

Poetry Series

Sarah Louise Persson
- poems -

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Sarah Louise Persson(14 October 1966)

When we leave this world people dont remember how fat or how skinny we were.

They dont remember how plump your lips were or the style of your clothes.
People remember who you were as a person, be that good or bad and also what you've left behind.

Make your self memorable for something of a generous kind.

Put your mind to a canvas, a page in poetry or a song. Invent something.

Leave something others can learn from or admire or at least smile at and nod
and they will say, " This person was amazing, a credit to mankind."

A Glimpse

Markings on the wall confirm the madness,
The times she'd sat and counted days alone,
Her thoughts had passed the time away constrained,
In a mind conflicting, sad, consuming soul.

She could be the angel cast to sidelines,
The animal with yellowing, vicious claws,
The girl sat in the corner sobbing gently,
The maniac, content within her flaws.

Sometimes her mind is filled with soft fulfillment
And other times the thoughts could not compare,
Insanity, intent on building boundaries,
No normality, no heart to give, to care.

Sunken deep within throughout the years,
Her life held cruel commitment to her cause,
For all the world around had drifted, wandered,
Leaving her restrained within her insane by-laws.

Sarah Louise Persson

A Law Unto Myself

I represent my truest self,
A law unto me, to uphold with dignity,
A humble soul with the empathy of a victim,
My shadow takes pride in clear view of the sun.

Sometimes I forget, that I'm more than they see,
At times I take guilt, from the judgements they pass,
I am my worst critic, so I strive to be just,
Never shall I bow, to the wickedly envious.

Shake me and my body may crumble,
But I'll learn from the rubble that's left on the ground.

Sarah Louise Persson

A Peaceful Chair

In a chair I sit and close my eyes,
No need to look around,
My senses heightened, sensitive,
My heart beat quickens with each slight sound.

The silence heard seems louder,
Even heat tingles on skin,
Each heart beat pounds within my ears,
Every second here, alive within.

If I were bound from head to toe,
In bandages tied tight,
I'd still find freedom in this peace,
Much more than dreams that fill each night.

In reverence my stillness moves,
Each nerve a quenched delight,
New energy springs from once tired cells
And all I am, learns unthought heights.

Sarah Louise Persson

A Thought Of Home

Amidst the dark and eerie fog,
That fell across the moor,
The sounds were crisp and mellow,
As my paces trod the heathered floor.

A glint of light was visible,
Just off the rustic land,
I made my way there, slow in pace,
My trusted stick I grasp in hand.

My flat cap barely much for warmth,
The northern winds were bitter,
My head down and a thought of home,
My pace at once grew slightly quicker.

My heartbeat sounded in my ears,
Yet time it seemed stood still,
Each breath that left me steam dispersed,
My pace slowed down, against my will.

But soon enough the cobbles glistened,
Speckled with the morning frost,
With footsteps light I wrapped the door,
My love I greeted, home once more.

Sarah Louise Persson

A Walk In Your Presence

In clarity I see your face,
I taste the tone of an unheard voice,
I can walk with you down an empty street,
Walk silently and smile.

I can make the footprints in the sand
And ride each wave, like a surfer,
Erase the time to make this place,
Eternal, without torture.

Like a boy you talk in pretend,
Speaking of an unreal world,
In visions we can walk together,
Down that road of dreams.

Break down the walls that hide you well,
Throw out the shoes that blister,
Take off the hat that stunts your growth,
And speak real loud, don't whisper.

We can take the world and kick it,
Watch our new horizons shine,
The dark clouds are no longer there,
New pictures painted, yours and mine.

Like teardrops from your beautiful mind,
I'll tiptoe amidst your presence,
We can dream the stars, make wonderlands,
And when all's quiet, we'll sleep.

Sarah Louise Persson

A While

I fought for just a glimpse,
Of a quiet space,
A while,
Where once I'd lived with daily,
Where now just noise,
Yes mainly.

Sarah Louise Persson

A Work Of Art

Today I found a work of art,
It sprayed its wings across my page,
A flight of colour enslaved my senses,
I found myself at home.

Each red depicted love of life,
Each orange glowed with warmth,
The greens, the greys, the yellows and mauve,
The meadows of natures entrance hall.

Each question held an answer,
Every illness found it's cure,
The trees, the knowledge we craved to survive,
And our hearts were like children, pure.

I painted waves and watched the spray,
I saw the beach of sand,
Where all it touched was warm and calm
All creatures lived and filled the land.

I closed my eyes and saw the night,
The stars arrived to calm my sight,
And all my senses butterflied
And danced in awe of sheer delight.

Sarah Louise Persson

After The Storm

After the storm I watched with wide eyes,
Til the crests of the waves had gentled in rhythm,
Til the winds had calmed and the trees were stood tall,
And the crisp evening air calmed my thoughts.

I still see your smile through the dark winter nights,
And a mixture of emotions are felt and I smile,
The thought that I knew you and the scope of how much
I still miss you, your love, your gentle, soft touch.

Sarah Louise Persson

Angelical Swan

I walked along the old river bank,
The trees had now shed autumn leaves,
The twigs underfoot snapped loud as I trod,
There's not much around tween the gaps in the fog,
But just as I rounded the corner today,
The grace of a swan caught my eye,
Angelical plumage, magestically proud,
The magnificence passed by without any sound.

Like a skater on ice he glided with grace,
An image so pure like the snow,
With a full span of wings so slender and strong,
He drited himself to where smooth waters flow,
And once again settled he bowed down his head,
And gracefully moved on his way,
How often I pass here but nothing I see,
Could endear me as much as that angel today.

Sarah Louise Persson

Becoming One

As you lay here beside me
I can see beyond your smile
Your heart, the normal charm you have
Is lost here for a while,

I touch your face
Trace your lips with my eyes
The dark handsome ruggedness
Fills my sighs,
Touch my lips to your forehead
To help ease the pain
Desire fills my entire
And it's hard to refrain,

But be it for one night
Or be it for days
I'll be here forever
To indulge in this haze,
Like the song of the humming bird
Our souls hold one tune
The rhythm lifts our spirits
Like the scent of fine perfume.

Trace thoughts through our touch
Through our touch, trace our thoughts
Becoming one in entirety
Feel the pulse of our warmth.

Sarah Louise Persson

Casual Replies

All I see is distance,
With no spaces inbetween,
A rock without a resting place,
A deadly fall without the scream.

No light within the darkened sky,
No echo when I call,
Stranded, lost, in sinking sand,
No rainbow after rain fall.

A love lost, both with broken hearts,
No justice in the lies,
No comfort from the truth I know,
All questions hung with casual replies.

Sarah Louise Persson

Circle Of Life

My eyes reach far forward,
Where the sky touches earth,
The earth holds the trees,
Where the clouds pass by,
And there, where the sky
Touches mountain top snow,
Is the point where the sky,
Meets the earth, meets the sky.

Where the valleys lay deep,
In the grooves on the ground,
The sky touches everything,
That reaches the cloud,
If the sea were a means,
To an end of the earth,
Then earth, touches sea,
Touches sky, touches earth.

Sarah Louise Persson

Colours Of Angels

I see this world in light reflecting colours,
The exact same colours mixed within your eyes,
And all I ever captured, it was taken from your heart,
So loving you is all I care to start.

All I wanna be is there beside you,
Cast passion from each string that holds my heart,
Each door we close, a million more will open,
Each day with you is where I care to start.

Let's stop this world from all it's ever changing,
Contain each colour like precious gems of stone,
From every colour we'll form a gaurdian angel,
And release the angels skyward to guide us home.

Sarah Louise Persson

Colours Of Time

Have I seen your grazed face along roads of misfortune,
Walked down the same paths, never saying a word,
Do skies hold the same clouds when rain falls on dry days,
My sight's never clear, always blurred.

The sun's eyes shed tears where the rays couldn't reach,
Yet the gold of your hair spread the light,
Do our moons wear the colours that change with our mood,
Am I really still here, dressed by night.

In transit we walk through these colours of time,
Does the air flow the same way for you?
With the mold seeping out through the cracks in our wake,
Wafting scents of earths green, skies of blue.

Sarah Louise Persson

Completely Sincere

Do angels waltz beneath you?
I've watched your gliding grace,
Do lions rest within your heart?
I've seen you weak but brave of face.

The waves of time have kissed you,
Yet your handsome brow's still strong,
Like fireflies hidden in your eyes,
You light my heart like words in song.

At times your words have scolded,
Yet your tenderness is clear,
The years are long, yet life is short,
Your love holds my time,
Completely sincere.

Sarah Louise Persson

Contentment

Taken from these days she grasps
A comfort from the beauty,
Nature in simplicity
A hand held,
Ingenuity.

Music of a favoured sort,
Or just the thought of peace,
Emotions felt,
The tear stained cheeks,
That come from words he softly speaks.

Has she all that she can see,
Or is her will deceiving?
A restless soul,
Yet still as night,
Fiesty?Yes,
Without such fight.

A gentle way surrounds her heart
And everything it holds, content,
In light of day she beauty seeks
Where in darkness,
Beautifully she sleeps.

Sarah Louise Persson

Copy Cat, Copy Cat

Perform as I do, like a puppet on a string,
Wear the same I wear, sing the same songs I sing,
Reach for the same stars and smile with the moon,
It all wears thin quickly, you'll feel it real soon.

Copy cat, copy cat, what brings you here?
You think it's a blast sharing space as I steer?
Find your own cloud and reach high for your dreams,
Cause this one I'm riding ain't as good as it seems.

I've lumps and I've bumps, I'm a little bit worn,
In fact I've not really much use here at all,
But here in my wisdom I truly can share,
I've lost loads in transit, not much left to spare.

Pull on my apron strings, hang by a thread,
Soon you'll be wishing you'd done more than said,
And all being well you'll come out of it fine,
And be happy you've more, than the tail you're behind.

Sarah Louise Persson

Days Well Spent

The old man sits with his head tipped back,
His flat cap resting on a hairless scalp,
Slippers on his feet and the coal fire lit,
The stereo plays well remembered tracks.

Once well known as the Banjo man,
The tunes still beat in his heart,
He sits each day in a worn out chair,
In memory now, the dance would start.

He'd always had such rhythm,
He'd played tunes that really lifted souls,
An entire room would spring to life,
With each tap and strum, a story unfolds.

Before too long his feet start tapping,
With his pipe clutched tight in his hand,
He smiles and sings and remembers well,
The songs he played in his youthful band.

Time passed so fast but he'd no regrets,
He'd lost close friends but still looking back,
He'd spent his days filled with so much fun,
And finds memories still in each well played track.

Sarah Louise Persson

Dear Mother

Standing in the doorway
Of the chapel where she lay,
I gazed upon the people,
Some not seen until today,
I'd known that she was wonderful,
An angel given life,
She always had a way with hearts,
The ideal friend, mother, wife.

I walked to take my final gaze,
The face I'd known so well,
I wasn't sure just what I'd find,
It hurt too much to tell,
Each step was hollow, loud in sound
But still with steady pace,
Before I knew my eyes looked down,
I gazed right at my mothers face,

I froze, I looked, she wasn't there
And within I couldn't find,
The very strength within my soul
To reach out with my hand,
And all I had to give me grace,
Lay resting in her ashen face,
As teardrops fell I knew I'd find,
Resolve within this bitter taste.

I knew she'd watch out over me,
I knew each day that passed,
She'd always be my guiding grace
Until my very last,
I took from that a comfort
And it never leaves my mind,
Your spirit will forever be,
Alive and unconfined.

Sarah Louise Persson

Delightfully Enthralled

As winters pass, the rivers flow,
Diamond-like the shallows glow,
Each nook n cranny that rushes by,
A pass is left when it all turns dry.

Eagles rest their wings on air,
Gliding where the rest won't dare,
The mountains hide the burning sun
And trodden paths now blend as one.

Each waterfall that thunders high,
Reflects amidst the sun burnt sky
And as the night time turns til dawn,
All wonders rest til light's reborn.

In mornings glow the flowers nod
And lift their heads to face our God,
And with the rains the rivers laugh,
Out loud they rise to meet the grass.

A fortune held within this earth,
A home with sentimental worth,
To every creature, big or small,
For all to share, delight, enthrall.

Sarah Louise Persson

Douse The Candle Flame

Intentions that I wander to,
The mist is sometimes thick,
My eyes, they search through tiny gaps,
To find the core, the candle wick.

Once the wick is found I find,
The tricks it plays within my mind
And all intentions crumble down,
I have no voice, no words I find.

It leads me to this darker place,
But it is here that I can rest,
No expectations glance my way,
No crowded rooms, no time of day.

A place where I can lay my head,
To hide away and settle down,
A place where I can close my eyes,
And douse the candle flame, just drown.

Sarah Louise Persson

Dream From A Sickbed

She wandered through a landscape,
Full of pretty little builds,
Not really knowing where she was,
Not really did she care,
Each little piece of beauty,
Turned her head at every chance
And never would she want to leave,
The place her head could dance.

Everything was on the edge,
The cliffs held fragrant hues,
But just to see the next display,
Her feet would tumble, slide, amuse,
When all at once her balance lost,
She fell to worlds unknown,
Embracing all that captured eyes,
Never ending places flown.

Valleys deep in depths of sea,
With wrecks as clear as clear could be,
Each fish that swims a flash of light,
Has firework hues in abundance,
Fields and mountains of pure delight,
Even boulders cannot block my flight,
And all at once she comes to rest,
Upon a pillar against her chest.

Chains she cannot strap in place,
She watches others fall,
Should she let go and meet her fate?
Her dream has ended, death awaits.

Sarah Louise Persson

Drying Eyes

So yes, between the days of good,
A few tears still I shed,
I just cant seem to rid the last,
I thought I'd put them all to bed.

I still have thoughts, reminders left,
That show their face at times,
And yes, a tear falls to my heart,
And oh so gently settles there.

I thought the years had softened cries,
Yet once again I'm drying eyes,
The shades of wetness fill old tracks,
And I am clearly still held back.

Perhaps one day my tears will dry,
They almost fool me sometimes,
And then the nighttime brings them back,
Filling old familiar cracks.

Sarah Louise Persson

Echoes Song

Whisper on the water
And the echoes rise as steam,
Difting slowly northerly,
Escaping on the breeze.

Can the words encaptured
On the breeze disguise my thoughts?
And guide me gently forwards,
To a place my heart can lean towards.

Or do they rest in tandem,
With the echo that was sung?
The tune, a harmony of voice,
A gesture of a thoughtless choice.

A random whisper lost in haze,
To mingle within distant lands,
Reflections on the waters edge,
A face in ripples, a heartfelt pledge.

The whisper was a promise made,
To always catch the echoes song,
The little things we sometimes toss,
Become the things we crave and long.

Sarah Louise Persson

Echo's Of My Mind

Drifting through the echo's of my mind
You softly speak,
A thousand tiny words of love,
To pass before my feet,
Turn to dust before my eyes,
The wind has whisped away,
And here I sit, alone again,
Like every other day.

Sarah Louise Persson

Entirely, Completely

Crave, we do, for blissful days,
For nights that quench our lust,
For spring times blossom scented air
And winters' cosy fire side glare,
But it is not what's meant to be,
When you're not sharing space with me,
My place can only ever be,
With you entirely, completely.

Sarah Louise Persson

Fields Of View

In meadows where the bluebells rest,
Encrusted petals of morning dew,
Glints gently where the sunlight spills
And shadows rest on rocky hills.

My heart is warmed at such delight,
My eyes fulfilled in wonderous sights,
My senses thrive and dance on thrills,
My mind reflects where water stills.

Comforts to a restless soul,
The stillness captures home,
Transforming stress to mellow minds,
Til all resounds like windmill chimes.

As morning sunshine warms the day,
The flowers dance on scented winds,
That whisper tunes while passing through,
Reminders of these fields of view.

Sarah Louise Persson

Finding Home

Finding Home

I'm one to wander gently,
Not cross borders to and fro,
My world is smaller nowadays,
Homeland I'll get to know.

I don't care what the Jones's do,
Nor the Johnsons or the Browns,
I'd rather live spontaneous,
Live by means within my grounds.

We have the mountains and the sea,
We have the fields and meadows,
The moors, the lakes, the cities
And the sun shines just as yellow.

Fair enough, it rains alot,
But the lushness left behind,
Is wonderful, it's everywhere,
This land it soothes my busy mind.

So when I need some time away,
I've just a small bus ride,
To the countrysides quaint villages,
Or barefoot walks at the seaside.

This land is in my heart and soul,
It's the place I call my home,
I have my fun times, my solitude,
My feet, no reasons left to roam.

Sarah Louise Persson

Freedom

The branches of the tree weighed down,
Content, the eagle rests,
Magnificence in all its grace,
Determination on its face.

The river's running strongly,
Even though the rain has eased,
I laze here on this wooden porch,
And gaze out yonder, proudly pleased.

The eagle once again takes flight,
Above the mountain tops, it soars,
The sun rays try to edge their light,
To the rivers shallow, crooked course.

Within an hour the clouds are gone,
The blue of skies in vivid light,
The seasoned rains have done their work,
The greenest land bares pure delight.

The meloncholy sounds of earth,
That nature brings to life,
Rewards our souls with blessedness,
Eliminates our worldly strife.

Take hold with hands and open hearts,
The freedom rights, your claim at birth,
With every breeze, a melody,
Beloved life on this here Earth.

Sarah Louise Persson

From An Armchair

Something that could make me leave my bed,
Just something for my heart, not just my head,
From the tiny window on my right,
I see the world pass by both day and night.

The joy that comes with love, a perfect storm,
Musicians write the tales our hearts have worn,
Each person from each walk of life I see,
Have something deep inside that sets them free.

People speak of going to new places,
About the things in life where they find joy,
Expecting you to find the same enlightenment,
But without the heart alongside, what's the point?

I snuggle in the sheets to hide away
From all the insignificance of my day,
In hope that one day love will change my heart,
To bring a life of joy, a brand new start.

Today I'm in the armchair of a time,
Reflections fill my day then disappear,
Passing time til someone comes along,
To fill my time with joy, just like the song.

Sarah Louise Persson

Going Through The Motions

I wake in the morning and a tear burns my face,
It hasn't yet left, I'm still put in my place,
I cover my head and I let the tears fall,
I just want to hide away, hide from it all.

I'm not really sad as such, just a bit lost,
My mind seeks solutions, my soul pays the cost,
Depression, mind numbing, all energy used,
On lifting myself from this bed to my shoes.

I'll wear the brave face yet I scream from inside,
I can't run away from it, nowhere to hide,
So I go through the motions, I'm always, "Just fine!"
Yet inside this smile is just borrowing time.

I'd love you to help but my voice has no sound,
In any case I don't really want you around,
So as much as I need to, I cannot unload,
My soul takes the pain that my mind will offload.

Sarah Louise Persson

Have You Seen These Eyes Of Mine

Have you seen these eyes of mine?
The tears burned passages in my cheeks,
The passages tell the story of mine,
And haunt me with each untold line.

I could use creams to fill the cracks,
But the cracks would still be there,
New tears use the same burned tracks,
My guard is down, the pain impacts.

Be gone you thief, you have no right,
To use me when you set your sights,
I've walked this road alone too long,
To change my tune, rewrite my song.

You twisted both my heart and mind,
Depression was the name you signed,
But you have no more hold on me,
Cause I have healed, my heart is free.

Have you seen these eyes of mine?
They watched me walk and cross fine lines,
But on the soul train line I rode,
I worked so hard, I shed my load.

The lesson learned in honesty,
Was just to set my spirit free,
And now I live my life each day,
With happiness that I found my way.

Sarah Louise Persson

Healing Strife

May I rest for a short while,
Where the angels once trod,
Lay alone as the flowers bloom,
Whisper quietly to mornings moon.

Sharing time with the essence,
Breathe in all but the sun,
Stroke the carpet of lavender,
Ashen cloud, day's begun.

Be at peace with my minds eye,
Ask the questions of life,
Feel the touch of the angels,
Flowing rivers, healing strife.

Sarah Louise Persson

Hindsight

I see the arch with cobbled stone,
The landmark of my journey home,
The streets are empty, dark and cold,
It isn't safe here, so I'm told.

A manly figure lights a smoke,
He wears a hat and blackened cloak,
My heart beats now with hastened pace,
The shadows hide his bearded face.

Yet as I pass, no words are said,
The screams I hear are in my head,
The planted seed had done the trick,
And all at once my pace was quick.

Through the darkest alley meets,
The eyes of cats, through bushes peep,
The call of owls that never sleep,
Have scared me so, I run and weep.

A familiar form of light I see,
Relief and overwhelming glee,
I turn and walk in backwards pace,
To show the fear my change of face.

Now safe and sound and in my home,
No fear is here, though still alone,
There was no danger that I saw,
Just crazy thoughts, in hindsight.

Sarah Louise Persson

Hush

The light has dulled along the bay,
The ships, not quite so visible
And every wave that lashes down,
Returns to just a hush, for now.

This rock I rest upon is hard
And yet in sense of comfort, I rest,
A wisp of hair falls to my brow
And once again a hush, for now.

And as the air grows quickly cold,
The gulls swoop down for last rewards,
And with each fish they disembowel,
A sense of hush is felt, for now.

And as the night time closes in,
I wander, slow in gait, to home,
And when it's time to rest my brow,
I hear the hush again, for now.

Sarah Louise Persson

I'll Find My Dreams

Somewhere over mountains and trees,
I'll find my dreams,
I haven't met them up til now
I've never dreamed a dream somehow.

The stars still shine and moons they smile,
I've seen that every once in a while,
But dreams they still evade my sight,
They even hide my eyes at night.

So with these blinkers on I walk
And wander through my days,
Awaiting for these dreams to wake me,
Slumber take me, fascinate me.

Ask and you will get they said,
When all I wanted was my bed,
To dream my dreams and make them true,
So I can fill my days with you.

Sarah Louise Persson

In The Depths

Vanished has the sky and moon,
No stars where once they brightly shimmered,
There's no light above and the earth has turned dry
And I feel like my soul's being slowly dismembered.

I have no more taste, no scents, I can't see,
My dreams? Only visions of insanity revealed,
The flowers may die and all space may dissolve
But my soul still has chambers concealed, unresolved.

The deafness embraces the sound of the silence,
Each insight has blindness beneath,
If my courage defeats me, I'll still persevere,
Til my senses return from the depths, within reach.

Sarah Louise Persson

Isolation

Collectively we walk alone,
We take the same steps,
Kick the same small stones,
And yet you will remain unknown.

Sarah Louise Persson

Just A Tree

A leaf falls off the autumn tree,
And glides away so gently,
With an elderly hand I reach to hold,
And feel each line, each crease and fold.

It's life of blowing in the breeze,
The hue of sun kissed lemons,
And still its shape holds perfect form,
A leaf thats old but not quite worn.

The story of the tree it seems,
Is use your time with quiet ease,
A harshened world may pass you by,
But never question, when or why.

Of graceful height and broken shade,
Respite for us on warmer days,
With all the beauty held for me,
There's no way you're merely, 'Just a tree.'

Sarah Louise Persson

Just Not With Me

Please take the nightmares far away,
I don't care where you leave them be,
No better place that I can think of,
Farthest of far, deepest of sea,
Any place just not with me.

Sarah Louise Persson

Leave Me Be

I sit here, yes, in these four walls,
I sit here and I wait,
For time will surely pass this way
And make me leave, as if I'm late.

I wouldn't go if up to me,
I'd lock each door, close every gate,
It slaps my face, it punches me,
It tortures me, it won't abait.

This place is where I hide away,
A place where I can spend my day,
Not bothered with the people round,
Not bothered by the worldly sounds.

I have no will to entertain,
No urge to even speak,
Inside I barely need to breathe,
Inside I'm tired, my mind is weak.

Why can't you people understand,
I just dont want to hang around,
I just don't want to laugh or smile,
You talk too loud, that wretched sound.

I wish to pause inside my head,
And be myself just naturally,
To be the weird, misunderstood,
To write my thoughts, just generally.

This fast paced world is not for me,
I like a slow paced certainty,
Bars set too high, dictated days,
No, leave me here, please leave me be.

Sarah Louise Persson

Let Yourself Be

I see it sometimes in the way that they think,
Unrelentingly dismal and small with red tape,
The need to feel part, to impress and possess,
Yet the greyness they know, doesn't smell like success.

Should we all resort to that same frame of mind,
Have we not our own will of which to accompany?
Obedience of that surely fills our desire?
We each have our own belly of passion and fire.

Let go of their hand, let your mind have a say,
Breathe in the new air, try out things your own way,
Be at peace with your mind, let your true self be known
Success of oneself is the truth in your soul.

Sarah Louise Persson

Lifes Essence

Was it just a picture?
Is it ever just a picture?
What you see is not the same
As me or any other.

Were the words just meaningless
Or have a hidden message?
Did the words between the lines
Make up a secret passage?

What you see before your eyes
May not be just as is,
For I have seen a different face
So not a true analysis.

The ocean is a vast expanse,
That's filled with life and water,
But just as much a wishing well
Deep thoughts dwell in its structure.

A tree, a shady canopy,
A lovers favorite place,
A poets thoughts dwell in its bark
Each branch a tale, each leaf a face.

My home is just a house to you,
My pride within it clear,
Your world is yours to do at will,
It's essence free and yet still dear.

Sarah Louise Persson

Little Bird

Fly free little bird,
Fly free, spread your wings,
Soar over the seas,
Over rivers and things.

Fly free little bird,
In storms stay serene,
Soar over high mountains.
Don't declare what you've seen.

Keep secret your islands,
Let friends light your way,
Fly free little bird,
Little bird, live today.

Sarah Louise Persson

Lost

I've walked along this rocky ledge,
Amidst the black and ash filled cloud,
There beats my heart, there lives my soul,
Is this my destiny, to just grow old?

Can it be, can it be so,
That somewhere, some how, someone knows,
That somewhere there is evidence,
The clues that make this all make sense?

I've turned up stones, I've opened doors,
I've swept dead leaves off dusty floors,
Yet still with nothing clear in mind,
I search for something more to find.

If only I could live, not hide,
My search could lead me far and wide,
And surely then, yes surely then,
I'd fill this empty hole inside.

I've seen, I've dreamed, where I should be,
Yet still I wandered aimlessly,
Now feeling lost and incomplete,
Do I surrender, admit defeat?

With all I hold inside of me,
I cannot let this overwhelm me,
I need to stand up tall, be strong
And find my sense again, belong.

Sarah Louise Persson

Love Comes Softly

On the crest of a wind you bought me back home,
Gently we drifted through days,
No cares, no worries, just time to reach out,
Taking the time to learn what we're about,
I saw in your eyes how your heart became charmed,
Endearing my own to feel strongly,
Sometimes we find that love's not always fireworks,
But that love sometimes comes to us softly.

Sarah Louise Persson

Love Eternally

In your eyes I found my serenity,
Composed in calm tranquility,
You had that way, on broadened chest,
I'd share with you my loyal request.

To always hold me close to you,
Encircle me with all your truths,
I hold my breath so time stands still,
To hold you longer in tender will.

In strength you stand before me
And I blend with all my being,
Each fibre deploys your manliness,
And I ache, intense with happiness.

If time took never, not one more tick,
Within your heart I'd wish to be,
And all the planets, moons and stars,
Would carry us through eternity.

Sarah Louise Persson

Love Hurts

I watched as you left on that warm summers day,
I wept as you turned before walking away,
Never, no never, had you cared that I bled,
The wounds cutting deep with each word that you said.

My eyes cried the rivers of tormented storms,
Each storm bursting banks, til my heart almost burst
But yes, I will wait til the sun turns to night, for you,
Night turns to day, then again to moonlight.

Sarah Louise Persson

Love Me

In my heart of hearts I know,
When I look deep into your eyes
And they smile, I know,
That you love me, it shows.

As you gaze over features,
My curves you admire,
I see then again, like as always,
You love me, those ways.

When you throw your head back
In pure laughter, I know,
My quirkiness tickles you,
Deep down, you know.

I love that you love me,
I'll always hold dear,
Your tenderness deeply
And your heart ever near.

Sarah Louise Persson

Memories

Lying in my bed, I gaze,
To trees outside my window pane,
My thoughts turn once again to you,
And how can I not smile.

Memories come flooding back,
Of crazy days and love filled nights,
Days we wished would never end
And nights we knew we'd not forget.

When laid like this years down the line,
With just I smile at every thought,
Those broken days, the fun, the tears,
Now memories of chosen years.

Sarah Louise Persson

More Than This

Diamonds are just sparkly things,
They don't mean much to me,
But sitting here all snuggled up
With you, keeps this girl happy.

Golden chains and earrings,
And all expensive stuff,
Mean nothing if I don't have you,
My treasure chest, my love.

To have you with me every day,
Is all I ever wish,
All the jewellery in the world,
Could never mean more than this.

Sarah Louise Persson

My True Self

I've walked in shades of grey, I know,
I've walked with bare, cold feet,
I've walked for miles in search of light,
I've walked and walked in blinding heat.

Why have I walked so many miles?
I ask myself today,
Why have I walked on sharpened stone?
Why have I walked this way?

My eyes have blinded me with sight,
My feet are scarred from pain,
The light still turns to dark at night
And I am left in shallow frame.

My answers found within my stride,
The moment I stood still,
The earth no longer spins my head,
My feet are light, not filled with lead.

The colours are inside my mind,
My eyes are there to see,
My heart has warmth to comfort me,
My self alone will carry me.

So if I push my mind to fly,
A bird I will become,
And all of this my coloured sky,
Is where I'll find my own true high.

I can survive this crazy world,
In being who I am,
It's all about just being true,
To trust myself in who I am.

Sarah Louise Persson

No Reason For It All

Why do their hearts feel so much pain,
When still so meek and small,
Of course they cannot understand,
The reasons for it all.

The barriers that they call upon,
Each time they feel the pain,
The tears should've been made of steel,
The scars, the swords they'd yield.

If only sighs sprayed magic dust,
To sprinkle on their minds,
To bring the joys a child should feel,
And remove the hurt they cannot hide.

With minds so full of wonder,
Thinking angels are for real,
How is it then that truths of life,
Would hurt so much to feel.

Sarah Louise Persson

No Sentiment

No Sentiment

I could all but wonder what you captured in your gaze,
What shadows spilled in tortured moments
Upon the sodden ground you walked.
Made aware of deep and complex thoughts
With eyes that show the truth,
Coiled like a snake
And encompassing all directions of loneliness,
Casting dismal purpose to what should be a pleasant existence,
Yet still you smile,
But no sentiment found here,
No sentiment do you hear or feel,
And yet I am in awe of your smile,
In awe of how your grace outshines any other,
And when you talk
A profound calm exists in your tone,
You are all that peace indulges in,
Can I allow myself to contemplate the existence of such a soul,
So indefinitely pure,
The evidence that such sadness exists
In a place we have no right to touch,
Still the grace is undeniable,
The charm, seductive with ease,
And even in death you will walk here,
Amongst the heather that adorns these hills,
And I will still gaze upon your ghost and smile
In awe of the none sentimental presence of serenity.

Sarah Louise Persson

Obviously

I wear my mask, distort my face,
A gentle soul revealed,
But dare you look to deeper grades,
This heart's not really, ever healed.

Cast me glares that cut my throat,
My blood still runs out pure,
Disgrace my name, deface my skin,
No freck lays here, not quite obscure.

An open book, my pages thin,
Sublime in density,
Yes I am masked but I am true,
I'm more than you see, obviously.

Sarah Louise Persson

One Small Rose

One small rose,
A beautiful red,
Blooming in the flower bed.
The sweetest scent,
That fills my head,
Dancing in the flower bed.

Velvet petals,
In perfect form,
Glistening drops in crystal morn.
Delightfully reaching,
As sunshine is born,
Bowing at dusk and indulging each dawn.

One small rose,
A beautiful red,
Dancing in the flower bed,
A wonderful scent,
Most elegantly spread,
Whilst blooming in the flower bed.

Sarah Louise Persson

Over Hills There's A Cove

We walked over hills
With warm winds blowing swift,
The beach nestled snug
In the small cove below,
Small boats washed in,
Bashed about by the rocks,
Girls bathing in sunshine
With freshly curled locks.

A small seaside town,
Not a promenade in sight,
Just sea, sand and rocks
And the seagulls in flight,
The fishermen's rods casting
Lines to the waves,
Before reeling them in,
Through the frothy, white haze.

And as night settles in
And the wind starts to ease,
The sun rests an orange,
Red hue set to soothe,
The moon rises high
And the night light is cast,
And the sea, soon a mirror
Smooth and settled at last.

Sarah Louise Persson

Patience Of Nature

You walk on grass of the freshest greens,
The tide is new and the Honeysuckle breathes,
Each blossom lined with morning dew
And dandelion fairies dance on drifts
Where winds have carried the scents of sunshine.

Each tree branch turned towards the sky,
Grasping light from every sinew of sun rays
And each mimics the form of a soul,
That walks with you and guides your stride,
Be your pace hasty or have the patience of nature.

Sarah Louise Persson

Perfect Perception

If I were to compare,
I'm sure an injustice would be made,
For you are not comparable,
You never have been or ever will be,
You are exquisite in your presence
And your touch is sincere,
How I could compare your grace,
To anything is intensely unclear.
To me you are perfect,
Just perfect my dear.

Sarah Louise Persson

Personal Insight

As I walk along my thoughts do wander,
To more than the rich sodden ground that I tread,
To what my life has bestowed upon me
And what it has taken away and betrayed me.

Which line do I walk? Which words should I speak?
How would I be viewed if the truth were spoken?
Have I been honest to myself through my days?
Or have I been expected to concede my true ways?

How do I know what is true and what's false?
Would I still be loved if I said more than most?
Is silence the grace of forgiving myself
Or perhaps an excuse for obscurance.

A walk in the open air under the trees,
Is great for the thoughts that I have as I please,
The truths and the questions will all come to light,
Along with the romance of personal insight.

Sarah Louise Persson

Priceless

Have I seen that day where I'd walked through it,
And not known that it'd been the best day I'd ever have?
Has that day passed me by?
Has the face of love looked into my eyes,
And I blinked?
Has love come and gone?
My children have grown and married.
They have children of their own.
Their life to me is timeless,
Timeless and priceless.
How time passes is irrelevant,
How we spend that time is precious,
The years pass so fast,
Time is so never ending, yet small.
So very small.
So timeless.
Priceless.

Sarah Louise Persson

Pure Beauty Is Beast

In the shade of the forest,
I shift on my feet,
A nervousness thumps in my brain,
With each step I take,
I'm tempted to run,
The acuteness of sound is insane.

With the rustle of leaves
And the cracks of twigs,
I look for a glimpse of the beast,
It's eyes I feel through me,
My skin prickles cold,
Then I see it, its beauty unleashed.

Its eyes are wild, staring,
Each nostril is flared,
My thoughts say to flee but I can't,
I'm frozen in stance,
My cold lips catch a breath,
And I'm lost in a creature, enchanted.

I take a step forward,
Enticed by the challenge,
It twitches and paws at the ground,
And then in an instance,
It bolts and is gone,
Purer beauty in a creature, I haven't yet found.

Sarah Louise Persson

Purity With Release

Purity With Release

A gesture, pure like mountain rain,
A moment, shared and still remains,
Distinct in grace, in fragrant hues,
Each fragrance forms in petals dew.

Adapt my heart to hear the sighs,
Of earths relinquished mornings sunrise,
Through waterfalls release my soul,
Content, my footprint follows my call.

Surpass my body, encase my mind,
Purity i seek and find,
For I'm no longer the wandering child,
My age at last has smoothed the wild.

No longer shall I rest beneath
But reach the skies for pure release.

Sarah Louise Persson

Reckless Stowaway

I've walked the tides,
I've tread the water
And amongst the seaweed I've drifted,
I never really go away,
I'm just a reckless stowaway,
Returning every now and then,
To watch the sunset from the bay.

Sarah Louise Persson

Reflections

Cast your mind to wanderings,
To look for more than distant dreams,
To touch hearts without finger tips,
It's the frogs that kiss the sweetest lips.

No clouds to taint a rainy day,
Tend the blossoms baring sweetest fruit,
Take heart from those who smile for less,
Make finding happiness your main success.

Take time away from those with haste,
It takes more than hands to build a home,
Tread water slow that's running wild,
Protect yourself not just the child.

Sarah Louise Persson

Restoration

Shadows fall on the ground where I tread,
My footsteps they sink in the rough, sodden turf,
The forest can rest now the axe man has gone,
The thunder is heard long before snow's begun.

Reflections on water seem remote and far away,
Like the distance of sunshine on a cold winters day,
Snow flakes gently settle on each surface they find
And everything is once again, beautiful.

Can my smile now return to its true, rightful place?
Can my heart beat slow down, from this maniac pace?
Can everything stay as it is here, right now?
Can we all come together and embrace?

Cast iron is my solitude like a cage of mental trust,
My spirit is pure, there are no actions to judge,
Inspiration surrounds where the sounds make no noise,
I can breathe a little deeper, my soul's regained poise.

Sarah Louise Persson

Right Here Each Time

I've often wished for that open road,
To find that place, where no one knows,
No one to ask, no white lies told,
A lonely place, yet not so cold.

How many times I've questioned why,
I've looked around, wished for the sky
But when the night time feels sublime,
My heart is home, right here, each time.

Sarah Louise Persson

Saved Here Just For You

I've traveled round this earth and still,
I know where lies my home,
It's felt within my heart, the love,
The kind I've always known,
I searched for years to find that place
But held it all along,
I saved it deep within me,
And my children made it strong.

So no matter where I find myself,
There'll always be a place,
A privilege and a joy to hold them,
Deep within this space.

Sarah Louise Persson

Sentiments Of Light

On rainbows there's a hint of you,
Each raindrop splashes gold,
The snowy mountains clouds cascade,
My stories here unfold.

Each star that glistens in the sky,
Spells out your name so bright,
And with the moons last shadow's cast,
A haze filled sentiment of light.

Each wind that blows from pole to pole,
Each flower that scents the breeze,
A hint of you is felt in time,
Each essence touched, you please.

With every dune that drifts with sand,
Your name is glistening glass,
And as the heat that shimmers, rises,
The rays of sun still gently pass.

In every way you fill my days,
And every way you gift my sight,
I'll see you, find you, speak your name,
And whisper sentiments of light.

Sarah Louise Persson

Shades Of Our Hearts

Sometimes our hearts cascade in shades,
All colours masked like seasoned seas,
A blossomed tree that's sparcely thorned,
A hero in life yet bravery scorned.

Each colour lets a story unfold,
Whether kept inside or fortuitously told,
And within each shaded darker place,
A secret fills a contemporary space.

Conspicuous shades of gentle greys,
Need never compare to the brighter days,
The warmer reds and orange hues,
Speak of happy days in stiletto shoes.

Although the shades speak loud and clear,
The gentler tones we hardly hear,
But there they rest complete in view,
To remind us what we need not undo.

Sarah Louise Persson

Shadows Cast The Angel

A hauntingly beautiful shadow,
Created that one summer's day,
Cast down on the hour of a new afternoon,
In that hauntingly beautiful way.

A vision you were in your moment,
Your beauty not drowned out by light,
You passed by in seconds, dramatic displays
Of angelical wings taking flight.

Leaving the graveyard,
You threw your gown down,
And smiling through dignity,
Arose from the ground,
The most wonderful image
And yet deepest regret,
Of not rising up with you,
My darkest day yet.

Sarah Louise Persson

Side By Side

Let me see your face in the morning sun,
Let me hear your voice through rain,
Break a smile for me,
Stay a while with me,
Let me hold you once again.

Play that old guitar by the cracklin fire,
Place your heart in every line,
This is how I wish
We'd spend our days like this,
Side by side most all the time.

Sarah Louise Persson

Sometimes

Sometimes I live inside my mind,
Sometimes I step outside,
Sometimes my thoughts are vivid and deep,
Sometimes they don't exist,
They sleep.

Sometimes I speak but just to myself,
Sometimes I tell those I love,
Sometimes my words are unclear, quite confused,
Sometimes they're harsh,
Anger infused.

Sometimes it's easier to be on my own,
Sometimes I wish for a friend,
Sometimes I hope to find love and romance,
Sometimes it's barely,
A slow dance.

Sometimes I need to have something to give,
Sometimes I want for myself,
Sometimes I wonder just where I belong,
Sometimes I'm home,
But day's long.

Sometimes the words just fill up a page,
Sometimes I can't write a thing,
Sometimes I wrestle between hopes and bad dreams,
Sometimes I just like to sit,
It seems.

Sarah Louise Persson

Spring At Last

Spring time is the perfect time for tending to the weeds,
Leaving all the pretty things,
Removing autumn leaves,
Turning up the soil and tossing out the old dead roots,
Creating gardens bright and neat
And cutting grass in muddy boots.

And after get the garden hose and freshen all the turf,
The scent intoxicating
And the hunger starts to burn,
Removing dirty covers from the barbecue, it's time,
To light the coals, prepare the meat,
Then grab a beer and put up your feet,
Sublime!

Sarah Louise Persson

Storms Fury

The fury of the wind did blow,
Lashing peaks of broken waves,
The whitened crests throw a misty spray,
Until they rest upon the bay.

And the people walk with slanted stride,
Who wander down to watch the tide,
The grey of sky, no blue to see
But still hauntingly stunning it be.

And every now and then a gap
Appears and lights the turquoise sea,
A deeper deep we get to see,
To enlighten drowned tranquility.

And as I lay my head at night,
A whistling hum does pass my pane
And just as fast it eases pace,
And a gentle smile comes to my face.

The morning coastline shows no scars,
The sun a sultry yellow hue,
Settled seas of the purest blues
And greens that blend with sandy dunes.

And gulls swoop down to catch their prey,
This couldn't be a kinder day,
The storm now passed, a new day earned,
And all at once lost peace returned.

Sarah Louise Persson

Summer Rain

With each rain drop, a freshness brings,
A new delight to everything,
This summer being long and hot,
The rain we once would curse, we did not.

Each puddle where the children play,
A lightness brought into their day,
In soggy shoes they jump around,
And smiles replenish sweaty frowns.

And so adorned in sodden coats,
They laugh out loud, forget their mopes,
And as the sunshine reappears,
A rainbow shines, all clap and cheer.

Sarah Louise Persson

Take A Time Out, Breathe

Sit beneath the willow tree
Just lend your back the rest,
Look down the gentle flowing stream,
Take a time out, breathe.

Close your eyes and clear your mind,
Feel your body slowly drift,
To clarity above the storm,
Let thunder clouds around you lift.

Free your mind from daily thoughts,
And let your spirit wander,
Let nature guide your inner peace,
Let dreams be real enough to ponder.

Sarah Louise Persson

Take Your Time

Take your time with your soft tone
And bitter sweet promise,
For your gentle tone claws
At my heart strings, time locks,
I've looked in your eyes
And I've searched through the wells,
Where the walls sink much deeper
Passed slippery rocks.

Can you reach with your hands
And take fear from my face,
The scents expose almost,
An invisible mask,
I've worn your lies willingly
And I've drowned, decomposed,
All my strength now abandoned,
My heart leaps to your grasp.

Sarah Louise Persson

Taking Chances

Do you watch and see all that I can see?
Do you bleed the same true red?
Do you wonder with the same closed eyes?
Do you feel much more than what is said?

At times the world is just a war,
At times we understand,
That after all is done and said,
We only need what fits in hand.

If we wear a mask, do we hide our eyes?
If we spread our wings, do we really fly?
If we take small steps, does time move slow?
If we miss those chances we'll never know.

Sarah Louise Persson

Tears Fall In Colour

Tears Fall In Colour

From a picture frame his eyes look on,
A darkened brow from thought,
Where once he walked these streets and hills
And painted skies and daffodils.

He dedicated life to work and family,
A funny man, his heart worn on his sleeve,
The memories we shared are still astounding,
In Joyous thoughts I still can hear him breathe.

Taken from our lives alot too early,
He hadn't even seen his pension years,
The garden tree we etched our names in blossoms,
And each memory alone colours my tears.

Sarah Louise Persson

That Girl

I knew well, that girl,
That wept on already tear stained cheeks,
The girl that cringed at the sound of a voice
And cowered not to be discovered.

The girl who woke from troubled sleep
And the fear of the darkness it spawned,
The girl who found depth in emotions,
From the pain she inflicted on herself,
The pent up released on the blood ridden tissue,
That, was the shame!

A sensitive child, yet at all, not required.
Never told she was loved, never felt it,
Staring straight into space,
Her face pure with the solitude of peace,
Yet she cried.

No questions were asked,
About marks, about tears,
No voice had she found from within,
She was locked, she was lost,
She was nothing,
She gave in.

Her mind, constant turmoil,
No self worth,
In quietness she bled,
Through the tears that she shed
I knew her, that girl,
I knew her.

Sarah Louise Persson

The Boy Has A Toy Car

Battered from life, just 7 years old,
The boy holds a toy car in his hand,
His scruffy attire'd never seen a good wash,
His Mamma sat drunk, his time demands.

He looks down in pity at his Mother's fresh state,
He boils up the kettle for tea,
Her slippers all tattered, her face red and aged,
She used to look pretty when she could see.

The bottle bought blindness and sickened her mind,
She no longer sees what she should,
Who is this boy that takes life from her heart,
She would be well free of him if she could.

The boy brings her tea and helps her to sip,
She slowly looks into his eyes,
I'm sorry my son, can you help me to bed?
I love you Mamma he sighs.

No-one to hear him, his crying, his pain,
The toy car his only life friend,
No food in his tummy, all money spent on booze,
His scrawniness takes out to the bins.

Still hungry on return, he lays on the floor,
Curled up to stay warm with a sheet,
His body is aching but gently he sleeps,
Into dreamland, his only retreat.

Sarah Louise Persson

The Gift Of Poetry

I give to you my poetry,
An entire book of it I gift,
You may not read into it what I've seen,
For you have your own thoughts to breathe into it.

Our lives become merged through this book
But our lives are completely separate,
Singular, not together at all,
Yet do we compare? Should we?
I think not.

And tonight as we drink a toast with our friends,
The clinking of glasses will drown out my words,
Words that only we hear, words that we know
And have set to our own tempo and fulfilment.

We will not share them together,
Yet we can share them to the point that,
My thoughts, my comparisons,
My compromises and my errors, my sacrifices and my loves, merge with yours.
You can only relate to what belongs with your soul,
Your being and with your imagination.

My words will now just be with you,
As you know and have interpreted them.

Sarah Louise Persson

The House In The Woods

How old she was, I didn't exactly know,
Her legs didn't work quite so well anymore,
She walked up the steps clutching onto the rail,
And once again smiled when she reached the front door.

She unlocked the door, all the memories flooded back,
She let out a laugh at the photo on the floor,
A tear tickled down her wrinkled, soft cheek,
But the memories made her happy, once more.

That old run down house gave her many childhood joys,
The place she grew up in and left as a bride,
Her parents lived on there throughout all their years,
But within the last two, they'd both sadly died.

So standing here now, at a good age herself,
She gazed through the window once more,
Where once she had stood gazing out at her father,
Now just woodland in view, oh so different than before.

A "For Sale" sign now pitched at the end of the drive,
She wouldn't be worth much to most
But to this now, old lady, with memories of gold,
It's a treasure, like the scent of warm toast.

She says her goodbyes, whereas once just farewells,
Old sounds come to life in her head,
The laughter, the tears, the endearing love filled years,
Stored away, tucked in tight, safe in bed.

Sarah Louise Persson

The Life Of Age

I may have once been lost and wild,
Though older now, I rest within,
My heart no longer at racing pace,
Neither my body be quite so slim,
Yet here, here I am born
And gain a better use of thoughts,
A natural wave of words I speak,
Profoundly strong where once were weak.

A shadow may be cast aside,
That I may walk with bare feet proud,
Where once I feared the mass of crowd,
Yes now my voice, my voice is loud.

In dark there is still light to see,
And through my age the more I hear,
Grasping leaves off empty branches,
Always more than meets the eye.
A grander scale yet more unique,
Older yes, but not so meek,
No longer pure as once the child
But still I earned this gratified smile.

Sarah Louise Persson

The Life Of Wrath

If I had glanced a single time,
To look beneath your lovely smile,
I'd have seen the pain you breathed,
I'd have seen the hurt you weaned.

From just a small child taught to walk,
The polio had crippled you,
Belittled by your Fathers words,
"Walk properly child." He cursed.

From never being cuddled,
Never feeling you were loved,
You walked around in limbo,
Holding on to anger, being snubbed.

Unfortunate, yet blessed with life,
Yourself became a Mother,
The births of four, yet eyes still sad,
The good could not replace the bad.

I understand the pain you held,
The pain that held you back in life,
The illness that could cause your death,
Couldn't compete with your father's wrath.

The years have passed and age is late,
The pain has mellowed now,
Negatives, with God you shared,
Your life again,
Completely spared.

Sarah Louise Persson

The Night Light

On a raft he sits,
A single flame lights the night,
Off shimmering water,
He missed her,
He always found her smile enchanting,
Much like the night time,
In the flame light.

Sarah Louise Persson

The Path Home

The narrow path I wander down, always leads to home,
The clouds above are building up and yet onwards I roam,
The air is thick and heavy as the rain drops start to fall,
How well the storm clouds fit my mood, at one with nature's call.

Like streams that create valley's, the water pure and clear,
The day you walked into my life, some things became so clear,
Ups and downs may come and go but always walk this way,
Along the stony path that always brings you home each day.

To have a day without you is like diamonds without rings,
To two just fit together, like a song where sunshine sings,
The rainbow forms a pot of gold to grant wishes untold,
And every new day spent with you our stories we unfold.

Where raindrops fall you warm my skin, where lightning strikes you soothe,
Your goodness holds a shield of hope, your heart it warms the mood,
Let's create a comfort for the home of hearts to breathe,
Home is where the sunshine starts, lead me home, believe.

Sarah Louise Persson

The Sea Is Me

I glance across the moon lit beach,
The grains of sand squelch under feet,
Impossibilities, become real
But all that's real is out of reach.

Reality overwhelms each day,
Confusion begs my mind to play
But all at once I'm insecure,
Which way to turn? I'm not quite sure.

Each wave that crashes, pounds the sand,
The rhythm writhes inside, I find
That with each breath, each heart felt beat,
My turmoil sounds and it repeats.

I close my eyes and all I hear,
Is thunder from my inner ear,
A beating heart, my rhythmic drum,
The sea is me and I've become.

Sarah Louise Persson

The Virgin Meadow

The meadow holds flowers with none quite the same,
And each is indifferent and wild without shame,
Each holds itself lighter and taller in frame
And each speaks for itself, yet is called, not a name.

No matter how hard the wind blows they holds tight,
Roots gripping the soil, grapples hard with all might
Each petal blasts colour into skies subtle breeze,
Calling out for the yellow and black jacket bees.

Each swirl of the wind makes them dance with delight,
Each leaf starts conducting in orchestral flight
The rustle grows louder as the wind reaches high
And then gently the sway almost breathes a deep sigh.

Embellish this land with the whispers of scent
And furnish each surface in the way it was meant,
Let the eyes of our children reflect peace and grace,
Let them cheer and be blessed with the humblest of face.

Sarah Louise Persson

The Waiting Game

Waiting at the bus stop like I do most every day,
Watching time just ticking by, the bus is late, like yesterday
And when it finally does arrive I climb the steely stairs,
All the people sit and peer outside with empty stares.

The smell is just disgusting, I can barely take a breath,
Unhygienic, coughing sloths, predictions are they're close to death,
I take my seat as far back on the bus as I can go,
In hope the breeze will fill the air with sweeter scents I know.

With every stop I hope the bus will get me there on time
But school kids dawdle as they go, no sense to rush it seems,
My tention builds with every minute slowly passing by,
Til I can take no more and hope my eyes wont let me cry.

But just as I'm about to break, I'm almost at my stop,
I grab my bag with huge relief and press the tiny bell,
Ileave the bus and breathe a sigh and watch it move along,
I made it to my place of work, in 8 hours time I'll head back home.

Sarah Louise Persson

This Home We Share

As winters pass the rivers flow,
Diamond-like the shallows glow,
Each nook n cranny that rushes by,
A pass is left when it all turns dry.

Eagles rest their wings on air,
Gliding where the rest won't dare,
The mountains hide the burning sun
And trodden paths now blend as one.

Each waterfall that thunders high,
Reflects amidst the sun burnt sky
And as the night time turns til dawn,
All wonders rest til light's reborn.

In the morning glow the flowers nod
And lift their heads to the face of God,
And with the rains the rivers laugh,
Out loud they rise to meet the grass.

A fortune held within this earth,
A home with sentimental worth,
To every creature, big or small,
For all to share, for all to enthrall.

Sarah Louise Persson

To Close My Eyes

I've just to close my eyes
To see the flowers in the meadow,
The grasses flowing gently,
Subtle greens and brilliant yellow.

I've just to close my eyes
To hear the guitars mellow tune,
The dancing folk where childrens smiles,
Embrace the hippie moon.

I've just to close my eyes
To see the camp fire's golden glow,
The good folk singing old songs,
By the river's gentle flow.

I've just to close my eyes
To hear the oceans subtle tones,
The waves alive in turquoise hues,
Violet blue in the deeper zones.

I've just to close my eyes
To feel the upmost solitude,
The silence with its passive hum,
To enhance the mellow mood.

So even on the busy days,
When evening comes around,
I'll close my eyes and there it is,
Sweet pacifier found.

Sarah Louise Persson

Together We Remain

I've loved you in so many ways,
My heart resounds with every beat,
I've watched you blink your tears away
And held you close in gentle sway.

Time has passed through mellow days,
Each memory holds the softness of wisdom,
Each gentle embrace, we're left scarcely breathing,
Each goodbye leaves our souls gently bleeding.

Together we remain in heartfelt desire,
No two days are ever quite the same,
Intoxicated by words that refill me,
You alone, only you can fulfill me, completely.

Sarah Louise Persson

Twists Of Fate

Cast your eyes through distractions in darkness,
The darkness that dwells deep within twists of light,
Colours don't blend here they barely have breath
And I'm all alone here in the shadows of night.

How deep does my chest rise and fall with each sigh,
The wind passes by without gesture or voice,
My thoughts cast to days where horizons were yonder
And my dreams were alive with a semblance of choice.

On a table the candle wax drips and scents smoulder,
My dreams have all past with the remnants of life,
The darkness is apt now with sharp twists of fate,
My loss will remain ever always, contrite.

Sarah Louise Persson

Unchartered Streams

I'm dancing in rhythm
While my heart gently bleeds,
Sensations I'm feeling
Through the armour of steel,
Where once there was shyness
I now reach for dreams,
Consequentially wading
Through unchartered streams.

Abandoned, though nothing
Intimidating me,
I'm searching the currents
I'm still yet to see,
Bewildered that conquests
Are not out of reach,
All I grasp speak the images
And the words that I preach.

Sarah Louise Persson

Unity Of Life

On shallows of grass,
Through the hills made of green,
The houses are built,
Mainly few n far between,
At peace with the birds,
Where the Eagle that soars,
At one with the skies,
Where the wind finds its course.

Each creature that lives,
Be it big or small.
Don't bother me, no Sir,
Never once, not at all,
Each bonny wee rabbit,
We see hopping home,
Each butterfly prancing,
On winds that are blown.

Each tree where the branches
Bring shadow from sun,
Each river that flows
Where the rapids have run.

The rocks in the sunshine,
That glisten so bright,
The crickets that chirp,
Finding friends in the night,
The shadows that fall,
Where the moon hides the sun,
We all have a chemistry,
All blending as one.

Where sky meets the sea
And the sea meets the sand,
The little crabs tiptoe,
In far away lands,
Forgotten are fortunes,
Nowhere be there theives,
Just creatures and mountains,

Fresh water and leaves.

Sarah Louise Persson

Unrevealing

So much to say,
But no words to speak,
So much to see,
But eyes that can't seek.
So much to hear,
But ears that are closed,
Feelings are open,
Yet nothing's exposed.

Cry without tears,
But no heart to feel,
Express without senses,
No emotions to reveal.
Walk without footsteps,
No legs to take stride,
A mind to think clearly,
Yet so much to hide.

Young with an old mind,
Strong and yet frail,
Breathe deep unrelenting,
And slowly exhale.

Sarah Louise Persson

Valuables

I've never had much in the way of coin wealth,
But I've gained so much more in my thoughts,
The most valued thing that most really is not,
To have loads in my pocket but love, to have not.

How do we live with just thoughts of great wealth,
Not a care for much else without riches,
No love and no family, no excitement for life,
Just money, more money than a man loves his wife.

Can all of this wealth repair all our fears?
Or is this the fear we fear most?
To toss the coin high, make a choice in life's game,
Or let the coin roll and you may find a drain.

How deep is the drain, are there rats or just leaves?
Perhaps there are remnants of late summer nights,
Where thoughts were amongst our close friendships and wishes,
Where the warmth blushed our cheeks and the laughter we'd cherish.

No money can build what this world has in beauty,
No joys can be found in a bank note that's torn,
And patches of tape that, once pulled they tear more,
Yes our friendship's worth all that my heart can adore.

Sarah Louise Persson

Verse

My mind, a field of red,
A work of art within my head,
My eyes, a solemn green,
Casting glances, never seen.

The curtain falls in graceful scenes
And all around the cosmos breathes,
Have you seen the blues of deep?
I go there in my dreams to sleep.

Parting ways, a lovers tiff,
I'm left to wonder, why? What if?
A poem, tempting, tasting words,
Softening lines with gentle verse.

Sarah Louise Persson

Walk With Me

I don't quite know you,
Yet here you stand,
Reaching out to me,
Take my hand.
I'll walk you down,
One road today,
You may well find
A very different way.
My steps are sure,
Yet you walk slow,
Afraid of what you'll
Get to know.
Child's eyes are clear,
Trusting heart is true,
May I teach you child?
I was once like you.

Sarah Louise Persson

Wandering

Intent on being human,
With minds that are strong,
With the sense to be diplomats,
Emotions felt, sometimes wrong.

We wander through days,
Searching for the right roads,
So much so that sometimes,
We stumble with loads.

Entrusting ourselves to
The ones that feel right,
Never thinking that sometimes,
We are blinded by sight.

But as I walk this road daily,
I'll never regret,
All the good times I've had,
Walking where I've been yet.

Sarah Louise Persson

Whispers

The glow of warmth surrounds your face,
That bares a sole,
To me,
A gesture through a whisper,
Spoken,
Lost in mystery.

The whisper held in moments,
Pure in certainty
Of time,
A tear shed when we touch,
A mind bewildered,
Yet sublime.

Sarah Louise Persson

Why Walk Alone

In silence we rest within solitude,
We speak yet in quietness should we listen?
What eyes may perceive may be wrong to believe
And ones lies become truths in suspicion.

The path that we walk has a single pace
And rewards our requirements and needs,
Yet once we walk side by the side of another,
A shared truth is there to discover.

Sarah Louise Persson

Winter

Night time falls quiet,
Cold winds breaking silence
And blow does the wind,
And it snows.

Blow does the wind
And it snows upon snow,
Each flake slowly drifts
And drifts grow.

And each drift lays softly
On waves, like the wind
And the Robin rests quietly,
Under wing.

Sarah Louise Persson

Wishes

What was it there inside my head?
The thoughts I'd had but never said,
The dreams I'd held within my sights
And yet still many lonely nights.

Thoughts of what I'd strive to be
And then succumb to "Woe is me",
Not one for want of sympathy
But more the need of curing me.

Can I stay locked inside this cage
And watch the world in passive awe?
Perhaps one day I'll have my say,
My fears, my tears, will be no more.

Tranquility will come my way,
Most kindly on warm summer days,
I'll sit and feast on the merriment of song,
Of birds calling out to the loves that they long.

A penny for the thoughts I raise
Interpretation, lost in a haze,
Mind's cruelty passes through my days,
In nothing more than vulgar ways.

To tame my soul, I wish I could,
To be the soul I know and trust,
I'm trapped within this mental cage,
I freedom wished, to come of age.

Wish I may and wish I must,
No one should wish this often, this much.

Sarah Louise Persson

Wonderfields

When we walk in wonderfields,
Do the answers spring to life?
When we talk through open wounds,
Do the scars not fit the knife?

Can we ask ourselves such questions,
When the answer's never clear?
How many times we walk through life
Being guided through a living fear.

How often do we wish to capture,
Precious moments spent,
When all around disasters mark
The date of a terrorist event.

The third world war we waited for,
Is walking by our sides
But still we walk in wonderfields
And live our yet untaken lives.

Sarah Louise Persson

Your Worth

Walk along the sandy shore,
You needn't say a word,
Just cast your eyes way out to sea,
And feel complete, your worth.

Each day you feel unworthy,
Just look and reach beyond,
For all your worth is written there,
May all your doubts abscond.

Always trust your inner self,
Cause this is who you are,
A person proud and limitless,
With a passion in his heart.

Sarah Louise Persson