

Poetry Series

**Sandra Kavanagh  
Josefsson**



**- poems -**  
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# Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson()

Irish woman living in Stockholm Sweden.

I hope you enjoy my poetry. It is mostly about nature, animals, love and romance. It is also about the divine and spiritual matters. A mixture of everything.

Books published: Poems that touch your heart in March 24th, 2024. A splash of sunlight in November 15th, 2024.



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# Gefjun.

The destinies of mankind,  
lie in your great hands,  
for you have the foreknowledge  
in all that is to come to  
these lands.

You are the generous giver,  
Sköldr's wife.  
You remind us all of the importance of a bountiful harvest,  
and what is important in life.

With your four oxen,  
ploughing the land,  
you showed abundance  
could come to Sjöland.

Loki the trickster,  
tried to blacken your name.  
Odin reminded him  
of your great knowledge  
and what would happen  
in the end game.

Oh Goddess of fertility  
bless this glorious universe.  
Help us to remember  
your honoured words and verse.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20250104.

Norse Goddess of Agriculture, ploughing, foreknowledge and fertility: Gefjun.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Máni.

As you ride your chariot  
across the night sky,  
the forces of chaos that  
sought to disrupt you,  
fall to the ground.  
All you can hear is the  
thunderous sound.

Your power is seen in your control,  
over the waxing and waning of the Moon.  
Yours is the great influence over time.  
Protecting everyone from nights doom.

The veil between the world of the living  
and the dead is your domain.  
You make real the spiritual connection,  
of our universe to other dimensions  
and what it attains.

You are the counter of years,  
the whirling wheel.  
You are the celestial body  
shining in the night sky.  
The clock of time you seal.

Oh Goddess of the Moon,  
Always keep everything in balance,  
And take away our gloom,  
as we show you our reverence.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .  
20250103.

Norse Goddess of the Moon: Máni.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Snotra.

You were the embodiment of wisdom,  
faithful friend of Odin.

You knew the importance  
of contemplation  
before voicing opinion.

You had a deep understanding of the world.

You were valued by the Gods  
for your level-headed perspective.

Wise one of the Aesir.

Your integrity and modesty  
showed the importance of  
being reflective.

You personified the ideals of prudence and moral discipline.

A great teacher who counselled leaders,  
you knew the significance

of social contact and

on handling of social situations,  
you were the great healer.

Oh great Goddess of wisdom and virtue,  
help us to be appreciative and graceful.

Let us be mindful in our daily behaviour,  
and always be calm and peaceful.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20250103.

Norse Goddess of Wisdom, Virtue and Social contact: Snotra.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Fulla.

Goddess of secrets.  
Confidante of Frigg.  
You were the protectress  
of magical tools  
that no one could trick.

Guardian of the eski.  
Your abundance spread,  
all over the land.  
Your hair was flowing freely  
under your golden band.

You ran with swift and silent feet.  
You were the singer of charms.  
Your feminine energy and wisdom,  
kept everyone safe from harm.

For you were the defender and keeper,  
of the sacred knowledge.  
Mysterious, strong and loyal,  
your enigmatic charm  
eased burdens,  
of those both lowly and royal.

Dear divine feminine,  
your devotion is forever seen.  
Come forward and protect us  
and guide us as you deem.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20250103

Norse Goddess of Secrets: Fulla. She is also called Volla or Folla.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Invisible Woman.

The Invisible woman.

Individuals hold many secrets  
and sometimes they let others know.  
In the shadows there is always someone playing,  
while in the sunlight,  
they would never show.

Sometimes out of the blue,  
an emotion appears.  
Mostly you keep it hidden,  
because of your fears.

And life becomes hard because  
what you want the most you cannot have.  
When you are the Invisible woman,  
your place is not to brag.

Your love for him was utmost,  
in everything you did.  
His words you heard them constantly,  
years later in the wind.

For you had fallen in love  
with someone,  
who was a master  
of his profession.  
Your time with him had to be  
shared,  
that was the hardest lesson.

His greatest story was one  
he could never tell.  
Sometimes little snippets of it,  
would fall upon a character.  
You were his Estelle.

You accepted that life did not neatly deliver,  
one's dreams of perfect happiness.



But it was better to be loved and to love,  
then to feel the constant emptiness.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20241225.

Based on the film and book by Claire Tomalin 'The Invisible Woman' a story  
about the actress Ellen Ternan and Charles Dickens.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Jörd.

After a thunderous night,  
you had your son,  
the fearless Thor.  
Son of Odin, your lover,  
whom you did adore.

Goddess of the Earth,  
your divine touch did help,  
for everything did bloom.  
Your magic swept across the land  
and took away the gloom.

The farmers praise you from a high.  
Their harvest is due to you.  
Your motherly ways,  
caress their hearts  
and their devotion stays.

The epitome of divinity,  
You protected the land.  
Oh come great Goddess  
and restore what was grand.

Goddess of the earth,  
Your divine touch did help,  
for everything did bloom.  
Your magic swept across the land  
and took away the gloom.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .2024123.

Norse Goddess of the Earth: Jörd/Jord (Jord means earth/soil in Norwegian/Swedish) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Sigyn.

So much devotion,  
and very little returned.  
Your loyalty to Loki  
was many times burned.

Goddess of compassion,  
you showed us the parts of us,  
that were unseen.  
Your faithfulness was everlasting,  
you had our esteem.

Your sacrifice was bigger  
than any of us could bare.  
The Gods gave their punishment,  
they did not care.

For your husband was a villian,  
time and time again.  
His barbarity was notorious,  
amongst Gods and even men.

You held that venomous bowl  
even though your arms were tired.  
How lucky your husband was to have you,  
even though this situation had you marred.

You show us our true selves,  
what we have forgotten.  
Our souls remember even,  
after the many times they were trodden.

Goddess of compassion,  
you showed us the parts of us,  
that were unseen.  
Your faithfulness was everlasting,  
you had our esteem.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20241231



# Saga.

Daughter of the Aesir,  
you are the Goddess of History and storytelling.  
In your mystical home of Sökkvabekkr\*,  
you often met with the God Odin  
and shared your stories.

You are the Royal Seeress,  
safeguarding the chronicles  
and tales of the Gods.  
With a calm and reflecting demeanor,  
you show us that the threads of destiny are intertwining  
with the past, present and future.

You give us a profound understanding  
of the cosmic order.  
That through the veil of the ages,  
our destiny is a predetermined fate.

You are the Divine Oracle.  
The one who sees and knows  
what is to come.  
Oh sweet Goddess,  
Protect us from harm.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20241223.

Note\*: Sökkvabekkr, bekk stands for brook or creek in Old Norse.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Eir.

Patroness of women.

You are a symbol of hope and inspiration.

Your dedication in helping  
those in need embodies the essence of  
compassion and well-being.

You are the guardian of health,  
healing and medicine.

You emerge as a beacon of solace,  
amidst times of affliction,  
tending to the wounds of the injured and sick.

In the labyrinthian tapestry of divine beings,  
you safe-guard the welfare of humanity.  
Oh Goddess of great healing,  
emerge from the sacred hill of Lyfjaberg  
and help us in our hour of need.

Handmaiden of Mengloth,  
who tended to King Eiríkr Bloodaxe,  
on the battlefield.

Kind-hearted Goddess bestow your gifts of a sound body and peaceful mind  
to those who need comfort.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20241223.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Idun.

The magic apples that rejuvenated the Gods,  
were in your wooden box.  
There they lay all golden and shiny,  
waiting for the first bite,  
which would bring continuing  
youth and immortality.

Your days were filled with eloquence and the lilting  
tones of poetry,  
recited by your husband Bragi.  
You were the Goddess of Spring and Fertility,  
daughter of Svald.

There was a price to pay,  
when Thiazi disguised as an eagle,  
swooped you up and took you to his home.  
Loki in the form of a falcon rescued you,  
for the Gods realised his deception.

Norse Goddess of eternal youth and keeper of the eski\*,  
Grant us immortality and rejuvenate our spirit  
with your endless vigour.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20241222.

Note: \* Eski is a wooden box made of ash wood, which Idun kept her apples in.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Skadi.

Oh dear Goddess with the piercing blue eyes,  
that mirror the icy depths of the mountains.  
You are the great huntress of the  
uncontrollable forces of nature and of the wilderness.

Daughter of the giant Thiazi.  
Your father was very dear to you.  
'Shining bride of the gods'  
is how Odin described you,  
well before you became his second wife.

You who control the ice, snow  
and the cold.  
Your power lies in your balance of all things.  
Your love of the mountains and all that is untamed.

Skathi, a moon of the planet Saturn adorns your name.  
For you are the Goddess of timeless charm  
and the burning flame.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20241222

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# Years Of Love.

As I drink my cup of coffee  
and look out the window,  
the rain teems down,  
I remember our time together  
when life was new and fun.

Reminiscing those moments that were so special.  
But that time is now over, gone forever.  
Years of love that were forgotten  
in the hatred of a minute.

How is it that the one we once loved and adored,  
is suddenly forgotten and ignored?  
How did we get to this place?  
Is it the neverending duties of life  
or the taking one for granted  
that causes this disgrace?

Or is it family trauma that is  
carried forward in a down spiralling movement,  
that has no place to escape  
but to land in the soul of our beloved?

It is soul breaking.  
It is soul defeating.  
When everything you ever wanted,  
lays in pieces scattered all around you.

Is all that love being forgotten  
or is it still there?  
In that place, deep in your frozen heart,  
waiting to thaw.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20241219

Based on Edgar Allen Poe's Quote 'Years of love have been forgot, in the hatred  
of a minute'.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Sif.

Sif.

Where the light shines,  
is where they will find you.  
Oh Goddess of beauty and grace.  
Your stunning golden hair  
like fields of yellow wheat  
is a symbol of hope  
against harsh weather,  
as you watch over the land and the farmers  
and protect them against all the conditions  
they need to defeat.

Beloved wife of Thor,  
who adored you from the first day he saw you.  
A divine marriage between the sky god and earth goddess.  
You represented the sanctity of family.  
Everything you did was flawless.

But your golden tresses brought  
distraction and jealousy.  
The prankster God Loki  
cut your lovely hair to annoy Thor.  
You were saddened as your hair  
was a sign of prosperity.  
You fled with just the clothes  
that you wore.

When your beloved  
did find you,  
he was so angry and Loki was made to adjust his disgrace  
with a headdress  
that exuded your strength  
and adorned your beautiful face.

True Goddess of the Asgard.  
Bless us in our hour of need.  
Protect us from all harm  
and provide prosperity for farmers

as they struggle to feed.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20241218.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Frigg.

New poem written today.

Frigg.

Powerful seeress,  
protecting the young and old.  
The wild animals come,  
when you call,  
for they know,  
you are fearless and bold.

Motherhood meant the most to you.  
Your son Balder was the most beloved of the Gods.  
Through deception on the part of Loki,  
he died against all odds.

Your spinning wheel wove  
the clothing of magic.  
You stood for all a home should be:  
Motherhood, nurturing and caring,  
were a few of your great talents  
to be felt and seen.

Consort of Odin.  
In the great hall, did you stand,  
with your mead horn  
and a protective hand on the shoulder of him,  
you did adore.

Powerful seeress.  
Protecting the young and old.  
The wild animals come when  
you call,  
for they know,  
you are fearless and bold.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20241216



# You Cannot.

You cannot.

You cannot undo what has been done.  
You cannot unsee what has been seen.  
You cannot unhear what has been heard.  
You cannot cover up what has been revealed.

You cannot unfeel what has been felt.  
You cannot untaste what has been tasted.  
You cannot untouch what has been touched.  
You cannot bring back what has been wasted.

You cannot hide the evil look in your eyes.  
You cannot conceal the hate in your heart.  
You cannot tell the truth with so many lies.  
You cannot begin and have a new start.

But there comes a time when all debts must be paid.  
What you put out is what is relayed.  
The day will come when you will meet your maker.  
And when that day happens the world is safer.

You cannot undo what has been done.  
You cannot unsee what has been seen.  
You cannot unhear what has been heard.  
You cannot cover up what has been revealed.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Memory Of You.

The memory of you.

The memory of you,  
lingers on.  
What is left,  
I feel in the depths of my heart.  
Sometimes when I am busy  
the thought of you,  
crosses my mind.  
Something you said comes back  
and I smile.

As the raindrops drizzle  
down the windowpane,  
I retrace our steps together.  
As the Sunlight appears,  
I realise what we had,  
is long gone.  
It cannot be renewed.  
The desire remains,  
but nothing is the same.

The games you play,  
destroy you in the end.  
Trying to see if someone likes you backfires.  
You withdrew your love  
and eventually I withdrew mine.  
The memory of you lingers on for now,  
but it will disappear in time.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20240731

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Our Dream.

Our dream.

Our dream was to be together... always.  
But every obstacle was thrown at us.  
Everything just made so much harder.  
Our love became stronger even after the pain.

In those stolen moments we had,  
we cherished each other.  
Knowing it could never last.  
The hours went too fast.

The rain played a symphony on the window,  
as the candle flickered in the darkness.  
The shadows danced on the wall,  
as we held each other in the stillness.

The pain of you leaving  
cuts through my heart like a wicked sword.  
There is a coldness in the air,  
a forlornness drenched bare.

Our dream was to be together....always.  
But every obstacle was thrown at us.  
Everything just made so much harder.  
Our love became stronger even after the pain.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20241210.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# Aphrodite

Aphrodite.

Surrounded by roses and doves,  
there you stood in all your beauty,  
the Goddess of love.

A symbol of prosperity and victory,  
you were worshipped by many.  
Beloved daughter of Zeus and Dione,  
you were far from earthly.

Heavenly Aphrodite reveal to us  
your hidden powers.  
From a long time ago the halls of  
Ishtar whispered your name.  
The chimes of your immense beauty left its mark,  
as was its aim.

From the fires of the phoenix you rose.  
Dazzling us with your eternal essence.  
For beauty for you was not just  
an outside apparition,  
but an inner core of luminescence.

Mother of Aeneas, Harmonia, Phobos,  
Deimos, Eros and many more.  
You have had many sorrows to contend with, in the stillness.  
Where your tears fell,  
wind flowers sprang up.  
Everything you touched changed to loveliness.

Surrounded by roses and doves,  
there you stood in all your beauty,  
the Goddess of love ??

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20241204

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# One Last Time.

One last time  
to hold you near.  
One last time to  
whisper in your ear.

One last time  
to kiss your lips.  
One last time  
to meet like  
passing ships.

One last time  
to look in your eyes.  
One last time  
To ask you why?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20240704.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

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# Don't Open The Gate To Past Sorrows.

Don't open the gate to past sorrows.  
Your mind and heart do not belong there anymore.  
What has been, is long gone.  
Forget and move on.

Don't open the gate to past sorrows.  
Don't dwell on what could have been.  
Think of today and tomorrow.  
Move forward, there is much to win.

Don't open the gate to past sorrows.  
The hopes and aspirations you once had have disappeared.  
That does not mean, you cannot have new ones.  
Ones that you can hold dear.

Don't open the gate to past sorrows.  
Now is the time to realise all your dreams.  
You have learnt the lessons.  
Let your love reign supreme.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20240120.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# My Idea Of You.

My idea of you was that  
you were caring and considerate.  
I had put you on a pedestal  
of charm and of wit.

I had dreamed of you saving me,  
but it was I who saved myself in the end.  
The stupid notions one has once,  
when the heart has flutters sent.

My idea of you was totally different  
from your idea of you and of what you intended.  
I think of our time together  
and every moment that I thought was cemented.

All the love lasts for me  
and it is already gone for you.  
My idea of you has now shattered  
like the mirror broken into a  
thousand pieces.  
The pain of it never ceases.

My idea of you was that  
you were caring and considerate.  
I had put you on a pedestal  
of charm and of wit.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20240607

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# 610 000 Children.

As the world looks on,  
610 000 precious lives  
weigh in the balance.  
Living in tents without  
food and water,  
while the enemy invades them  
by foot and by air.  
But our so called 'leaders'  
do not care.

610 000 little children  
who deserve much more.  
Whose only wish is to live  
in peace without the trauma  
of an air raid.  
And what did we swear?

We swore we would never let  
it happen again.  
Empty promises we made.  
610 000 souls who just want to play  
and dance in the sun.  
But the enemy stops their aid.

They have had no food or water for weeks.  
They cannot even go out to play  
for fear of drones shooting them dead.  
Now the enemy will bomb their tents,  
they will paint their streets in red.

610 000 children who are loved dearly  
by their parents.  
Why does our world not love them too?  
Like all little children their lives  
should be filled with peace and plenty.  
What are they to do?

610 000 with nowhere to go.  
No one hears their cries.

The enemy surrounds them.  
Their plan is slaughter,  
based on countless lies.

As the world looks on,  
610 000 precious lives  
weigh in the balance.  
Living in tents without  
food and water,  
while the enemy invades them  
by foot and by air.  
But our so called 'leaders'  
do not care.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20240512

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# What Are Human Tears Worth?

What are human tears worth,  
in this diabolical world?  
Nothing. Absolutely nothing.  
All we received were empty words.  
We cannot whitewash it anymore.  
We must tell it as it is.  
It is disgusting, shameful, evil  
and horrendous.  
How long more shall it go on?  
The devastation is plain to see  
based on lies and greed,  
from those who have no real need.

They are murderers, robbers,  
the lowest of the low.  
They will not escape the retribution  
for their treacherous acts.  
One day they will know.  
There will be no forgiveness.  
We will not forget.  
How they created hell on earth,  
and those who let,  
it happen.

What are human tears worth?  
How can you look at it and  
not be affected by this  
extreme suffering?  
Why inflict it at all?  
It comes from a place of no soul  
no empathy and no love!  
It comes from greed for the land  
that they stole!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20240520.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Peace.

In my sauntering,  
during the evening,  
a calm surrounds me  
as I hear,  
the lilting music of the birds  
and to my soul it endears.

If I listen very closely,  
I can hear the soft whisperings  
of the trees,  
as the branches gather momentum,  
in the evening breeze.

My heart feels so calm,  
it is filled with enjoyment  
as I take everything in.  
The sky has turned violet blue,  
but it still lets the twinkling stars win.

Everything has turned green now.  
Long gone is the white of winter.  
Sunshine from now on,  
and it does not matter if the rain  
causes the sun rays to be hindered.

Peace is in my heart.  
Nothing will take it away.  
Not lies. Not outside influence.  
Not manipulations or cross words.  
Not hate.  
Peace is my being  
And for you it is not too late.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20240524

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# When You Look At A Field Of Dandelions.

When you look at a field of dandelions.

When you look at a field of dandelions,  
you can either see a hundred weeds,  
or a thousand wishes.

When you look into a river of minnows,  
you can either see bait  
or a trophy of fishes.

Your perspective on life  
is what adds to its enjoyment.  
Your gratitude of it,  
lessens the daily disappointment.

When you look at a street full of people,  
you can see either a crowd of immigrants  
or a beautiful display of culture  
and its imminence.

When you look at a field of dandelions,  
you can either see a hundred weeds,  
or a thousand wishes.

When you look into a river of minnows,  
you can either see bait  
or a trophy of fishes.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20240503

Note\* Minnows are what we call Pinkeens in Ireland.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# This Battle Will Be Won By The People.

You cannot undo what has begun.  
You started it all by your complicity.  
You thought we would not notice  
your crimes.  
You thought we would live in passivity.

But you awakened our souls of fire,  
by your cruelty and downright ignorance.  
We saw your misdeeds laid out in front of us.  
You got so egotistical and showed us your arrogance.

This battle will be won by the people.  
We will rise up and destroy everything  
that you created.  
We will tear it down bit by bit,  
and fix everything you desecrated.

You tried to divide us with your manipulation.  
You tried to put us against each other.  
But we saw through your deception.  
We saw through your deflection.

You have lost the battle.  
You have lost control.  
The tide is turning.  
It is your turn to go down the  
rabbit hole.

This battle will be won by the people.  
We will rise up and destroy everything  
that you created.  
We will tear it down bit by bit,  
and fix everything you desecrated.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Lion, The Witch And The Wardrobe.

The land of youth, you did once venture to.  
The land of magic, locked behind a closed door.  
When opened it revealed,  
the best of your fantasies.  
You could not wish for more.

There he stood on a mountain high.  
Standing majestic as the King he was.  
Proud and austere,  
but with a heart of gold ??  
and from whom you had alot  
to learn.

The land was cursed by a wicked white witch.  
She had laid the icy cold winter over their paradise.  
There were no flowers there.  
No signs of joy.  
But one day they would rise.

But one of you were disloyal.  
In your search for power,  
you betrayed the others.  
In your search for riches,  
you betrayed the poor.  
In your search for fame,  
you betrayed your soul.  
Every debt had to be paid and  
it all came back to your door.

But you got redemption because  
he gave his life, a sacrifice.  
As the stone table broke,  
he was resurrected,  
As the witch was unaware of the magic,  
that would bring any innocent folk,  
killed in the place of a traitor,  
back to life, as they were protected.

The war it came

and there was much bloodshed.  
The forces of evil were at last slain.  
You children, were crowned Kings  
and Queens of the land,  
and all your honour did remain.

15 years later,  
while in the forest chasing a stag,  
you come across your wardrobe,  
the one that was abandoned.  
And as before when you entered,  
you returned to your previous life,  
many years had passed,  
but you returned as the children,  
you once were,  
And realised nothing ever lasts.

How you wish for those days of magic.  
How you wish you could return.  
But you have the memories tucked in  
your heart,  
and they will never burn.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Poem based on C.S. Lewis novel 'The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe'.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Only Thing We Take.

We live our lives everyday  
and we build memories together.  
We climb the never-ending stairs of  
chaos and sometimes gloom,  
and we try to make everything better.

Our thoughts sometimes  
are never conveyed.  
We never really say  
until its too late,  
how we feel about the people,  
that are close to us.  
Even though in those chambers  
of our hearts,  
It is always there.....love.

When we pass on,  
our hearts are free of the weight,  
the weight of trauma,  
the weight of every day living.  
The dust is taken away  
And our hearts continue  
on their journey.

The only thing we take with us is the love.  
The love that we gave and the love  
that we received.  
Everything else perishes and fades.  
Only love is eternal in this world of ours.?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Crying Out Your Name.

Crying out your name.  
But you do not hear me.  
The moon leers playfully  
and its shadows can be seen  
on my bedroom wall,  
but you are not near me at all.

In dreams, I fantasise  
about us being together.  
I can feel your touch.  
I can hear your whispers  
as they disappear into  
the night air.

I can listen to your breathing,  
your heartbeat,  
your soul's desire.  
You are everything I ever wanted.  
You are my eternal fire.

Crying out your name.  
But you do not hear me.  
The moon leers playfully  
and its shadows can be seen  
on my bedroom wall,  
but you are not with me at all.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20240406

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Here We Stand, Humanity.

Here we stand, Humanity,  
and all that entails,  
while the Palestinians are suffering  
and our 'leaders' fail,  
in everything they should do,  
But don't do and why is that?

That is the question,  
that is forefront in our minds.  
Why is nothing done  
to stop these atrocities?  
Resolutions that bind,  
are seemingly nonbinding to some.

Why do we have organisations  
that are meant to aid?  
Yet do absolutely nothing  
to relieve the blockades.  
Why have them at all?

We have seen the suffering,  
the appalling desecration of a people  
and we have tried to get our 'leaders' to listen,  
but our words fall on deaf ears.  
There is no wisdom.

They are complicit in murder.  
They are complicit in genocide.  
They cannot whitewash their inactivity.  
Those who do nothing are complicit  
because of their passivity.

They cannot pretend  
that in the realms of this universe,  
that they will not be punished for their crimes.  
They can lie to themselves,  
but one day they will get their retribution  
and everything that it defines.

No amount of money or power will save them.  
They have sold their souls to the highest bidder.  
They can now live with the consequences  
of that choice,  
Or reconsider.

Here we stand, Humanity,  
and all that it entails,  
while the Palestinians  
are suffering and our 'leaders' fail,  
In everything they should do,  
But don't do and why is that?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# What You Hide In Your Heart.

What you hide in your heart,  
appears in your eyes.  
The coldness of the chambers,  
are seen as an endless pit of darkness,  
that bring forth your lies.

There is no light there.  
There is no kindness.  
There is no humanity,  
only blindness.

Your heart is a stone,  
with no feeling and no remorse.  
It is dead, gone.  
It has surrendered to the depths of  
nothingness.

Maybe one day,  
when you realise that what you do  
actually affects other people tremendously,  
maybe we might see some light,  
where darkness laid its head once in time.

What you hide in your heart,  
appears in your eyes.  
The coldness of the chambers,  
are seen as an endless pit of darkness,  
that bring forth your lies.

Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20240322.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Soul.

Communication through feelings and dreams.  
You are the great friend,  
always looking for us  
relentlessly.

Drawing us nearer to you,  
Often in ways unexpected.  
You never give up.  
Its bewildering as we believe,  
we are the ones who are in control.

You let us see what is real.  
What relationship means.  
What the Divine is and  
where we can find,  
the true meaning of life.

You take us to dust and  
yet this dust is the alchemical  
ashes of new life  
and all that it is.

We see the grace of darkness,  
the goodness of the lunar descent,  
the boundaries of the Eclipse,  
and our destination to our true  
authentic selves.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20240316

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# 144 Days.

144 days of destruction.  
144 days of grief.  
144 days of abduction.  
144 days of disbelief.

144 days of bombing.  
144 days of flight.  
144 days of stomping.  
144 days of slight.

144 days of cruelty.  
144 days of deep pain.  
144 days of impunity.  
144 days of shame.

144 days of apathy.  
144 days of inaction.  
144 days of travesty.  
144 days of no sanctions.

I hope in the next 144 days and forever we will see:

144 days of construction.  
144 days of delight.  
144 days of emancipation.  
144 days of insight.

144 days of peace.  
144 days of quiet.  
144 days of ease.  
144 days of rights.

144 days of kindness.  
144 days of sympathy.  
144 days of non immunity.  
144 days of dignity.

144 days of empathy.  
144 days of action.

144 days of sobriety.  
144 days of sanctions.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20240227.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Three Faces Of The Moon

Here I am,  
the three faces of the Moon.  
Clearing the ancestral trauma,  
amongst the ruins.

As a young girl,  
It haunted me in my dreams.  
As a young woman,  
I came to understand its power  
and its means.

As an older woman,  
I delight in its wisdom.  
I feel its power,  
and its prism.

I have come to love all that  
it stands for.  
I rejoice in its neverending  
core.

The three faces of the Moon,  
the maiden, the mother and the wise lady,  
Represent the cycle of life,  
And all they have fought bravely.

The Moon has been called by  
her daughters throughout time,  
She holds them in her aura,  
She is all that is divine.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20240224.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# It Took Me A Long Time.

It took me a long time to understand,  
that not everything in life is meant to  
be a beautiful story.  
Not every person we feel something profound with,  
is meant to be forever.

Sometimes people come into our lives  
to teach us how to love  
and sometimes people come into our lives to teach us how not to love,  
How not to diminish ourselves ever again.

Sometimes people leave but thats okay,  
because the lessons always stay  
and that is what counts the most  
and that is what remains.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

 PoemHunter.com

# Don't Justify Your Crimes.

Don't justify your crimes,  
while children lay under the rubble.  
Don't justify your crimes,  
When all we hear is your hateful mumble.

Don't justify the slaughter,  
when people are crying out for food and water.  
Don't justify the bombing,  
when children are losing limbs  
and throbbing.

Don't justify your shooting of people,  
when you leave them to rot in the streets.  
Don't justify your desecration of graves,  
when you have no right whatsoever or excuse to do so, no explanation that  
meets.

Don't justify your complicity,  
when you take part in genocide.  
Don't justify your crimes  
because you will see what happens  
with the coming turning tide!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c.) 20240128

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Befriend Your Shadow!

Befriend your shadow  
and life will be easier.  
Accept yourself  
as a whole,  
good points and bad.  
No one is perfect.  
No one was ever meant to be.  
Wisdom comes after much sorrow and pain.  
Enjoy both the sun and the rain.

At the bottom of each frozen heart,  
are one or two drops of love.  
Let it thaw, let the water flow.  
Make sure the cup is overflowing  
with love for yourself,  
And then spread it out to the world,  
and see it grow ?



PoemHunter.com

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# The Lady In Blue.

The Lady in blue appears sometimes  
when the mood is very dour.  
I think she senses a change in humour  
and comes within the hour.

You can sense a calmness in the air,  
a smell of beautiful roses.  
When the lace curtains gently move,  
we sense she is here,  
well thats what everyone supposes.

I think she keeps an eye on us,  
to see if we are alright.  
I feel her presence around me,  
especially at night.

And after she has appeared,  
there is a joyful feeling.  
Whenever she has been about,  
we always feel great healing.

Our sweet lady in blue,  
swiftly moves from room to room.  
She is our guardian angel  
who takes away our gloom?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# All The Things You Once Told Me.

All the things you once told me,  
disappear with the mornings rain.  
I do not want to dwell on  
something, that won't remain.

Its easier now than I thought,  
I can let go of all the pain.  
Our lifes are going different paths,  
and you must do the same.

My wish is for you to be happy,  
and to live a fulfilling life.  
Get rid of all your shadow,  
throw out all the strife.

All the things you once told me,  
disappear with the mornings rain.  
I know we have come a long way  
and nothing will ever be the same ?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Beware.

Beware she is so angry,  
her fury knows no bounds.  
She is not too happy,  
with your conduct,  
your stupidity and your rounds.

So dont be very careless,  
Her strength is well renowned.  
With a lightning flash and a thunderous bolt,  
your life is far from crowned.

So please take care,  
And dont delay on your travels home.  
You may meet our lady sweet,  
But please dont be alone ???

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Butterfly, Butterfly.

Butterfly, Butterfly.

Where are you going?

Summer is here at last

And you are in your element,

flying around over hills and pastures green.

Your colors sparkle in the sunlight.

Flickering about.

Gliding by all the flowers,

landing on your favourites.

Its hard to believe not so long ago,

that you were a little green caterpillar,

look at you now,

with wings of crimson red

and golden yellow.

Sparkle, sparkle little butterfly.

Believe in yourself,

and stand firm and strong.

You have far to go and the days

are long.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Beautiful Perspective.

Beautiful perspective.

I look at things differently now.  
They are not what they used to be,  
And even with deep thoughts,  
they can lead us to beautifully see,  
for nothing is all good and nothing is all bad.  
The light always comes after the darkness.  
Happiness can come after sad.

Sometimes we look at things in one way,  
until another shows us,  
a beautiful perspective,  
something gloriously just.

For we all see things differently.  
And some don't look at all.  
They are so busy with their lives,  
never thinking until they fall.

Let us have a beautiful perspective  
and see the loveliness in every day.  
Our time is so short.  
Let us not waste it away.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Beside The Lake.

Beside the lake where we once lived,  
I remember those days so well.  
I often look back on that time  
And wonder if I was under your spell.  
To the outside world you were full of cheer.  
They did not know what lay beneath.  
What I had to face everyday was your contempt and conceit.  
The bruises I could cover up with make up,  
And pretend that everything was okay.  
I tried often to plan my escape,  
But you would always find me and make me stay.

Everyday was a nightmare,  
worrying when you'd come home.  
Would you be in a bad mood  
and hit me some.  
I could not talk to anyone.  
They would not believe  
that the man who was always smiling,  
Was able easily to deceive.  
When backs were turned  
he became a monster  
A cold hearted crook.  
My life with him was painful.  
What energy it took.

But finally one day I was able to escape,  
And run away to a new life.  
I remember those days beside the lake  
But now I am not your wife.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Here We Stand.

Here we stand the pious ones.  
The ones who do no wrong.  
Here we slander everything,  
the others did all along.

We have not got their strength,  
their fighting will or spirit.  
We prefer to criticise,  
everything they do and their merits.

We are afraid, so we act on fear.  
We dare not to agree,  
We do not want to let on to the others,  
that we can really see.

In case we disappear,  
to a labyrinth of light.  
We prefer to stay in the darkness,  
because we always want to be right.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Stay Asleep.

Stay asleep in your bubble.  
Don't open your eyes in case you see,  
the evil that lies in mens hearts.  
The things that are hidden, just let them be.

Its easier that way, not to care,  
you dont lose any energy.  
Just go on with your life,  
hope you are spared a tragedy.

Stick your head in the sand,  
its more comfortable there.  
Dont worry what is going on,  
it is too much for you to bare.

So when a new day dawns,  
And all is revealed,  
Dont pretend you cared,  
Dont pretend you healed!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# The Same.

The same eyes that see you,  
can also not approve.  
The same tongue that speaks to you,  
can also bring reprove.

The same hands that touch you,  
so loving and tenderly,  
can in an instant,  
slap hard.  
The same person you once knew,  
can become a stranger  
without a heart.

Life is a learning ground  
and with it brings the wisdom of years.  
It is mostly through action,  
that we see the true fears.

The same mouth that smiles,  
can quickly scowl.  
The same body that hugs,  
can make you cowl.

The same heart that loves  
can become cold.  
The same soul that burns brightly,  
can be sold.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Follow Me, Follow You.

Follow me, follow you  
On life's journey.  
Its up and downs,  
Sometimes it feels like being  
on a merry-go-round.

The days of despair,  
When we are tired and hopeless  
And could not give a care.  
The happy times when life is bliss.  
When the one you love gives you a kiss.

The sad times when we lose someone.  
Our heart breaks and it cannot be undone.

Follow me, follow you  
On this adventure called life  
I promise you, it won't be boring  
If you can deal with the strife.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Princess Of The Sea.

Princess of the sea,  
I hear you calling me,  
over the sound of the delicate waves,  
your voice is heard gracefully.

The sea in all its glory,  
protects you from all harm.  
Its waters calming effect,  
bring forth all your charm.

You are its daughter,  
in times of sun and shine.  
You are its friend,  
and it has no one so fine.

You swim and swim,  
in waters deep.  
You are calling me,  
to take that leap.

To take that chance.  
To do something new.  
I wish I had your courage.  
I wish I knew what to do.

And on evenings like this,  
when the wind is blowing my hair  
softly in the breeze,  
I hear you call  
and I know everything is at peace.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Your World Within.

Your world within  
Is different from the world you show out.  
The neverending maze of your thoughts that want to shout out.

Kept hidden in a nice little pile.  
Being quiet is more your style.  
Analysing till you are blue in your face.  
What could go wrong?  
You are just all over the place.

Inside you are a complete mess.  
Outside no one would know,  
You keep things tightly to your chest.

Afraid to reveal your true self.  
Times flying by, we are all being left on the shelf.  
Close your eyes, count to three  
And just be!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Uninvited Guest.

I felt so cold,  
one stormy night.  
The shivers ran down my back  
as I entered the hall.  
The fire was lit in the living room  
And the shadows danced on the wall.  
Yet still there was a feeling that I was not alone.  
I heard some weird noises and then a big moan.

The dogs were agitated.  
The cat kept looking over my shoulder.  
Towards our uninvited guest.  
The one who was getting bolder.

And then when I looked to the chair beside the fireplace,  
there appeared an old man.  
He sat there with his pipe and newspaper  
as if it was his plan.

And then I heard him say ' where are you Kate?  
I have returned to see you.  
I am a bit late'.

And then as fast as he came, he was gone again like that.  
The dogs started to howl,  
The cat just sat.

This uninvited guest who visits me  
every evening,  
Is a previous owner of my house.  
And he is believing  
that he will find his long lost wife  
the one he was deceiving!

She went missing one day  
as she walked in the park.  
And her husband cannot rest  
till he finds her after dark.

So you will often hear him,  
call out in the middle of the night.  
'Where are you Kate?  
I have returned to see you.  
I am a bit late'.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211010

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Sometimes.

Sometimes.

Sometimes when I am alone,  
And thinking back on my life,  
And wondering how I got to this place  
where I am,  
I wonder if I could have done things differently.

But there is no use in that,  
as what will be will be.  
The cards that were dealt once,  
are the ones you will always see.

If I had taken a different path.  
What would my life have been.  
Would it have included the white picket fence,  
The laughter of a child or their grin.

So many choices one makes along the way.  
Who has the right to say,  
if they were right or wrong.  
Its too late anyway.....

Our expectations are always high,  
where we once began.  
And as the years dwindle by  
they disappear by our own hands.

And as I walk the road ahead,  
the dreams I had fly past.  
Everything is an illusion  
Nothing really lasts!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211024

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Tide Is Turning.

The tide is turning slowly,  
but it is turning the right way.  
Like the clock chiming,  
It will come the full round one day.

And those who have everything,  
will lose it all the way.  
And those who sleep in the street,  
will rise and claim the day.

Those who have felt lost and forlorn,  
will be found and feel free.  
Those who have lived in dread and despair,  
will conquer and just be.

Those who are arrogant and ignorant,  
will know how it feels to feel low.  
Those who do evil things,  
will feel their KARMA,  
when it blows.

For the cards that were once dealt,  
will follow through.  
You did not listen  
and so that day you will rue.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211028

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# Did You Think?

Did you think you could do so much harm,  
And escape your crimes?  
Did you think you could tell so many lies,  
And they would never be revealed?  
Karma is the most patient gangster ever,  
And you will get your just rewards in time!

How can you sleep at night?  
You must not have a soul.  
Rubbing your hands together,  
Enjoying your wealth,  
Taken from others bowls!

How can you live with yourself?  
After all the misery you have caused.  
Was the power and the wealth enough  
for you,  
All the lives that have been paused!

It's a fool's thought  
that thinks they can escape.  
The years go by,  
but Karma never forgets.  
He takes his cape  
And when you least expect,  
you soon find out,  
how to live with regret.

But there is still hope  
for you,  
If you choose the right path,  
You can choose the one to future blessings  
Or the one to future karmic consequences.  
The choice is yours, it's not too late.  
The time is now to change your fate.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .



# Surrounded By Such Beauty.

Surrounded by such beauty,  
that brings joy to my heart.  
The everending peace and calm,  
with one look around imparts.

Each day brings new things to look at,  
new things to explore.  
The wondrous wealth of nature,  
comes pleasantly to my door.

Every little bird that sings,  
every swish of a leaf in the breeze.  
Every flap of an eagles wing,  
Every drop of the sunlight that please.

The magnificent colours of blue,  
that stretch over a wondrous sky.  
The soft moss under my feet,  
leads me gently way on by.

To live another day  
surrounded by such beauty.  
All my wishes combined  
and with it comes a duty.

To protect all that I see.  
To let it flourish.  
The beauty that surrounds me,  
is something to love and nourish.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Love Will Save Us All.

Love will save us all  
And love will not be gentle!  
For love has seen the world  
they want  
and it is bloody mental??.

They are completely bonkers  
in everything they do.  
But love will not be gentle!  
Oh the day will come  
when they will rue!

And like the grim reaper  
who appears at dusk,  
When the misty sky,  
surrounds him,  
And all that remains is dust!

They have all been warned  
numerous times,  
Yet they still do not heed.  
Its because of all the power they want  
and all the bloody greed.

So now their time is up,  
And love will not be gentle,  
but love will save us all.  
When they have left this planet,  
Oh, we will have a ball!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# An Unknown Journey.

An unknown journey,  
that was how it was going to be.  
That day we met,  
not so long ago.

And even though we tried to hide,  
those feelings deep inside,  
it was only a matter of time  
before they showed.

As time goes on,  
our paths have crossed  
And yet our fulfilment  
has not been reached.

The twists and turns along the path,  
have made it hard and at times full of wrath.  
But the journey continues  
even when the pain does teach.

They say anything worthwhile  
takes a lot of work and toil.  
That our eventual coming together  
will make us loyal.

An unknown journey  
that was how it was going to be.  
I hope when we meet again,  
it will bring you home to me ?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Your World.

Your world is full of games,  
playing sometimes with a balloon.  
You do not really know,  
what is happening or the ruin.

You notice little things,  
like your Mam being sad.  
But most of your days,  
are really not so bad.

My hope for you my dear,  
is to have your dreams fulfilled.  
To live in a world of freedom,  
where your hopes are not stilled.

A world where you have freedom to speak,  
and say how you really feel.  
To be able to go where you like,  
And not have to deal.

For my childhood was full of days,  
playing in the warm Irish sun,  
Now I look around,  
and wonder what they have done.

To a fine beautiful land.  
A land of Saints and Scholars.  
But they are only ever interested  
in property and the worth of the dollar.

They have sold our dear country and their souls to the highest bidder.  
And now we have a land of worthless elites and unrelenting fibbers.

So my darling girl, play as much as you can.  
Play in the sunlight and let its warmth touch your cheeks.  
I have hope in my heart,  
that we will eventually get rid of the creeps.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .



# Our Deepest Fears.

Our deepest fears are the guardians  
of our deepest treasure.

The things we are,  
but never reveal.

The hidden attributes  
that we keep undercover,  
all under lock and seal.

The dreams we have and never fulfill.

The chances we do not take because we think we are not good enough.

The many times we listened to others.

Relied on their opinion instead of following our own mind.

The times we wish we could rewind.

It is never too late to reveal your deepest treasure.

It is never too late to take the other road.

It is never too late to forget your fears.

It is never too late to unload.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220813

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# I Am Proud Of My Ancestors.

I am proud of my ancestors.  
I am proud of the lives they led.  
I am proud of their achievements.  
I am proud of the family thread.

And as I research through their lives,  
a rich tapestry of the past comes forth.  
I try and connect the puzzle pieces,  
through the papers I sort.

Hundreds of battles,  
Thousands of generations,  
Millions of daily sacrifices,  
So that we may be born.  
We are standing on top of what  
they built.  
We just have to take time to look inward and be transformed.

We have a deep connection  
to our forefathers,  
through a legacy of blood.  
They fought to survive.  
They fought to be understood.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# I Always Find It Funny.

I always find it funny,  
that people can believe  
everything that is written  
about someone,  
even though they never knew  
that person.

I always find it funny,  
that they enjoy all the gossip  
bits,  
but never talk about all the good things  
that person has done.

I always find it funny,  
that they think they have a right  
to information about a persons life.  
That they can tear that persons life  
to shreds without batting an eyelid.

It only shows me that they have nothing interesting  
going on in their own lives.  
For if they had, they would not  
be bothered with what other people are doing.

They would not be so curious  
because their own life would be so busy.

I find it funny and sad at the same time.....

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# You Are.

You are my salty running tears.  
My valley of wild flowers.  
You are my far begotten fears.  
My rainy day of april showers.

My last sip of rosy red wine.  
The breeze on a summers evening.  
The sun as it sets  
with its golden hue,  
Leaves me with thoughts of you while dreaming.

The butterfly as it flows on by swaying under the sunlight.  
The water flowing swiftly on,  
caressing every stone.  
All these images help me believe that I am not alone.

The sound of the blackbird singing in the old oak tree.  
The branches entwining so far that one cannot see.  
You are the leaves that fall like gold to the ground.  
Not a word is heard, not even a sound.

You are all these things and even more.  
You are all that I adore.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220606

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# No One Is Coming To Save You.

People often ask why nothing ever changes.  
Things are still the same over all the ages.  
The rich get richer and the poor get poorer.  
The top 10% reach the heights,  
the remainder are always lower.

People go about their lives,  
sleeping, working and eating.  
Never doing much else,  
never even thinking.  
Taking in all the propaganda  
from MSM.  
Believing every word of the News  
at 10.

No one is coming to save you  
and take away your blues.  
No one is coming to save you  
and make your life better.  
No one is coming to save you  
and hand it on a plate.  
The only one that can save you  
is YOU.

When the majority realise that it through action that there will be change.  
When the majority realise they had the power within themselves all the time,  
Then there will be less acceptance of the wicked ways.  
Then there will be less corruption and crime.

It is through working together thats things will change.  
It is through working with nature  
not against it, that there will be more balance.  
It is through respecting peoples individual rights,  
That there will come more peace.  
Then we will see the wars decrease.

No one is coming to save you  
and take away your blues.  
No one is coming to save you

and make your life better.  
No one is coming to save you  
and hand it on a plate.  
The only one that can save you is YOU.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# A Tale Of Two Cities.

Some may think it was  
a tale of woe.  
But it was a tale of great change.  
A tale of revolution and rebellion.  
A time the people arranged.

The rich lived in a world of fairytales.  
They thought they were untouchable.  
They took and took until there was nothing left to take.  
They became insufferable.

And then one day  
the people had enough.  
No more grass  
would they eat.  
They took their swords.  
They took their guns.  
Their destiny, they did greet.

Away with the greed.  
Away with the poverty.  
Away with all evil deeds.  
A time of renewal.  
A time of personal responsibility.  
A time of fulfilment of needs.

A tale of two cities is a story of  
History that repeats itself,  
Because greedy people never learn.  
To them the poor are nothing to care for,  
They are not their concern.

But now the days are coming.  
The day of no return.  
The poor will rise once again.  
The tide has finally turned.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .



# Imagine If You Had All The Power In The World.

Imagine if you had all the power in the world,  
And yet you abused every bit of it.

Imagine if everyone paid heed to your spoken word  
And yet most of it was lies  
that you told so they would nicely fit in it.

Imagine your riches kept increasing in the bank  
And yet you left it there  
While everyone around you sank.

Imagine if you had the power to help but instead,  
Flew around the world enjoying holidays,  
That were earned on the backs of the poor,  
Whose lives you had spent.

And you think you will never be touched.  
And you think because you coerced and manipulated,  
that your fate wont be slated.

Karma comes to those who have the thought in their soul.  
It does not matter that others did the deed.  
In this life there are two paths to choose from and you planted your own seed.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Painting by Christian Van den Perre 'Allegory of worldly riches'.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# When The Light Of The Moon Will Be As Bright As The Sun.

When the light of the moon  
will be as bright as the sun,  
their days will be numbered  
and they will run.

The universe has had enough  
of their wicked ways.  
The planets are transiting  
and everything will come into play.

So much they tried to do  
but it was all in vain.  
The might of the people  
has not been slain.

They chose a path  
thinking it was the best way forward,  
but soon they will be cowering  
in the corner disordered.

When the light of the moon will  
be as bright as the sun.  
The universe has set its course  
and no evil deed will be done.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Emperor's New Clothes.

What a fine day it was,  
with all the pomp and ceremony.  
Everything built up on a high,  
and everything stood to testimony.

All the jewels were gleaming,  
Such a pageant it was.  
Millions spent on the show,  
Everyone stood there beaming.

And no one said a word,  
as he was paraded through the streets.  
Everyone continued to cheer  
the spectacle that they did greet.

What was it all for,  
One could wonder why.  
While half the countries starving  
one part is living a lie.

The lie continues onward,  
Dressed in pomp and splendor.  
Pretends to give a hoot,  
But will always be a spender.

Such a farce it is,  
until a child tells the truth,  
Everyone else went along with the pretence,  
They are the cause and root.

The Emperor's New clothes,  
are not to be seen.  
Cause what you see  
is a man who comes from a time  
that has been.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Based on Hans Christian Andersens Tale: The Emperor's New Clothes.



# The Place.

There is a place where you and I can be,  
Near the calming tide and sea.  
Where we can ponder our hearts desire,  
Unfettered by barbed wire.

You and I are on the same path,  
Have the same dreams and plans.  
We live in our own world,  
Not understood by the ignorance of mans.

How could they understand,  
when their lifes are black and white.  
You and I think in radiant colour.  
Thats where we get our insight.

For we live by our spirit, deep down in our soul.  
We know what we need to do, we know our role.  
The tide is coming in and it is time to go.  
We walk by the moonlight under the glow.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# What The Water Gave Me.

Drifting slowly.  
Peacefully dreaming.  
The soft water caresses  
my skin,  
As I take my daily swim.

Floating carelessly.  
Touching each outstretched branch.  
Basking in the sun's rays.  
What a glorious day.

Taking in all my surroundings.  
Enjoying the freedom and the ease.  
Swans and ducks float on by.  
They too are enjoying the peace.

The water gave me tranquillity.  
The water gave me time.  
The water gave me serenity.  
The water made me feel sublime.

Drifting slowly.  
Peacefully dreaming.  
The soft water caresses my skin,  
As I take my daily swim.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .  
Painting: 'What the water gave me' by Courtney Caruso.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Black Narcissus.

Black Narcissus.

Up in that mountain so high in the sky,  
You lived with your memories from Ireland.  
A time of happiness, it was so sublime,  
that your mind wandered back  
to your heartland.

But you had a purpose, a job to do  
and it was not so easy.  
You came to a new land  
to look after its natives with care,  
and do it ever so freely.

But you soon discovered  
it was not the life for you.  
You had just done it for an escape.  
This life of denial and hardship  
was a cover, all of it was fake.

What you truly wanted was a home,  
a family and true love.  
That is what would appease your heart,  
and those longings thereof.

And all came to a head when  
one of your sisters went mad.  
Everything came crushing down,  
everything you had.

The Black Narcissus left its aroma,  
spreading all over this place.  
Its curse will stay for eternity,  
but you can leave with grace.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Based on Rumer Goddens Book and the film Black Narcissus (1947) .



# Their Empty Words.

Their empty words  
have no depth.  
They roll off their tongues  
and disappear into thin air.  
We have been deceived  
time and time again.  
Their actions show that  
they do not really care.

And as the innocent lie dying  
under the rubble,  
their demise continues  
even when they stumble.  
What are they waiting for? ?

We see their true faces at last.  
The ones who say they  
stand for humanity.  
We see what and who they really  
stand for  
And that will cause their calamity.

The agenda is clear and plain to see,  
Obliteration of an entire ethnicity.  
Surrounded by those who boast  
about their wealth and might  
and yet do nothing to bring some light.

The anger of the King most high  
is coming on the sons and daughters of savagery.  
Do not be accomplices with those  
who speak with empty words  
or those who commit crimes against humanity.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20231106

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# You Say.

You say you want a world  
free of lies.  
But I do not believe you.  
You say that they don't tell lies,  
but you are wrong.

And every day they come with new information,  
based on false facts and  
misinformation.

And you say believe them,  
why would they tell untruths  
and I have this feeling in my stomach  
that they are the root,  
of all evil in this World,  
And they must be destroyed,  
otherwise there will never be any joy. ?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Two Worlds.

People talk about hell as if it is a place,  
we go to when we die.  
But we have created it on earth,  
and I still do not understand why.

We have everything in our power  
to create a beautiful world.  
But we continue to destroy each other,  
with bloody actions and hateful words.

Some of us have lost all empathy.  
We just have hate in our hearts.  
Our utmost will is to obliterate  
those we deem that are apart.

And the devastation it goes on and on.  
The cries of children are heard in the echoes of their surrounds.  
Where their homes lay.....  
is now unholy ground.

A world of acceptance is what I dream of.  
There is plenty for all to have.  
Where people get on with one another.  
Where there is happiness and laughs.

I dream of a sky of violet blue.  
A sun that beams of joy.  
I dream of heaven on earth.  
This dream I will not destroy.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20231019

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Articulate!

When our words do not match  
what we really want to say.  
When we hide our truth because  
we are afraid of what others will think.  
When we wear a mask and hide  
our inner self,  
Our anxiety comes forward until  
we realise the disintegrating link.

Articulate your thoughts.  
Articulate your feelings.  
Articulate your wrougths.  
Articulate your meanings.

When we begin to live our life  
authentically,  
We have no need for games and nonsense.  
A load is lifted from our burdened shoulders.  
We go forward lightly without any pretense.

Articulate your thoughts.  
Articulate your feelings.  
Articulate your wrougths.  
Articulate your meanings.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Painting 'Articulate' by Igor and Maria (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Different Values.

Different values.

We all have different values.  
One person enjoys a walk in the woods.  
It brings them peace and solitude.  
They value nature's glory.  
They have not got loads in the bank,  
but they are not sorry.

Then we have those who value money.  
They value power too.  
A happy day for them is to be in their counting room  
and dream of their future  
and everything they can have till  
their day in the tomb.

We have those who value time spent with friends and family.  
Those who enjoy the small things of life.  
Those who help others and those who take and take until there is nothing left to  
survive.

The value of life to some people  
means nothing.  
They can take it away with the snap of ones fingers.  
They have cold, cold hearts  
where no real love lingers.

Then we have those who are like sunshine all day long.  
They value everyone they meet.  
They work for the best of everyone.  
They are the heroes of our streets.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# These Days Of Autumn.

These days of autumn.

The leaves are crisp and dry today,  
as they fall to the ground.

The oak tree casts its acorns  
simultaneously  
and I hear their popping sound.

Claret, coffee, lighter shades of beige are the colours that I see.  
Oh the beauty of the oranges, the coral, apricot, saffron and tangerine.

What peace it brings me,  
as I walk immersed in nature.  
The evocative sound of the wind whistling through the trees,  
I savour.

The water of the nearby stream,  
gargles, splatters and bubbles,  
as leaves and small twigs float on by,  
where the ducks and coots huddle.

These days of autumn  
are to be much admired.  
They leave me with much awe and wonder and feeling very inspired.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20230928

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Glimmerman

The Glimmerman.

I am the Glimmerman,  
a lamp lighter.  
I am the one who comes in the evening  
and makes it safe and brighter.

I see alot of things,  
some I will not mention.  
My nights are never boring,  
but sometimes they can bring tension.

As I walk the streets alone,  
I see the beauty of the night.  
I see the glistening stars  
shine down and they are a wonderful  
sight.

I see all the lovely buildings,  
some old, some new.  
In the evening they have a  
different view.

And as I walk by the canal,  
some swans gather under the bridge.  
Their wings a silvery white,  
do everything to bewitch.

Time to head on home.  
Another nights work done.  
I enjoy my job as a Glimmerman.  
Its better than working under the sun.

Verse:

Sandra Kavanagh(c) .20230919

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Manipulation Of The Highest Order!

Some people to this day  
still do not understand the  
manipulating games of the powers to be.  
It amazes me that there is no discernment,  
no realisation and no will for accountability.

Some people trust every word out of their mouths,  
even though it is plain to see,  
the lies they tell over and over again,  
to cover their fallacies.

And some people do not want to hear  
the truth,  
because that would mean they would have to admit they were taken in by the  
lies.  
They do not want to say they rather take the easy road,  
than put up a fight and rise.

And everything is an agenda of control  
and total power when it comes to the elites.  
They said things like 'we never forced you'  
while at the same time they took jobs away from ordinary folk  
and many gave up in defeat.

They locked people down,  
while they danced at parties.  
They wore their masks for photo shoots,  
and took them off behind the scenes.  
They came with all their propaganda,  
thinking of what to frighten the public with next,  
which was revealed in their sms's and we heard all that was obscene!

Manipulation of the highest order!  
Thats the games they play.  
Reduce the freedoms of the ordinary people,  
under the guise of climate change and viruses.  
But the real truth is they are making big money while they squeeze us dry.  
Maintaining their costs have gone up, while at the same time their profits are  
increasing high.

So open your eyes a bit wider.  
Dont fall into their traps.  
We do not need them anymore  
And stop listening to their bullshit crap!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20230909

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# The Big Fella.

What a fine day it was,  
the day that you were born.  
An October day in Woodfield, County Cork,  
your creation did adorn.

Poverty was rife,  
but that did not stop your strength.  
Off to London you went,  
and worked your days in a bank in length.

And then came Easter Monday  
and you played your part so well.  
Ended up in Frongoch prison camp,  
but not long there, did you dwell.

On your return to Eire,  
you were elected to Government.  
Became the Minister of Home Affairs.  
Later the role of Finance Minister, you did consent.

But you were surrounded by disloyalty.  
Those for and against the treaty.  
On a sad day in Beal na mBlath,  
your end came without dignity.

And now you lie in a cold grave in Glasnevin.  
It is a hundred years since your death.  
Ever since then you have been praised and hero worshipped.  
But it is not worth a cent.

Because today Eire is not a free country.  
It is run by corrupt elites.  
Everything you did for the Irish struggle,  
is done and dusted, its complete.

Until the day that Irish women and Irish men wake up,  
to what is really going on.  
All the good you did,  
its all long gone.

So I will continue to visit your grave,  
and place my lonely flower.  
And dream of what Eire could be,  
Under the rainy showers.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220821

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# We Build Our Walls So High.

Poem 282.

We build our walls so high.....

We build our walls so high  
and block out all understanding.  
We build our lives on what we do,  
the prestige and the siding.

We do not open our mouths,  
for fear of alienation.  
We go with the flow,  
even with our disinclination.

We do not question anything.  
We do not use our brains.  
We accept without discord,  
that is how we are trained.

And we keep saying 'this is mine'.  
and we build up hoards of things,  
which will end up on a dump someday,  
with the dust and cobwebs and the overlay.

We came into this world with nothing.  
We will go the same way.  
Take down your walls of ignorance and mistrust  
and let love weave through the decay.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .  
20230721.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Everyone Talks About Your Eyes!

Everyone talks about your eyes.  
But that is not what I remember about you.  
You could walk into a room,  
And everyone would stare.  
You lived your life your own way.  
You did not care.

Your magnetism was in the way,  
your audience held their breath  
for every scene.  
Your energy like fire, played parts from heartbreaking to the more routine.

Films like 'The Letter', 'Jezebel' and 'All about Eve' made you a superstar.  
You did not care about that,  
only about your acting that had to be above par.

For acting was the love of your life.  
Everything else came a mere second.  
It gave you everything you desired  
and you went everywhere that it beckoned.

And now your legacy remains.  
The love of your films, it goes down the different generations.  
No, I do not remember your eyes,  
Only your grim and brilliant determination.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .  
Poem about Bette Davis. My mother loved her films and introduced my sister  
and myself to them.  
Painting by Jonathan Harris (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# A Howling Night It Is!

A howling night it is.  
The storm is brewing high.  
The tall oak sways  
from left to right.  
The moon it gleams in the sky.

Small branches fall to the ground.  
They are swept away by the rains water.  
The birds fly to shelter under the rooftops.  
They do not falter.

As the rain lashes against the window,  
I hear a sound in the far distance.  
A howling sound that has always fascinated me,  
for it is proof of their existence.

I have never seen them about,  
But on nights like this,  
their spirit is alive and well,  
and it brings me bliss.

So a howling night it is.  
By candlelight I go to bed.  
I listen to their majestic sound.  
I listen to all that is said.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Wild Horses And Red Poppies

Wild horses and red poppies in a field  
across the way.  
That's how I remember that rainy day.  
The day you left and everything was in disarray.  
Nothing I could do to stop you, not that day.

You thought the grass was greener on the other side.  
You thought you would be happier even though I cried.  
My dreams came crumbling down,  
but you did not even care.  
Nothing mattered, not even the times we shared.

All hope was lost as you went on your way.  
The darkness came and it was here to stay.  
Nothing could remove the pain of that day.  
Not even wild horses or red poppies in a field  
across the way.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# This Day Of Apathy.

Your indifference has led to this day,  
this day of Apathy.  
And now you do not know what to say,  
that is the reality.

You went along with everything they did,  
even though you knew it was wrong.  
Others have blown of the lid,  
of their lies that they stringed along.

And now you do not care, the disinterest is clear.  
Your empathy cannot be found.  
You have lost it long ago,  
but you stand your ground.

You make excuses for the way it is.  
You are safe in your insular mind.  
It is secure there, the comfort zone,  
or for any past memories that you can find.

You see the misery of the streets,  
the hopelessness that has accrued.  
But you feel nothing anymore,  
all feeling eludes.

Your indifference has led to this day,  
this day of Apathy.  
I pray one day you will awake  
and have some empathy.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20230523

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The World Is Changing

The world is changing  
even though few understand this fact.  
The subtle movements  
transgress all normal perceptions.  
Those who are aware never lack.

The energy is different.  
Things go much faster now.  
Another dimension is in our grasp.  
Not a real place, but a way of living,  
if we have done our inner work.  
We will be winning.

As the eclipse in Scorpio,  
Plays out in our world,  
The axis is in opposition to Taurus  
our sign of the Earth and of all she deems precious.  
Let us learn from the past and not be reckless.

The world is changing  
even though few understand this fact.  
This eclipse will bring closure, epiphanies and deep transformational healing  
And we will never again feel trapped.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# Make Your Heartbeat Match With The Beat Of Nature.

Poem 276 written today.

Make your heartbeat match with the beat of nature.

Make your heartbeat match  
with the beat of nature.  
Lift your face to the sun  
and embrace its rays.  
Smell the enticing aroma  
of the beautiful roses,  
that adorn this wonderful place.

Listen to the blackbird singing joyously  
in the magnificent oak.  
Watch the bumble bee dance amongst the  
luminous petals.  
See the clouds drift by on a breezy day.  
Enjoy the lambs playing in the fields  
of newly cut hay.

At night, look to the stars,  
sparkling and celestial.  
Listen to the howl of the Wolf,  
as the Full Moon leans in the sky.  
Notice the deer as he eats the shrubs that are essential.  
See the hare as he runs on by.

Make your heartbeat match  
the beat of nature.  
Lift your face to the sun  
and embrace its rays.  
Smell the enticing aroma of the  
beautiful roses,  
that adorn this wonderful place.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20230429.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Roses From Heaven.

I have roses from heaven  
on my table.

Fragrances that lift the spirit.

Their beauty outshines all other flowers

and they teach us that the beauty of life will bloom,

once we have acquainted ourselves with the lessons of living with the thorns.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea.

To love someone so deeply,  
that nothing else means anything,  
thats how you felt with him.  
He made your heart sing.

You felt you could not go on.  
You had no other choice.  
Without him your life would  
have no joy.  
Your words no voice.

And in a desperate moment,  
when the darkness came,  
you made your decision,  
but it was in vain.

For kindly guardian angels  
discovered your sad event.  
They came quickly to your rescue  
and your demise they did prevent.

You felt you were torn between  
the devil and the deep blue sea.  
Either way you looked,  
no great outcome could be seen.

No future, not one that you cared for.  
No past, that was dusted and done.  
No present, it was all an illusion.  
Nothing to look foward to.  
No brightness from the sun.

But you had to go on, thats what everyone kept telling you  
and face the prospect of him never returning.  
You packed his things and smelled each one for the last time.  
No hope in sight, just your stomach churning.

This is what happens when you put someone on a pedestal.  
Its unrealistic and unattainable love.

You love them more than life itself,  
but for them its suffocating  
and like burning hot embers on the stove.

You felt you were torn between  
the devil and the deep blue sea.  
Either way you looked,  
no great outcome could be seen.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .  
Based on Terence Rattigans play 'The Deep Blue Sea'.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Without Music What Would We Be.

Without music what would we be.  
Without a tune how would we hear,  
the lilting voices through the air  
that help our souls repair.

The lively dancing to the note.  
The beautiful words he wrote.  
All would be lost, if we could not hear  
A song of now and of past years.

There are those who are dead and soulless.  
Those who would take away the light.  
We must continue to sing and dance  
And show them everything is so bright.

They will bring their darkness with them.  
Wherever they may roam.  
We must light up their surrounding aura  
and bring them safely home.

So sing loud and merry.  
Play your tune so high.  
The birds will come and join you.  
There will be merriment in the sky ?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Hidden Picture.

The hidden picture.

There once was a man so handsome  
that wherever he did go,  
everyone would admire him  
and tell him so.

He once was kind and caring,  
but suddenly that changed.  
A gift of a picture turned him  
slightly deranged.

For he always wanted to be young and beautiful,  
To always stay that way.  
He did not want to wrinkle or age away.

So every nasty thing he did,  
did not affect him,  
But the man in the picture become uglier.  
It showed all the sin.

A young lady fell in love with him  
And he with her.  
But soon he lost interest  
And she became a blurr.

And everytime he did wrong,  
the man in the picture became strong,  
Until he could not live with himself anymore,  
And stabbed himself and died on the floor.

When the servants came the next day,  
They saw to their dismay  
not the young Dorian Gray,  
But a very old man of grey.

Based on Oscar Wildes book: The Picture of Dorian Gray.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .



# At A Distance.

What is it you think of when you are in the kitchen all day?  
The stove is burning hot, awaiting the baking trays.

What is in your thoughts on this warm summers day?  
The cat has just finished her milk and is meowing delightfully away.

What is in the depths of your mind on this eventful day?  
The lightning has struck a tree, but at the last breath of night it will be okay.

Your mind is at a distance, not thinking really of anything.  
It is floating to and from small memories of times gone by.  
Daydreaming and remembering faces and places,  
Glimpses of life and its phases.

I hope that you remember happy times.  
I hope they bring a smile to your face.  
Your thoughts may be at a distance.  
But they can never be replaced.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20230225  
Painting by Andrea Kowch (Contemporary American artist)  
In the Distance, 2015.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# My Feelings For You.

My feelings for you.

My feelings for you,  
was just that: mine.  
My love for you,  
was just that: mine.  
And when the love  
is just one-sided,  
The 'love' story continues for awhile  
undivided.

How was I to know your depth of feeling was not the same as mine?  
How could I compare when two people are different in every way?  
It takes time to get to know each other and many people do not even know  
themselves and never may.

They say love is shown by deeds not words.  
They say love is shown by commitment not selfish pursuits.  
But I believe it is shown by giving one  
space and allowing one to be themselves.  
I believe true love grows in time.

My feelings for you  
was just that: mine.  
My love for you  
was just that: mine.  
And when the love is just  
one-sided,  
The 'love' story continues for  
awhile undivided.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# If I Could Turn Back The Clock.

If I could turn back the clock  
and revisit that day.  
Things would be different.  
I would know the right words to say.

I would have listened more  
and talked less.  
I would have given you hope  
and not make everything a jest.

I would have noticed your love  
in the small things you did.  
I would have seen your sadness  
and the feelings you hid.

I would have hugged you more  
and treasured every moment spent.  
I should have realised our time together was only lent.

If I could turn back the clock,  
It would be a glorious thing.  
But you are long gone  
and all I have left is your ring.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Painting: Woman with clock by Leah Larisa Bunshaft Dizlarka (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# We Will.

Poem 268.

We will.

We will build up everything  
that you have destroyed.  
We will see through  
everything you use as a ploy.

We will give strength  
to those who are weak.  
Heroship is not what we seek.

We will create a world  
where everyone knows their purpose.  
And get rid of your self-defeating circus.

We will clean the earth of your toxic matter  
and of all the mental dirt that you scatter.

We will bring integrity back  
and give a voice to all.  
Your controlling forces  
will eventually fall.

We will take away all your darkness,  
for we come from the light.  
Your stone-cold hardness  
will be gone from our sight.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20230118

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Tree.

It stands there majestically,  
overlooking the stream.

Its intertwining branches reach to the sky as if to scream

'Look at me. I have been here for 500 years. I have seen many winters and  
springs.

I cannot recall how many times I have heard the church bell ring.'

'I have been home to many animals, many generations.

I cannot relay how many different birds have nested in my arms.

They have brought me many elations and

I have kept them from harm.'

'I have seen so many changes in my surrounding area, how the landscape has  
disappeared.

It is disappointing to see its destruction, its heartbreaking to see how it is  
steered.'

'I used to look over fields of grassy green, full of lambs in early spring.

Now I see the growing tumultuous building blocks,  
that do nothing for the countryside,  
but bring continuous shock'.

' They are determined to destroy nature, these greedy elite.

They ravish everything in their midst and destroy all beauty.

They like to count their gold

and pile it mountain high.

They think it shows how successful they are.....

They think they will never die.'

'But they do not realise what true success is.....

It is to be able to reach the sky,

touch the violet blue,

be home to many birds,

to dig your roots into the earth,

to be part of a miracle that never dies'.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20230109



# The Layers Have Been Shed!

I am not the same as I used to be.  
I am not that person anymore.  
I am now who I want to be.  
This person is forever at my door.

I will not play the games you play.  
I will not listen to your lies.  
I will not pretend anymore.  
I will not suffer and despise.

The layers have been shed.  
The truth is revealed.  
All censorship ever is,  
is fear unsealed.

It took years to uncover,  
But now its all out.  
The layers have been shed,  
while you have been about.

I am not the same as I used to be.  
I am not that person anymore.  
I am now who I want to be.  
This person is forever at my core!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20221218

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# One By One.

One by one,  
see how they fall,  
like dominoes on a table.  
It all comes out,  
many will shout,  
and many will not be able.

Time for a change,  
a new way of living,  
the world is waking up.  
The dark ways be gone,  
the light will make us strong  
and we will not give up.

One by one,  
see how they fall,  
like dominoes on a table.  
Their lies do no good,  
they are all in the mud,  
thinking they were all able.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# We Are The Seekers Of The Truth.

There was a time, not so long ago,  
where people lived a simple life.  
They had their chores,  
They had their loves,  
They had their amount of strifes.

And as time went on and things developed,  
And we became this super race.  
The depth of pain and loneliness  
increased and took its place.

For we increased our wealth, but not our wisdom.  
We extended our opportunities, but not our hearts.  
It is a cold, cold place  
when those in higher places  
want to control and run this race.

But there are those who seek the truth.  
There are those who shine their light.  
They are the ones who lead the way,  
for a new world to come one day.

A new world of changed policies,  
that work for ordinary souls.  
Where truth and love reign.  
Where people once again can feel whole!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20210915

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# Out Of The Dark Comes The Light.

Out of the dark comes the light.

In the darkest hour,  
there is always a flicker of light,  
strown on the earth,  
from the dimmest star.

A Star one can hardly see,  
but its light still hits the earth for those who pay attention and for those who just  
be.

We often live in this protective bubble of what we believe to be the truth.  
We do not see the real root of all our troubles.  
It is there in the mass of lies, told to steer us from really seeing,  
what they want to hide.  
Their hideous games, they think they are taking us for a ride.

But somehow the universe protects us,  
for it always sends a glimmer of hope.  
It always provides us with what we need and it gives us the tools to somehow  
cope.

We have that ability, if we look inside.  
If we do not fear the darkness of life.  
For us to enjoy the light, we must also live with the shadows.  
But we will not kneel to evil or bow.

Out of the dark comes the light.  
Out of wrong comes right.  
Out of not seeing comes sight.  
Out of the awakening comes the fight.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Magic Of Nature.

The Magic of Nature.

When I disappear on my woodland walk,  
and I blend amongst the trees,  
all the little things I see,  
all these do please.

I soak everything in,  
including the sun.  
A light breeze sways by,  
whilst I am having fun.

The leaves of the oak,  
hold a few drops of glistening dew.  
A squirrel scurries slowly down  
and stops to view.

The moss under my feet is so soft  
like an old carpet,  
and all kinds of wild mushrooms  
mostly surround it.

At last I come to the stream.  
The sound of running water  
is pleasing to ones ears.  
The salmon takes a leap  
And with it brings much cheer.

The magic of nature surrounds me,  
what would I be without it.  
It would be a very cold and dark place to live.  
Nothing could ever replace it.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Algol.

Once you were a beautiful maiden,  
living freely in the palace.  
The God of the sea saw your beauty  
and so he did you malice.

Minerva, the Goddess of war,  
saw your plight,  
And so to protect you,  
she gave you a power,  
that killed mens might.

And now your time has come again  
with the eclipse in a Taurus moon.  
You join them at 25 degrees  
And with it bring some doom.

As you turned men into stone,  
who crumbled into ash,  
your stare will take the throne  
once again and take out any trash.

One by one they will fall  
as the clock strikes twelve.  
Not a sound will be heard,  
Not even a bell.

And so when your deed is done,  
you are free to roam the Earth again.  
As you were before,  
So you will be, a beauty amongst men.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211109

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# You Say You Know.

You say you know.

You say you know,  
whats really going on.  
You say you see the real me.

But I know in my heart and soul,  
you dont want to feel,  
you dont want to be.

You are living in a dream world  
where the energy is high.  
Where you never have any lows  
And where everything passes you by.

And whenever I want to get close,  
you push me away.  
Is this the way it is going be?  
Is this the way we are going stay?

You say you know,  
Whats really going on.  
You say you see  
the real me.

But I know in my heart and soul,  
You dont want to feel,  
you dont want to be.

Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20210818.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# You Face Your Fears.

You face your fears.

You face your fears  
with every step.  
The unknown  
with every grip.  
The unfamiliar  
with every gaze.  
The puzzle  
within every maze.

Whats to be,  
will be.  
For no one knows their fate.  
And sometimes the wrong path  
is taken and not realised until its too late.

Who is to be trusted.  
Who will remain loyal.  
Who will stand beside you.  
Who will not stain your toil.

These are the risks we take in life.  
Nothing ventured, nothing gained.  
You still face your fears.  
You still remain sane.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220716

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# You Are My Salty Running Tears.

You are my salty running tears.  
My valley of wild flowers.  
You are my far begotten fears.  
My rainy day of April showers.

My last sip of rosy red wine.  
The breeze on a summers evening,  
The Sun as it sets with its golden hue,  
leaves me with thoughts of you while dreaming.

The butterfly as it flows on by, swaying under the sunlight.  
The water flowing swiftly on,  
caressing every stone.  
All these images help me believe that I am not alone.

The sound of the blackbird singing in the old oak tree.  
The branches entwining so far that one cannot see.  
You are the leaves that fall like gold to the ground.  
Not a word is heard, not even a sound.

You are all these things and even more.  
You are all that I adore.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220606

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Passing.

The soft rain touches my face,  
as I remember our time together.  
You are no more.  
Your heart is free of this weight.  
Fly to the skies.  
Your spirit and body have been washed,  
in the wisdom of your years.  
The dust had been taken from your heart.

Does not love live in every soul?  
Everything but love is momentary.  
Everything fades and perishes.  
Only love is eternal in this world of ours.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20221026

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# A Life Without Freedom Is Like A Body Without A Soul.

Where does this need come from?

This need to control another person.

To control what they do, how they live, how they decide?

Is it based on deep down insecurities,  
a concept of if I have control,  
I can manage things better,  
I can be satisfied.

Or is it based on a narcissistic trait of evil,  
wanting to make people suffer and wanting to gain from anothers pain.  
If it is based on the second concept,  
How do you live with the shame?

Our life on earth is to learn,  
so we can improve and understand ourselves.  
It is not for the destruction  
or prevention of an others liberty.  
It is for us all to live in peace and harmony.

The universe gives us opportunities,  
which are there for us to take,  
not to be taken away by those  
whose greed is at stake.

Those at the top  
want to stay safe and secure,  
so they come out with notions,  
which they pass off as the cure.

It is now the time to get back to basics.  
Unlearn what we have been taught.  
We must align with nature  
and stop all the rot.

Time for all this control to stop.  
Time for people to live the life they choose.  
With this comes responsibility of course,



if we remember this we will have nothing to lose.

A life without freedom is like a body without a soul.  
Remember this and remember your role.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20221025.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# How Could I Only Love Your Light?

How could I only love your light?  
When there is beauty in your shadows.  
You help me to face up to my own darkness,  
In these days of the worlds madness.

How could my love for you be conditional?  
How can I only love a part of you.  
The things you judge about yourself,  
I love them all because I see the real you.

How could I forget our connection?  
It does not care about the law of the land.  
Our souls are pulled to the place they belong.  
That is what they demand.

And when I saw you,  
my soul sure felt you.  
It felt your true essence going back over the seasons.  
With this feeling, there is no rhyme or reason.

How could I only love your light?  
When there is beauty in your shadows.  
You help me to face up to my own darkness,  
in these days of the worlds madness.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Freyja

Freyja.

She is the wolf you've been waiting for.  
She is the one you love to hate.  
She is the shielding circle unleashed by the Vanir.  
She is not one to wait.

She is the piercing side of beautiful.  
She is the rapture of pain.  
She is not what she was or what she will be.  
She is now, she is present.  
She will reign.

She is the divine messenger with fire in her eyes.  
She is a constellation giving birth to stars.  
She is undocumented and all colours.  
She is a storyteller of scars.

She is your grandmother, your mother, your aunt and your sister.  
She is a defender of the innocent.  
She is always fierce and watchful.  
She is always magnificent.

She is shouting what some ears refuse to hear,  
that change is upon us and it is near.  
She is a selfless base.  
She is all that is dear.

She is the awakening of a world of love.  
She is a woman with the intention to survive.  
She has the cure for our restless apprehension.  
She gives us the will to strive.

She cures our collective broken heart.  
She gives us strength in the need of the hour.  
She is Freyja.  
We wake up the Goddess who empowers.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20221023



# We Long For Fairytales In A World Full Of Nightmares.

We long for fairytales,  
in a world full of nightmares.  
We long for closeness,  
in a world full of exclusion.  
And those who maintain they are  
for everyone,  
are playing the dividing game  
by pointing the finger.

We long for openness  
and yet we think our opinion  
is the only right one.  
We long for empathy  
and yet we only have it for  
our chosen few.  
And the longing for fairytales  
lingers.

We long for a clean and fresh society,  
but don't mind throwing that scrap of paper on the ground.  
We go to a climate change festival,  
but the countryside is not left as it was found.

We long for a neighbourhood like  
it used to be.  
But keep ourselves locked behind closed doors.  
We do not even try anymore,  
our fears cut to our core.

We long for fairytales in a world full of nightmares.  
We long for love when we are stuck in the past.  
We long for joy when we can only concentrate on what we do not have.  
We long for peace yet we do not give it to ourselves.  
We long for fairytales but they never last!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20221022

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Secret Of The Mirror.

There is a secret of the mirror,  
A secret long and old.  
A story of long passed lifes,  
who did not do as they were told.

They haunt this house of mystery  
and only come out at night.  
And if you listen in silence,  
you will hear their voices  
as the moon shines bright.

Little whispers of times gone by.  
Little creaks of the door.  
A breeze from the window  
scatters the dust on the floor.

Songs can be heard from the parlor.  
The chandeliers tinkling away.  
A shadow on the stairway  
frightens you each day.

And then a look in the mirror  
where you see your unchanged face.  
You have been gone for many years.  
Yet you still roam this place.

Lost in time and space,  
Never to rest in peace.  
You once looked in the mirror  
the curse follows you with ease.

And no one can see you,  
unless they look in the mirror too.  
Then they will occupy their days,  
Wandering endlessly out of view.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh.  
(c) 20221021



# So The Darkness Shall Be The Light!

So the darkness shall be the light  
And the moon it will shine so bright,  
that the shadows will be no more,  
and love will be at our core!

The fear will disappear,  
the sadness gone in a breeze.  
The laughter and joy will be heard,  
over valleys, lakes and fields.

The little things in life,  
will once more take center stage.  
All the fake and phoney stuff  
will disappear from the page.

Nature at its best,  
Humanity working together.  
The energy taking a rest,  
making things alot better.

Your worries will disappear,  
when you have mind over matter.  
Focus on your inner being,  
Let your problems scatter.

So the darkness will be the light  
and the moon it will shine so bright,  
that the shadows will be no more  
and love will be once more at our core ?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20221013

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# The Fairytale

The Fairytale.

When we are young and not half grown,  
We live in a fantasy land.  
A dream world where we can achieve  
most anything,  
Where everything is dandy and grand.

Our imaginations run wild.  
We have our pretend friends.  
We play and run in the breeze.  
Not a worry do we have  
and that is not so bad.  
We sing, we dance and we dream.

And then we grow up.  
The illusion slowly disappears.  
Our life is no longer a fairytale.  
We learn as we go,  
At times very slow.  
Sometimes we win, sometimes we fail.

The innocence is gone.  
But the hope is still strong,  
that we will make it one day.  
We look back in time  
and remember those days  
Of imagination and play.

The fairytale is gone,  
and thats not so wrong,  
It gave us what we needed at the time.  
A protective view of a world  
Upside down,  
And taught us how to be sublime.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20221008



# The Swan King.

All you wanted was a world of peace,  
a world of music and art.  
A place where people could be themselves,  
A land where dreams could start.

You loved the nature of your land.  
You immersed in all its fineness.  
The beauty of the mountains,  
and of your peoples kindness.

Wagner you adored.  
You tried to instill the culture.  
You had so much interest for architecture,  
but alas you were surrounded by vultures.

Why is it when anyone who tries to do good,  
it is destroyed by evil men.  
All you wanted to do was to have peace instead of war.  
But in the end there was nothing you could do,  
when it came knocking on your door.

So they proclaimed you insane  
and locked you up.  
As if that was not enough,  
you were shot in the back  
on your daily walk,  
or so it was revealed during talk.

But your people remember you,  
your Bavarian folk.  
They remember your art, your castles and your gentle ways.  
You will be remembered as the Swan King,  
till the end of days.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Based on the life of Ludvig the second. King of Bavaria.1845 - 1886.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Pebble.

As I throw my pebble  
into the water of the nearby stream,  
I see the ripples as they extend  
and become wider in reams.

We are like the pebble causing ripples in the water of life.  
We have our possibilities, our choices and the consequences that can lead to  
happiness or strife.

As our ripples extend,  
they touch other souls.  
We are witnesses to both cause and that which enfolds.

The uniting is the substance of life.  
No man is an island.  
Nor neither his wife.

In the waters of the masses,  
we are as one.  
We are joined together  
and shine in the sun.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220807

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# He Has A Hold On Me For Eternity.

He has a hold on me for eternity.  
Nothing I could do to replace  
this love.  
It is everlasting,  
sent from above.

No matter how I try to forget him.  
Memories flood back over the years.  
Some make me so happy,  
with others I am in tears.

Life goes on without him.  
Thats the way its meant to be.  
Forced to bear the heartache.  
For he has a hold on me.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220805

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

 PoemHunter.com

# There Is Nothing Hidden Under The Sun.

In this world there are many  
who try to hide the truth.  
They use all kinds of means  
to cover up what suits.

And they do this because they want to control.  
They do not want the masses to know whats really going on.  
They play their role  
whether its right or wrong.

But there are a few who see directly  
and do what they can to reveal,  
all the hidden agendas  
And everything the liars want to seal.

And the liars will pretend its in  
everyones interest.  
That they are doing it for everyones good.  
While they are counting their gold  
While they are pretending to be Robin Hood.

But there is nothing hidden under the sun.  
There is nothing that will not be disclosed.  
What is done in the dark will come to light  
and everything they do or say will soon be exposed.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# When Will These Dark Clouds Lift.....

When will this darks clouds lift.  
When will I hear the birds singing.  
Empty are my thoughts.  
No joy are they bringing.

Lonely is the night.  
Not even the moon delights me.  
Waiting for the first glimpse of daylight.  
Tossing and turning endlessly.

I do everything to take my mind of it.  
Keep myself busy doing loads of chores.  
But I cannot never escape it,  
as it creeps finally through my door.

It haunts me at every chance it gets.  
Suffocates all joy.  
Pulls me into the depths of the unknown.  
All I want to do is cry.

But someday I will overpower it,  
Control it, like it does me.  
Then my dark clouds will disappear.  
Then I will be free.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20220615

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Nothing Haunts Us More Than The Things We Dont Say.

Nothing haunts us more,  
than the things we dont say.  
Thinking we had more time,  
there is always a delay.

Afraid to say how we really feel.  
Ego plays a part.  
The little games we play  
right from the start.

That emotional closed of wall  
that we build brick by brick.  
Leaves a lump in your throat  
thats hard to kick.

And words that we really want to say,  
are left unspoken.  
Never to be heard, never to be again woken.

Nothing haunts us more,  
than the things we dont say.  
Thinking we have more time,  
but there is always a delay.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220610

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# Only The Moon Knows How Loud I Cry.

Only the moon knows how loud I cry.

Only the moon knows how loud I cry.

Only the moon knows the pain in the depths of my soul.

Only the moon hears my whispers at night.

Only the moon sees my shadows and my light.

And in the long hours of evening,  
when everything is silent and all you can hear is the clock ticking in the hall,  
it shines its light through the window  
so you can see its shadows playing on the wall.

Only the moon can feel my sorrow.

Only the moon can see my aches.

Only the moon can hear my whispers

Only the moon sees what's at stake.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220610

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Freedom Of Our Minds.

The thoughts we have  
that come each day.  
The thoughts that no one  
can delay.

The thoughts that whisper  
think of me.  
The thoughts that fluster  
galantly.

The thoughts that wander  
over many years.  
The thoughts that bring  
neverending tears.

The thoughts that bring  
a smile to ones face.  
The thoughts that one  
forgets and leaves no trace.

Those thoughts they cannot  
know or control.  
Those thoughts are yours  
and they play a role.

They can take away the books.  
They can censure what they want.  
Our thoughts are ours alone.  
They are not theirs to own.

The freedom of our minds  
is for us to think for ourselves.  
Our thoughts are ours alone  
And not for their locked up shelves.

Based on Virginia Woolf's quote.  
Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20220319



# Yield To The Night.

Every crack in the ceiling,  
I could see.  
Every mark on the floor.  
The light was always on,  
my bed beside that door.

The matrons were playing  
their daily game of chess.  
One lit up a cigarette.  
I had no interest in anything.  
Everything was a bore.

And when the night came,  
It was full of dark thoughts,  
and nightmares.  
Reminiscing of the life I had before.  
Left me bitter and sore.

Weekly visits from my mother  
and brother did little to appease my grief.  
I wish they never came,  
It would be a relief.

Back to that room with its old furniture,  
and barred windows.  
The light gleaming through the cracks,  
Didn't make it anymore appealing.  
Inside I was squealing!

And what was my crime.  
My crime of passion.  
My lover had died.  
I needed her to feel  
my pain, his pain.  
Nothing would ever be  
the same.

And here I await my fate.  
Everytime I hear those steps

in the hall,  
My heart feels like a slate.  
Time goes by so slowly,  
For life I am always late.

I fear whats coming,  
I really do.  
This waiting day in, day out  
Leaves me drained and depressed.  
I wish it was over.  
That would be best.

Every crack in the ceiling,  
I could see.  
Every mark on the floor.  
The light was always on,  
my bed beside that door.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220219  
Based on the film: Yield to the night 1956.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Introvert.

Piles of books on the floor.  
Darkened curtains hanging on the rails.  
Cups of half-drunken tea to be seen.  
Drops of water dripping into the pails.

Unfinished projects on the desk.  
A dress on the mannequin to be sown.  
A plate of newly baked scones,  
lying on the breakfast table.  
A dog in his basket, chewing some bones!

This is the life you lead,  
away from everything.  
You say it gives you peace,  
not to be the center of anything.

It is not for you this world  
of crowds, drama and noise.  
You would rather sit with a book,  
Or look at a sunrise.

The quiet life is for you,  
so you have learnt.  
The less people you  
have in your circle,  
the less you get burnt.

Also its a question of energy,  
you feel the vibes so strong.  
You sense everything,  
and what they have done so wrong.

Life is simpler this way.  
Being an introvert is not so bad.  
The peace and quiet outweighs  
everything else.  
No need to be sad.

Painting: The Introvert by Cynthia Decker.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Two-Headed Eagle.

As I lay here and hold your hand,  
the morning has, but come.  
I wish our time could be longer,  
but it cannot be undone.

You sleep so softly.  
Let me look upon your face.  
Let me remember your beauty,  
before they take me from this place.

Let me remember our last dance,  
And us swirling on the floor.  
Let me remember Marie,  
All the promises we swore.

How I, an Emperors son fell  
in love,  
With a girl of 17, a baroness,  
with the innocence of a dove.

And so history was changed,  
just within one night.  
The Holy Roman Empire,  
was not aware of its plight.

The two-headed eagle would lose  
once again,  
In 1914 by an assassins hand.  
Two would be slaughtered  
by one from another land.

Who knows what may have been,  
If love was allowed to win.  
But I am sure those two souls,  
are happy wandering together at Mayerling.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220127

Based on the Film Mayerling 1936 about Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria and  
Baroness Marie Vetsera.





# The Empty Chair.

The Empty Chair.

Here I sit and look at the empty chair,  
where once you sat my dear.  
It is so really lonely,  
so hard to hold my tears.

It was so really lovely,  
when we used to chat away.  
Now I find it very hard,  
to fill up my days.

I am forever thinking,  
reminiscing of past times.  
I read my daily newspaper,  
as the hall clock chimes.

Everything feels different,  
it will never be the same.  
My heart is totally broken,  
but no one is to blame.

My one last wish,  
is to join you.  
I am waiting for that day.  
When two empty chairs remain together,  
And the loneliness has gone away ?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20220126

Painting: The Empty Chair,1947.  
Charles Spencelayh (British,1865-1958) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Skyblue.

She said her favourite colour was skyblue,  
that was before you.

That was after a time of trauma,  
And when everything was new.

A time when she had to relearn,  
everything she knew.

A time to get over the past,  
All the bad memories she grew.

A flying glass over her head,  
a tear stained face in the bedroom mirror.  
A babies crying in its little cot,  
When things were dull and dimmer.

She had been to that place of deep despair,  
where she thought she would never leave.  
It took such strength and reflection,  
A first step to achieve.

And everyday one step at a time,  
She relinquished all her fears.  
And soon a beautiful smile would  
replace all the guilt ridden tears.

And now she sits on a sunny day,  
full of warmth and love.  
Just sitting peacefully and looking at  
a sky of blue above.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20220115

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The House That Was Forgot!

Slowly I climbed the staircase,  
and admired the balusters carved by trained hands,  
The joinery was so meticulously done,  
From the little buds of flowers,  
To the angels hair, their strands.

And everything was quiet, except for the occasional squeak from the floorboards.  
The carpet had frayed here and there.  
The windows with their stained glass,  
had splintered and their broken pieces lay bare.

The rain had got in and done its damage.  
The wallpaper had come away from its walls.  
A picture on the stairway displayed  
someone, I presumed, who once walked these halls.

Sometimes I imagined that I heard someone calling out.  
There was a coldness in the building,  
an eeriness all about.

When I looked up at the ceiling,  
in parts I could see the sky.  
The birds would sing on the rooftops,  
the clouds went slowly by.

There were many rooms to visit  
and each had a character of their own.  
They held memories of their previous owners  
and all their dreams that had once being sown.

Like the sewing box on the table beside a window to give some light,  
while a seamstress put the last pieces of lace together on a dress of material so slight.

Or the bowler hat hanging on the end of the bedstand.  
Or the walking stick with its carved wooden handle.  
Waiting there patiently for its owner to return.  
Did not matter how many years would burn.

And then to the overgrown garden, which had started to take over the house.  
The statues were covered in ivy,  
And here and there I saw a mouse.

But there was also roses, red as ruby lips,  
And hyacinths of all colours,  
their aroma did much to lift.

Here it stood the house that was forgot.  
Its ghostly inhabitants did not care.  
They continued as they have always done,  
Come and visit if you dare!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh 20220109

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The New Year Has Come.

The New Year has come.

The New Year has come,  
It has finally arrived.  
The snow is falling softly,  
another year has died.

We usually have great expectations,  
but I think after the last two years.  
We have learnt to wait and see,  
what enfolds will soon be!

The stars were always ours.  
They shine so deviously.  
They have the power now.  
They lead the way, enviously.

And those who think they have the power,  
will have to learn the hard way.  
Not everything goes,  
their crooked way.

The energy is shifting slowly,  
through the True North Node.  
18 months in Taurus,  
will bring us abundance and  
what we have sowed.

Scorpio's South Node will eventually reveal,  
all the secrets they would hide,  
all the things they would seal!

So 2022 is here,  
May it be a year of plenty.  
May you get your hearts desire,  
And may your days be lengthy ???

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20220105



# The Other Side Of The Mirror.

The other side of the mirror.

What does it look like on the other side of the mirror?

The side you keep strictly to yourself.

Sometimes I see little glimpses,  
like an extruding page from a book on a shelf.

What everyone sees is not what you see.

How could they begin to understand the mystery of you.

All the secrets you hold  
and why you do, as you do.

The mind that takes the time to observe,  
the overall picture,  
instead of just black and white,  
has an analytical insight,  
into what is really wrong, what is really right!

Yes the mystery of you will remain,  
Why take away the depth.  
The mirror shall not be broken,  
Not even in death!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211210

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# Truth.

Truth.

Where does the truth lie,  
the truth you want so much?  
Can you differentiate when you hear it,  
Or do you use it as a crutch?

Can you tell when someone is telling you the truth?  
Can you see the lies in the flicker of their eyes?  
Or you dont care anymore,  
Its all got too much.

Illusions are great for awhile,  
But as they dwindle in obscurity  
All you are left with is your true reality  
And that dont count for much!

And as the veil slowly reveals  
what was cloaked from the beginning,  
You see all their lies and all their sinning!

Where does the truth lie,  
The truth you want so much?  
It lies in everything you face  
truthfully,  
In your inwardly touch.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211205

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Forces Of Good Versus Evil.

Just because something is not seen,  
does not mean,  
that those of the light  
are not working in the background.

Everything takes patience and time.  
like the game of chess.  
You play the game of bluff,  
until you know where you are bound.

And sometimes evil has the upperhand,  
and afterwhile its loses ground.  
The minority becomes the majority  
and it all happens without a sound.

There are things in this life,  
seen by a chosen few.  
They lead the way in the darkness,  
for they can cope with what they see,  
while others bask in the madness.

The forces of Good versus evil  
silently play.  
The Good always wins,  
even today!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# I'm Alright Jack!

I'm all right Jack!  
So they believe.  
Until one day,  
It comes knocking to their own door.

They have complied and  
followed all the rules!  
They will do all that is asked  
And even more!

They will even start pointing  
their fingers at,  
those who think for themselves!

They believe everything  
the Government says,  
until there is nothing left on the shelves!

And what are they going to do  
when they have nothing left.  
When all their freedoms are gone  
And they are left bereft!

They have been told  
so many times  
And yet they still believe  
the ones who always take away  
And always did deceive!

I'm all right Jack.  
I don't care.  
I will continue to stick my head  
in the sand,  
Sure it is way better there!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211113

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# East Of The Sun And West Of The Moon.

In a faraway place, there lived a man  
and his family and they were very poor.  
One day a white bear came and asked for the youngest daughter,  
and in her place would be given riches,  
as much as they could endure.

At first the daughter said No.  
With them she would stay.  
But when the bear returned,  
they both were on their way.

After a long journey through mountains deep and snow,  
They came to the bears home,  
A palace all a glow.

And here she would pass her days  
until one night she saw,  
a sleeping handsome prince  
instead of the bear with the giant paws.

But in her excitement she dropped some candlewax,  
And he awoke and was in dismay  
And told her if only she had waited just one more day.

So she must leave and on her way she met three hags.  
One gave her a golden apple, another a golden comb, the last a golden spinning  
wheel  
And then she was left alone.

And so she travelled to  
the Castle East of the sun,  
West of the Moon and  
A long nosed Princess was her ruin.

She wanted the apple,  
She wanted the comb,  
She even wanted the spinning wheel.  
All were given so the daughter a moment with the Prince did steal.

And when she was able to break the spell, by washing his shirt white  
All the trolls disappeared and there was great delight!

Come my love to my castle  
East of the Sun and West of the Moon.  
Come and let us sing,  
Let us sing your joyful tune ?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211113

Based on the Fairytale: East of the Sun and West of the Moon by Peter Christian  
Asbjornsen, Jorgen Engebretsen Moe.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# I Have Not Forgotten You, My Darling.

I have not forgotten you my darling.  
How can the sun forget the moon.  
How can rainy days in March,  
Forget sunny ones in June.

I feel your pain, I feel your sadness.  
Our hearts are one in all this madness.  
But I must go on, even though my days are long.  
Hope springs eternal, when I hear your song.

So sing like you used to, like the Blackbird in the tree.  
And when he comes to visit me,  
I know he was sent from thee ?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211104

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# I Am All I Am.

I am all I am.

I am all I am,  
I am all I ever will be,  
If I cannot comfort the poor.

I am all I am,  
I am all I ever will be,  
If I cannot promise, what I swore.

How is it with each passing day,  
Their lies become bigger.  
They become greedier as time goes on.  
May they be cast down one, two, three.  
May their nights be sleepless with the screams of the dead.  
May they feel the full force of my wrath.  
May they not know what lies ahead.

I am all I am.  
I am all I ever will be.  
If I cannot help the hungry.

I am all I am.  
I am all I ever will be.  
If I cannot make them see.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20211021.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Dreams We Have.

The dreams we have  
of lost times,  
Faraway in the back,  
of our mind.  
To reappear one night,  
When things are calm and quiet.

The nights so clear  
of heavenly waves.  
Bring forth those dreams  
In a mysterious haze.

The colours so fabulous,  
of blue azure.  
Their energy surrounds us  
for we have endured.

The atmosphere is silent  
and soft in a way,  
the angels would stay  
if they had a say.

The dreams we have  
of times erased.  
Bring forth our memories  
of happier days.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20211025.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# The Moon Falls.

The moon falls.

The moon falls a hundred times.  
The stars dwindle as the hall clock chimes.  
The reality of you without I  
This is how my heart cries.

The sky is dark and dreary.  
The wind is fast and bleary.  
A sole cloud left from todays length,  
Has driven me crazy with what was meant.

Lonely I am without you.  
Like one Swan looking for their other half.  
Searching in every lake and little stream,  
Never to be seen.

And as the Swan sings her sad song,  
so do I tonight.  
The moon falls a hundred times.  
But alas, you are nowhere in sight.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .20210926

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# A Song Of Love.

A song of love.

A song of love,  
I hear you sing.  
A song that reaches,  
everything.

A song that touches  
the sunlit trees  
and makes them  
shine in the evening breeze.

It touches the hearts  
of the lost and forlorn,  
and brings peace to their souls.  
It illuminates the morning air  
and in the fields,  
the playing foals.

It ilts through the darkness and  
in the shadows  
and throws light on them there.  
The wild flowers dance when they hear this song, they dance without care.

It brings joy to hardened hearts  
those who are forgotten.  
It brings hope to those  
who are feeling low and downtrodden.

A song of love  
I hear you sing.  
A song of joy and exaltation.  
A song of peace, a song of hope  
to ease the pain and aggravation ?

Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20210824

Painting: A song of love by Harry George Theaker (1873 - 1954) .



# Lion's Gate 8/8

Lion's Gate the portal to our new world.  
The energy of fire and charm  
That gives strength to our words  
And the dimension that does us no harm.

Forward we march with our swords  
pointing to the sky.  
Standing our ground  
Against the fabrications and lies.

Building our new space  
With beauty and truth,  
The rot falls away  
Evil was its root.

Sirius is shining and the Leo new Moon.  
Everything is being aligned.  
Everything in tune.

The time of Aquarius is here to stay.  
2160 years forward and it will not sway.  
Its time for the powers to be,  
to disappear, they have become irrelevant,  
Thats plain to see.

So building our new world of peace and love.  
Where everyone feels they are a part  
Of the new evolution.  
Lion's Gate is the start of our alignment, awakening and revolution ???

Sandra Kavanagh (c) . 20210808

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# There Is A Place.

There is a place.

There is a place,  
where angels rest.  
They were taken from their Mothers arms,  
of people who thought they knew best,  
but actually did great harm.

They laid there for many years,  
unknown to many others,  
except to those,  
who thought,  
their lives where not worth the bother.

They were used and abused,  
by those who should know better.  
Those who preached about God's love,  
But did the opposite however.

Those poor children of Eire,  
whose pain and suffering,  
we do not know,  
but can only guess  
how horrifying their lives  
were from those few  
who survived the woe.

Their little souls will live on in the memories of loved ones and those who care.  
While those who did not apologise and covered up,  
will always declare,  
their innocence in the question,  
and try to make it disappear.  
They fear the day,  
we all stand together  
and protect all that is dear.

So sleep little angels, softly wherever you may be.  
I know you do not lie in that horrid place,  
but are playing in pastures green,

with a glorious sun,  
looking down on you  
and a turquoise deep blue sky.  
Free from all hurt and pain.  
Free to wander by.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh.

This poem is dedicated to the 796 precious little angels who were dumped in a septic tank i Tuam, County Galway, Ireland. It is also dedicated to the survivors, one especially who asked me to write a poem about the Children, Seosamh O Maolchroin ???

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# I Drift Away.

I drift away under the night air,  
as everyone is asleep.  
The cool breeze goes swiftly past  
and puts me at my ease.

I hear the sweet sound of the blackbird  
singing in the tree.  
The moon she beckons softly to me  
While I stand underneath the old apple tree.

I drift for I want to escape  
the monotonous gloom and doom,  
that has invaded our dear World  
and turned it into a tomb.

Where sadness has replaced joy.  
Where despair has replaced hope.  
Where fear is on the daily menu.  
Where the powers to be are a joke!

In drifting away, I appease my anger  
and change my thoughts.  
I forget about the wrongs and I forget about the wrougths.

I drift away under the night air  
as everyone is asleep.  
I know the time will come  
when everything will be at peace.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c)  
Painting: Forget me not by Chie Yoshii.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# We Used To Have A Life.....

We used to have a life,  
where we were never seen.  
No daily updates  
upon a smart screen.

We used to use a phone  
at the bottom of the street.  
It looked like a time machine.  
It was where some people would meet.

High Tech, AI,  
what does it mean?  
Are we continually watched  
and monitored by everything  
we put up on our smart screen.

When you go to the shops,  
they can tell you have been there.  
QR codes give away everything  
that you will bare.

Now we must have antivirus and all the other blocks.  
So no one can hack your system.  
Isn't that a crock.

We must have Windows 10 and not use obsolete seven.  
Some people have all the gadgets.  
They think they are in heaven.

But I think this nonsense,  
is ruining our lifes.  
It is more dependence on systems,  
That feic up your life.

Where people are walking around,  
looking into their hands.  
Missing natures beauty  
and the wonderful lands.



Control, control, control  
thats what they want to achieve.  
We get over dependence on them  
thats all we receive.

So take it from me,  
It is time to go back to the past,  
to that small little Nokia,  
you thought years ago would last.

Buy an ordinary phone  
without all those apps.  
Enjoy nature and your family  
and annoy the AI saps.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) 20210610

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# This Path.

This path.

This path that I must follow,  
is not easy in any way.  
I wish you were here beside me  
if I could see you somehow, someway.

I know you do not really understand,  
and I am ok with that.  
In time things will come to you  
like a lightning flash of truth.  
The tides are changing slowly,  
but it will soon bare fruit.

I wish this path was straight  
with no twists and turns.  
And sometimes I must go back,  
because of things I have to learn.

But along the way I learn many things,  
mostly from observation.  
I see the World for what it truly is.  
I see its perfection and devastation.

The path to contentment and strength,  
is to look within.  
To look deep in the fathoms of ones heart.  
Is the only way to win.

To know why we do the things we do,  
Does not come easily.  
To find the balance and to accept  
everything about oneself can set you free.

The path I must follow is not easy in any way.  
But if it brings me closer to you  
I will gladly on it stay ?.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .



# Sophias Choice.

She had a choice to be all that was true in this world.  
As time went on, she lived that choice  
and used her voice.

She could not stand by and let the everyday corruption consume the four corners  
of the Earth.

She did all in her power  
to destroy it and  
to banish it.

So it would never appear again,  
never in her lifetime ever.

She wanted to hear the sound of children playing in the street.  
She wanted to see the elderly having a chat by the garden gate.

She wanted to see people smiling at each other.  
People chatting. People hugging.

The doom of the last year was gone.  
She could hear singing by an open window.  
A baby crying faintly in the distance.  
All was as it should be  
And she was pleased with the choice  
that she had made.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Enemy Is Invisible.

The enemy is invisible in many cases.  
He never shows his many faces.  
He cannot do his evil work, if he is known.  
But be sure he will drain you to the bone.

He does it under the mantle of being good.  
Many times, he is very powerful and rich.  
He gets others to do his dirty work  
and makes sure they never snitch.

He causes confusion and chaos in everyday life.  
He buys up people, so they have debt to him.  
He will never let you forget what you owe.  
Dont ever think he will ever let you go.

He plays with politicians.  
They are just puppets on a string.  
They do his bidding for a brown paper envelope and whatever power brings.

Yes the enemy is invisible to the majority of folk.  
There are a few of us whose eyes are wide open to their ways.  
We see their underhanded actions for what they really say.  
Their days are numbered and so is their decay.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# I Have Memories Of You.

I have memories of you.  
Some good, some bad.  
Of our time together,  
of all that was mad.

Sometimes I am reading a book,  
and then a thought of you appears.  
Sometimes I am asleep,  
and you turn up with my fears.

I try to forget you,  
I really do.  
But your face appears,  
like some lost forgotten book.  
I just cannot forget that look.

Maybe one day,  
while I go asleep,  
my thoughts will send me soaring deep,  
in peaceful mode, where I can relax  
and not dream of you,  
not hold myself back.

But for now you stay,  
as it has always been.  
My memories of you  
will soon fade and become thin.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Winter Gives Way To Spring.

Winter gives way to spring.

It gives way to freshly born buds.

It gives way to a fresh cool breeze.

The death of winter, the freezing cold, the blustery winds, disappeared under the mantle of a beautiful spring day.

The birds started chirping early in the morning.

The lambs bleating on the hillside, playfully running through the grass full of primroses and daffodils.

The darkness was gone.

Banished away till next autumn.

You could hear the joy in the air.

People chattering as they went by,  
on their way to market.

Oh please let it be Spring all year round.

It is my favourite time of year.

The time of rebirth and growth.

The time of revitalisation after the stagnation of winter.

Let my dream come true.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# My Dream Is A Clear Blue Sky.

My dream is a clear blue sky,  
with the sun wandering by.  
Where we can live free and undisturbed.  
Where our energies are unperturbed.

But what I am seeing ??  
Is disturbing me.  
I feel our freedom  
is receding with their tyranny.

If what we need to fix  
is simply our healthcare system.  
Well why dont we do something  
and adjust it with wisdom.

We must know at this stage  
what works and is all the rage.  
Lets us work together  
and fix this page.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# Innocence.

Innocence in the sight of evil,  
playing out in sneaky delays.  
Pretending what they are doing,  
is to save us all the way.

Dont they know that liars  
have to have good memories.  
Do they think we are stupid enough  
to fall for their insanities.

One day when this is done  
how are they going to explain.  
All the misinformation they have given  
that has caused all the devastation and pain.

They should hang their heads in shame  
and do not think that we will ever forget.  
What they have done to the human race just because of economic debt.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# When All Is Quiet.

When all is quiet  
during the very early morning,  
It is the time for you and I  
to wander on the land.  
The shadows lay open and mysterious.  
We are ready for what is at hand.

There is a darkness that has lain over us  
and it has nothing to do with the night air.  
There is trouble ahead and we can feel it.  
We will try to stop it because we really care.

I look over towards the town  
Where all the lights glisten brightly.  
I wish I was there amongst those four walls.  
Where I felt safe and warm.  
Where everything was so easy.  
The place where I was born.

So crisp is the night air.  
So soft is the moss ridden path.  
So blue is the sky.  
Why is there so much wrath?

So as we contemplate the path to take,  
the sun appears and gives us hope.  
Its warmth and sincerity,  
helps us cope.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The King.

The King.

The King in all his glory  
lays on top of the Golden Hill.  
He looks down on all the beauty and  
everything that is passing by,  
look like little ants to his eye.

He came to save us from all that was  
destructive to our souls.  
He wants us to live our lifes to the full  
and follow our path and roles.

He is the one who has compassion  
and it never fails.  
Even when sometimes we fall far from our trail.  
In times when we feel low and are in need.  
He is there for us indeed.

And as the lamb is soft and delicate to the touch.  
Our Strong lion is powerful,  
and he loves us all so much.  
So let us remember a bright Star in the sky  
when the lion our lord came to Earth  
and stayed for a little while ?????

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Eyes.

The eyes that see your beauty,  
can also see your pain.  
For behind the eyes is a soul,  
who knows about life's game.

The eyes that see your silence,  
can also understand why.  
For they have paid attention,  
for a very long time.

The eyes that see your laughter,  
know what makes you smile.  
They lift you up on darker days,  
even if it's for a short while.

Yes the eyes that see your beauty,  
understand your pain.  
They see your depth and light,  
and with you will gladly remain.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Forward We March.

Forward we march  
in goodness name.  
Forward we march  
to win this game.

The invisible war of good versus bad.  
Their hidden agendas,  
their deeds of mad.  
They will all come to light before the years end,  
And to hell we will them send.

The strength of our spirit  
will not be denied.  
The honour and duty  
pleasantly remind.

We have a plan to help each  
other forward.  
To build and remove  
anything sorrid.

So forward we march  
and enthusiastically so.  
To win this game  
and conquer our foe.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# So Sweet Is The Day.

So sweet is the day,  
as I look around and see,  
the flowers growing in the field,  
where I used to play.

The memories come back to me,  
of wonderful days of fun,  
running in the long grass,  
under the warm sun.

The daisies and the bluebells  
scattered like a rug.  
I used to collect them,  
aswell as the bugs.

Just me and my cat,  
the whole day long,  
until mother would ring her bell,  
when the day was gone ??????

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Of Nature's Beauty I Declare.

Of nature's beauty I declare,  
of all that is sweet and all that is fair.  
From the mountains from afar, and the hills that lay under the twinkling stars.

You cannot go without seeing the little shouts, of all the woodlands creature as  
they go about.

The foxes and the deer,  
come out at night when we are asleep,  
to forage in our gardens and to eat what they find in heaps.

The apples under the tree,  
the berries on the bush.  
Some tasty tulips is not too much to ask for,  
for our grazing bunch.

And all the swallows fly up near and on high.  
Swirling around they go, to and fro.  
The blue tit and thrush are not in a rush.  
Pecking on the ground,  
is their only sound.

And we have a few naughty magpies  
annoying Mr. Hare,  
who is under the big oak  
Lying lazily there.

Of nature's beauty I declare,  
of all that is sweet and all that is fair.  
Of the lakes and the streams,  
of the waterfalls and their flows,  
I am thankful for all that has been sowed. ?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Cold Night Air.

The cold night air,  
is all you knew.  
The icy waters and  
the morning dew.

Your howls could be heard  
from the mountain high.  
The snow blew east,  
across the sky.

The stars they shone,  
and I could see,  
the path you took,  
led straight to me.

Come my friend,  
your visit is overdue.  
I have missed your presence.  
your honest view.

The cold night air,  
is all you knew.  
The icy waters and the  
morning dew.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# A Confused State.

Here I am in a confused state,  
not knowing which way to go.  
Everything seems to be falling apart.  
Its no wonder I am feeling low.

The constant repetition,  
is enough to drive you mad.  
The misinformation and lies  
are enough to make you sad.

And this hole they are digging,  
gets deeper by the day.  
Is it not what I have said.  
Did I not say?

I wish they would spit it out.  
Just tell the truth for once.  
That they have been telling lies  
and covering up for months.

Here I am no longer in a confused state,  
Knowing which way to go.  
Everything seems to be staying together.  
Its no wonder I have this glow.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Night And Her Train Of Stars.

The night and her train of stars,  
looked blissfully over you and I.  
The dark blue velvet sky,  
with its twinkling dots of gold,  
was something to be in awe of,  
and had stories to be told.

Of planets conjuncting at times.  
Of eclipses coming alive.  
Of moons being full or new.  
Of star constellations that grew.

The night and her train of stars,  
Shines a protective light on us.  
Guiding us on our way,  
no matter where we may.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Painting: Night and her train of stars by Edward Robert Hughes (1912) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# I Carry You In My Heart.

I carry you in my heart.  
It makes the pain a little lighter.  
I remember our time together  
when things were a little brighter.

You lit up every room you walked in too.  
Your smile was a pick me up  
on days when I felt no sun.  
When I was in your company,  
I had no need to hide or run.

We had fun together,  
talking about silly things.  
How my heart ached for you.  
How it now stings.

I carry you in my heart.  
I try and convince myself  
the pain is lighter.  
I remember our time together,  
when things were very much brighter ??

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# A Very Difficult Game Indeed.

A very difficult game indeed,  
it is so hard to proceed.  
With every twist and turn  
they come up with something new.  
I think somethings amiss in their head,  
maybe a screw.

They come up with rules  
which they themselves don't abide.  
They ruin peoples lives  
And tell many lies.

They do not care about you and I.  
They are rubbing their hands together,  
for no matter which way it goes,  
they are laughing all the way to the bank  
to their millions that grow.

They cover up their dealings,  
hoping we do not find out.  
They think we are too preoccupied  
to notice or to shout.

But now I think they realise their days are outnumbered,  
I see it in their face, they look a tad disrumped.  
They realise we have awakened  
and seen that they are a disgrace!  
They are not going win against the human race!

A very difficult game indeed.  
It seems hard to proceed.  
But we must go ahead with courage and fight  
if we are to win and succeed.??

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Based on Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland (c) .



# In The Loneliness Of The Night.

In the loneliness of the night,  
when everything is quiet,  
and all you hear is the wind,  
tapping lightly on your window pane,  
remember what we had,  
even if you are sad,  
for our memories, they were good,  
We grew and we understood.

As with everything in life,  
there is no wrong or right.  
The situations are there,  
sometimes created by despair.  
But you learn if you choose.  
You have nothing to lose.  
Carry on with your day.  
Be happy, come what may.

In the loneliness of the night,  
when everything is quiet,  
and all you hear is the last geese  
flying on its way.  
And the morning light appears,  
it rises and does not fear.  
What lays ahead will come,  
but we will face it anyway.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# A Beautiful Night.

A beautiful night it is,  
as I sit out under the moonlight.  
The air is light and breezy,  
as it softly touches my shoulders,  
and proceeds to the thin branches,  
of a birch somewhat older.

A moth flies under the street light.  
Around and around it goes.  
A hare runs down the road,  
probably running away from its foes.

A stag appears from behind the big oak,  
nibbling at pastures green.  
He stares at me,  
we are old friends who meet in the  
summer evenings.  
Sometimes he sleeps under my apple tree.

Yes it is a beautiful night,  
and I might aswell enjoy,  
for soon it will be winter,  
and we must then say goodbye.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# I See You And You See Me.

I see you and you see me.  
We do not care about the world  
and all its hate.  
We carry on, play in the street  
and go home before its too late.

We hug and kiss,  
We are friends that grow.  
We love each others company.  
We learn new things everyday,  
together it is always fun to be.

To us it does not matter whether  
we are black or white.  
We don't care about things like that.  
We just want to play till the end of the day  
and follow the old ginger cat.

I see you and you see me.  
We see our true beings.  
I hope with time nothing changes,  
it won't, if we do not listen to others  
biased feelings.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c)

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# Daylight Comes And Then It Goes.

Daylight comes and then it goes,  
and nothing ever seems to change.  
I have my dreams.  
I have my hopes.  
But they are not within range.

Its hard to feel,  
in an unfeeling world,  
where no one understands.  
The path I go on  
is never straight,  
but follows different strands.

I wish things could be different,  
I really do,  
But thats not the case for me.  
The daylight comes and then it goes  
and reveals what I need to see.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c)

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# You Are To Me My Everything.

You are to me my everything,  
and even though we are apart.  
You are in my thoughts daily,  
it has been like this from the start.

The days go by so slowly,  
but you are never far away.  
I feel your thoughts and feelings,  
as if you were beside me today.

So close your eyes and think of me,  
as I think fondly of you.  
And one day our dreams will come true,  
our love is here to rule.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# Do You Ever Wonder?

Do you ever wonder,  
if we took a different path.  
Would our lives be any different  
or would they be full of wrath.

I kind of think they would be different.  
Totally from the way they are today.  
But nobody really knows.  
Its kind of hard to say.

And as I look out my window,  
I am hoping there you would be.  
Just standing there,  
But its all in my fantasy.

For you are happy where you are.  
You do not want a different life.  
Even though its not all you want,  
it does for now, because you dont need the strife.

And I will continue down my path,  
maybe meet someone new.  
I will always wonder and I think one day you will too.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Veil.

The veil between our world and the next  
is thinning every day.

And with it more is being revealed  
and those who have done evil  
acts will have to pay.

There will be no more cover ups,  
no more hiding the truth.  
We will protect our Children  
and get rid of the sickness  
which is the root.

They think that all their money  
will protect them in the end.  
They think we are fooled by everything  
that they send.

But there is no hiding for them,  
no running away.  
The lions gate is soon open  
and it is here to stay.

They think by telling lies and  
making unreal episodes,  
that we do not see their untruths,  
that we do not see their souls.

But we see the darkness, the depths of their evil acts, .  
And with the light of our strength,  
we will banish them away.  
Our love is here to stay.

So this time is for all of us to stand together in faith.  
Not to believe everything that is said,  
for the media is their bait.

The veil between the worlds is thinning every day.  
Our hopes for a better place, lies within us all.  
Search deep and find yourself

and break down their walls.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Sometimes I Hear The Sound.

Sometimes I hear the sound,  
of music playing from the woods.  
It whistles through the trees,  
lilting beautifully amid the buds.

I often wonder who played this  
cheerful note.  
The music lifts my spirits high.  
The words are softly written.  
The birds join in, I sigh.

It sounds like nature joining in,  
my head is in a spin.  
So lovely is the sound.  
I wonder where its owner can be found.

And in the midst of my walk,  
I see a vision of peace.  
Surrounded by many animals,  
wanting the music not to cease.

And as I hid behind the big oak tree,  
she played so beautifully.  
A young woman in cloths of green,  
Her fingers so slenderly.

The harp she played was gold.  
It looked very old.  
From a time when men were bold  
and many stories were untold.

This lady who skillfully played  
and memorised everyone who stayed.  
They listened with a gleam in their eye.  
I waited, I could not say goodbye.

The night came and it was time to go.  
Whatever happened to her, I do not know.  
The sound appears from time to time.

Between the birch and the pine.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Happy Pride.

Shine your colours bright.  
Live your truth.  
Love and harmony,  
is the root.  
Of all joy in our world.  
Let your words be heard,  
be your true self.  
Let us join together  
and not separate our herd.  
Love who you choose,  
and live your life your way.  
I raise a glass to you all  
on this Happy Pride Day.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com



# Lost.

Lost in the feeling of loneliness,  
as time goes by so slowly.  
Wondering will I ever see you,  
as the days pass by so solely.

Lost in my thoughts of memories.  
Some overshadowed by time.  
How I wish we were together.  
So I would not have to pine.

My love for you will last a lifetime.  
My heart is full of peace.  
Why is it at times I feel so lost?  
I wish these feelings would cease.

Lost in the feeling of loneliness,  
as time goes by so slowly.  
Wondering will I ever see you,  
as the days pass by so solely.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# They Do Not Really Understand.

They do not really understand,  
how hard it is,  
to live your life in the darkness,  
without any bliss.

To try and take all the strength that you have,  
to do just one thing.  
How hard that is.  
Oh but what joy it brings.

They do not really understand,  
the thoughts in your head.  
The many different voices,  
their words that made you bleed.

And you try and you try  
and each day is a challenge.  
You do not give up your hope,  
you try to ease the damage.

All you want is someone to be there.  
Someone to hug you and really care.  
Someone to listen and not say a word.  
Someone who understands and that you are heard.

No. They do not really understand.  
They are too preoccupied to care.  
Maybe one day it will happen to them,  
and then they will understand and learn.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Blame Game.

The blame game is easy to play.  
Just choose your victim and say,  
that they are responsible,  
for all the bad in the world.  
Don't look to yourself,  
in case you don't like what you find  
when you delve.

You do not try to understand,  
for you might find the truth,  
that all evil stems from hatred,  
ignorance and fear.  
Do not open your eyes,  
for it is easier to look yourself in the mirror.  
Sure it does not tell you any lies.

And when you find your victim,  
a person who was done wrong.  
You have a long list of bad things,  
they may or may not have done.

Instead of looking at the problem,  
you try to cover it up.  
You play the blame game.  
You throw out the muck.

Until we stop sticking our heads  
in the sand, and admit our own shortcomings,  
we will always land, in that place of limbo,  
where nothing is ever solved.  
No CHANGE, until we evolve.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# It Has Been Said.

It has been said,  
that we cannot have the light without the dark.

It has been said,  
we cannot have joy without some  
sadness.

And in those moments when we are together,  
I can feel your joy and your pain.  
You are my sunshine when it rains.

For in us all is a dark side,  
that we sometimes do not face.  
We all have some demons,  
which we try to battle with grace.

So on those days when your darkness  
takes you to a place of gloom.  
I will come and comfort you,  
and take you to a garden where flowers bloom.

And you can do the same for me.  
Show me the other side.  
So I can try to understand,  
the things that you hide.

It has been said,  
that we cannot have the light without the dark.

It has been said,  
we cannot have joy without some  
sadness.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c)

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Stay There.

Stay there locked in your prison  
of empty dreams and ruin.  
Stay there where you feel safe,  
and where nothing will consume.

Do not venture out into the big bad world.  
You might need to feel,  
you might need to be heard,  
you might need to deal.

Do not reveal your inner most  
feelings.  
Not even to me.  
Stay like a hermit.  
Hide away,  
I will let you be.

And one day when you come looking,  
I will be a long time gone.  
I cannot wait forever,  
the feeling of loneliness is strong.

Stay there locked in your prison,  
of empty dreams and ruin.  
Stay there where you feel safe,  
and where nothing will consume.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# I See Your Face.

I see your face  
and within every crevice,  
I know there is a story to tell,  
of lifes hardships and of all  
that went bad and all that went well.

No one knows of your deep thoughts,  
for you have never revealed,  
not even to those to whom your love was sealed.

And in every dark shadow and every dent,  
there was a day that was bad  
and a day that was well spent.

And there were days were you dreamed  
and it kept you alive.

And others when you drank  
and all you could do was to dive,  
into the depths of despair.  
You did not care.

But now you are content.  
You have lived lifes path.  
You have loved and you have suffered  
other peoples wrath.

But you have learned that life brings  
good things and bad.  
It brings also happy days and sad.  
But the most important thing you  
have learnt on this road,  
is that sometimes you can meet an angel  
and that they are worth more than gold.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Dove.

The dove of peace and light,  
that flies so softly by.  
The dove that makes things right,  
in a world of dismay and lies.

Your calmness gives us hope.  
Your strenght uplifts our souls.  
We continue our journey  
for we now know our goals.

And now when we look in the mirror,  
and we can truly see,  
what we tried to hide and not face.  
What we can really be.

Peace will come to our world  
when the lust for power ceases.  
Until we understand this fact,  
Everything will always be in pieces.  
For peace within ourselves, spreads to all others.  
No more fighting our demons.  
No more running for cover.

So little dove fly by so peacefully high.  
You are a sign of hope and love,  
that will come in time.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# You Are The Sunlight.

You are the sunlight to my moon.  
You are my happy, when sad days doom.  
You are my brightness in a room.  
My hope when everything lays in ruin.

Your smile lights up my day.  
There is warmth in everything you say.  
You give me strength and power,  
so I survive my falling towers.

And in my lonely hours,  
when I am here with my thoughts.  
My mind lights up everytime,  
I remember you and everytime we talked.

You are the sunlight to my moon.  
You are my happy, when sad days doom.  
You are my brightness in a room.  
Come and see me soon.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# A New Path.

Forever lost you were,  
Always trying to find yourself.  
Trying to get to know who you really were  
under those reams of forgotten layers.

What was it you wanted to do?  
What was your dream come true?  
Have you forgotten how it is to be?  
Come and let us see.

I will show you a new path,  
that leads to peaceful thoughts.  
Where your night time dreams  
are full of pleasant scenes  
and not of terrible wroughts.

I will show you new ways  
of doing things,  
a new way of living free.  
Forget all that's gone before you,  
come and let us be.

This is a new time and age.  
Time for a brand new start.  
Keep shining your lamp.  
Keep shining the light in your heart.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# I Return To My Trees.

I return to my trees  
and the heavens above me.  
I return to all I had forgotten  
and all I had not seen.

I understand more each meaning.  
I realise what I had closed my eyes to,  
and now my walls are not blocked.  
My heart is unlocked.

I know that in life we need a balance,  
for everything to work.  
But we also need to face things  
and not cover up what lurks.

I return to my trees  
and the heavens above me.  
I return to their beauty  
and their undying love.

Dod yn ol at fy nghoed.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Run, Run, Run Away.

Run, run, run away,  
flee from all your fear.  
Cover up, don't seek the sun,  
don't breathe in the fresh air.

Listen, listen to all they say,  
do not use your brain.  
Follow, follow every hysteria  
till it drives you insane.

Do not listen to the experts,  
for you know more than them.  
Listen to the media and other idiots,  
sure their stories stem.

We never learn from history.  
We always make the same mistakes.  
Why do we ever call ourselves,  
the so called 'Human' race.

PoemHunter.com

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# As I Ponder.

As I ponder,  
on a day like this.  
When the raindrops splash against my window,  
and I drink a glass of wine in bliss.

When I think of you,  
my cheeks turn red.  
My dreams of you  
are bloomingly stealth.

Drip drop against my window pane.  
Why do you drive me insane.  
Colours of the rainbow I can endure.  
Let us fathom and explore.

As I ponder,  
on a day like this.  
When the raindrops splash against my window,  
and I drink a glass of wine in bliss.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Nothing Is Impossible.

Nothing is impossible,  
even when you are in the depths of despair.  
Believe in yourself  
and you are halfway there.

No one can do it for you.  
For no one knows your dreams.  
You are the one,  
that can build it in reams.

Your strength comes from within.  
You have what it takes.  
You have to dare,  
even when it aches.

Build your self esteem.  
No turning back.  
Do what it takes,  
Until you are King or Queen.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# You Did Not Believe In Me.

You did not believe in me.  
When you looked you saw something else.  
But what you saw was what you already held.

Broken dreams and people who let you down.  
You were unable to wear your crown.  
They pretended that they cared for you.  
But you knew in your heart that their words were untrue.  
Then I came along,  
and you started to dream anew.

Please believe me when I say I care.  
To me you are all I will dare.  
Your arms around me,  
is all I need.  
Please believe me,  
I will consede.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Over Dublin's Rooftops.

Over Dublin's Rooftops,  
I see St Michan's Church,  
and the Liffey to its right.  
I see the tower of Irish Whiskey  
as it overlooks fondly on Smithfield  
with its cobblestones and lamps so tall.  
I see the four Courts all in grey and the  
top of the Dublin Mountains on this clear day.

And as I look to the other side I see the road  
that leads to my old home.  
When I walk up there,  
ghosts of my former life run past me  
ever so swiftly.  
Things are not the same  
and it often feels empty,  
when you cannot go home  
and have a chat with your nearest and dearest.  
They are long gone but the memories remain.  
Still nothing is the same.

Over Dublin's rooftops we hear the chiming of the bell.  
Which brings back memories of Sunday Mass and a visit to Granny, before  
heading home for roast dinner and icecream and jelly.

When I think back now,  
Life was easy and simple,  
less stress than it is today.  
And we never really appreciate  
what we have, until it is sadly taken away.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c)

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# My Friendly Ghost

As the last glimpse of light  
leaves the day,  
And all the trees gently sway.  
I walk through the forest slowly,  
remembering things my mind had swept away.

And in those lonely moments,  
little flickers of memories  
come running past  
and little snippets of conversations  
when you were here last.

I cannot deny that I miss you  
and it is in these days that I feel it most.  
Now you are just a memory,  
my friendly ghost.

I smile when I remember our dance.  
I recollect every step.  
Your music was beauty to my ears.  
Your words had so much depth.

It gives me little consolation for you are long gone.  
I close my eyes so tightly  
and try to hear your song.

Maybe in our next life,  
we will have the chance to meet again.  
All I can do is ponder ...until then.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# As The Hours Fade.

As the hours fade  
and all turns to darkness,  
I am not afraid  
because you are beside me.  
The shadows may engulf me,  
but you are there,  
holding me tightly  
and keeping all harm away.

Anything can come,  
it does not matter.  
Any storm can brew  
and lightening and thunder  
can scream through the sky.  
But as long as you are there,  
I am not afraid,  
as the hours fade.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Wind Is Blowing.

The wind is blowing harshly against my window pane.  
Its sound is rough and daunting,  
as it whistles through the lane.  
The old oak tree outside is swaying to and fro.  
The leaves are swirling past,  
not really knowing where to go.

The little blackbird finds shelter under the bush.  
The majestic swan is gliding,  
not even in a rush.  
Now the clouds are fiercely taking over the sky.  
The birds disappear till  
everything calms down,  
at least they try.

And in the midst of the storm,  
the sun suddenly appears.  
Its light shines down so heavenly,  
on the rains tears.

The wind is calmer now,  
no more loud noise.  
You can hear the seagulls in the distance,  
you can hear their screeching voice.

The wind is blowing harshly against my window pane.  
Its sound is rough and daunting,  
as it whistles through the lane.  
I am quite content to be inside  
and listen to the rain.  
Knowing that afterwards,  
everything is going to be the same.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# A Woman's Heart.

A woman's heart is an ocean  
full of secrets.

It takes years of unravelling  
the mysterious depths.

She will only reveal what  
she wants you to know.

So steady there and be careful  
where you go.

In time she will trust you.

Be gentle with her heart.

It's been broken before,  
but now she wants a new start.

It's a new journey along a pathway unknown.

But she is willing to give you a chance.

So don't let it be blown.

Life is full of thorns, but it can be also a dance.

A woman's heart is an ocean  
full of secrets.

It takes years of unravelling  
the mysterious depths.

She will only reveal what  
she wants you to know.

Time will tell if love has grown.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Daylight Comes.

Daylight comes,  
just another day.  
Your heart beats,  
one heartbeat away.  
The birds sing as if to say,  
'Open your window, let us sing for you today'.

And all around, is a deep sadness, a deep worry.  
For none of us know what tomorrow brings.  
'But hasn't it been like that since the beginning of time.  
Worry never solved anything.  
It just complicates things.

Daylight comes,  
just another day.  
Your heart beats,  
one heartbeat away.  
The birds sing as if to say.  
'A new day is here and it brings hope for you today'.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# She Was Not From This World.

She was not from this world.  
She did not do ordinary things.  
You would not find her in the street,  
but maybe down the park sitting on a swing.  
Looking up at the stars,  
thinking deeply about everything  
and nothing in particular.  
The world was her oyster and many adventures had she,  
on her own by the sea.  
Admiring a seashell or an incoming wave.  
Making sandcastles or finding  
a lost hiddenaway cave.  
She was not from this world,  
but from lost forgotten times.  
She liked to be on her own.  
she did not at all mind.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Do You Think I Really Care?

Do you think I really care,  
what you think of me.  
Did you think that I spend my days  
worrying about your thoughts.  
When you never bothered to show me  
that you cared.  
When you were never there.

No I rarely think of you.  
Just a passing memory on some days.  
When I am deep in thought  
your face comes to mind.  
Another place, another time.

Do I really care what you think of me?  
Why should I care, I can be nonchalant  
and in the freedom of knowing who I really am,  
I do not care and I do what I want.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Where Is The Joy?

Where is the joy in this dark and gloomy room?  
Is it hiding in the shadows of lost forgotten days?  
Or when the music box begins to play?  
Or in our silent dreams at the break of day?

Where is the joy?  
When daylight comes and drizzles through broken window pane.  
when the wind fiercely comes down the chimney and gushes through the room.  
When the sound of the rain pelting against this old house.  
Does it take away your gloom?

For there is joy in the small things of life.  
There is joy even when there is strife.  
Those everyday things like reading a book,  
can bring joy and happiness  
if we really look.

Where is the joy?  
Hiding in shadows of lost forgotten days.  
The broken box of photos laying at the foot of the bed.  
The joy is in the box,  
when all is done and said.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Clock.

The Clock is ticking loud and clear,  
as it always does in the hallway.  
And as each second and minute disappears,  
we know this time is lost for always.

We cannot get it back.  
We can just remember how it was.  
We can remember the lack,  
or begin to fill it up with fun days.

For the Clock it ticks for no one,  
it has a life of its own.  
The hands they keep on turning,  
round and round they go.

So let us fill our hours, days and nights,  
with laughter, smiles and joys.  
The clock it can keep ticking  
and we won't mind the noise.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# There Is So Much Beauty In The World.

There is so much beauty in the world.  
if we just could open our eyes and see.  
But we are always so busy,  
not taking the time to be.

The fragrance of the apple blossoms,  
the soft touch on your cheek of a cool breeze.  
All these things are signs of beauty,  
that never tend to cease.

And even at night we have the moon and see its  
loveliness as it leers.  
The stars they glisten and shine down on us like  
diamonds.  
They are everything that we should hold dear.

So open your mind and your Eyes.  
Pay attention each day,  
Your life will be filled with joy.  
Do not let your worries take it away.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# And Then The Sky Was Clear.

After everything had been closed  
for a few months.

We all came out one day,  
and what a wondrous sight  
we saw, that nothing could delay.

The sky was the clearest blue,  
that it had been in a long, long time.  
The air smelt so fresh,  
nothing left of the grime.

Beautiful flowers lay all around.  
The Swans even appeared.  
The universe was teaching us a lesson.  
To which we were not geared.

It was time for us to take care  
of our world.  
To take care of those in need.  
For us to be better humans  
and not think of just the greed.

So maybe from now on we will  
remember,  
so it does not happen again.  
Our skies are clearer now,  
let us rejoice and say Amen.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh(c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Where Are The Roses You Promised Me?

Where are the roses you promised me?  
The ones with petals so soft as the mornings breeze.  
Where are the words you whispered to me?  
Written down at your ease.

The roses smelt of rich perfume.  
Your words were easy to consume.  
Your song I was delighted to hear,  
It was so nice to have you near.

But of course I was dreaming  
and you were far, far away.  
Living your life,  
and here I had to stay.

Where are the roses you promised me?  
The ones with petals so soft  
as the mornings breeze.  
Where are the words you  
whispered to me?  
Gone, they also had to cease.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The High Priestess.

She lives in her small temple  
on the peak of the mountain.  
Behind her the tree of life  
and the fountain.

She is a symbol of fertility and the divine.  
Behind her the pillars which represents  
duality,  
the masculine and feminine.

She connects to the natural cycles of the moon.  
The time of Aquarius is coming soon.  
The sacred knowledge will only be revealed,  
when mankind is ready to look beyond  
the material realm and concede.

For the veil between spirit and the physical realms  
is getting thinner.  
We must listen more to our intuition and subconscious mind.  
The High Priestess is a divine ruler.  
If we listen, she will help us all to align.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# I Was Dreaming About Something.

I was dreaming about something,  
that you could not see.  
And I hoped in my heart,  
in time you would feel,  
that my love for you,  
would always stay  
nothing could ever drive it away.

It does not matter that we are apart.  
It does not matter if we have to wait.  
I knew when we looked at each other that day,  
those feelings would never go away.

And as time has passed by,  
after lessons that we both have learnt.  
We are both getting older and the loneliness isn't  
deserved.  
And no matter where you are in this cold and unfair  
world,  
remember there is a place,  
where I listen fondly to your words.

I was dreaming about something,  
that you could not see.  
And I hoped in my heart,  
in time you would feel,  
that my love for you,  
would always stay.  
Nothing could ever drive it away.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh(c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# We Cannot See Them.

We cannot see them,  
though they are there.  
Some of us can sense them  
like the rain in the air.

Generations before us,  
still staying around,  
to see if we need help  
not making a sound.

Our animals can see them,  
sometimes they look strange,  
looking over our shoulder  
looking a bit deranged.

They are here to protect us,  
to keep danger away.  
Our guardian angels,  
that will always stay.

So in times of need,  
pay attention to the wind chimes,  
blowing softly in the night air,  
for maybe you will hear an angels prayer.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# You Have Forsaken Me.

You have forsaken me.  
I do not feel your presence anymore.  
The day has become night.  
The sun has become the moon.  
Heaven is lost, everything is doom and gloom.

The flowers do not bring any beauty.  
The sky feels like a dark cloak  
hovering above.  
I do not feel your presence.  
Where is your love?

You have forsaken me.  
I do not hear your voice.  
When all is said and done  
you had a choice.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Lion And The Lamb

The lion and the lamb  
are as one.  
Just like softness and strength.  
The two combined  
are heaven sent.

Through them we learn humility  
and courage in times of need.  
Through them we learn simplicity  
and when we must heed.

The lion and the lamb  
are as one.  
Just like softness and strength.  
The two of them combined  
are heaven sent.

Verse. Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



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# Where We Once Walked.

Where we once walked,  
I do recall.  
That beautiful place in the forest,  
where the trees grow tall.  
Where the branches intertwine,  
as if to say.  
' Come join us and stay'.  
Where the ground is covered with flower blooms.  
Where the sunlight drizzles through  
and is seen reflected in the small puddles of water.  
Where the wild mushrooms gather around the ends of the tree.  
A place where we could saunter.  
And every inch I do remember,  
for it was where I felt such joy.  
It was not only that I walked with you.  
It was for the ambience too.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# She Had Hair As Red As A Ruby.

She had hair as red as a ruby.  
Eyes the colour of a turquoise sea.  
She was quiet and mysterious.  
She would let your imagination run free.

Bold and brave she was.  
Stood up for those who needed to rise.  
She belonged to another world,  
not seen by human eyes.

At night she would come,  
when the human folk were asleep.  
She would walk into their rooms.  
when they were dreaming deep.

She would sing into their ear,  
a sweet lullaby.  
Change their mood from down to high.  
Give them hope and give them pride.  
So when they awoke they could decide.

And with her always was her little sweet friend.  
Her little black crow who followed her to no end.  
He would accompany her wherever she went.  
Spending time with him was a day well spent.

She had hair as red as a ruby.  
Eyes the colour of a turquoise sea.  
I hope one night when you are dreaming,  
she will come and visit thee.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# As The Rain Falls.

As the rain falls down heavily,  
and washes everything away.  
The dark sky brightens up  
with flashes of lightening as if to say  
"Hurry up, go on home, do not stay"  
And as the water takes away the leaves and all the decay,  
the shores are brimming full  
and must be emptied without delay.

The trees are blowing fiercely and they sway.  
Everything is wet and dreary including me.  
My umbrella blows inside out  
and then away, I see.

Of home I go or at least I try to.  
I am blown from left to right as I cross the road.  
The rain pelts down some more,  
oh what a down pour.

Home at last, I take off my wet clothes.  
A nice hot cup of tea should do the trick.  
Looking out the window as the rain falls,  
glad to be inside these four walls.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# What Is Happiness?

What is happiness?

Is it the peace in ones heart  
after a long fight?

Is it a quiet moment in the calm  
surrounds of beauty and light?

Is it spending time with loved ones,  
walking by the sea?

Is it just doing what you want  
and letting everything be?

Is it finally accepting who you are?

Is it travelling to places near or far?

Is it finishing a project and having success in what you do?

Is it reading a book or looking at a picture you drew?

Happiness means different things to different people.

Life is full of its moments

and some can catch you by surprise.

Little things like a blooming flower

or a golden sunrise.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Night Time Comes.

Night time comes,  
my favourite time of day.  
The stars are shining  
and the night air softly breezes away.

The nightingale sings,  
its beautiful song.  
I wish for the night  
to be very long.

So that I can dream of you,  
and all the things you do.  
I escape in the dark,  
remembering the view.

A long sleep I will have,  
a soft pillow to lay on.  
Your strong arms around me,  
I will dream, dream till dawn.

Night time comes,  
my favourite time of the day,  
the stars are shining,  
and the night air softly breezes away.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Full Moon.

The full moon lights up the night for me.  
And in the shadows you playfully be,  
under the stars that shone so bright.  
Oh what a wonderful night!  
You sway and glide,  
your spirit alive  
and with each movement,  
your glow puts me in a trance.  
Oh what a wonderful dance!  
I could sit here all night  
under this wondrous light,  
feeling the warmth from the fire,  
longing in desire.  
Oh what a wonderful sight!

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



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# Let Us Dance.

Let us dance.

Let us put on our joyful clothes,  
and with the sound of music,  
lift our bodies to the sun.

For in our life,  
it is these moments,  
when we can run free,  
and delight in every pleasure.  
Let us dance like no ones looking,  
and enjoy the freedom it gives us and the great joy.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# In The Limelight.

When you are up on your stage,  
and looking down at the vast crowd,  
is it worth it in the end  
all the years you did spend,  
in the limelight.

Everyone wants a piece.  
They are not happy with something small.  
Everyone wants to hug you, kiss you.  
Are you able to feel anything at all.

And when you go home and you are on your own,  
whats left to do, but look at your phone.  
What once gave you joy and a rush,  
leaves you empty and forlorn,  
you wish you could just sweep it all away with a brush.

For the streets you once walked  
are history to you.  
Your life is not your own,  
its divided in two.

The one part on display when  
hysteria erupts.  
But now you know how to play.  
You know your own downs and ups.

And one day when you look back  
and see what you achieved.  
You will see that you gave so much joy and hope,  
and that it was so well received.  
But is the price worth it,  
to be in the limelight,  
or would you rather have an ordinary life.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c)

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# Sometimes I Wonder.

Sometimes I wonder when I look into your eyes,  
do you feel how I feel or is it all lies.  
Deep in my soul is a burning desire.  
Baby, my heart is on fire.

The hope that I feel is that you want the same.  
This life is hard darling, no ones to blame.  
The sound of your voice, drives me insane.  
You are having dark thoughts, let me take away your pain.  
And in the small hours of the morning,  
when you feel my soft caress.  
May all your cares and worries be gone,  
no more stress.

Sometimes I wonder when I look in your eyes,  
do you feel how I feel or is it all lies.  
Deep in my soul is a burning desire.  
Baby, my heart is on fire.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Homeless.

Your home is a cardboard box.  
Your pillow a few newspapers.  
You sleep on the street corner  
under the night sky.  
And as you lie there looking  
up at the gleaming stars,  
you ask yourself how and why?

How did this happen?  
This dreary life of yours.  
It can happen to anyone  
behind closed doors.  
Addictions, illnesses, loss of jobs  
are only a few of the reasons  
that drove your heart to sob.

And some people treat you like dirt,  
with their so judgemental ways.  
Call you a "bum"  
and look at you with disdain.  
When they come out of the pub,  
they kick your cardboard box.  
Stupid ignorant people  
who have to learn lots.

But some days are good.  
Some days you meet a kind soul,  
who will buy you some coffee and a ham roll.  
Who will chat for awhile and give you a hug.  
Who will treat you like a human being.  
Who will not shrug.  
And each day you dream  
that your life will change.  
That you will wake up one morning  
and everything won't look so strange.  
That you have people around you,  
that will give you love and care.  
That's all anyone wants,  
just someone to be there.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# A Letter.

A letter I write to thee my love.  
A short note written hastily  
in the moist night air.  
The wind is blowing fiercely outside  
as the sands swirl high to where they dare.

I try to find the words to write.  
The candle flickers in the dead of night.  
My heart paces quickly too and fro.  
Where my path will lead me, I do not know.

My letter is to Egypt and also to you.  
I cannot live this life without your love.  
My impatience is getting worse,  
as our story has been written above.

Our past lives have reappeared  
and will do so till we meet.  
It is not so easy to see you  
and not to touch my sweet.

A letter I write to thee my love.  
A short note written hastily  
in the moist night air.  
The wind is blowing fiercely outside  
if you come to me, if we dare.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Every Storm Runs Out Of Rain.

Every storm runs out of rain and every dark night turns into day.

Thats what I have heard and thats what you say.

But sometimes it takes way longer,  
to get yourself out of your dark pit.  
When some days you want to stay in bed,  
and on others you want to look out the window  
and just sit.  
And all the things that once made you glad,  
you have no interest in anymore.  
Your friends try their best,  
but you don't even open the door.

You get up everyday and try and do your best.  
But the darkness still hangs over you.  
Some days put you to the test.

Every storm runs out of rain and every dark night turns into day.

Thats what I have heard and thats what you say.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The House Of Shadows.

The house of shadows,  
was hidden away,  
in the new forest  
and at the light of day,  
you might catch a glimpse,  
if you looked to the east  
as the sun danced on the broken window panes  
and teased.

And in the corridors you could hear a lightly spring of  
steps.  
A door slamming shut,  
and tears that were wept.

And in the shadows you could make out,  
the outlines of people that were once about.  
Maids in their uniforms,  
children at play.  
Grandmothers having their tea in the middle of the day.

Smells of baking in the kitchen downstairs.  
The small tinkle of tea cups as their owners enjoyed,  
their afternoon pleasure before everything became void.

And in the evening the piano played,  
you could hear the lilting music  
as the curtains swayed.  
A couple would dance on the patio,  
oh it was along time ago.

In the parlour an old grandfather pondered over some  
books.  
On the top of the stairs some  
children were peering down,  
seeing what was happening  
until their mother appeared in her gown.

The house of shadows never went to sleep.  
The sound of laughter heard so deep.

Within its walls those that remain,  
are here to stay sun, wind or rain.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# We Will Not Evolve.

Until we forget old prejudices,  
we will not evolve.  
Until we stop hating,  
nothing will be solved.

I see everyday the ignorance  
that surrounds our nations.  
We are not a colour, a religion, a size  
or a sexual inclination.

People are still living in the past,  
carrying their burdens and making them last.  
Passing their ignorance to the next generation.  
The hatred continues down the ancestral formation.

We are spirits surrounded by skin.  
We come from the same energy,  
our souls shining within.  
If we could only look and see each others true selves,  
instead of what we believe to be real,  
Life would be much easier for us to deal.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# Those Who Don't Believe In Magic.

Those who don't believe in magic  
will never find it.

Those who do not look  
will never see,  
the beauty that surrounds them,  
our lives, what sets us free.

The greatest secrets are found  
in the unlikely places.  
There is magic in the smallest touch.  
The world is our oyster.  
We can learn so much.

So start to believe in magic.  
Start to believe in yourself.  
You can create your destiny.  
You can seek and delve.

Those who don't believe in magic  
will never believe in fantasy.  
Brighten up your world,  
see all the good in you and me.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Come To Me.

Come to me  
and in that place where silence dawns,  
lay your head on my pillow  
and softly dream of days gone by.

Dream, dream and in those dreams  
live your wildest love.  
Echoes from the past will consume you  
just for a little while.

And when the darkness leaves  
and the Sunlight trickles through the window,  
the hope for a new day arrives  
and with it my deep love for you.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



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# Can We Remember.

Can we remember to say  
how much we love the people  
in our lives.

Can we remember to show them  
how important they are  
and how fine.

Can we make them feel loved  
with our warmth and kindness.  
Can we put our arms around them  
and take away their tiredness.

It is with love and only love  
that the darkness fades away.  
It is through love that the light  
will come each day.

It is not easy to be strong.  
But if we help each other  
we cannot go wrong.

So remember to say how much  
you love the people in your life.  
For one day it will be too late  
and the sadness will arrive.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Happy New Year.

Happy New Year to everyone.  
May all your Dreams come true.  
May this year bring happiness and sun.  
May you find peace and you.

We won't forget the past  
or all who were a part of it.  
But it is time to walk new paths  
and to piece together our new life bit by bit.

So look to new pastures green.  
Look to peace and harmony.  
May 2024 be a healthy one.  
Happy New Year to everyone.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# We Are Different Yet Alike.

We are different yet alike  
in so many ways my darling.  
Our hearts beat to the same drum.  
What we feel is so alarming.

I see the games you play  
not for mischief or to do me harm.  
You want to find out my depths  
what I hide deep inside.  
It takes time, don't rush the ride.

I see your pain.  
I feel your love.  
I recognise your reasons  
that made you question the above.

You are my light on my darkest days.  
You give me strength to fight the haze.  
Don't ever leave me, don't ever go.  
My heart is yours.  
I love you so.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Creatures Of The Night.

We are creatures of the night  
you and I.  
Creatures of shadows and streams of light,  
flickering through the trees.

We blend in with the night sky  
and we only exist,  
when the diamondy light of the stars  
finds its way to the highlights of our hair.

Softly we walk through the maze of trees.  
Trying not to wake the other sleeping animals.  
Some are awake as we.  
Looking for food or running swiftly over hill and vale.

The moon is shining fondly down.  
The air is cool and crisp.  
In the distance the water is trickling  
down the side of the mountain,  
as the wind is blowing through the trees.

Yes we are creatures of the night.  
It is our time and place to be.  
Enjoying our time together.  
Living our life so free.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# A Long Wait.

Its a long wait and time is passing by.  
Memories erupt as I look to the sky.  
Waiting and waiting till that day,  
you come to me and stay.

Healing takes time  
and we must do it apart.  
Feeling your pain  
breaks my heart.  
Trying to cope with each passing day.  
It gets harder, so much dismay.  
Remembering our past lifes  
helps me convey,  
my true love for you  
and it takes away the grey.

Its a long wait and time is passing by.  
Memories errupt as I look to the sky.  
Waiting and waiting till that day,  
you come to me and stay.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh(c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# I Wonder Sometimes.

I wonder sometimes  
about life and all it entails.  
Is it worth the heartbreak  
and endless effort that pales.

When you give and you give  
and your hopes disappear,  
through a fathom of everyday desires  
that exasperate into the atmosphere.

When you love and you love  
so deeply,  
Yet still in vain,  
and nothing can take away the pain.

But you still have a little hope  
which you hold dearly.  
You try your best  
and you continue on the road,  
so fearly.

For in hope and in faith,  
we still believe in true love  
and all it holds so dear.  
And I hope you realise  
to me you are all I hold so rare &3

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# Don't Give Up On Your Dreams.

Don't give up on your dreams,  
even when life gets hard.  
Try and try again.  
Learn from every discard.

Some will say you can't do it.  
Others will put you off.  
Believe in yourself and  
don't mind their scoffs.

We all have dreams.  
We have had them since we were kids.  
Along the way some were discarded.  
Others fell through the grid.

Life is short.  
So follow your dream.  
Do what makes you happy  
and build your self esteem.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Lost In Confusion.

Lost in confusion,  
everyday feels the same.  
Trying to reason,  
to forget the pain.  
Lost in a maze  
of empty thoughts.  
See no way out,  
Lives full of wrougths.

Sometimes we overthink.  
Just let it be.  
Feel the pain,  
and then you will see,  
a new tomorrow with hope and faith.  
Sometimes life is so.  
It will be worth the wait.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# A Gentleman's Agreement.

A gentleman's agreement  
where everything was hushed.  
Where the underlying hate  
was secretly discussed.

Where you never got a job  
or a place at college.  
Did not make any difference  
if you were smart or had the knowledge.

You were the butt of jokes  
when people were drunk.  
You were despised and hated  
like you were trash or junk.

There was a distinction  
and so many thought,  
that they were better in every way.  
Still the same even today.

I wish people would learn  
that we are all alike.  
We come from the same energy  
even if we come from different walks of life.

We are just spirits.  
We don't need to divide.  
Let us build and dream together.  
Let us not take sides.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# At The Break Of Day.

At the break of day,  
when the birds begin to sing.  
In the haunted morning hours  
when the church bell rings.

As I look out the window  
and see your ship sail away,  
to lands over the horizon,  
praying for the day  
that you will return,  
till then I will mourn.

The room is cold and empty,  
until I light the fire.  
You were the one to notice  
the storms in my eyes.  
You were the one  
who lifted my spirits as high as the skies.

The days will be cold and empty  
until your return.  
The sunlight will not bring me warmth,  
The daylight no surprise.  
The empty hours drift endlessly  
as I wait for you and mourn.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# What Would I Do?

What would I do if  
you gave me the moon?  
What would I do if  
our love died too soon.

What if the stars did not  
shine at night?  
What if all hope was gone  
and all delight.

You don't need to give me anything.  
You just need to be yourself.  
And when the night is fiercely cold  
wrap your strong arms around me bold.

For you are me and I am you.  
Our journey has just begun  
and our story too.  
And when you give me the moon  
and when I hear our lovely tune,  
I know our love will last and that  
it won't die too soon.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Night Is Dark

The night is dark and full of shadows,  
lurking in the stillness of another day that's gone by.  
I wander through the oak and beech  
and follow the trail to the house that I must reach.

Stopping along the way I stare at the night sky.  
All the clouds whistle by.  
The moon looks down as if to question why  
I am roaming about so late this night.

This house is my new home.  
It's where my new life begins.  
Away from town and city noise.  
Away from burdens and endless choice.

Deep in the forest where the blackbird sings.  
Beside the mountains and the open springs.  
Here is where I will stay  
till the end of my days.  
even when the night is dark.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# You Are Not Really Lonely.

You are not really lonely  
when you have a book to read.  
You are not really lonely  
if you have a plant to seed.

You are not really lonely  
if you have a cake to bake.  
You are not really lonely  
if you have a garden to rake.

Its good to enjoy our alone time.  
Its good to enjoy our time spent together.  
You are not really lonely  
when you have a book to read.  
You are not really lonely  
if you are enjoying the weather.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# We Believe.

We believe as soon  
as the sun does rise,  
that at the end of the day  
the moon will surprise.

We believe when winters blanket  
of snow has disappeared,  
that new buds will be seen  
and in the future sheared.

We believe in the caterpillars change,  
from a silky cocoon,  
to a butterfly with a beautiful range.

But how come when it comes to our love,  
that we do not believe in its length.  
How come when we look in each others eyes  
we do not see the strength.

Believe me when I say to you,  
You are my all, my fire.  
I understand your gestures, your eyes,  
Your silence and your desires.

So let us begin to believe in us,  
and let our wildflowers grow.  
Let our spirits fly free and wild as the sea  
and let us reap what we sow.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# Just A Little House Beside The Lake.

Just a little house beside the lake  
is where I want to live  
Where the mountains touch the sky  
and show the beauty that they give.  
Where the water is so blue and icy clear.  
Where the goats run down the hills and  
where the poppies bloom so near.

Where each day is filled with laughter  
and each night with sheer delight.  
The land of the midnight sun  
in the summer, no need for candlelight.

And in the winter to curl up with a book,  
the embers of the fire,  
dance brightly with every look,  
and with every known desire.

Yes to the little house beside the lake  
where time stood still.  
Where home will be and always will.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Sun Shone Through The Trees.

The sun shone through the trees,  
and everything seemed better for it.  
The light glistened on every bough  
as the snow drizzled down a bit.

I walked for many miles before  
I came to the river.  
A dazzling ray of colour  
with small logs hurrying by and I shivered.

The leaves of amber orange and golden yellow  
lay scattered on the ground,  
enveloping every step I took.  
I could not hear a single sound.

I was glad for the sun because it gave a little warmth, on an otherwise cold and blustery day.

I was glad to be alone with my thoughts  
to ponder in great depth and stay.

The sun shone through the trees,  
and everything seemed better.  
I was thankful for the small things in life,  
like having a cozy sweater.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Your Dance.

You loved to dance in the evening  
when everyone had gone to bed.  
While they were fast in slumbers  
you were pirouetting instead.

Your limbs so soft and tender,  
each lift was strong and high.  
Your dainty spin and sauter  
was beautiful to the eye.

Swanlike in every way,  
your long neck stretched so tall.  
Your delicate fingers  
rised to the occasion,  
as you danced out to the hall.

Your dance was so perfect,  
and your enjoyment could be seen,  
as you danced under the lamplights and stars,  
you were a lovely dream.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# In The Death Of Night.

In the death of night,  
I hear your name,  
in the whispering breeze.

In the death of night,  
I see your ghost,  
as it dances timidly through the trees.

In the death of night  
I taste your lips,  
as they caress mine.  
In the death of night,  
I feel your touch,  
before you go out of sight.

Come back to me my love,  
don't ride away.  
Stay with me, till the dawn of the day.

In the death of night,  
I hear your name.  
I awake from my slumber  
and nothing is the same.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# I Gave You My Heart.

I gave you my heart,  
but that was not enough.  
You wanted to bleed me dry,  
over material stuff.

All you were interested in  
was the things I had.  
A comfy life for you,  
always making me feel bad.

I wanted to build a life,  
where we would give and take.  
You wanted it all  
and your cake.

A life without love,  
is not for me.  
You can keep your heart chained,  
live in your own misery.

I gave you my heart,  
but its back here with me.  
Never again will it be given  
to anyone unless they love me.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# A Splash Of Sunlight.

A splash of sunlight,  
a golden hue.  
A dash of orange,  
shining through.

A splinter of red,  
a stream of gold.  
A string of light beams,  
glistening so bold.

Without your light,  
what would we do.  
Without your warmth  
it would be so cruel.

Go on shining.  
Light up our world.  
Let us appreciate,  
your unspoken word.

A splash of sunlight,  
a golden hue.  
A dash of orange,  
shining through.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Have Love In Your Heart.

Have love in your heart,  
and you will see,  
that love comes back to you,  
and sets you free.

No matter what people do,  
don't let your heart grow cold.  
They act the way they do,  
because of stories untold.  
Let the love you have shine forth,  
let your kindness show others the way.  
If people act hurt,  
help them anyway.

Have love in your heart,  
and you will see,  
that love comes back to you,  
and sets you free.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Beauty Of Nature.

The beauty of nature,  
I see it every day.  
In all the seasons and months  
its loveliness does lay,  
in every tiny bud,  
in every tiny seed,  
in every tiny insect,  
if we were to heed.

But we are so busy that we forget  
to see the beauty around us.  
Always rushing, always looking in our phones,  
Never paying attention even when we are alone.

The beauty of nature  
shines its light on our world.  
Let us protect it.  
Let us keep our Word.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# What Is Yours Will Always Find You.

What is yours will always find you,  
no matter where you are.  
Do not worry about the time and place,  
Or if you are near or far.

Your love is your love  
and it was meant for you.  
One day they will find you  
and show a love so true.  
So do not stress or worry,  
your day will come.  
Don't be sad or sorry,  
just live your life and have fun.

And when you least expect it,  
your love will arrive.  
What is yours will always find you,  
that's why we are alive.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Whats Done Is Done.

Whats done is done.  
Whats gone is gone.  
Life goes that way sometimes.

Whats lost is lost.  
Whats wrong is wrong.  
We learn that in time.

What will be will be.  
What we see we see.  
And sometimes we don't.

We keep going on,  
with hope in our heart,  
looking for that new start.

Sometimes I wonder why we try,  
we always get the same result.  
Nothing changes down the ages,  
thats the big insult.

Whats done is done.  
Lets leave it that way,  
and let us move on.  
Lets see what happens,  
We might get a surprise,  
Somebody might wake up  
and rise.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh(c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Even If There Is Kindness In The World.

Even if there is kindness in the world.  
Even if the sun shines all day.  
Even if the flowers blossom,  
you still can feel some pain.

Even if the moon shines at night.  
Even if those stars shine so bright.  
Even if the rain falls lightly on your face.  
This world can be a very cold place.

Some days you feel all is lost.  
Some days you want to be alone.  
Some days you feel everything's falling apart,  
Some days you just want a new start.

It takes strength to pick yourself up,  
to dust yourself down.  
To climb those mountains  
to get to the next town.

But know in your loneliness and pain,  
that everyone who walks this path  
does gain,  
the knowledge that we are not alone,  
You always arrive back home.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Don't Dim Your Light For No One.

Don't dim your light for no one.

Don't dim your light for no one.

Be yourself forever true.

For those who try to overshadow you,  
are afraid of the strength that grew.

Shine and glow

Like the brightest star.

For there are those who need your light.

Travel near and far

Always shining bright.

The world can be a very cold place

Lacking in love and care.

Be strong and be yourself,

Do what makes you sing and dare.

Don't dim your light for no one.

Be yourself forever true.

Shine like the brightest star,

So they can see the love that grew.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# All Walls Must Come Down.

All walls must come down.

All walls must come down,  
so love can grow.  
Those that were built so tall  
take each brick till they fall.

They were made to keep people apart,  
of those who had no love in their hearts.  
Those who wanted power and gain,  
Those who wanted to contain.

So take those walls down,  
bit by bit.  
Let love triumph,  
Let it hit,  
The chords of every man, woman child.  
Let us go forth and never be so blind,  
Again ?.

 PoemHunter.com

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Poetry Of Life.

The poetry of life.

The poetry of life,  
hangs on every word.  
The twists and turns  
the ups and downs.  
The sweet words of delight.  
The angry shouts that fight.  
An everending spiral of language,  
that creates imaginary space.  
The depth of the human race.

The visions we have that become obscure.  
The dreams that disappear when we do not find the cure.  
And in the absence of faith,  
we live our lives not knowing where to go next,  
Just bobbing along with love or hate.

The poetry of life  
can have beauty.  
But it is up to you to choose.  
We are not here for a long time.  
You don't get to decide if you win or lose.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Within The Shadow Of The Sun.

Within the shadow of the sun.

Within the shadow of the sun,  
stood all things that were not clear.  
And even if the light whispered tenderly  
through the branches,  
it did not reveal the real truth.

What was hidden stayed hidden,  
till morning light,  
When the sun shone fiercely  
and all colours of crimson red and marmelade orange lit up the valley,  
as if it was on fire.

Within the shadow of the sun  
you can hide,  
but not forever.  
It will find you one day and  
reveal your true colours.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# You Left Your Dream Behind.

You left your dream behind,  
and wandered on your way.  
There was nothing left to do.  
Nothing left to say.

It was very hard for you,  
for it was all you ever wanted.  
But you had to move on.  
You could not be forever haunted.

And even though at times,  
when the memory of his face,  
Would wander through your thoughts.  
You would close your eyes and think of another time,  
another place.

You left your dream behind,  
and wandered on your way.  
There was nothing left to do.  
Nothing left to say.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# The Stag

The Stag.

He came at night,  
and while the cold air harshly crossed his path,  
he looked for foilage or for the last remains of autumns harvest.

He wandered through the forest,  
leaving a trail behind him,  
Oblivious to his surrounds.  
the night was his domain and he was King.

And as the stars shone like diamonds in the sky,  
And the blue moon leered,  
he heard a snap of a twig  
and hurriedly looked around.  
And there she stood, his Queen in all her glory.

They continued their journey together,  
till mornings light.  
Their adventure had just begun  
and to see them was a wonderful sight ?.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# To Understand The Concept.

To understand the concept  
when someone gives their opinion,  
you do not have to agree,  
but you can respect it,  
and try not to correct it.  
But all are entitled to have one  
including me.

You don't need to get angry.  
You don't need to stew.  
Just listen and try and understand  
the others point of view.  
It does not mean you have to  
change your opinion.  
It does not mean the other cannot say what they wish.  
Let people speak.  
Let people dish.

So many are afraid to say how they feel.  
Others always shut them down.  
Let people talk,  
everyone has the right to deal.  
Everyone belongs to their own town.

Verse. Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Stormy Weather.

Stormy weather,  
can't hide how I feel.  
Stormy weather,  
can't make me deal.

It can't hide my tears  
even if it rains.  
It can't give me hope  
even if I complain.

The wind rushes high  
my umbrella flies away.  
Stormy weather always  
ruins my day.

Stormy weather,  
can't hide how I feel.  
Stormy weather,  
can't make me deal.

PoemHunter.com

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# In Your Days Of Sadness.

In your days of sadness and despair.  
When darkness covers every thing you wear.  
When your hopes disappear.  
Darling I will be there.

When you feel you cant go on.  
When you are listening to the same old song.  
when the tears fall down your face.  
Darling I will be there.

I will brush away your tears.  
Hold your hand while you deal.  
Dismantle all your fears.  
Hug you while you heal.

For even the darkest hours have sixty minutes,  
and when the darkness disappears the light will always come.  
Just keep doing what you do.  
You will always come through.

In your days of sadness and despair.  
When darkness covers everything you wear.  
When your hopes disappear.  
Darling I will be there.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# If I Told You That I Love You.

If I told you that I love you,  
would you believe me.  
Would you listen to my words  
with care and feeling.

Would you understand my depth  
of passion for you,  
of all that is true.  
Or would you throw it all away,  
when your feelings swayed.

For my heart beats with every  
essence of you,  
And when the tide goes out at night,  
and the stars shine down on my love for you,  
they lift it up so it floats across the land,  
and forests to where you are my darling.

If I told you that I love you,  
would you believe me.  
would you listen to my words  
with care and feeling.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# We Close Our Eyes.

We close our eyes  
and lock our hearts.  
It is easier that way  
than to build a new start.

We continue to do things  
in the same old way.  
Dont want to know.  
Please go away.

Its too hard to change,  
to take the next step.  
Takes too much energy  
to go through the web.

But if we try and open our eyes,  
it can be simple and it can be a surprise.  
So let us go forward and do good.  
Plant those trees, eat less food.

 PoemHunter.com

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh(c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Old Oak.

The old oak, it stands there,  
like it has for hundreds of years.  
It has seen many people walk by,  
foxes and deers.

It has seen so many buildings go up  
and so many come down.  
It has seen so many smiles  
and even as many frowns.

It has felt the soft flowing breeze  
between its branches,  
the warm sun on a summers day.  
The icy snowy flakes in winter.  
The first buds that come in May.

The old oak it stands there,  
I hope it will last many more years.  
Bringing beauty to my street  
and some happy cheer.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Moon In All Its Glory.

The moon in all its glory,  
shone down on you tonight.  
The stars embraced your beauty,  
your eyes glistened with delight.

And in the darkness we walked,  
following the hidden trail.  
Amongst the oaks and birch  
and we climbed every dale.

And in the stillness of night  
as I held your hand so tight,  
we talked about our dreams and hopes  
and your smile it shone so bright.

But our joy was just for a short time.  
For you must go back to the sea.  
Your home was in the depths  
of all that was free.

I will wait for you my love  
as you come back to my shores.  
You know you are the only one  
that I will always adore.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# There Was A Time.

There was a time,  
when I waited to see,  
if you would come.  
Endless nights of restless sleep,  
until I became numb,  
of all feeling,  
for I realised,  
you were never coming,  
you were only ever interested  
in what you considered the bigger prize.

Or you thought that she was  
in all her beauty,  
but she never gave you what you really wanted,  
that was emotional security.

For she had a heart of stone,  
and the only love she had was for herself.  
You delved into your work,  
the only consolation that was not on the shelf.

So my wait was over.  
Now I sleep like a baby.  
It is funny how sometimes love  
can drive you crazy.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# When You Are Lost In Your Thoughts.

When you are lost in your thoughts,  
as the world rushes by,  
spare a thought for me,  
as I think of you and days gone by.  
For there is not a day that passes,  
when I don't see your face in the masses.

Your smile ignited a flame in me,  
that burns forever inside my heart.  
No matter where you are in the world,  
I feel we are never apart.

And though days come and days do go,  
and with each day I am older.  
My feelings for you will never change,  
they will never be colder.

So when you are lost in your thoughts,  
spare a thought for me.  
My life is hard without you  
but empty it will never be.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Gone Are All My Sorrows.

Gone are all my sorrows.  
Gone is all my pain.  
Now the sun is shining,  
even if it rains.

Perfect peace and harmony.  
Sweet sounds of love.  
Whispering echoes of merriment,  
from the skies above.

Joy in all that's going on.  
My reward is in your smile.  
Being on this path together,  
makes everything worthwhile.

Gone are all sorrows.  
Gone is all my pain.  
Empty days are a thing of the past,  
because our love does reign.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Sleep My Beauty, Sleep

Sleep my beauty, sleep.

May your dreams be of pastures green  
and poppies red.

May your silent slumbers be touched by angels,  
as they hover over your bed.

May you hear the sweet sound of music  
from the heavenly skies.

The golden harp is playing your song  
along with the sorrowful cries.

The mountains look over you  
and in their bosom you lie.

The sea is to your east,  
so blue as the sky.

Sleep my beauty, sleep.

May your dreams be full of love.

As you join your soul tribe,  
in the heavens above.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# It Does Not Matter.

It does not matter,  
that you do not love me,  
for I love myself.

It does not matter  
that you play games,  
for I see your true self.

It does not matter that  
you have another.  
I knew that all along.

It does not matter now,  
its too late,  
all the feelings have gone.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Wise Old Owl.

The wise old owl,  
did not do very much.  
He sat on a branch  
of the tree of life  
and looked at us humans  
with our daily strifes.

He looked at how some of us  
wanted to improve ourselves.  
Not our manner or way of thinking,  
but with our monetary gains.  
He saw that some of us  
thought our success was in what we owned,  
not in the people that stayed.

He saw how we built our lifes,  
looking for happiness and peace.  
Not knowing that true peace  
comes within if we cease,  
to stop and stare,  
to appreciate what we have,  
to be vulnerable and bare.

We have all we need within us.  
The love that we are looking for.  
That wise old owl,  
he sits in his tree, because  
he has done this all before.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# When We Were Children.

When we were children.  
We always played out,  
in the streets.  
Hopscotch, swinging from the lamp post  
were our daily treats.

Summer days were long.  
Somedays we would go to the park.  
Other days to the sea in Sandymount,  
that was a lark.

Up to Grannies for tea.  
How I loved her apple tart.  
Down to Smithfield  
for a trip in the horse and cart.

To the shops to buy a vienna roll  
for my Dad.  
Stoneybatter with its row of shops  
and friendly owners always made me glad.

Yes when we were children,  
we were always out.  
Fresh air and sunshine,  
and we were always about.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Whisper Of Sunshine.

There was a whisper of sunshine,  
when the birds flew away.  
As the cold crisp air blew in,  
I felt a little warmth on that day.

I was busy reading books,  
that had piled up over the years.  
I had no time before,  
was always busy with those near.

So now I had sometime  
to catch up with my first love, reading,  
how I had forgotten,  
how much enjoyment it was feeding.

When I was younger I could read for days,  
everything from ghost stories to murder mysteries.  
As the sun's rays shone lightly on my head  
I revelled in every page that I read.

Soon it was time to head home to bed.  
I had made a promise to myself that day.  
Even on days where there was never a whisper of sunshine,  
I would make time to read always.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# Our Path.

Our path was lonely.  
We had to go our separate ways.  
Always tied together.  
But we could not stay.

You knew when you saw me  
what you had to do.  
Our journey was painful.  
But wonderful too.

With each transformation,  
you grew and me too.  
The nights were the hardest  
but we battled through.

And in the end when we were complete.  
with the fire in your veins  
and the joy in my sleep,  
Our loved reigned and it was so deep.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Stars Did Not Lie.

The stars did not lie,  
when they shone on you.  
You glistened from head to toe  
of all that was true.

Compassion was your ethos.  
You were quilted in love.  
You were authentic,  
like the snowy white clouds,  
drifting above.

You could be as wild as the wind  
or calm as the breeze.  
Or fiery as a blaze  
when you felt unease.

But I loved you so.  
My heart was on fire.  
Your love was both thorns and roses,  
built with desire.

The stars did not lie,  
when they shone on you.  
You glistened from head to toe.  
Whats a girl to do.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Mirror.

What do you see when you look in the mirror,  
as everyday passes you by.  
Do you look older?  
Or do you tell yourself lies.

Does it really matter how you look.  
You should never judge the cover of a book.  
Whats inside is what matters,  
or so they say.  
Nothing you can do,  
just get on with your day.

The mirror never lies,  
but who cares.  
We are all spirits,  
it is just the skin we bare.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# I Will Sit With You In The Dark.

I will sit with you in the dark,  
for you do not crave the light.  
I will sit with you under the moon.  
while you hold me tight.  
You love the shades and secrets,  
and the cold night air,  
the misty foggy dew  
and my long wavy hair.

You light a candle  
and we sit around its glow.  
The night is very silent  
and its nearly time to go.

When the sunlight comes  
that is our time to sleep.  
We head off under the stars  
to our slumber deep.

I will sit with you in the dark  
and hold you tight my love.  
You and I together,  
under the heavens above.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# A New Day.

A new day is coming.  
A new page in your book of life.  
With it, brings new beginnings  
and new strifes.

Look to your future with hope  
in your heart.  
Forget the past and your tears.  
The brightness of the new day  
will cover your fears.

A new day is dawning.  
Fulfil your dreams.  
Spend time in nature.  
Visit valley and streams.

Life can be for a moment.  
Don't waste it on what could have been.  
Start anew  
and you can win.

A new day is coming.  
A new page in your book of life.  
Do your best, thats all you have to do,  
to thrive.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# I Let You In.

I let my guard down.  
I let you in.  
The only thing that was important to you,  
was to win.

Empty promises, empty rooms.  
Never felt so alone.  
Opened my heart, my arms to you.  
But you were always on the telephone.

The dreams I had, they turned to decay.  
The hopes they lay like broken pieces  
of glass strewn across the floor.  
The only place they were going, was out the door.

Don't tell me you love me,  
because that's all pretend.  
They are just pretty words you say  
at the end of the day.

I just wanted you to be you  
and that the love you gave was true.  
But I soon found out you were incapable of love.  
No use praying to the heavens above.

I let you in.  
I let my guard down.  
Now I'm crying, broken on the floor.  
Where are all the promises you swore?

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# You And I.

You and I were not like the others.  
We were different in so many ways.  
We loved, but did not smother.  
We could talk for days.

I loved to listen to your theories,  
of how the world should be.  
You saw many things,  
that others did not see.

Your depth of thought amazed me,  
but it was not so unlike mine.  
We were the same in many ways  
and we took our time.

You sensed my deepest feeling  
and I, yours.  
Nothing could ever separate us,  
not even closed doors.

Your heart is mine.  
Mine is yours.  
Together we are strong.  
I hope our days together will be forever  
and long.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Thunder And Lightning.

Thunder and Lightning  
was frightening when we were small.  
Now we are older and a little bolder.  
It does not seem to matter at all.

The house can shake.  
The rain can pelt the window hard.  
with each crash of power.  
the fascination can tower.

Beautiful lights of white from the sky.  
Thunderous noise from way up high.  
“God is moving his furniture” my Mam  
used to say.  
Us children would be huddled together all day.

Now I love listening to every pound.  
Does not matter if no one is around.  
A force of nature comes to ground.  
Thunder and Lightning do your sound.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# All This And Heaven Too.

The girls laughed, but how were they to know,  
the sad story of your life.

The time you spent in France  
with the Duke and his wife.

The sadness in that house,  
that you can now recall to all.

The happiness that you felt,  
with the children playing  
in the great hall.

And at night you saw two rooms,  
One his, one hers.  
A long corridor in between them,  
and so it was in their life,  
no love lost there, over the years.

You were trying to bring some love into that house.  
To bring laughter and joy.  
But she became jealous of everything you did  
And wanted to destroy.

She was empty inside.  
All focus should be on her.  
How dare you come and take away  
the love of her children, her man, her sir.

And as you looked out the window,  
one night.  
As the silvery crystal snowflakes,  
drizzled down the windowpane.  
You knew all was doomed,  
that nothing would ever be the same.

And so it happened, you were sent away.  
Darkness entered that house and it was there to stay.  
One last meeting with your true love.  
One last visit to a graveyard before your move.

No one knows what pain lies inside a person.  
No one knows what path they have walked.  
Sometimes life is all this, and heaven too.  
Sometimes somethings are never talked.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Rose.

You looked like a rose.  
So beautiful and rare.  
Your eyes of cornwall blue.  
Your golden locks so fair.

But with every rose,  
as everyone knows,  
comes thorns as sharp as knives.  
Which you only showed,  
when you had to deal with the strife.

For you were strong,  
You had learnt by the hard knocks of life.  
It was hard to trust.  
To believe the lies.

For in this world you had learnt,  
there are not too many who are true.  
More snakes in the grass  
Slithering around.  
Who'd take their pound of flesh,  
Before you could make a sound.

So continue to be who you are.  
For those who matter will always be around.  
And the others will hopefully slither away,  
like the snakes they are and make your day

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Downtrodden.

We promised it would never happen again.  
But they were empty words.  
Little children sleeping on concrete floors.  
Who cares about their world.  
Separated from their father and mother.  
Who would think it could happen in this day and age.  
Things were meant to be improving.  
But now they are like animals in a cage.  
Who hears their cries?  
Who gives them care?  
Who sings them lullabies?  
Who is really there?  
What lasting damage will remain,  
years later when they are older.  
How could this happen?  
Have we become colder?

Are some of our hearts made of stone?  
Where is the love that comes from our blood and bones?  
For all children should be treated right.  
With dignity and care, and cuddled tight.

I hope that those who have been given power.  
will at last do the right thing.  
So that little children can be reunited with their  
parents.  
That they once more, can play and sing.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Silence Is Golden.

Silence is golden.  
Sometimes it is needed for to survive.  
When the ongoing noise that surrounds you.  
Leaves you battling to strive.

When one peaceful moment  
eases all your stress.  
When you don't have to contend with  
emotional tests.

When you can think in peace  
and take it slow.  
A cup of coffee or two  
and you are ready to go.

Yes silence is golden,  
I wish some would learn.  
Chattering all the time.  
Its nothing to earn.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Light Within You.

The light within you shines so bright,  
but you don't realise.

The effect you have on everyone,  
if you knew would be a surprise.

You lift all around you  
with your smile.

Your shining glowing face.

If you were ever down or sad  
there was never any trace.

For you love life so  
and it does show,  
in everything you do.

For your heart is kind  
your love is divine.

Everyone is drawn to you.

The light within you shines so bright,  
but you don't realise.

The effect you have on everyone,  
if you knew would be a surprise.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Your Power Within.

Everything starts from within.  
How you view yourself and the world.  
Your power and strength lays there.  
Not in other peoples actions or words.

You are all you need.  
Be happy with who you are.  
Life is hard indeed.  
But you can overcome and go far.

Trust in your strength and yourself.  
For you have the power within.  
Give yourself some love.  
And you will always win.

For the capacity to love someone else,  
depends on how much we love ourselves.  
We cannot love someone else.  
If we do not have love for ourselves.

Be like the butterfly,  
that transforms and just be.  
Break free and shine your light.  
So everyone can see.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# In Summers Garden.

In summers garden,  
I waited for you.  
But you did not come.  
I looked for you in every crevice of hope.  
To no avail, you did not come.

In every valley and dale.  
Overlooking the cliffs,  
I searched.  
And with every sound of nature,  
from the gentle breeze of the wind,  
to the sound of the blackbird,  
It gave me hope that you would come.

For in our hearts we were never apart.  
We knew that from the start.  
Our fate was to love and be loved,  
And in our misery we had our hope,  
that one day we would meet.  
So come to summers garden.  
I wait for you there.  
Amongst the beauty of nature  
And all that is fair.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# A Cup Of Tea.

I always remember our cups of tea,  
in the small kitchen in the back.  
Where you talked about your days  
in County Clare and the sack,  
of turf that your dad would bring  
to the school,  
to light the fire on winter Days.

I remember when you told me,  
you would put your hand up,  
when the lesson for Gaeilge  
was to begin.  
You disliked the language  
so much, you would run home  
and stay there for the rest of the day.  
And I remember the lovely scones  
and the apple tart that you baked.  
And the ham sandwiches  
and the hot cups of tea.  
But it was mostly the stories  
that you told.  
They stay in my head  
like gold.

A cup of tea,  
can sooth most worries.  
You can talk to your hearts content,  
And forget about your woes.  
Its good for your heart and the soul.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# I See You.

I see you in the shadows  
and all around me.  
In every lurking corner,  
but its not reality.

And sometimes in the faces  
of people in the street.  
From far and wide,  
those that I meet.

But its not the same  
as holding you,  
of having you near.  
Of listening to your heartbeat.  
To me you are so dear.

This waiting game  
is draining.  
I cannot go on.  
I must try and forget you  
and understand that you are gone.

I see you in the shadows  
and all around me.  
In every lurking corner,  
but its not reality.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# At The End Of Summer.

At the end of summer,  
as I sit in the long grass,  
surrounded by butterflies  
and thoughts of you.

The sun slowly disappears,  
and the stars come out one by one,  
twinkling brightly as the blue moon learns.

I love to sleep in the grass  
and look up to the night sky.  
A hare appears and goes to sleep under the tree.  
A deer gracefully runs by.

Soon fall will come and winter too,  
Bringing back memories that I remember with joy,  
when I had hope in my heart.  
But that hope is gone now,  
Like the spring.  
I wonder what the fall will bring.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# So Brave.

You were always so brave,  
In everything that was thrown at you,  
in life.  
And nobody knew or would have guessed  
all your strife.

Your smile would light up a whole room.  
But your inward voice would criticise everything you did.  
You battled every day and did not see your worth.  
But I saw what you hid.

They say the kindest hearts have the most scars.  
They give so much to everyone else.  
You my friend must look after yourself.  
And the place where your soul dwells.

You were always so brave.  
Your strength shone through.  
You never competed with anyone.  
You were just you.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Eyes Of Fire

Eyes of fire.  
Light up any room.  
Lips of desire.  
That were too much to consume.

Tell me your secrets.  
Sell me your gloom.  
Open my heart.  
Take away the doom.

Passions arising.  
Can't forget you.  
Lingering memories.  
That make me blue.

Eyes of fire.  
Light up any room.  
Lips of desire.  
That were too much to consume.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# When You Come Looking For Me.

When you come looking for me,  
do not expect the same person,  
you once knew.

That person is long gone  
like the early morning dew.  
She has changed with the passing  
years.

With each loss her heart has endured,  
has made her stronger against her fears.

Life has taught her to believe in herself.  
That true redemption comes from within.  
To have faith and appreciate the little things.  
To enjoy what life brings.

So when you come looking for me.  
That person you once knew is long gone.  
She is sitting by the sea,  
singing her own song.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Transformation.

Transformation, leaving everything behind.  
The new you ascends to a higher plain.  
Everything and everyone is gone that did bind,  
you to the bad memories and pain.

Not everyone will understand the path you take.  
Not everyone will understand your change.  
It is your journey and yours alone.  
Your hopes and dreams are within range.

So transform into the new you,  
the one you always wanted to be.  
The past is gone, you said your goodbyes,  
from here on now believe in yourself and see.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (C) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# The Warrior Within You.

The warrior within you was always there.  
It had been hidden away, because of your fear.  
When the time came for you to rise,  
you did my dear.

You found your strength that had been driven away,  
with mediocrities of living every day.  
The sadness that made you not believe,  
in the depth of what you had to say.

Continue to fight your way through Life.  
Never give up.  
Dream big and bold,  
for one day your story will be told.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com



# The Key To My Past.

The key to my past is gone forever.  
Not to be found, not ever.  
Time to move on to new highways.  
Looking to the future in so many ways.

Time to forget what has gone.  
No more listening to the same old song.  
Time to move forward with hope in my heart.  
Time to begin my new start.

The key to my past is long gone.  
Don't look for it, its dusted and done.  
Life is Calling me to new ways.  
Looking forward to sunny days.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# Lovelier Than A Rose.

You were lovelier than a rose,  
not because of your velvety blue eyes.  
or your strong and stealthy pose.  
Not because of your heart shaped lips  
or your slender nose.

Not because of your long shiny hair.  
Not because of your lost forgotten stare,  
Not because of your spritely walk.  
Not because of your intelligent talk.

You were lovelier than a rose,  
because of the gentle way you cared.  
You were lovelier than a rose,  
because of the love you shared.

With each day that passed,  
I grew to love you so.  
You were lovelier than a rose  
because you picked me up when I was low.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Strangers When We Met.

We were strangers when we met.  
We did not know where it would lead.  
That day on the train,  
when our hearts would concede.

We did not know that we would find  
our hearts desire.  
We had been looking for a lifetime  
for our passionate fire.

How could we know that one little glance,  
would bring us closer,  
and fulfill our longing for romance.

Our days and nights were filled with passion.  
Filled with hopes and cares,  
and now when we take the train to town,  
We are no longer strangers, but a loving pair.



PoemHunter.com

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (C) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Your Sanctuary.

Where is your sanctuary?  
Your safe haven of tranquility.  
Tucked away from chaos and hostility.

Where you go to get away from life's stress.  
Where you can think in quiet moments of undisturbed bliss.  
Where you can write from dawn to sunset.  
Where you can relax and dismiss.

Or is your sanctuary a person?  
Someone who cares for you.  
Someone who loves you deeply.  
Someone who is forever true.  
Someone you can tell your secrets.  
Someone who listens to you.  
Someone who sees the pain in your eyes.  
Someone who knows the real you.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Our Blessings In Disguise.

Our blessings in disguise  
save us from defeat.  
They happen for a reason,  
even though sometimes  
they are not sweet.

We think at the time we know  
whats right for us.  
But the universe can see hidden things,  
and the future and what it will bring.

It directs us to a new path,  
a better one.  
Even though at the time  
it feels alone.

In time we see everything happens  
for a reason  
Does not matter the time or season.

Our blessings in disguise  
save us from defeat.  
They happen for a reason  
even though sometimes,  
they are not sweet.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Do I Believe In Miracles?

Do I believe in miracles?  
The ones that come true.  
Like the morning sun,  
rising in a sky of turquoise blue.  
Like the first buds in May  
when the apple blossoms blooms.  
Beautiful colours of pink and white  
blowing blissfully till dark of night.  
Like the bumble bee hopping from flower to flower.  
Or the squirrel in the oak tree  
collecting Winters harvest.  
Like the magpies, one, two, three  
showing whose the smartest.

All these things are miracles to me  
for I open my heart and soul  
and SEE.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Is Life A Fantasy.

Is life a fantasy.  
A dream we are living.  
Where everything is unreal,  
even though we are giving,  
our time and energy,  
uplifting each moment,  
surrounded by darkness,  
but at the same time light.  
We still continue even after the fight.  
Sometimes we feel broken  
sometimes we feel alright.  
We live through the ups and downs  
holding on tight.  
We know our path is on our own  
but that is in sight.  
Life is a fantasy.  
where we can escape,  
when we sleep at night,  
the dark sky is our cape.  
It covers and protects while we dream  
of a life of peace and where love is supreme.

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# In The Dark Of The Night.

In the dark of the night  
When I am asleep,  
You are in my thoughts.

When the first bird sings at the crack of dawn,  
You are in my thoughts.

With my first drink of coffee on a warm Sunday morning,  
You are in my thoughts.

Time passes by so quickly.  
I sometimes am afraid I will lose  
those moments.  
But I know they are held deep in my heart forever,  
you are in my thoughts.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

 PoemHunter.com



# Wear Your Flowers In Your Hair.

Wear your flowers in your hair,  
and go to the midsummer fair.  
Does not matter if he is there.  
Why should you care?  
You gave your all.  
You cared too much.  
He was not loyal.  
Men are sometimes such.  
And now he has a new girl.  
He takes her everywhere.  
But life goes on.  
So they say in the song.

So go to the fair.  
Wear your flowers in your hair.  
Walk proud and tall.  
For you are the fairest one of all.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Falling Asleep To The Sound Of The Rain.

Falling asleep to the sound of the rain,  
as it drizzles down my window pane.  
The wind blows wildly.  
The blue moon leers.  
Cosy in my bed, forgetting my fears.

Tomorrow is another day.  
The sunshine might come.  
Blue skies and silver white clouds.  
Humming to my song.

When did life get so hard.  
Or do we make it that way ourselves.  
I think that we realise this,  
when we take the time to delve.

I love falling asleep to the sound of the rain.  
Cosy in my bed, forgetting the pain.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (C) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Do We Really Know?

Do we really know one another?  
Do we really understand what's said?  
Or are we really bothered.  
Is everything pretend.

Do we see each other's pain?  
Do we care enough to explain?  
Are we caught up in life's dilemmas,  
Or is it all just a big game.

I like to think we understand the unspoken words.  
That we see the pain in each other's eyes.  
That it's you and me against the World.  
That our love will surprise.

But maybe I am just dreaming  
and hoping for too much.  
Maybe we are living a reality  
that sends us overboard sometimes.  
And maybe we will reach heights of ecstasy,  
when we do not care so much.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Forever Searching.

Forever searching for a place,  
that I could call home.  
Not a house,  
But a feeling of not being alone.

A feeling of warmth and tenderness.  
A feeling of acceptance and care.  
A feeling of being able to be your true self.  
A feeling that someone is always there.

For home is not a place,  
Not of bricks or wood.  
It is a feeling when two hearts meet,  
and be together like they should.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# Every Picture Tells A Story.

Every picture tells a story.  
But everyone sees different.  
You see, I see, they see  
what they want to see.  
That is how it is in life.  
Rose tinted glasses  
are the best.  
Cover everything up with a jest.

Never seeing the whole Picture.  
Afraid to look too deep.  
Look just at the surface  
incase you have to weep.

Face lifts, botox galore.  
One day your face will fall apart  
not due to gravity. Oh what a bore.  
No-one wants to age gracefully,  
to show a wrinkle or two.  
No that would be preposterous,  
you would have to be you.

Yes every picture tells a story.  
Let yours be real.  
Life is too short for fakeness  
and the Surreal.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Walking For Miles.

I have been walking for miles,  
clearing my head.  
going over everything you said.

Its hard to believe we were once close.  
Time changes all that.  
Nothing more to disclose.

Memories remain, but they will soon disappear.  
Like the morning drops of rain,  
when the sun appears.

I cannot go on, living a half life.  
Nothing is worth that, cannot live with the strife.

I have been walking for miles,  
clearing my head.  
Time to move on, to start a new life.



PoemHunter.com

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Ponderous Thoughts.

Ponderous thoughts do not give you  
the answers that you need.  
Ponderous thoughts do not relieve the pain  
that made you bleed.  
They do not restore your broken heart.  
They do not give you the peace for a new start.

They make you stay, where you do not belong.  
They keep you listening to the same old song.  
They bring with them sadness and hopelessness.  
They make you feel unworthy and like you are one big mess.

Do not ponder those thoughts so much.  
Life will get better, it is such.  
Look to your future with a smile on your face.  
Live your life at your own pace.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# Swing On Your Swing.

Swing on your swing.  
Pick the flowers.  
Go on your walks.  
Dance in April showers.

Climb the hill.  
Overlook the lake.  
Chase after butterflies.  
Eat the cake.

Life is short.  
We never know our last day.  
Swing on your swing.  
Say what you want to say.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com



# Take This Flower.

Take this flower  
and let it remind you of days  
basked in the sun.  
Take this flower and let it remind you  
of the worlds beauty.  
Take this flower  
and let it give you comfort.  
Take this flower  
and let it pick you up on days  
when you are sad.  
Take this flower  
and let it remind you of me.  
I am with you always,  
always beside you.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# The Blue Dress.

One day you found the blue dress,  
which lay in the press.  
It brought back memories of the time,  
when you bought it for an expensive dime.

You had bought it for a date  
with your new paramour.  
It was a silky blue, all the glamour.  
It had diamonds sown on the neck  
and on the back.  
You just could not leave it, on the rack.

You had got ready for your date  
and felt really good.  
When he saw you, he said you put him in a great mood.  
You reminded him of the old Hollywood stars.  
The time when women were from Venus and the men were from Mars.

You still have the blue dress, but not him.  
He turned out to be a philanderer,  
some things you cannot win.  
You have your memories, some good, some bad.  
Now you can wear it, without feeling sad.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Your Mask.

You wore your mask so finely,  
no one would ever guess.  
what lay beneath so hidden,  
did not make them love you less.

But inside was a turmoil.  
That kept you up at night.  
What you really wanted was  
never out of sight.

But you did not believe in yourself  
and that was the problem lay.  
You had too many memories of the past,  
which had brought sadness and decay.

I hope one day you lift your mask,  
so I can see your true being.  
My love for you will never falter,  
even if not seeing.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Born Under The Scorpion Moon.

Born under the scorpion moon,  
everything felt intensely.  
Deep, deep emotions,  
feeling everything defensively.

Knowing how everyone feels,  
even before they speak.  
The things they do not say,  
sometimes makes you weak.

Nothing is black or white to you.  
You see inbetween the lines.  
The line between earth and the spirit world,  
is only a thread divine.

Born under the scorpion moon,  
everything felt intensely.  
Born under the scorpion moon,  
you feel with your whole heart immensely.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Last Night I Dreamt Of You.

Last night I dreamt of you.  
Walking through the room.  
Brown hair, blue eyes.  
That twinkling smile  
that takes away all gloom.

You were deep in thought.  
What was it, that you sought?  
You won you know.  
But it did not seem enough.  
What was it that you really wanted?  
You looked and seemed very haunted.

Come back to me,  
and lay your head on my pillow.  
Calm your fears and softly sleep.  
Last night I dreamt of you  
and you did not weep.  
Last night I dreamt of you,  
you were mine to keep.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Where Are You?

The sky is velvety blue  
as I gaze at the stars above.  
Walking through the forest  
leaving a trail of my steps behind,  
covered silently by fallen leaves.  
The trees sway gently with the calm breeze,  
and a deer jumps gracefully by.  
Alone in my thoughts,  
wishing you were here.  
Where are you?

Seek and you shall find  
as the saying goes.  
But you are never to be found.  
Not to be seen in the golden fields.  
Not to be seen on the stoney road.  
Not to be seen in the starry sky.

You are where you have always been,  
in my heart.  
You have been there from the start.  
Locked in my soul never to be released,  
except on nights like this when I can think alone  
and only of you.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Love In Disguise.

Love in disguise,  
or so you thought.  
The mysterious air  
of hidden dreams.  
The shy look of passion and  
the eyes that shone like sunbeams.

Why your paths crossed, who knows.  
Destiny has a way of playing that game.  
Two hearts know and recognise each other.  
From that day, nothing is the same.

It was love in disguise,  
or so you thought.  
Until you got together.  
Love in disguise it was not only,  
It was a deep soul connection.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# A Dance With A Swan.

A dance with a swan,  
a majestic glide.  
A dance with a swan,  
where two worlds collide.

The long neck of pride.  
The snowy white wings so mild.  
The glorious glare.  
The dance of dare.

Swirling and splashing around.  
Twirling and gaining ground.  
Gaining heights of ecstasy.  
Listening to every sound.

A dance with a swan,  
a majestic glide.  
A dance with a swan,  
Until nights tide.

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Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# I Would Rather Be.

I would rather be kind than cruel.  
I would rather be welcoming than closed.  
I would rather listen than talk.  
I would rather be comfortable than posed.

I would rather give than take.  
I would rather help than ignore.  
I would rather look after, than forget about.  
I would rather open, than close the door.  
I would rather bring peace than discord.  
I would rather love than hate.  
I would rather smile than frown.  
I would rather be up than down.

Everything you do comes back to you.  
The good and the bad.  
So live your life,  
with peace in your heart,  
And happiness in your soul.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Darkness Comes.

The darkness comes  
And I am on my way,  
to meet you.  
I have left everything behind  
except the dearest that I own  
to be with you.

The night is cold and hard,  
The wind is whistling in my ear,  
The stars shine brightly down.  
The blue moon seems to leer.

I get to the meeting place and wait for you to come.  
The Church bell rings, it is midnight.  
I wait and wait but to no avail  
You do not come.

A servant comes with your letter.  
I read it with a sigh.  
You gave up on our love.  
So it is better for me to die.

I go slowly home.  
Deep in the depths of my sadness.  
I go up to my room.  
To end it, all the madness.  
I wanted alot from life.  
I asked for too much.  
I loved you with all I had.  
I loved your kindly touch.

So away I go to my eternal sleep.  
The darkness comes and it stays,  
And now I do not weep.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# One Day.

One day you and I,  
will be together again,  
like we used to be  
playing on hilltops,  
overlooking fields of green.

Walking in the sunshine,  
admiring wild flowers.  
Listening to the birds singing.  
Hearing the churchbells ringing.

I miss you, I cannot deny.  
You are only gone a short while,  
but your absence is heartfelt,  
and sometimes it cannot be dealt.

I have our memories which are treasured,  
but it is not the same when even measured,  
for you gave so much love and faithfulness,  
that I am left with an emptiness,  
that engulfs my soul.

Little friend I will never forget you.  
You were all I needed in life.  
Until we meet again on the Rainbow bridge.  
After all of lifes strifes.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Forever Blowing Bubbles.

I remember when my life,  
seemed to be,  
overflowing with self imposed duties  
and of what I thought it was meant to be.

Everything had to be perfect, crisp and clean.  
Never uncover anything that was not to be seen.  
But life became unbearable.  
I was living a lie.  
Sometimes it became impossible,  
all I could do was cry.

But then I started to take each day as it came  
Never imposed anything on myself.  
Nothing was the same.

And now I am forever blowing bubbles,  
lovely bubbles in the air.  
My dreams might come and fade.  
But now I do not care.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Your Ghost.

In the gentle breeze,  
I feel you beside me  
as it caresses my cheek.  
In the sunlight as it sparkles,  
I can see your outline  
and it makes me weak.

How can I forget you  
when we were together one.  
How can I go on living,  
it likes breathing without the sun.

Your love was as deep as the ocean.  
Your heart so kind, it opened a chamber  
in my soul.  
Your gaze brought fire to my heart.  
I felt I was not alone.

You loved me freely  
with your wild heart.  
You unlocked my cage  
and threw away the key.  
Finally I was me.

Your ghost haunts me.  
But I don't care.  
Never leave me.  
Don't you dare.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Fan.

You bring it everywhere,  
your beautifully made fan.  
It was a present from your dear grandmother.  
And you cherish it lovingly,  
anyway you can.

It has been in your family,  
for many generations.  
It is slightly torn, a little worn.  
You take it to all the celebrations.  
Even when your daughter was born.

For she will receive this treasure,  
when she comes of age.  
She will continue the tradition  
and start a new page.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



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# The Clown.

You always played the clown.  
Always kidding, never a frown.  
Never revealing deep down pain.  
Keep on smiling, being sane.

I saw through you.  
Saw what you hid.  
Slowly you trusted me.  
You opened the lid.

Out popped so many qualities.  
So many wondrous things.  
When you stopped being the clown.  
All your fears came tumbling down.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# The House.

The road was long and winding,  
with every step it led me closer to my destination.  
My anticipation grew stronger on finding  
the house of my fascination.

I had been there many years before,  
when it was new and had a green door.  
Now it was covered with cobwebs and old decay.  
The window glass was broken and the brickwork was grey.

This house of memories where I played when I was young.  
Where my grandmother cooked and baked.  
Where the flowers had always sun.

Where my granduncle gardened and raked  
and told stories of France.  
Oh I wish that I could go back in time, only just for  
one day and enjoy their company once more,  
if only I had the chance.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# The Ruin.

How many years have you been here,  
with your walls falling down  
and no roof to keep you dry.  
Wild flowers and weeds are your floor and wild  
animals have made you their home.

The stories you could tell of centuries gone by.  
Of life within your walls, of life outside.  
Of the battles fought and those that were lost.  
Of the daily strifes and turmoils.  
Of everyone who paid the price.

Old ruin you will still be here,  
when we are long gone.  
You will shine in the sunlight  
and gleam in the moonlight  
and your four walls will always  
be a refuge for the animals and the birds,  
for to them you are home and somewhere to stay.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# If The Sun Shines Brightly.

If the sun shines brightly in your heart,  
You have no fear of the dark.  
The light will take away all the pain,  
make you strong, make you reign.

Shine that light so others see.  
Make them believe, make them feel.  
The world needs more souls who are willing to give,  
not only take, but are willing to truly live.  
Light your path and always be,  
who you are, so others see.  
Strength truly comes from believing in yourself.  
Do what you love, do what you believe.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# The Throne.

You see what you want to see,  
But that's not really me.  
No in depth looking how it is.  
All pretend, all the trend.

You are so high on your pedestal,  
so high on your throne.  
You do not want to listen, do not want to hear.  
You do not want to change, do not want to come near.  
Stay where you are, alone in your dreams.  
Do not visit reality unless you have seams  
of open mindedness and courage,  
to face your demons and your dredge.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# Éire.

You call out to me from your distant shores.  
I hear you in the cold wind and its roars.  
"Come back you say. Come back to me.  
Don't leave me here alone without thee";.

I cannot come back for my destiny lies here,  
in this land in the northern hemisphere.  
With its snowy mountain tops and many lakes.  
The wolves are howling, the elk awakes.

At night by the window, I hear you tap gently.  
The wind is ruffling strongly so I can hardly hear,  
when you say "Come to me. Come to me and stay";.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# Queen Of The Forest.

You live to right all that's wrong  
with your world.  
The underlying decay that not always seen.  
That rears its ugly head and does not redeem.

You fight for all that is good in your world.  
Your light shines with the lift of your sword.  
Each swing of faith, each wield of destiny,  
assures your fate and that of your people.

When day is done and the fight is won,  
your mind can rest, your heart is caressed,  
by the love of your people, the forest folk.  
Their simple ways uplift your soul  
for there is where you call your home.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Where Does The Eagle Soar?

Where does the eagle soar?  
Does it fly over the west Canyon  
or over your mountains high,  
lost in the maze of your golden sky.

Does it fly over your forests far and wide.  
Soaring up high and then to the side.  
Going to heights that we can all dream off.  
Gliding down to the sea before the coming tide.

Does it fly over ranches of cattle and calf.  
Does it fly over cowboys resting around the fire  
and having a laugh.  
Does it fly over streams of velvet blue.  
Does it fly over me and you.

You look to the sky and see it soar overhead.  
It glides to its eyrie on the high Cliffs instead.  
It stays on guard till its mate arrives  
and then it sees its prey and dives.

The darkness starts to mull over  
and its time to head home.  
Tomorrow is another day  
to see where the eagles roam.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# You Are Not What Others See.

You are not what others see.  
Believe that.  
You are so much more.  
Down to the core.

Everyone sees what they want to see.  
Everyone sees something different.  
You are what you believe you are.  
Let that take you far.

Live your dreams and grow strong.  
You can do no wrong.  
Believe in yourself.  
Be your true self and sing your own song.

It's not what others see that counts.  
It's how you see yourself.  
You are not what others see.  
Believe that.  
You are so much more.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Waiting For You.

I am waiting for you,  
not to complete me.  
I know who and what I am.  
I know my capabilities and what I can.

I am waiting for you,  
because I want you more,  
than anything in this world.  
You are worth the wait,  
for your light shines within.  
We understand each other.  
Let us win.

I am waiting for you,  
not to complete me.  
Come and be yourself.  
Escape your fears.  
Let us be.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com



# The Swan.

You gracefully roam the lake,  
with your majestic long neck,  
stretching up to the sky.  
The sun is smiling down at you  
as you pick up food by passersby.

The day has just started and you are full of life.  
Along comes your only one, your dear wife.  
The two of you will stay together, so it is for swans.  
Mates for life, mates from dusk to dawn.

A lady comes by and throws in some grapes and corn.  
A man walks by looking a little forlorn.  
You see all things on your daily swim.  
You stay out till it gets quite dim.

You love this lake with its lilys and its frogs.  
The little twigs that float on by and the logs.  
The people who come and throw in some food.  
Even the other birds, but it depends on your mood.

So swim majestic bird, sail away.  
It's always nice to see you when I come to pay,  
a visit to the lake.  
I always take some corn and grapes.  
I am the lady who loves to feed you and the other birds.  
You so make my day.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Your Strength.

I feel you beside me always.  
Your strength guides me everyday.  
I hear you in the song of the blackbird,  
that wakes me up at the dawn of day.

I never feel alone.  
Because your spirit is always there.  
Your strength uplifts me,  
and makes me be courageous and dare.

You always know what to do and say.  
You never falter in any way.  
When I am feeling down and dismayed.  
Your strength guides me and leads the way.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# Deep In Thought.

Deep in thought.  
Battles fought.  
Were they worth it?  
Things still the same.  
But still more pain.  
Overthinking.  
Never risking.  
Stay enclosed,  
in my little cage.  
Never expanding,  
to the next page.  
Can I try to take one  
little step.  
Can I try another way?  
Do I know the reason?  
Have I thought it through  
enough today.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Evening.

The final leaf has fallen now.  
The darkness is setting in from afar.  
I hear the last goose fly overhead.  
It goes to lands beyond our stars.  
The winter has reared her head again.  
The summer just a memory now.  
What is gone before is lost then found.  
As I sit here drinking tea and looking all around.  
The lights come on, in the street outside.  
They flicker and then they become brilliantly bright.  
A black cat roams looking for its prey.  
The best time to look at the end of the day.  
Time to sleep, time to dream.  
Time is flying by it seems.  
Tomorrow morning awaits.  
Hopefully with its bright blue sky and yellow sun beams.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# My Surrounds.

The sun tries to shine through,  
the white branches of the birch trees.  
Its attempts flicker through and give me the light,  
I need to see my way.  
The water from the stream trickles down,  
and takes some snow covered leaves with it.  
The peaceful sound of my surrounds make my day.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

## Morning Light.

How I have waited for you to stream through my window.  
Your golden rays touch the end of my bed.  
You remind me that all is never darkness,  
that the light will always come in the end.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



PoemHunter.com

# Shall I Tell You A Story.

Shall I tell you a story,  
of the girl who lived in the woods.  
Some say she was a blacksmiths daughter,  
who loved to dance among the trees and buds.

She lived in a little cottage by the lake.  
Her home was surrounded by the wild animals and birds,  
They doted on her and she would make,  
all kinds of treats for them, her wards.

At night she would sit at the window,  
looking out to the moon.  
A cup of tea on the table,  
some honey on a spoon.  
She kept to herself and was very quiet.  
She seemed to be smart and bright.  
She was able to tend the land,  
and fend for herself and take a stand.

One day a stranger came to the neighbourhood.  
A tall and spritely man.  
He was quite taken by the girl.  
He was enamoured by her long brown hair.

In a short space of time, the countryside was looted.  
By a dark stranger on a black stallion.  
He stole jewels and brightly coloured pearls.  
He threatened with a gun and his breath smelt of rum.

People were afraid, so the sheriff was called in.  
He dredged the land up and down.  
Trying to locate the evasive stranger.  
Alas to no avail.

Then one foggy night as the sheriff took the carriage home,  
the stranger came to attack.  
This time not to the sheriffs woe,  
The sheriff was able to load and  
shoot his foe.

As he fell of his horse and fell swiftly to the ground.  
Nothing could be heard, not a single sound.  
The sheriff went over to check if he was alive,  
And was really surprised to see it was not a man but a girl,  
the blacksmiths daughter.

There she lay on the ground, her brown curly hair  
lifted by a gentle breeze.  
Her mask had fallen of to reveal a beautiful face,  
with eyes of velvety blue.  
But the light was gone.  
A drop of blood lay on her rosy lips.  
What could have made her do so wrong.  
It is said she was bewitched by the handsome stranger.  
He turned her heart to stone,  
and now it is said her crying ghost  
roams the land and is heard on the nights  
when the full moon shone.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# The Magical Beauty Of Winter.

The magical beauty of Winter,  
is displayed on every snowy branch.  
The snow glistens like diamonds,  
and puts you in a trance.

The icy glare of the lake.  
The foggy dew of the sky.  
The water trickling along.  
The silver clouds slowly going by.

The houses in the distance,  
with their Christmas lights.  
The Church bell rings,  
What a delight.

The snow is coming down.  
Like cottonwool from the sky.  
The sky is getting dark.  
Its time to say goodbye.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# In My Dreams.

In my dreams I am floating.  
In open space and time.  
Fleeing to other worlds.  
Not knowing what is mine.

Total freedom and relaxation.  
Total peace of mind.  
Nothing can interrupt my dreams.  
Nothing can rewind.

Softly dreaming of the sea and golden sand.  
Dreaming of the blue skies and wondrous green land.  
Dreaming of the African desert,  
Nomads and camels.  
Dreaming of the Indian ocean,  
Blue whales in motion.

When I awake from peaceful slumber.  
I cannot wait for my next nights sleep.  
For then I can escape to my dreams.  
Forget my worries and fall in deep.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Deep Blue Sea.

I would love to be,  
in the deep blue sea.  
Swimming around in the magical depths.  
Seeing the dolphin as it leaps.  
The blue whale and its enormous size.  
The baby sea lion and its beautiful eyes.

I would love to swim under the shore.  
In the underground caves,  
with treasures galore.  
Old pirate ships with hidden treasure.  
A deep blue sea you could not measure.

Swimming around with all the fish.  
Looking down at the glistening stones.  
Sea shells in millions of different shapes and colours.  
Oh I do love swimming alone.

The sea gulls take a swipe to feast.  
A ship goes by, on its way to the east.  
The sky gets dark, the moon appears.  
The stars light up the atmosphere.

Another day will come tomorrow.  
When I can swim and forget my sorrow.  
Swimming around in the deep blue sea.  
That's where I love to be.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Mirror Has Two Faces.

The mirror has two faces.  
You and I.  
We see our reflection in each other.  
Yours and mine.  
We are two halves of the same coin.  
We are day and night.  
I am you and you are me.  
Together we are free.

We need not to be together  
to understand each other.  
We feel each others pain.  
You are the sun, I am the rain.

When I am sad you lift me up.  
When you are anxious I say "Don't give up";.  
We are so different, yet so alike.  
The mirror has two faces.  
You are the thunder and I am the lightening that strikes.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Little Fox.

Little fox sleep.  
Dream fast in your slumber.  
Little fox do not weep.  
The day is long.  
You will have many adventures  
to sing about when it is over.

The forest is your playground.  
Deliciously green.  
Scouting around for your prey.  
To be inevidently seen.

Down by the stream.  
The Salmon leaps.  
Glistening water trickles.  
Down in the deep.

Little fox sleep.  
Dream fast in your slumber.  
Little fox do not weep.  
The day is not over.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Secret Garden.

The door was hidden behind  
some ever-growing ivy.

When opened I saw a garden inside.

Fallen trees corrupted the ground and cobwebs covered the area like a broken cage.

A little table stood in the middle  
surrounded by cast iron chairs.

Remains of a picnic were seen on the table,  
a teapot and some silverware.

Little blossoms could be seen here and there.

A bird nest of swallows lay in the nearest tree.

Branches of all sizes lay strewn on the ground.

In there you could hardly hear a sound.

So this is the secret garden that I have heard of do many times.

The place that was kept hidden and left to decay.

The place of happier times and of lost days.

The place where they used to play.

For in the echoes I could hear the screams of laughter.

I could hear the birds sing.

I could the wind softly whistling through.

I could hear the chattering of small bits of conversation from days gone by.

A soft ray of sunshine reminded me.

That this place could shine again.

With a little help it could come back to its former glory,  
and then complete its story.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# When I Think Of You.

When I think of you,  
there is fondness in my heart.  
When I think of you,  
There is peace, it was there from the start.

Out of the blue you came,  
And nothing has ever been the same.  
Your face etched in my soul.  
Your voice, I am deeply enthralled.

Your mind as sharp as a knife.  
Your humour deals with the strife.  
When I think of you,  
everything is real and true.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



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# My Faithful Friend

When you are here beside me,  
My faithful friend.  
I am never alone, not even in my head.

Your warmth and loyalty,  
are always steadfast.  
You are always giving,  
never asking in return.

In my depths of darkness,  
When I saw no way out.  
You were always there.  
There was no doubt.

You bring me peace,  
And calmness all at once.  
Your presence is everything  
and so is the joy you bring.

I hope my friend,  
when our time is done,  
That we stay together,  
still having fun.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# The Darkness.

The darkness is there.  
It's something we can't escape.  
It's in us all.  
Like the black night with a cape.

We have two sides the good and the bad.  
There is also the happy and the sad.  
It's a continuous fight to see who wins.  
It's important to love oneself that's where it begins.

There is always some light in everything we do.  
Like the night sky with the stars twinkling too.  
Like the way we are kind and caring,  
And not thinking of ourselves.  
Like the way we go deep in thought and delve.

The fight continues between good and bad.  
The fight continues between happy and sad.  
Never let anyone say you have no control.  
It's what you feed that affects your soul.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# To Love Or Not To Love.

To love or not to love is the question.  
Is it better to not feel anything,  
to hide all emotions.  
Pretending we are not so close,  
Like the vast oceans.

Keeping everything caged in our hearts,  
being afraid, never to start.  
Afraid to love because heartbreak hurts.  
Done it all before, so I know how it works.

Better not to love, keep at a distance.  
Even though its hard sometimes, better the resistance.  
Because sometimes the love you have dies,  
in more ways than one.  
Better not to have the pain, just be on the run.

Yet if we never let go and deal.  
We will miss out on what is real.  
Better to love than not to love.  
Life is too short not to show someone,  
how we feel.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# This Land, This Life.

I look across this open space,  
and try to remember how it used to be.  
When people cared about each other.  
When everyone was like sister and brother.

Today it seems you have to be.  
Like everyone else and not unique.  
Dont make a fuss, dont even care.  
Look in your phone and continue to stare.

I wish we could open our eyes and see  
what we have got.  
Look at the blue sky, and the stars above.  
It is quite alot,  
to appreciate and be grateful for.  
But we would rather stare at the floor.

This land full of Cultures and differences.  
This land of the vikings and Thor.  
This land of woodland forests and lakes of icy blue.  
The foggy mornings and their dew.

Can we try and wake up before its too late.  
Open our hearts, our eyes, our doors and gates.  
Take our heads out of our phones  
and begin to look, to see, to realise, to strive  
and participate in this wonderful land and life.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Moors.

I am alive yet feel so dead.  
I hear you tapping at the window,  
as the wind howls fiercely,  
while I am in my bed.  
You promised never to leave me,  
and yet you did.  
You promised never to forget our love  
or our adventures in our youth,  
when we larked around the moors  
and laughed to our hearts content.

And now you visit me in the dead of the night.  
Is that out of spite.  
I would have done anything for our love,  
but you wanted more and drove,  
a wedge between our hearts, our souls.

I live for the day that I can join you,  
on the moors with the purple heather,  
above us and the wind howling like it is tonight,  
And you in my arms once more for all eternity.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Deep In The Forest.

Deep in the forest,  
where the river flows,  
by the side of the hill,  
where the wind blows,  
we lived our dream  
You and I.  
Together in the depth of our thoughts  
and our souls connection.  
We lived our hopes, our passions  
in peace and harmony.  
Away from the world's darkness  
and pain.  
We only had sun and rain.

We wandered you and I,  
over hill, valley and vale.  
We looked to the sun during the day  
and lay under the stars at night.  
Their light shone down on us  
like glistening pearls of hope.  
The moon in all its glory,  
shone so we could see our way  
to deep in the forest,  
Where you and I  
would stay.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The White Lady

She roams along the pathways to the tower.  
You see her ghost in the snows of Winter  
and in Aprils showers.  
Her look is so forlorn and sad.  
I wonder what sorrow she has had.

Her White dress caresses the icy stones.  
The coldness puts a chill in your bones.  
She wears a pendant with the letter B.  
Is it Anne Boleyn I see.

This poor lady that lies were told against.  
So Henry could get himself a new wife.  
It did not work out the way that he wanted.  
New wife gone and he is haunted.

But your only daughter ma'am.  
She became Englands greatest Queen.  
With her fiery red hair and alabaster skin.  
She is the only one who is remembered and seen.

Not Edward or Bloody Mary as she was called.  
But your little daughter Elizabeth Rex.  
So you can hold your head up high my Queen.  
You have done your duty and paid the highest price,  
your life.

Rest now my dear lady in your grave.  
The one without any headstone to name your brave,  
actions and all you did.  
Sleep well and remember who you put on the throne.  
The Virgin Queen, the one who came from your blood and bones.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Don't Say A Word.

Don't say a word.  
Just let us be.  
I want to sit with you,  
in silence,  
And listen to the humming bee.

Put your arm around me.  
Let us sit here awhile.  
Let us watch the sunset.  
Let me see your smile.

You know I love you.  
In so many different ways.  
You know I love all you do and say.

Don't say a word.  
Just let us be.  
You know you are in everything I see.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Dark House On The Hill.

You lived in the dark house on the hill.  
It was not for love or will.  
You had no choice in the matter.  
And that's what made it sadder.

You came from a land far away.  
To this country you came to stay.  
Promised to an older man.  
To live with, till your dying day.

You loved to read.  
He did not.  
You loved to play the piano.  
He thought it a bore.  
Soon your life became one long hard chore.

There was no real love between him and you.  
You wanted to find someone who was real and true.  
And so you did in the family doctor.  
But those were the days you both would rue.

Escapes in the night.  
Passions flared.  
To meet your true love.  
By the candlelight and you dared.  
Always being afraid of getting found out.  
But this was true love without any doubt.

In the end they murdered your lover.  
You were banned to your room to suffer.  
Your husband who was the King,  
took all your jewellery and your ring.

You didn't care what he did.  
Your heart was broken and you hid,  
in the dark house on the hill.  
It was not for love or will.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .





# My Eyes Of Blue.

My eyes of blue see you,  
wherever you may be.  
My eyes of blue feel you  
I cannot let it be.

I see within your heart and soul.  
I see when you feel unwhole.  
I know how you feel,  
when I am not there.  
I know your heart,  
I know you care.

There is a big space between us,  
that keeps us apart.  
There have been obstacles.  
They have been there from the start.

My eyes of blue see you,  
wherever you may be.  
My eyes of blue feel you  
I cannot let it be.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Blue Skies Above.

The blue skies above,  
Stretch over our land.  
They look over the green fields  
and the golden sand.

The sun shines brightly,  
happy to be there.  
The many different birds fly to and fro,  
without a care.

Blue skies makes everyone happy.  
Makes you feel its going be a good day.  
When you are feeling sad and crappy  
One look up there takes your worries away.

Bye bye winter we dont want your dark skies.  
No more snowy mornings.  
No more deep sighs.

Here comes spring and sunshine.  
Open up your eyes.  
Here comes love and laughter.  
Look up and see the blue skies.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Don't Cry Your Tears For Him.

Don't cry your tears for him.  
He does not care.  
Don't cry your tears for him.  
He is not there.

He is with her the one,  
He thinks he loves.  
He will never learn  
thats how he is.  
He continues to make the same mistakes.  
His life, his bis.

You wore your heart on your sleeve  
as you always do.  
Thats how you are.  
Thats what makes you true.

You are never fake, but always sincere.  
But it seems today that fake and insincere  
are put on a pedestal,  
and real people like you my dear  
are thrown away anywhere.

They say they want real,  
but then they cannot deal,  
with your warmth and fire.  
They cannot handle an ascended woman.  
Too much for many a man to desire.

They would have to really look  
at themselves in the mirror.  
See their true selves  
and cope with what they see.  
Not an easy task too much terror.  
Let them be.

Don't cry your tears for him.  
He does not care.  
Don't cry your tears for him

He is not there.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Secret.

You fell in love.  
That was your mistake.  
Without knowing who he really was.  
Your life became a fairytale.  
Until that walk beside the lake.  
Your life unravelled.  
The darkness surrounded  
everything that you touched.  
How could you compete  
with a woman that was loved so much.

Her ghost followed you everywhere.  
In every nook and cranny.  
You could not escape her memory.  
Her attributes that were many.

Her faithful servant spied on you.  
You felt yourself unworthy.  
You did not know that her memory  
was not remembered so fondly.

You did not know that your lover  
despised everything that was her's.  
He hated her with a vengeance  
that was deeper than your fears.

He revealed how mean and spiteful  
she was in everything she did.  
She was very beautiful but not inside,  
which she cleverly hid.

His life with her was full of pain.  
Sometimes he wondered if he was going insane.  
And then that day beside the lake.  
She revealed her nastiness and all her fake.

And then she fell and it was over.  
Put out to sea over his shoulder.  
Now the secret is revealed

and the taking away of all pain.  
Your life can begin to flourish again.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Great Expectations.

Great Expectations is all we had.  
Expecting and dreaming our life away.  
But nothing ever happened the way that we wanted it too.  
Everything changed with one big sway.

You lived in a house abandoned by love.  
Locked day in, day out in a decaying room.  
You never saw daylight or the stars above.  
Your world was full of doom and gloom.

Then one day a boy came to see you.  
A smart Little chap called Pip.  
Your days became lighter and cheerful.  
Even the taste of your tea that you sip.

But you had an evil plan.  
One that did more harm than good.  
You were mistreated one time  
And it left you with a revengeful mood.

You wanted this sweet boy to feel  
What you felt,  
When you were left at the altar.  
You wanted him to feel your misery  
for him to breakdown and falter.

But he was not to blame for your heartbreak,  
And finally you realised what you had done.  
But in the end the Great Expectations  
were heaven sent and could not be undone.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



# The Fifth Dimension

The fifth dimension is here to stay.  
All your cares and worries will go away.  
Tranquility and serenity will take over your reality.  
Your life will become more enjoyable every day.

Listen to your innermost being.  
Your spiritual heart is like a torch.  
The darkness of your mind  
will never again scorch.

Direct your awareness within.  
Relaxation is what makes this world a place to enjoy.  
You will come from a place of being more humble and gentle.  
Even a little coy.

The deepest devotion to being gentle in your life.  
Inspires others to do the same.  
The fifth dimension is here to stay.  
It is not a spiritual game.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Uncage Your Heart.

Uncage your heart  
and let me see,  
the secrets you hold within.  
Give me the key,  
to unlock your soul.  
bring life and make you whole.

You have been living in a dark space.  
You felt you could not escape.  
Open your heart,  
And let me in,  
so we can make a new start.

You have been hurt I know.  
it takes time to heal.  
the memories still stay,  
But don't forget what's real.

Uncage your heart  
and let me see,  
the secrets you hold within.  
Give me the key,  
to unlock your soul.  
bring life and make you whole.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# The Last Dance

Here you are again,  
waiting to go on.  
This is your last dance  
and regrets are none.  
This will be your last "Swan lake";  
Even though you are a little sad.  
You are also happy to be hanging up your shoes.  
It ain't so bad.

No more pirouetting to chiming music.  
No more bowing to the applause of well clapped hands.  
No more long Days of practice.  
No more travelling to foreign lands.

You will miss the magic of the stage.  
The mystical atmosphere of every show.  
For dancing gave you life and hope.  
But now it is really time to go.

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You circle round and dance to the music.  
Each lift of your arm, each bow of your head.  
The ruffling of your costume can be slightly heard.  
The delicate movement of your legs  
is perfectly led.

You dance with every strength you have left.  
Your body is tired but not done yet.  
One last turn, one last lift.  
One last bow, one last set.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Your Dreams

Your dreams lay at your feet,  
and they were not even complete.  
The ones you had when you were young.  
Along the way they had become undone.

You had high hopes of the way it should be.  
Had planned it out methodically.  
But life did not play your game,  
And so you are not the same.

You pick them up one by one,  
And place them in your heart.  
You plan again and this time,  
It will not be like it was from the start.

You have learnt from your mistakes,  
have grown in your soul,  
Your sad memories are fading,  
and your heart is whole.

For again you will try and not give up hope.  
You will build your dreams,  
One by one.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Look Into My Eyes

Look into my eyes  
and tell me that you care.  
Look into my eyes and tell me  
that you will be there.

Love is a lonely road to walk sometimes.  
We never say what we should say.  
Afraid of revealing our deepest emotion.  
Afraid of revealing how we really feel.  
Better to cover it up and conceal.

There is a softness in your eyes.  
The way you look when you are deep in thought.  
Tell me what you are really thinking.  
Give me hope so I am not sinking.

Look into my eyes  
And tell me that you care.  
Look into my eyes and tell me  
that you will be there.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# A Sunny Day

You are all done up in your finery,  
waiting for him to arrive.  
A visit to your winery.  
A nice long drive.

The sun is shining  
and you are feeling good.  
Nothing today,  
can put you in a bad mood.

You make some tea while you await.  
Suddenly you hear the creaking of the gate.  
The doorbell rings.  
You run to answer.  
There he stands and you begin to banter.

Laughing and smiling,  
That's how he makes you feel.  
Sometimes you wonder is it just a dream.  
His humour cracks you up every time.  
His caring and loving makes you a team.

Of you go with the sun in your hair.  
The wind blows softly.  
The birds are singing.  
A sunny day and life is good.  
Nothing can put you in a bad mood.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# Fly Bird Fly

Fly bird fly,  
Up to the sky,  
Up to the heavens above.  
Fly bird fly,  
Up to the sky,  
Up to the other doves.

Soar and glide,  
Flap and slide,  
Fly fast and free.  
Never again in a cage.  
Never again with me.

I set you free  
as I am.  
Never again bound.  
Fly bird fly up to the sky.  
And let me hear your sound.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson

# A Simple Flower

A simple flower is all I want.  
Not bouquets of roses or jewels.  
A simple tulip or daffodil  
Or one of the violets at the foot of the mill.

Your smile is what I value more.  
Your blue eyes which I adore.  
Your brown hair with bits of grey.  
Your words of encouragement that make my day.

A simple flower is all I want.  
For I have all I want in you.  
A simple tulip or daffodil.  
You make my dreams come true.

Verse: Sandra Kavanagh (c) .

Sandra Kavanagh Josefsson



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