only they can tell of,
But won't, for they believe this is their fate,
And silently, with faces straight as pokers,
Trudge their weary way through life, as it is to them.
But you and I, we know different, for we are snug,
In the arms of an Energy and a space,
That they as yet cannot access.
So we sleep, the sleep of inner knowledge, and wait once more,
For the circle to turn again, when we will walk the sidewalks,
So deserted, not to us, for we see what the other eye does not,
And the other ear cannot hear.
So we walk deserted sidewalks on our own for many a year.
And wait for the awakening of souls,
Who as yet know not they sleep.
And they slumber still.

Rosi Caswell

Dream Time

We'll meet again in Dreamtime

Where we will turn again.

A place where there are no boundaries,

No earthly stress or pain.

Just roaming, drifting, being

With a love no earth can claim.

Shifting, floating gently.

I hear you call my name.

I know I'm yours forever

As you will still be mine.

When Earth and Heaven divide,

Our love alone will 'twine.

Oh let us, forever carry

This love o'er the great divide

To mould, and meld and interlink.

There is no gap too wide.

So let us carry Dreamtime.

All loves rolled into one.

Let us always walk together

'Til Universe is done.

Rosi Caswell

Earth Mother Wolf

The wolf she keens on hilltop high,
Howling her song to the moon.
The secret that she carries is nigh,
And she needs to share it soon.
But who will listen with good intent,
To the truth that she only knows
Will you or me, with our busy lives spent
Complaining of our woes?
The secret is carried down the years
And is ours to have and hold.
Could we truly hear with our inner ears,
And stride with spirit bold.
Putting ego to one side,
Feeling love so true and gold
Will we lift our faces to the wolf outside
Or leave her in the cold?
The choice is ours; twill ever be nigh
Will we waste the precious hours?
Will we hear the wolf on the hilltop high?
And let her secret be ours.
Or will we turn away and spurn
The knowledge that she brings?
Or will our steps to sunshine turn
And aspire to higher things?
The wolf she keens on the hilltop still...
Forever her secret to share
Whether you turn nor bend your will
She will forever be there.

Rosi Caswell

Fantasy Angel

An Angel came into our lives
One misty rainy night.
She came with Healing in her wings
Within Universal light.
She came to balance all our lives,
For completeness brought she true.
All wise, all knowing, so divine.
With true Angelic hue.
A tiny scared bedraggled scrap,
A Calico kitten so bright.
She took all the knowledge possessed by all,
And she polished it with her light.
She's all there is, for we all just "are";
All spirit wrapped as one.
She walks in love and joy and truth
And will do 'til her work is done.
I love and honour her eternally
For she's made my life complete.
She showers her moon dust all around
Our auras, face and feet.
Angels come in many forms.
Through lifetimes they traverse.
Animals mostly; humans few.
Let us all learn from this verse!
Physically she weighs but nought,
But her spirit burns like fire.
The joy she brings into my life,
Soars high as the sky, then higher!
No words are there to describe this Angel,
For the peace and joy she brings.
Will smooth our journeys down the road,
As our hearts and minds do sing.

Rosi Caswell

For My Son

The realms of love are infinite
Just like the paths of life.
And I will do my best to guide you,
Through the toil and strife.
We'll walk the fields of happiness.
Traverse the lanes of peace.
And I will help you through your journey,
Guide your straying feet.
For though you walk alone my child,
I'm always by your side.
I was privileged to give you life.
Together we'll abide.
I'll teach you all my wisdom.
I'll show you all the joy,
That's waiting for you in your life.
Yes 'tis true my boy.
For you will walk in tenderness,
With loving hand unfurled.
To help and give a guiding hand
To other boys and girls.
To walk in love and peace and joy,
Is everybody's right.
This precious gift I ask for you,
To guide you day and night.

Rosi Caswell

Forget You Ne'Er I Will

Forget you ne'er I will,

Until the Universe stands still.

The Angels cry unto the skies,

What is the point in life, if lies,

Not truth to ponder on, but hear

The sound of music to the ear,

Of Balance, peace and soothing calm;

Both spirit and body need this balm

Of Healing, as we turn again.

Let's turn in sunshine not in rain.

No, forget you, ne'er I will,

And the world it does not still,

But turns and dips and whirls once more.

Mayhap we'll knock on Heaven's door,

With Karma done and restitute.

Emotionally full, not destitute.

Unconditional love is joy unbound.

I'll never rest till such is found,

And forget you ne'er I will

Until the Universe stands still.

Rosi Caswell

Grandmother

Grandmother, oh Grandmother

Looking from above.

I need your wisdom and your balance.

Most of all I need your love.

I hear you and I see you,

When I open my mind's eye.

I feel you wrapped around me,

In the space where I am "I";

Your kindness and your knowledge,

I need within me now,

For I'm in a constant turmoil.

Where to turn; which way and how?

Please help me to rebalance.

On my life's path forward go,

For when my mind is muddled

The answers you always know.

I know you never leave me,

In my aura sitting calm.

I thank you wisest Grandmother,

For keeping me safe from harm.

Rosi Caswell

Gypsy Fires

Gypsy fires burning bright.

Flames leaping higher in the night,

And Gypsies dancing hand in hand,

The free est people in the land.

Their sparkling eyes and rings of gold,

Mesmerising villagers who behold,

The flashing smiles and pearly teeth,

Showing jewelled qualities beneath.

No people kinder or more loyal.

Simple folk linked to the soil,

But also linked to skies above.

Magnificent Eagle, soft Turtle dove.

Spanning the spectrum broad and wide.

Tripping lightly from side to side.

'Til resting in the moon's sweet bower,

They sleep away till sunlit hour.

Then rise again with souls so wise,

And learning there for all men's eyes.

Rosi Caswell

Haunting Energies

The haunting images and memories of yesteryear, half forgotten, stir within my mind and soul. I hear the echoes of their laughter at play; their tears when time to rest for day, until the circle of experience turns again, awakening sunshine, shadows, and those mystical ethereal energy spaces and times, that never leave, but merely sleep within the circles of my mind, until the kaleidoscope reforms, and once more those childhood haunting memories subside, until the time to rise and be counted comes once more, 'til then they slumber, and I still walk those levels in my mind and soul forever.

Rosi Caswell

Hecate

Hecate, Goddess of darkness,

Queen of the night.

Whose powers and presence,

Abound out of sight.

Why do we so fear the blackness?

For 'tis the other half of reality.

The opposing force to light,

And to balance both together means longevity

Of the meaning of life and being.

Can we grasp this concept

Of being; not afraid to go forward?

And combine both dark and light, and accept

That the queen of the dark dimension,

Does not epitomise evil or fear,

But balance and joy absolute, with no contention.

No anger to deal with either further or near.

No fear but to banish unto

The Universe, to recycle and mingle,

On the levels and spirals of all that is true.

And combining the balance of darkness and light

For Eternity.

Rosi Caswell

I Am A Traveller

I am a Traveller through all lives.
A restless soul in a body that struggles with physicality.
Frustration, tears and sunshine
Mingle together down the annals of time.
Whichever has "the floor" will show its face,
Only to change as a kaleidoscope changes colour,
For there is no difference; our soul energies; the chakras
They are the kaleidoscope.
They are as the ever changing rainbow
Within my multitude of lives.
I am a traveller; I travel all universes,
All times and all levels,
For I plough my own furrow,
And dance to my own drum beat,
With others by my side, though not often.
Will I always be a traveller?
Oh yes; I shall travel the interminable
Circles and spirals of life, and we shall meet again.
Look out for me!

Rosi Caswell

I Dare Not

I'll never dare to love again,
As I have loved you dear.
The price of pain I've had to live,
Has cost me far and near.
For you are my soul, as I am yours,
And you've wrenched us far apart.
I'll never walk these paths again,
For you live within my heart.
If I should stop to think and feel,
The wound grows ever wide,
And if I could pay the price of love,
You'd still be by my side.
How can we two souls not be one?
For it's very plain to see,
That we belong together yet,
For I am you and you are me.

Rosi Caswell

I Want To Come Home

I simply can't cope.

I've lost all hope.

Where did it go?

Through the rain and snow

I've walked head high,

And reached to the sky.

Nothing I've not tried,

'Til the spirit died.

How can I go on?

The cloak to don

Of life and struggle,

And mess and muddle.

My mind is clear,

When Universe is near.

But this earthly tread

Has turned to dread,

Of each new day,

When my head I lay

On pillow at night,

With blinkered sight.

Not like my home
Where I can roam
The Universal Heaven,
Shed this load "unleaven",
And laugh and sing and dance,
Exploring every chance,
With bated breath, wide eyes
That scan, and uttered sighs
With anticipation for the next event,
Which will ever be sent,
Energy not of this world,
And language needing no spoken word.
Can I come home,
Forever to roam,
Those dimensions I know,
Unlike these seeds I sow,
On this earthly plain,
That bring nought but pain?
I need to fly free,
Unfettered to be.
Come and take me home.

I want to come home!

Rosi Caswell

If You'Re Lucky Enough To Be Irish

If you're lucky enough to be Irish
Then you're lucky enough they say.
I count my Irish blessings,
As I breathe the air each day.
When I'm somewhere o'er the water
Not walking Erin's shore,
I know my resting place will be
In Ireland for evermore.
I have Irish songs on my lips,
And Irish blood in my veins,
So I tell you I'm lucky to be Irish,
And I'll keep telling you over again.
I'm lucky enough to be Irish.
My children who walk by my side,
Will I hope, too feel the calling,
And someday walk Erin's fields wide.

Rosi Caswell

In The Name Of God

In the name of God, you prophecy.
In the name of God you cry.
Down the centuries you've had your say,
And loudly you shout it still today.
In the name of truth, people hear you yearn,
For the peace that from the Lord you'll learn.
But is fear the way to smooth the path?
With coffers full, I hear you laugh.
Come out and stand in your own truth.
Look at yourselves, and raise the roof.
Not to the idols on bended knee,
But for balance and love for Eternity.
It's not in the name of God, I cry.
Come on all humans, open an eye.
Follow the path of truth and sight.
Be blinded only by Universal Light.
Don't be drawn to the ego of men, not God.
Look only at where your own feet have trod.
Don't be afraid to see what is here.
God, Goddess, Eternity, joyous and clear.
No strings attached, no penance to pay,
Walk lightly, shine brightly, the Universe way.

Rosi Caswell

Irish Air

Over the Wicklow mountains,
Where the air is pure as can be.
Over the hills and moor lands,
The waterfalls to see.
Spectacular the waters fall
Between the crevices deep,
To splash on rocks and boulders,
Down the mighty mountains steep.
The peat bogs on the moor land,
For fires to warm are toiled.
The men and women working.
Their clothes and hands are soiled.
But 'tis worth the toil and strife
To see the Wicklow mountains dear.
To know the joy of being in Erin,
Where the air is crisp and clear.
You can keep your city factories,
And your office blocks so tall.
For to live and work in Ireland,
Is to know you have it all.

Rosi Caswell

Irish Legacy

Sweet Erin I will walk your shores
In mind and body too.
Connemara's rugged grandeur
Killarney's lakes so blue.
Harsh beauty and the silence
Of Wicklow's haunting scene.
The lushness of Meath's meadows
And their forty shades of green.
The mystic seas and rivers,
And Dublin's Liffy blue.
Dear Erin I'm your daughter,
There's nowhere for me but you.
So in shadow and in laughter
My thoughts turn evergreen,
For I am far, but yet not so.
Your child, your wee spalpeen.
You draw me to the Emerald Isle.
My soul yearns just to ride,
Along the bay of Galway
With freedom by my side.
I'll never leave your golden shores
You history's mine and you're
I'll love you now and evermore,
For I am Irish born.

Rosi Caswell

Judge Not

They don't judge, these animals
With four legs, fur and tail.
Nor yet the fish within the sea,
With flippers who set sail,
Upon the turbulent seas of life
With courage and with vigour,
Their journeys whether long or short
Completed with such rigour.
They give to us with e'er a smile
Our hearts to surely gladden
Accompanying us along the way
And cheer us when we sadden.
Qualities unique they humbly carry
No ego and no pride
And when we have need we can just call
And they are by our side.
But where are we when they are crushed down.
When their body is frail and weak.
When they look with imploring eyes at us,
No ego; trusting, and meek?
We are not there in their hour of pain,
When the world has against them turned
Shame on the humans who walk away,
Leaving our animals spurned.
No they don't judge, these animals
With feather fur and tail.
They give to us without a thought,
And ever them we fail.
So listen close my human friends.
If you never listen again.
Ask yourself just who is there
When your life is full of pain.
Then turn around and see the truth
That the qualities animals bear
Will never for we humans be
For to have them, means you care!

Rosi Caswell

Just Me

The karmic debts have all been paid.

The ghosts to rest are laid.

The freedom's light as thistledown,

Drifting softly o'er the town.

I tightly hug my thoughts to me.

My mind it wanders free,

I scarce believe I'm here at last.

Mingled present, future, past.

I turn the jewel round and round,

As down life's path I sound

The trumpets, bells with Angel voice

All come together to rejoice.

To feel all times together true.

How simple, pure, the demons slew.

This space is mine alone to fill.

To be whatever I be, at will.

And if I feel the sadness stab,

Just now and then I feel it grab,

And try to take me hold once more.

"Oh no" I cry, "there is the door"

For only love and joy abound.

Unconditional love around.

The only truth that I can see,

Is for you to be you, and I must be me.

So fetters gone and shackles broke,

"I know this lifetime's mine" I spoke.

To live my truth in Eternity.

For all I am, is me, just me.

Rosi Caswell

Lady Of The Dawn

Your eyes have seen much suffering
Oh Lady of The Dawn,
But as you've travelled down the years
You've built afresh your morn.
Courage it takes many forms,
It's virtues to bestow.
Our fortune turns, then turns again,
We rise to high from low.
As you've traversed the hardest paths,
You've held your hand to others.
What greater gift from suffering comes
Than to liberate sisters and brothers.
So out of all your trauma,
The Phoenix rises new,
And the world, it dawns a better place
From having known, just you.

Rosi Caswell

Legacy Of Addiction

Let me tell you of the legacy I've been left,
Though an addict I am no longer,
Not practising at least, I say
For my self respect is stronger,
But in a flash, a moment fleet
The paranoia it overtakes me,
And for that blinding flash of time,
I'm an addict for all to see.
For addiction is a pattern
Regardless of use short or long.
When the "cogs" kick in" for just that time,
My fear is oh so strong.
Fear that is not logic based,
Which has a mind so wayward.
Upon the circle of pain and fear,
Suddenly I'm heading "seaward"
But when the sun it's face appears
Shining light into corners dark.
When I can't remember the anger and hate,
For now, my addiction I "park"

Rosi Caswell

Leopard Spots

Leopards never change their spots
Disguise them though they may.
You'll yet see claws and teeth appear
One fine sunny day.
Then in a whisk, a change appears
As the fireside cat looks out.
We blink our eyes and in a flash
A hunter is about.
So take the warning as it is meant,
Not believing all you see,
For in a trice a change begets
Surprising you and me.

Rosi Caswell

Life's Jigsaw

S.A.D, the name is simply right.
It's how I feel when there is no light.
No sunshine sparkling in any room.
Just heavy black, oppressive gloom.
It makes me want to hibernate,
Just like the squirrels who sit on the gate,
'Til winter comes, and they disappear,
Snuggled in their dreys so near,
But far enough that I can't see
That the gloom will lift and we shall see,
Once more, quite soon, the rays of sun
That warm us, humans and beasts- all one.
So 'til that day we may all feel S.A.D.
Awaiting the brightness, to again feel glad.
And when the sunshine is here again,
It brings with it too, refreshing rain.
For all life's elements, we need in turn.
We must not turn away and spurn,
The ones we wish simply not to see,
For all are essential on our life's journey.
Overall balance shows many a face.
All must gel together, for it isn't a race.
For harmony complete, in our lives and our land.
Listen to nature, she holds out a hand.
She shows us the way, to embrace day by day,
The seasons of life, be they coloured or grey.
If we blend together completely as one,
Universe, animals, humans-we've won

Rosi Caswell

Love Me Love My Dog

Love me, love my dog.
'Will that be hard'? I ask.
'No' you laughed in merriment.
'Twill never be a task'
For loving her is easy.
She has such a ready 'wit'
She keeps us laughing constantly,
And doesn't mind a bit,
When the joke is yet at her expense.
For she loves to play 'the ham'
On a daily basis constantly,
She's very good at 'sham'
But then with twinkle in my eye,
When I 'sternly' say 'old girl,
'You may fool others, but not I',
She says it's worth a whirl..
Pure as gold is my old dog,
Putting humans all to shame.
As honest as the day is long,
She will always take the blame,
For misdeeds undertaken so,
And though it isn't fair,
Sometimes when they are not hers
She takes another's share (of blame)
So when I ask you yet again
To love me, love my dog,
I know you'll turn to me and say,
'Absolutely, the whole hog'!

Rosi Caswell

Love On All Levels

I have loved you like the wind

That gently blows the waves to shore.

I have loved you like the sun

In blissful warmth forever more.

I have loved you like the quiet moon

Way up in the sky.

I have loved you like the snowflakes

That dip and whirl and fly

I have loved you like the gentle rain

That upon my face does mist.

I have loved you with the mystery

Of fog in all its shifts.

I have at times loved you so passionately

Within hail and storm and squall.

I have stood beside you always.

Yes, I've loved you through them all.

Rosi Caswell

Madiba Wisdom

Madiba teaches wisdom, throughout Universe each day.
He teaches personal freedom in his own especial way.
He teaches not to judge, nor bitterness to hold.
His goodness wraps around you, as if a lamb within the fold.
He talks the talk, and walks the walk, each day of his life.
He's fought the fight, and won his way, throughout all the strife.
He holds his head up high, with dignity his shroud,
And now he holds his hands out, to the ever gathering crowd.
His goodness and his kindness, his unwavering strong belief,
Never falters, never alters; from "his book", let's take a leaf.
A shining true example of truth with balance combined,
For his footsteps never falter, as he tutors all mankind.
Now as his steps grow slower, and his sight begins to dim,
Let's follow his example, for we owe so much to him.
So let us all continue, with the work our hands can do.
Forever walking forward in his shining light so true.

Rosi Caswell

More Precious Than Gold

No being on earth
Can hold us apart,
As long as we've
Conviction and courage of heart.
Darling, we have something
More precious than gold.
Each other and tomorrow
To have and to hold.
Don't ever be timorous.
Take sword within hand.
Put on your shining armour,
And conquer the land.
Walk onward to paradise,
Where no mortal may tread.
Come hold my hand tightly,
Slay the dragons of dread.
Yes darling, we've something
More precious than gold.
Each other and tomorrow,
To have and to hold.

Rosi Caswell

My Bedroom

Cool blessed sanctuary, furnished by me, and occupied by me.
My sacred space, my meditation room, my inspiration,
My relaxation, my protector, corrector, and friend.
My bedroom stands for me alone;
Within its comforting arms, I am me, whatever that is,
And within the safeness of this knowledge,
I travel wherever I need to be.
Many ideas and ideals have sprung from my bedroom.
It is the Yin and the Yang,
Whatever the need, at any given point in time.
It is quite simply the embodiment of all that I am,
All that I have been, and all that I shall be.

Rosi Caswell

My Eagle Healers

You came as I knew you would.

Soaring both, high above in the sky,

But not so high that I could not see and feel

The hope and serenity you bring to me,

For you never fail me in my hour of need,

When the world looks bleak

And my life stares back at me

As a mirrored reflection

That I cannot quite grasp or see.

But there you are.

Your inner knowing network

And support, lifting me when I cannot,

And holding me 'til I can fly once more.

My Eagle Angels, for Eternity and beyond.

Rosi Caswell

My Pawprint Friend

What do you dream my canine friend
When your thoughts are far away?
Through Universe you travel far
On adventures bright and gay.
I miss you for you roam afar
With twitching legs and paws.
Though you're asleep here at my feet
With smiling eyes and jaws.
Come back soon my pawprint friend
From your journeys near and far
Then once again on earthly soil
Our dual steps will wend.

Rosi Caswell

My Precious Great Granddaughter

I mourn for you for the light that is,
And the life that will never be.
For the baby girl so wanted and loved,
Will never sit on my knee.
I'll never teach her the wisdom beyond all earth,
To flow through her life with laughter.
I'll never show the wonders of life and Nature,
To my beautiful Great Granddaughter.
But all is not lost, for you are right here,
Flying in and out of all lives.
We link, we laugh and we have our own fun
Above and beyond hurt and strife.
Too evolved you are, for this heavy earth plain.
This fact I accept so true.
You fly the Heavens with joy so serene
Beyond rainbows' colourful hue

I Love You Cheyenne; Til we meet again xox

Rosi Caswell

Mysterious Lady

Mysterious lady, mysterious one
Who are the demons from which you run?
Look into your heart and into your soul.
See just what it takes to make you feel whole.
Stop, turn, and look into life's mirror so bold,
For the answer is there to have and to hold.
Step out into sunlight, the shadows to cast
And love overwhelming will free you at last.

Rosi Caswell

No Charge And No Price

If I was an engineer
A lawyer or a doc.
A musician or a poet
My salary would be top.
If I was yet a surgeon
A scientist or a barrister
My salary would rise again
It would be so much higher.
Apart from my profession
I'm blessed to be a mother,
To love and guide you throughout life
And keep you like no other.
Apart from the necessities
Of all our daily lives,
To keep the home fires burning
And balance out the strife.
I give you access to my wisdom
And how to find your truth
To go through life compassionately,
And not go through the roof!
All the things which matter not
I teach you to discern.
I listen to your troubles
And show you how to earn.
A 'living' not just money,
But a balanced way of life
To help you to be calm and true
And rise above the strife.
Apart from these core issues,
I cook, wash, iron and dust.
I shop for all the family
And not because I must.
If I was paid in pounds and pence
For all these tasks I do.
A millionaire I soon would be,
Just for loving you.
Instead the salary I command,
For being your friend and mother,
Is zero; for there is no charge.

I love you as no other.

Rosi Caswell

Ocean Breezes

Ocean breezes, bringing the sweet scents of faraway exotic places,
Whose energies are borne on the winds of passion,
Who fly on the tumultuous thermals, and soar into Eternity and
Back, for there are no boundaries of dimension, no discernment,
Save that of the will to be or to be not.

There are no limits and no rules, save those of committing no
Wrong against another living being, for which the ultimate
Karma is not death, for how could it be, when the final test is here on
The physical life plains, from which all our learning comes, giving
Us the guide lines for riding the ocean breezes, as and when and
How we will, and the freedom to know this?

Rosi Caswell

O'Hanlon's Gold

O' Hanlon is the name,
And smuggling was the game.
A little highway robbery,
To balance society's snobbery.
A highway man named edmond,
A twinkling eyed rough diamond,
Relieved the rich of excess
To help the poor to success,
With raising up their families,
To adulthood, not graveside trees.
The famine they survived it,
By sticking as a unit.
Some called them 'fightin' Irish',
With shillelagh, pipes and feistiness.
The Claddagh handshake signifies,
Their friendship, love; it verifies
That battles were fought yesterday,
O' Hanlon's name on lips today,
Does typify the Irish love,
And loyalty, travelling hand in glove,
With friendship quite unending.
The Irish hand befriending
A person who is so in need.
Deploring avaricious greed.
The Irish mind and spirit,
Sings, dances with the merit,
Of luck, as only they receive,
From Universe, we can perceive,
That if you have the Irish blood,
No one can tell you that you should.
O' Hanlon stands for freedom,
Of all on earth and kingdom.
They fought then for the privilege,
To live in peace on plain or ridge.
To raise their children in dignity,
Not sunk in ignominy,
But standing upright, proud and tall
Shoulders and head above them all.
O' Hanlon stands for Eire.

Ambassador, friend, carer.
So stand proud if you dare.
Rub shoulders, be aware,
That the Irish handshake is for life,
Through sunshine, hail, or bitter strife.
So if you have the fortune,
To find yourself in opportune,
Position to call O' Hanlon friend,
Ireland will nurture you to the end.

Rosi Caswell

Ones Own House

They are forever young,
Men little more than boys,
Who willingly went to war,
To defeat the enemies' ploys.

Commanded by the government,
Who in their "wisdom" chose,
To send them onto foreign soil,
To save Great Britain's "nose".

Her "nose" was bloodied o'er and again,
But the heroes of the night,
Unstintingly with heads held high,
Fought for justice and for "light"

What was it for Prime Minister?
Why did they go to war?
You said to build a better Britain,
Keep their families safe on England's shore.

But you have disregarded such,
And ignored your forebears' word.
How can you hold your head up,
And say it's for a better world?

A better world indeed is sought,
But not at home expense.
We need to set our own "house" straight,
Before looking over the fence!

To give brothers and sisters a helping hand,
Is noble beyond belief.
But not, Prime Minister if it leaves
Our own land full of grief.
So I therefore please implore you,
To put pride and ego aside.
And look hard at what you're doing,
And the reasons our countrymen died.

Yes, let us pick our country up,
And raise our standards high,
But sort the dross out from the gold,
So our forces in vain don't die.

Sometimes it's right with fire to fight,
Sometimes with water douse.
Discernment ever will be the key.
Let's start with our own "house"

When we have balanced our own space true,
We can turn and help another,
But if we think destruction brings forth peace,
We are hiding beneath the "cover",

Of fear and disillusionment.
Let us stand our ground so tall.
Having courage, truth, conviction.
We then will balance all.

Rosi Caswell

Peanuts And Promises

You promised me the world, the sun and stars.
You promised me a journey straight to Mars.
You promised me you'd catch the moon,
And present it to me on a spoon.
You promised me a mansion large
With numerous cars in the huge garage.
As our minds surveyed the rolling fields,
You promised me that they would yield
Equine, Canine, Feline friends,
To walk beside us to the end.
When you saw your promises turn to snow
In summer sun to melt and go,
In rivulets along life's lane
Despairingly you spoke my name.
In torment did you turn and say
"I promised you all beautiful days.
All my promises did through our lives wend.
And I gave you just "peanuts" in the end"
I smiled at you so tenderly
As we sat together knee to knee.
I told you what you did not know
That promises are so; just so.
Our wishes for our loved ones true,
But all I need, is you; just you.

Rosi Caswell

Perseverance

You taught me Dad, from when so young,
To always persevere.
If at first you don't succeed
You'd murmur in my ear.
Don't give up you always said.
There's no such word as can't.
So never wilt, just try again,
And never say "I shan't";
For it's worth so much that glittering prize.
Worth the best that you can do.
Sometimes you feel you'll triumph not,
But you will, for I know you!
So Dad I simply want to say
That persevere I do,
And when I feel like giving up,
My thoughts they wing to you.
You taught me long, and I learnt hard,
That if I want to succeed,
I must simply do whatever it takes,
To complete that word or deed.

Rosi Caswell

Phantom Of The Night

Who are you, Phantom of the night?

Creeping into my soul, just out of sight,

Of pain and light, and waking to heavy hold of life,

So clean and bright, a love so right,

Divine, I feel complete within the circle of your arms,

Away from worldly charms,

Those shallow empty feelings doing harm,

I feel only that love which is real, unconditional,

And the place I want to be forever,

I wish to leave you never,

It is not to be however, for I awake,

And you are whisked out of sight,

Beyond daylight but not of mind,

Where are you love? Be here with me,

On earth, and in eternity,

Who are you Phantom of the night?

Rosi Caswell

Remember Me Remember Me

Remember me? Remember me?

From ages long since gone.

But stop look around,

And hear the sound

Of the Universal gong.

It tolls for us once more my darling

It sets us on the path

To happiness divine and daring

Where once more we will laugh,

With the joy of knowledge and of bliss

That precedes us in this life.

Once more we'll hold and hug and kiss,

And there'll be no stress and strife.

For the circle turns again for us

And in peace and joy we'll walk.

We'll rest our souls in the bower of trust

And we'll love and laugh and talk.

This lifetime here is our space again,

As the spiral sets us down,

We'll walk in sunshine not in rain

With smiles and ne'er a frown.

Rosi Caswell

Soldier Of My Dreams

Who are you soldier of my dreams?

Or are they dreams?

Completeness so divine,

I never want to wake and leave you.

I need you in my waking life,

As well as in my "dreams";;

The other dimensions so perfect

There are no words to describe them.

Can we not co-exist on this earth plane

Or are we destined only for the "dreamtime"?

I need you soldier of my dreams.

I want to know you on all dimensions at will.

Who are you, where are you soldier of my dreams?

Come to me, be with me, show me love so divine,

I shall want for no more, for Eternity.

Rosi Caswell

Sweet Erin

Sweet Erin, how I ache to walk
Along your shores again.
To smell the peat and meadows sweet
To ease my inner pain.
I smell the new mown hay
In minds that pass me by so close.
I bow my head in anguish,
For I needs must turn you loose.
I ache with inner torment
For the crystal waters clear.
The pull of your sweet shores
The purple mountains drawing near.
The Liffy running Dublin town,
The bustle, banter, colour,
Then moving outward to the sound
Of silence like no other.

Rosi Caswell

The Animals' Plea

Feed me `til my belly's full.
Please understand me too.
Know that all I'll ever wish,
Is just to be with you.
I love you unconditionally,
Would die for you indeed.
I hope you love me just the same.
This is all we animals need.
Life in thoughts and words and actions,
Is simple, basic, true.
For peace of mind, don't look for more,
Help me as I help you.
Together then, we'll be as one,
Balanced in awesome truth.
Interlinked on circles Gold,
Growing both, to Sage from youth.

Rosi Caswell

The Black Pearl

Precious rare and coveted

Carrying the unique shimmering Black Energy,

Embracing and encompassing the Universal

Spectrum of colours,

Ever present, iridescent, luminous,

And whatever she needs to be

At a given time, in a given place.

Enigmatic, unfathomed, and slightly feared,

By those who know not.

With dimensions ever widening,

Ever broadening outwards,

'Til she comes to gently rest in the bosom

Of those who understand, love and liberate,

The qualities of the Black Pearl for all time.

Rosi Caswell

The Canine Ham

There's a mighty storm raging overhead,
And my old dog she raises her head.
As I rush down the stairs in anticipation,
Of her fear and panic and trepidation.
I walk into the kitchen so calm and quiet,
Fully expecting her to raise a riot.
But she coolly turns and looks at me,
And I cannot believe what my own eyes see.
Instead of a dog trembling in fright,,
Against all past history she seems alright!
So I heave a sigh of quiet relief
And wend my way back upstairs to sleep.
But hark, I reach the top of the stairs,
And I hear a scrape, a moving of chairs.
Oh no! I think, she's scared after all
And I tumble downwards into the hall.
I tiptoe into the kitchen bright,
(where I'd felt compelled to leave a light.)
To find her sitting upon the side,
As if frantically seeking a place to hide.
That's strange, I thought, you were fine just now,
And I link my mind with hers to see how
She was not afraid before I came down.
Could she be acting the canine clown?
I spoke to her with a word(quite) stern
And told her I knew that she could discern,,
Whether danger was real or just in the mind.
She stared unblinking, though far from 'blind'
The meaning behind my eyes she knew,
So she walked back into her bed of blue.
And as I left for the second time,
She raised her eyes and winked into mine.
Giving me food for thought (yet again) ,
At how amusing and whimsical her powerful 'game'.
For as the famous author had been heard to say,
'Show you're amused, and the dog will play,
On the stage of life, to turn one's head.'
'How true' I smiled, as I turned for bed.

The Chakra Jewels

Find the strength of diamond,
To polish the colours of the mind.
The sparkling, blood red Ruby root,
Base Amber's orange glow.
The Citrine of emotions,
Does through the Hara flow.
Green is Jade for wisdom,
And Blue for words untold.
Indigo Lapis seeing far.
Violet reaching to our soul
But to enhance these precious jewels
That within our chakras grow.
We need the strength of Diamond,
Above them all to glow.

Rosi Caswell

The Children

Let the children have their childhood.
Let the children laugh and play.
Let us show the little children
How to learn new facts each day.
Pick them up when they fall downwards.
Show them how to stand so tall,
Learning all life's secret knowledge.
They then will fulfil all,
Of the blueprint they have written
When they came into this life
Taking all the love and sunshine.
Taking also dark and strife.
Let us show them how to balance
As on their journey they commence.
Help them over all the hurdles,
Whether easy or intense.
Yes let the children have their childhood.
Let the children laugh and play.
Let us show the little children
How to learn new facts each day.

Rosi Caswell

The Cord Of Gossamer

The gossamer cord it tightens,

As I try to move away.

Although I love you Eternally,

We can't live day by day.

I puzzled over this anomaly

Down the years that passed so full,

And asked myself, what can I do?

"Nothing" came reply, "just null."

But still I puzzled, beat my brow,

Felt I should do it all.

"No child" you gently chided,

"You're riding for a fall."

Only live your life for you,

Though interlinked you be.

This gauntlet is not yours to run.

Let go your agony.

Though partners through the Universe,

Evolving along with he.

You cannot move his pieces (chess) ,

You have to let him be.

And if he honours his Karma,
Then the choice is yours to live,
But if he should choose to turn away,
Then freedom you must give.
Not just for him my child you said,
As I turned bewildered face.
In puzzlement to you I cried,
But we won't win the race.
Then if that's so my darling one,
Accept it and move on.
For you can't be he as well as you,
For this life at least it must be gone.
Maybe in the lifetimes still to come,
You still could join in pace.
But two it still takes hand in hand.
'Tis never just one face.

Rosi Caswell

The Dark Night Of The Soul

When we are in the dark night of the soul,

We gasp and flounder within this hole

Of mire and darkness, with no light,

But hark, look up and see the sight,

Of smiling angel faces true.

Holding hands and beckoning you,

To rise above the darkness tight,

Fly and flow, into the light.

Once more to find our love's true end,

As thro' Universe, our footsteps wend.

To free the soul, from darkness black.

Taking us forward, to never look back,

But forward always into the peace,

And joy and calm as horrors cease.

And then we turn and head for home,

Until once more, our steps will roam.

Rosi Caswell

The Diamond Queen

She's full tonight, the diamond Queen
In dazzling robes enfold.
Through Universes near and far,
All creatures, her behold.
Some keen towards her radiant gown.
No flicker does she make.
Some glory in her luminous light.
Their eyes her surface rake.
Some marvel at her colours displayed.
Some race to catch her light,
But they never will, for when they turn
She's out of reach and sight.
But me I honour the stately Queen
As she shines her Healing light.
If you can feel her Energy cool
Wrap all around you tight,
She will kiss you and then let you go
On your journey through your life,
But she's always here to guide you on,
Through every stress and strife.
So Mother, Sister, Healer Moon
I breathe your air so fresh,
And I know where e'er my footsteps wend
My pathways you refresh.

Rosi Caswell

The Drivers Code

When you drive, consider others.

Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers.

Always look before you leap,

Or you may end up in a heap.

Respect and courtesy must abound

To other drivers on the ground.

So never speed or overtake,

When on a bend for all our sake.

Keep to Universal and Highway code

Every time you're on the road,

Then all will balance sweet and true,

And others will respect you too.

But most importantly you'll live

And life to others also give.

Rosi Caswell

The Eagles

The eagles came in abundance
The day you left the earth plain.
They dipped and bowed their noble heads,
In Healing and acknowledgment of our tears and pain.
They escorted you to levels so high
Where you fly with the Angels Gold.
Accessing all the dazzling realms,
That are rarely ever told,
Save by souls evolved in shining truth,
Through ethereal mists they glide.
You're with them now in bliss so true,
Soaring on Universal tide.

Rosi Caswell

The Equine Debt

There's nothing in this world this horse does lack,
Save a proud rider on the noblest of backs.
Down the years he has stood,
Through all bad and all good.
He has toiled and fought,
With we humans, for nought
Save our ego and pride.
For this cause he has died
In the battles of life.
Through trouble and strife.
Steadfast he has carried
Us through when we've tarried.
Putting humans to shame,
With our physical game.
He's shown us to rise,
Reach life's ultimate prize.
To be humble not proud,
To be soft, never loud.
In the final place rest
He has passed the time test,
That of faithfulness true.
His goodness shines through.
Unconditional loyalty,
Born of humility.
Beside this, mere humans, what do we have to give?
Just our love thanks and gratitude, as long as we live.

Rosi Caswell

The Gift Of Awareness

I fly with the wind

And float on the breeze,

Past mountains, o'er plains

And high above trees.

My journey's no length,

For my soul's full of glee.

I soar with the strength

Of all life within me.

I'm lighter than thistledown.

I'm free as a bird.

I glide through country and town,

Never seen, never heard.

But hush now and listen.

For a moment stand still

And you'll see all life glisten

Just over the hill.

Rosi Caswell

The Land That Time Forgot

Where the dinosaurs lie sleeping,
In the land that time forgot,
Save by the loyal crofters,
Whose lives abide atop,
Those magnificent white mountains,
Whose mood can turn so fast.
To know them is to love them
With their awesome graceful past.
Imperious, they'll forever stand,
Amidst the secret glens.
Withstanding ever, test of time.
Towering over brooks and benns.
If you enter through the gates of time,
Expect them to enfold,
You, with an Energy unique and pure
Where time is liquid gold.
Moments they spell hours,
And days turn into years.
The mighty mountains tall and true
Will wipe away all tears.
If you have the courage,
And you know this life's for you,
The hills and glens and bothies,
Will be ever always true.
To those who see God's mistress,
Will she always hold you tight.
So take a breath and make the step,
From darkness into light.

Rosi Caswell

The Language Of The Universe

We have a language that is ours,

Which you and I we "own".

As unique as it is simple,

To all creatures can be known.

'Tis the Universal language of the globe.

No word is ever spoke' and barely thought.

It only takes awareness of our mind

And never in the "schoolroom" can be taught.

We have a language, you and I,

That through all Galaxies is used.

It flies through life Eternal,

Never can it be abused.

The feeling of this flow is so Divine.

In peace and joy forever; lets us walk.

This language of the world is for all time,

On all levels, enabling us to talk.

Rosi Caswell

The Leader

The wind will not blow on you
Nor tyrants prevail,
For you carry the heir
To Energies through veil.
He will lead all incarnate
In sunshine and rain
And walk the gold circles,
This time, men to shame.
He will show all the true path.
Inspiration is he.
Listen to his wise teachings.
He will lead you to me,
For I am immortal
All levels do I walk.
He will teach you the language
Universal to talk.

Rosi Caswell

The Link

They said it wouldn't last.
Those who stood in silent disapproval
On the sidelines out of sight,
With limbs and lips so still, unmoving,
For they know not what they see,
Those un-evolved freewheelers
Screwing face and soul together,
With no concept of the freedom
That is yours, for with no ego,
You walk hand in hand,
Through sun and wind and hail,
And remain as one within throughout this land
Of dimensions they will never see.
Levels they will never hear,
For they know not what you have
Nor all the things that you hold dear.
They know not who you are.
They cannot see and breathe your air.
Understanding not, the unbreakable link,
Forged many lives ago, in rain and fair.
They said it wouldn't last.
Who are they to say?
Step out brightly in the sun,
For today is your first day.

Rosi Caswell

The Male Menopause

The menopause is changing life.

It brings many women enormous strife.

The shifting change of the ground we stand,

Often feels like a different land.

A time for growth you know t'is true.

A golden opportunity, don't be blue.

Go with the flow, accept the change.

Embrace the difference; don't think it strange.

Look at the positive side of the page.

You are slowly growing into a sage.

An older wiser woman you'll be.

It happens to you and it happens to me.

But lets not forget amidst this shift,

That it also happens to men, catch my drift?

They too go through the whirling change,

Upheavals, distress, and things that seem strange.

For this condition, it too has a name.

Not Menopause, Andropause, the effect is the same.

So let us acknowledge men feel in a muddle,

And as well as our own needs

They too need a cuddle.

Rosi Caswell

The Matriarchs

The greatest battles since days of old,
We hear the stories now and then,
As down the centuries their echoes are told.
They're fought by the mothers of men.
The strongest armour their truth will pierce,
A mother's love raised to such height,
That there's nothing exists on earth so fierce.
For him to the death she will fight.
With no hesitation, she will strike his foe,
With him standing next to her tall.
She will teach him to exact justice, as through life they go.
For to balance situations, one and all.
Then she stands back in pride with a smile,
As he forward in battle steps out.
She's taught him to always go just one more mile,
For his foe to seek and rout out.
She'll always be there, on each level exist
For no warrior is e'er so strong.
She will guide his way forward through life's every twist,
Whatever it takes, or how long.

So please never doubt the stories you've heard.

The truth is the same now as then.

The greatest battles there are in this world,

Are fought by the mothers of men!

Rosi Caswell

The Mighty Power Of The Pen

When I was young, you told me
That the pen was mightier than the sword.
'Twas from those days I do believe
You showed me the power of written word.
Not only did you show that to me,
But you practised what you preached.
I watched you as you daily proved,
That to the furthest corner word could reach.
I have used this power in so many ways.
I have never known it fail.
When knowledge or point I wish to impart,
With the pen I just "set sail";
I really wish to thank you Dad
For the times I did not understand.
When I felt angry with myself and the world,
You placed a pen within my hand.
You taught me that there are many ways,
To say what is in my heart.
You told me that whatever I said,
To make it constructive from the start.
So as I look back along the years,
To the times when I said "No!";
I recall your voice and see your face,
And to the "power of the pen" I go.
I've learnt from hardship and from good,
That to help to change the world,
I must sit me down and constructively write,
When once angry words I'd have hurled.

Rosi Caswell

The Pirate Queen

We fought them on the Spanish Main,
With flashing sword and gun.
A bright and colourful picture we,
As we made those rascals run.
We were the pirates brave and true.
We fought our battles bold.
I still see us stood upon the deck,
With our bodies flashing gold.
I loved you then as I love you now.
The people marvelled so.
'She's a woman' went the whispers.
'How could they make her go? '
But 'they' didn't make me, no one did.
I stood beside my man.
As I've stood beside you lifetimes since,
Then we've slept upon the sand.
It's still the case this lifetime.
I'm always here for you.
Whatever you have said or done,
You're still my pirate true.

Rosi Caswell

The Rap Of Change

Change I adore.

Just to open that door,

With it's bright shiny hue,

To walk pastures new.

To breathe pure fresh air,

With wind in my hair

Looking eagerly ahead

To adventure be led.

'Tis the breath of all life

Whether sunshine or strife.

We gird loins afresh

And take that deep breath

To exciting new space

Whatever it's pace.

The thrill I can't tell you.

Come try it anew.

That euphoric feeling,

Raising way beyond ceiling

Through sun or through ice,

So open your eyes.

Take that next step.

You will never regret.

Come hold my hand tight.

We will soon see the light,

With no turning back.

And with wings on our back.

We'll fly beyond skies

Win the ultimate prize..

The truth will be plain.

That dawning we'll gain.

Yes change I adore.

That shiny new door.

Rosi Caswell

The Snowman

He's disappeared from whence he came
That man of ice and snow.
"I loved him Mummy", said my child.
"Why did he have to go? "
"There's a time for all things in this life",
I told her with a smile.
"The seasons hold their own sweet joys,
But only for a while.
The Spring brings life and breath to all.
The Summer brings the corn,
Whilst Autumn changes coloured coat,
And Winter squalls are born.
Beauty there is in the seasons all,
And a purpose beyond compare,
For with Spring abounds life, large and small.
Summer Energies shine so rare,
Whilst Autumn prepares the world for change,
Winter brings snow to cleanse.
The joys you have found in the snowman's "birth"
Are part of all Nature's plans,
If you stand in patience through season's roles,

And glory in every hue,
One beautiful day when you least expect,
He will come yet again to you".

Rosi Caswell

The Universal Power

God, Goddess, all that is, is around and in all living beings.

It is there in the scent of a flower, in the buzz of a honey bee,

Within the eagle's call as she flies back to her eyrie and her young,

And in the mournful howl of the vixen calling for her mate.

Within the silent stealth of the cat on the prowl, and the thud

Of the horse's hooves, galloping swiftly across the plains.

It is there within the cry of a new born babe, the jewelled

Laugh of a child at play, and the comforting sound of a crackling log fire,

As we rest for a while from our toils.

The Universe is around and within us; there is no beginning and no end,

Just the power of the truth, within which we transcend all levels

All universes, all deaths, to live life, after life, after life.

Rosi Caswell

The Welsh Dragon

Beware the Welsh dragon,

He huffs and he puffs,

And he scares all the children at night.

For the tales of his antics

They trip off the tongue,

Of the elders who have to be right.

He rattles and roars, and wants to come in,

And sit by the fire with your Ma.

He shrieks and he squeals, makes a terrible din,

'Til you shake in your slippers with fright.

But then comes the morning so sunny and gay,

And the terrors have passed with the light.

And whatever will happen today or the next,

The elders have always it right.

They say come on Joey, or Megan or Ruth,

He only comes out when it's dark.

So as long as you're snug

In your beds fast asleep,

The dragon can't hurt you- that's truth.

The Wind

The wind he howls like a banshee through the trees
With no respect for ought in his way.
Fighting and thrashing with the leaves
Who smile, falling gracefully to ground,
Where they lie, to die and be trodden
Underfoot by human and beast alike.
Until they become broken and sodden,
But only 'til the seasons turn
And the sun, she comes to bring re-birth,
Whilst the wind he hibernates.
Until the circle turns, and once more, it is his – the earth.

Rosi Caswell

Through The Clouds

I saw the Golden pathway stretching through the clouds to Heaven Tonight.
I so wish to walk that path towards my Wiggy out of sight,
But only in the physical realms, her body I can't hold,
And I would give you all I have, more than the price of gold,
For one more day or even hour, to spend with our precious one
No price would ever be too high, for me to bring along,
Though the link we have in Energy, Eternally will grow,
For just a sight of her darling face an ocean I would row.
The language of the Universe is ours alone to speak
But the comfort's small when all I need, is her with me when I sleep.

Rosi Caswell

Til The Roses Bloom

'Til the roses bloom, and you return

Once more to me in peace.

I'll light a candle in my heart,

Whose glow will never cease.

For then once more, we'll love and laugh,

And walk through life together.

So 'Til the yellow roses bloom,

Through all of life's rough weather,

I'll walk alone with smile on lips,

And thoughts of others spurn.

Until the roses lift their heads

And you to me return.

Rosi Caswell

Til We Meet Again

Beside the bonny lochs of blue
I walk this time alone.
For once I walked along with you,
Joyous, happy, in this my home.
I wander on in solitude.
My thoughts are still with you.
Sighing in the misty dew,
My tears they fall anew.
If only you were here my love,
Walking by my side again,
We'd clasp our hands as turtle doves,
There'd be no hurt or pain.
I hear your mellow voice, it sings,
To tell me I must be strong.
You live your life with pride that rings,
And I know we still belong.
So I take your counsel and your love,
In renewed energy to walk.
I see the mountains tall above,
And I know to you I talk.
For life's about Eterity.
I know this to be true.
I know we are in unity.
Someday I'll be with you.
So 'til that day I'll smile our smile,
I'll lend a helping hand,
To others walking down the miles
Of life, to the promised land.

Rosi Caswell

Time Is

In the twilight of our years,
When time in wisdom's dried our tears,
I reach for you, and know 'tis true,
This life was meant for me and you.
The battles fought, a victory won.
It's not time still for our swan song.
We've soothed away the pain and sorrow,
There's much time still to live tomorrow.
You ask 'could we not have seen much sooner,
That our Karmic journey could have been smoother? '
But time's a space, not a line that's been drawn.
We still have now our own new dawn.
There always is a 'sheet' so pure,
'Tis not just pain we must endure.
For life is meant to teach us much,
Within joy, sorrow, pain and touch.
And then awakes a brand new dawn,
Once more our lives afresh reborn.
'Twill always be, can you see how?
Years don't count, time is just now.

Rosi Caswell

Trudging Through The Snow

Trudging through the snow
In the cold and dark of night,
With fairy crystals hanging from boughs
And hedges groaning `neath shroud of white.
I feel my way quite gingerly
As ice beneath the snow does slip,
To pound my heart to rhythmic drum
My boots seem somehow not to grip.
Deceitful then the snow and ice
To those unwatchful, careless, so
My feet and head have places changed,
But lying in the snow is nice!

Rosi Caswell

Ultimate Love

I shall grieve for you forever,
In that timeless space of mine.
Where linear time's not present,
And my soul interlinks with thine.
I'll move my life on forward,
As I know I'm bound to do,
But I'll carry inside of me always
That special piece of you.

Rosi Caswell

Vicar's Coming To Tea

Eh?
What's that you said?
Oh dearie me,
You told me the vicar's coming to tea.
What shall I wear, what shall we eat?
I'll have to go shopping down the village street.
What shall we say to him?
Think on it do!
He's more intellectual
Than me and than you.
Though wait just a moment,
I'm giving some thought
As to why we lament,
Just as if we know nought.
For we are all different.
Thank goodness for that!
Don't let's be diffident,
Or feel we are prats.
All humans have something
To offer you see.
The things we are good at
Will be different to he.
So I'm now looking forward
To taking his hat,
And sitting with vicar enjoying a chat.

Rosi Caswell

We All Went To Dorset Steam Fair

We all went to Dorset steam fair
In the year 2001.
The 33rd year of this wonderful fair,
And we loved it all and one.
The atmosphere and the energy
The smell and the feel and the noise.
The feeling of oneness and synergy.
All of us felt it, ourselves and our boys.
Seven of us went to the steam fair,
To participate, laugh and play.
Many things we saw there,
Although we went just for the day.
The fair for all of our boys was the best.
Something for one and all.
A very important fact, (I don't jest) ,
For our boys ranged from tall to so small.
Army trucks and steamers.
Engines of all size and type.
Vintage cars sporting streamers,
And motorbikes there for the hype.
Gypsy vans I remember so swell,
For I'm sure I have been here before.
Though not in this time, I remember it well.
I know I have walked 'through this door'.
The thing I shall always recall,
Though I live 'til I'm two score and three,
Was the wonderful feeling felt by us all.
That of complete unity.
Though each and everyone of us
Was there for their very own trip.
Whether travelling by cycle, by car, or by bus,
We all came together without e'er a slip.
You may feel quite puzzled
At this ditty I write.
You may ponder and wonder
If all is quite right.
My perspective you see, may be different, quite odd.
But my friends, after all, I am but a dog!

We Are One

Sweet Emerald isle across the sea,
Swift speeds my heart to thee.
My soul doth soar to Erin's shore
To take my rest there evermore.
I breathe when I am on your turf,
The greatest place on earth.
I wither and die when we're apart,
Tho' your music sings within my heart.
To thee my mind must fly,
When my soul feels it may die.
Alone dear Erin, you have the cure
I needs must walk upon your shore.
And when I lay my weary head
To rest; I am not dead,
For my soul soars high above your sea.
Ireland, the Universe, and me.

Rosi Caswell

We Miss You Cheyenne

Darling Cheyenne, we miss you so.
We don't know why you had to go.
Your Golden wings we see unfurl.
Within our minds ever, is our Angel Girl.
You fly so high in Eternal bliss.
This earthly level you will miss,
For you're too divine to be in this world,
So you fly the heavens within silver whirls.
There will come the day when we too will pass
Through gossamer veils, to see you at last,
As you glide towards us through starlit path.
Home together Cheyenne, at last.

Rosi Caswell

Whispers In The Twilight

Ghostly shadows in the moonlight
Walk ye softly bye and bye.
Only to the watchful soul,
Will they ever catch your eye.
They slip by oh so silently,
On hoofs as soft as silk.
Their size and colours range
From chocolate brown to shades of milk.
Night time is their playground,
Where they engage in ghostly games,
But when you look, you'll see them not,
Nor ever know their names,
For they linger not on journey's path
Where they move soft as a whisper.
You may never see them stop to talk,
Nor even see but a whisker,
Unless they choose to show themselves
To those they love and trust.
A life time privilege so is that,
For they see you are true and just.
Glide onwardly sweet shadows.
Never stop unless you know
That those who wish to see you
Love you more than life's sweet flow.

Rosi Caswell

Wigga Is Here

How could I ever doubt, our beautiful Wigga dear,
Could be anywhere but where I am, whether that be far or near.
You are in the wind that gently blows.
In the sun, and the river that eternal flows.
I feel and hear you in my space,
But I long to touch your darling face.
Oh Wigga D I love you so.
It was so hard to let you go,
But you told me true it was your time,
And I heard the bells begin to chime.
In Heaven's bower, you now fly free.
Oh Wigga J, please come to me,
In dreamtime bright with colours fresh.
Let me hear your paws and smell the breath,
Of the one who means more than Universe to me,
My Darling Darling Wigga D

Rosi Caswell

Woman Of The Wise

I hear your words from down the years
Old woman of the wise.
Since last we met, I've had my share
Of laughter and of tears.
My mind when still, will enter space
Wherein you counselled me.
' Discretion is of valour best'
I clearly see your face,
Those words you uttered long ago,
Still live with me always,
And as I have quested o'er the years
I now know that they are so.
Now I plough my furrows deep and long
Always to myself be true.
I remember as I walk through life,
How you taught me to be strong.
You showed me how to shine my light.
No anger or judgment hold,
I've come to live this concept true,
For justice alone to fight.
Only in our own truth can we stand,
And our lives for ourselves, must we lead.
So I'm true to myself and the Universe wide,
Still to others I hold out a hand.

Rosi Caswell

Yew

Guardian of the churchyard
Where silent souls abide.
Your towering strength and sturdy boughs,
Shoulder grave stones, side by side.
Your eyes have seen the mourning
And the many tears that flowed,
But in quiet celestial peace you stand
As the desolate, walk the road.
You stand there Universal,
And your comfort you extend,
For when they look up to your branches,
They know in truth, there is no end.

Rosi Caswell

You Said

You said there'd be Rubies.
You said there'd be Gold.
You said there'd be Emeralds
To have & to hold.
You said there'd be Sapphires
To lighten the load.
As we travelled together
Along this life's road.
You said there'd be jewels galore,
As we walked.
You said there'd be satins
And silks as we talked.
You said this path would
Be smooth indeed.
No cares or worries
Just follow your lead.
But I've now come to realise
That life's precious gift,
Doesn't lie in jewels or gold
As we drift.
It lies in the knowledge
That all things must be.
At the end of the day,
There's just you and me.
No I don't need the Rubies
And Diamonds to hold,
For we have something
More precious than Gold.
Our journeys to follow
To wherever the end.
And I know hand in hand
Our footsteps will wend,
Til the blueprint's complete
The world's at our feet
We'll fly with the Angels,
Our family to meet.
No I don't need the Gold
And the Spangles galore.
I just need you with me

At the closing of door.

Rosi Caswell