

Poetry Series

Sally Campbell
- poems -

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Sally Campbell()

A Painful Love

I feel I must run I must
As fast as I can tho' not physically
Unless through an open prairie
With wild horses galloping alongside me,
Their beautiful mane flying in the wind
As my beautiful hair flies in the wind,
And we run until there is no place else to run
Where then we turn to run back again
Finding peace, and a place of rest,
Somewhere along the way

I run to ease the pain I feel
Not a pain of my body, though I wish it to be true,
For it would not hurt as dearly,
But a pain of my heart because someone I love is hurting so
And I can do nothing but I do all I can and I pray
I do not run because I am a coward for this would be easy
I run because I love

To lose myself if only for a little while,
Then to find myself
To return to my loved one and there by his side
I will stand and be strong,
And hold his hand
For no matter how long, and then God will say to him,
"Come home, "
And the one I love is gone for now, and I will weep.

Sally Campbell

Dancing Shadows

Dancing shadows,
Glimmering rays of sunlight
All come to say hello
And my path is clear
Where I am led, where I must go
I do not know
But one day I shall be there
And I am eager
Though I shiver with fear
For who I will be
When I arrive
From where first I began
To end.

Sally Campbell

For Heaven Comes Tomorrow

For heaven comes tomorrow
Today, I can hardly wait
For I've made plans to go see Jesus
No pain, no tears, or burdens I'll take

He said He would always care for me
In His own special and loving way
With Him a promise made, a promise kept
For He knows no other way

It was He who came to visit me
Tho I could not see His face
And Yet I knew there was no doubt
Amazing Light, Amazing Grace

For heaven comes tomorrow
When with Jesus I shall stand
So weep no more for me my loves
Tis' my new beginning,
This was Our plan.

By: Sally Louise Campbell

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Sally Campbell

Good Morning, Lord

Good morning, Lord,
Thank you for the night,
For helping me to awake
To this morning so bright,

I pray for a good day
May I take it slow, without haste,
Make the most of each moment
Not one moment waste,

May I do my best
As I go on my way,
And may I to no one
Have a harsh word to say,

May I show my love
To each loved one,
Amid their troubles
Bring a ray of the sun,

May I accept
With a smile be strong,
All the little things
Which will surely go wrong,

May I with ease
Cheerfully greet,
Each and everyone
I might meet,

May I this day
Make a new friend,
The friendships I cherish
May they never end,

Of all I can
May I freely give,
Do good to remember, for truly,
This is to live,

For these blessings, dear Lord,
To You I pray,
And for You, my Father,
May it be a good day.

Sally Campbell

Hayley

To say it was easy I know not, my sweet
To reach the pinnacle you chose to seek
Though weary and troubled so oft to say
Yet to God's new morn, you arose to the day

Your husband, your child, and home you nourished
Heart's love abide you gave to all
And beckoned forth to answer each call
God's light so given flourished

Before the moment of given birth
I pray afore you God's light on earth
A beautiful life so brightly shine
For Dad's little girl, and mine.

Among the children you now stand
To teach, to know, what they should see
Set standards high so they may be
Their finest bear in high demand

You are a teacher, young eyes behold
Someone so loved who met her goal
Cherish your right to open each mind
To proclaim the mountain they too must climb

To say it was easy I know not my sweet
To reach the pinnacle now complete
So weary and troubled so oft to say
Yet glorified more each coming day

My pride for you I gladly boast
To all on earth and Heaven's host
Blessings lifted toward God on High
His love, as mine, is always nigh

Please honor this promise within your heart
Stand we together or far apart
Thus from the beginning, no end of time
Will change my love, sweet daughter of mine.

Sally Campbell

I Am A Mother

I AM A MOTHER

Tho'never have I traveled far
I have reached the highest pinnacle
Derived from this earth,
I have known love,
I have given love,
In pain enduring
Praising my God
From this body I have given birth.

I have trod the valley low
Deep as in hell tho' I still breath
To mourn the leaving of my child
To reach toward the Heaven high
For I see him there by our Savior's side
Hand in hand
And through my tears I smile.

Sally Campbell

I Remember Grandma's

You know, Grandma's house was always a fun place to be
For everyone, including me
I have memories of Sunday dinners, family gatherings,
The joy of kin seeing everyone,
But, as a child, the number of kids there were,
Oh boy, did we have fun!

The white farmhouse made of wood,
The tin roof which made the patter of rain sound so good,
A small country kitchen;
Oh, those teacakes she would bake.
The living room, often filled with sadness
Yet, in equal parts,
Alive with gladness.
Two bedrooms, where even the weigh of three handmade quilts
Could not keep out the cold of winter.
The absence of a bath,
But out back
The very popular, well trod, beaten down path.

A well-kept yard free of grass to mow
White sand, leveled by the straight marks of a rake,
Destroyed by our imaginary roads made by Grandpa's hoe.
Seems there were always chickens, a necessity raised for food,
But you can bet, the relieving spot each chicken would seek
Would be the very spot I would undoubtedly choose
To place my bare feet.

A small lady in stature was grandma;
Snowy white hair with strands fine as silk
Carefully wound into a perfect ball atop her head,
At times I thought her selfish in my mind, now looking back I know
Free of the abundance to give she had no choice.
"Grandma, can I have a piece of cornbread and onion? "
"Naw, I'm saving that for supper, " was all she said.
Too young to understand or to see her side,
I thought for certain I would starve
At the mere age of five.

To remember those times now, they seem better than then,
Strange how things seem better when you remember when.
Feather beds, homemade pickles, washday in the yard;
Things my generation remembers as the "good old days"
When life was hard and different,
Yet, perhaps, better in many ways.

If someday, I pray, God blesses me with grandchildren,
Will thrill my soul if happy they will be,
When my precious child says to her children
They're coming to see me.

Sally Campbell

It Was Meant To Be

It wasn't meant to be that Jesus be set free
He knew He must die to save us from sin,
It wasn't meant to be
God knew the world must see
What was meant to be

If only He had spoken
He would not have died
For He had done nothing wrong,
"Crucify Jesus, " to the king the people cried,
Then maybe He will leave us alone

They were afraid to listen,
For what He said was new
Love everyone, said He,
Just as I have loved you
I am the Son of God
Why can't you believe
This was meant to be?

What Jesus began that day
Did not end on the cross,
It was only the beginning
For the one who is lost,
To Thy hands, my Father,
I commit my soul to Thee,
For it is finished;
What was meant to be.

Sally Campbell

Little Sister Am I

Little sister am I to brothers five
Mom and Dad's precious little girl
With trees to climb and skirts to twirl
To please each one indeed I strive

Love never ending all is mine
Although alone I wish to say
Give me a moment just for today
And leave me never for all time

When I am sad be there for me
Wipe my tears and hold my hand
While moments flee to laugh again
Such tears of joy eyes cannot see

Supper time, and Mama calls come
When all is right to our delight
Tis' end of day, into the night
Joy from the heart now sung

Tho' time may quickly move unseen
No distance shall ever part
What is now remains as from the start
When all was truth, now tis' my dream

Little sister am I to brothers five
Mom and Dad's precious little girl
With trees to climb and skirts to twirl
Now only tears to cry

In visions now I see each face
Mom and Dad and brothers five
To please each one indeed I strive
Till together again, by God's grace.

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My Son, My Precious One

I had heard of the feelings of a mother for her son
But I never knew what it meant
Until my son, my precious one
As a gift from my God was sent

He was fat and cute, dark hair on his head
The first time they brought him to me
I felt such pride my heart nearly burst
For this was my son, Wesley

So much sheer pleasure he has given to me
This sweet little boy of mine
Time passes so fast and yet, seems so short
From birth the years past are nine

With hair now red and freckles a few
A dimple in his cute little chin
He can melt my heart, fade my temper away
When he gives me his cute little grin

Most times to me he is so sweet
And so rarely temper is seen
When mischief rises ever so high
In those beautiful eyes so green

He is my baby and always will be
And proudly his father's son
So much love we give to him
Our son, our precious one

I thank God each day for giving to us
This one hundred percent little boy
Into our lives he brings so much
Our son, our most precious one.

Sally Campbell

Soldier Come Home

He came home from the war, this proud Marine
One of the toughest the world had seen,
He stood tall, and straight, with shoulders wide
Look at him, and see his pride
He served his country hard and well
With pain, he will have many stories to tell,
Now, on to his love whom he adores
With anticipation his excitement soars
It's been a long time since he left her alone
Begged her to wait for him to come home,
At times it was hard to her be true
He feels their time is far overdue
Their life he has planned for the years ahead
He hopes soon to him she will be wed,
She tried her best, but try as she may
She grew lonelier day by day
It was not planned she meet another man
But now by her husband, the Marine's love stands
His pride out of mind
He could only ask why
Bow his head, hurt inside, and cry
He thought of the past
Thought of the Corp
Thought of his friends he had lost in the war
To his homeland he returned
Glad to be free
And thought:
I gave my all
And all was taken from me.

Sally Campbell

Starved

As the child who is given a cherished bar of sweet
So seldom from the Father whose hugs are rare
I, too, run with my gift of praise
So pleased am I to share
With all who will listen
While I pretend they care.

I soar to the heavens higher and higher
Clinging to my gift so tightly
I feel as one so loved
I must not let go
For I do not know
When again my heart will be
So pleased
To receive a reward of honor
Perhaps with love,
For me.

Sally Campbell

The Cool Of The Shade Tree

How long is this road I am traveling?
Is there an end?
I cannot see the end
But I know there must be an end
That waits for me
Sometimes I think I see the end
And sometimes I wish to see the end
Sometimes this road is okay
But sometimes it hurts to walk it
Like when I was a little child
Walking barefoot in the summertime
And the road was so hot
And burned my feet so badly
And I would run as fast as I could from one shade tree
To the next
And the cool ground beneath would ease my pain
Sometimes I think I would like to come to the end of the road
And maybe there fine the biggest shade tree ever to protect me
And make me feel good as a child protected
But some days I think that maybe I would like to return
To the very beginning of this road
And start my journey over
And this time
I will wear new shoes and walk very slowly
And I will see everything and touch everything
And though I wear new shoes
I will rest beneath each shade tree along the way
Until I find the end of this road.

Sally Campbell

The Road

The road is long
Still we go on ever determined
For we are weary,
Until before us we find the end
Where earlier this day we only began

There are few as we, my love and I,
Beside the road I see many things pass swiftly
Almost a blur to my eye;
The yellow wildflowers in all their glory
Among the thorns and irreverence left behind
By someone who did not cherish their beauty

I think of life;
The hills, the valleys,
The forest green, the prairies dry
And ponder how they too pass swiftly
Almost a blur to my eye
As the yellow wildflowers in all their glory
Among the thorns and irreverence left behind
By someone who did not cherish their beauty.

Sally Campbell

The Road I Travel

Where am I traveling to
Down this strange road I don't know?
I cannot turn back, I must continue to go
What lies in wait for me?

Will I find hell
Where then my life shall end
Or will I find Heaven
Where my life shall just begin?
I wonder.

I'll find Heaven I'm sure
For my Lord rides with me,
No doubt if I go alone
In hell I will be
Forever.

Sally Campbell

These Are My Tears

These are my tears and mind alone
They cost you nothing,
Now let me be to cry in pain
It is my heartache
It is your gain

Will I forgive?
God says I should
Again and again
Seven times seven,
It is my heartache
It is my gain.

Sally Campbell

When I Close My Eyes

When I close my eyes
No one can see
What I am thinking
What I am feeling
No one but me

When I close my eyes
It is as though I am alone
It matters not who surrounds me
If no one
Still, I am free;

Maybe I sleep
Maybe I pray
Maybe I escape, or wait
For all to end
This day;

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
Will I awake
Again to begin
When I close my eyes?

Sally Campbell

Writing To Be Writing

WRITING TO BE WRITING

I want to write so badly,
But I cannot find the inspiration to begin.
The work that once belonged to me, and is now lost,
Is holding me back
And I know this
And I do not know how to begin again.
I know what I had written was not perfect,
But I felt it was a good entry to where I was going and
I feel the pressure to accomplish something
I can be only satisfied with,
And hope for an achievement
That will excite me even more.
The emotions I experience
Concerning the writing I do
And the writing ability I possess
Or I do not possess,
Rise from the lowest rank
Of my security
Rating to the highest,
And here in lies my problem,
Although I can say with all confidence
That it is not my only problem.
Talent is an utmost consideration.

Sally Campbell