

Poetry Series

**Troy Brown**  
**- poems -**

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Troy Brown()

# A Mother's Sacrifice

A mother's love you may never explain  
Like the beauty of the setting sun  
It matters not how little she has  
Often leaves herself undone

For many a hungry face I know  
Not for a day or two,  
This was my mother's daily sacrifice  
We have silently learnt to endure

There is no better mom, I have ever known  
Who sacrificed both great and small  
A mother's denial, is an honest sacrifice,  
For it teaches love best of all.

Troy Brown

# Happy Female Father's Day

I patiently waited for another year,  
For father's day to come  
To wish that special person a happy day  
Happy father's day, to my mom

The father figure, was very rare  
Games together were numb  
I wonder what a father's love might be  
Happy father's day, to my mom.

So on this day set aside for dads,  
I want to let you know  
That you are the one I treasure most,  
And to you my love I owe

Thank you for another father's day,  
I longed for this day to come,  
Never knowing the love, of a visiting dad  
Happy father's day, to my mom

My mother dear, my mother dear,  
You are the best, in every way  
So I stand tall and wish for you  
A happy female father's day.

Troy Brown

# I Want To Talk To You

M'my, as she was affectionately called by me  
Never lent a deafening ear,  
But now my cries, my calls, my sighs, my shouts  
My God, she cannot hear

In my dull days and my nervous nights,  
I pray to God that she were here  
To listen to my anxious and weeping heart,  
And to offer a motherly cheer

I dialled her number many times since then  
But never heard her voice,  
What must I do? I want to talk to you  
My mother, you are the best choice

"God is in charge and all is well"  
Are the last words I heard her say  
Your stubborn love for Christ and your faithfulness  
Are my lesson books, to this day.

I want to talk to you, dear mother  
You have been more, than a mom to me  
That day will soon return, I remembered  
Just be faithful through eternity.

Troy Brown

# Lessons From The Sea

I was out one day to learn lessons from the sea.  
The sea so deep and wide,  
It is used to take you from place to place  
It appears that nothing lies inside

My eyes can see what appears to be its end  
The margin of the horizon,  
But the closer I get, the end disappears  
A mystery to everyone

The sea communicates with me, now and then  
In a language of its own  
I may never understand every word it speaks  
Just like the seagulls, above it flown

The lessons learnt at sea, must be taught by the sea  
For a substitute, there is One other  
If there were no sea, where would the lessons be?  
Only through that of my mother

A mother's love, is like the wide open sea  
That never stops to flow,  
It matters not, the child you've been  
Her love never ceases to glow

Troy Brown

# My Oak Tree

My taste for love is what I long,  
The secret so full and free  
My heart of love beats every day  
Because of this Oak Tree

The beauty of its leaves, we seldom admire  
Oh Creator Lord to thee  
How foolish our paths would have been  
If it wasn't for this Oak Tree

How quickly this seed germinated  
Our eyes could hardly see  
I treasured every moment  
Beneath this Oak Tree

As little children we play and hide  
How sweet are those memories to me?  
The games we played, the jokes we shared  
Beneath this Oak Tree

I would never forget this Oak Tree dear  
For she is very dear to me  
It matters not how grey I get  
For my Mother is that Oak Tree

I watched this tree as the leaves got dry  
The limbs begin to break  
I fell to my knees, and begged the Lord  
"Please don't you this Oak Tree take"

Lord, if this tree should bend its head  
I dread that day to see  
May time give way to that glorious day  
When we meet in eternity.

Troy Brown

# My Peaceful Sea

Speak to me softly my peaceful sea  
How your waves grow loud and loud  
I can hardly understand the message you give  
May your head not slowly bow

My peace I give to you my child  
I have plenty of peace to share  
I am shouting loudly to your older siblings  
But they would not lend an ear

"Don't worry about tomorrow my love? "  
Said this peaceful Sea to her son,  
I want the best for you, my dear  
And my little one

"O.K my mother", I said to this Sea  
Your love is very rare.  
I wonder what can match this love  
And what to it compare.

"Flow in peace", I said to my peaceful sea  
Remember this world no more  
For God has already made provisions for you  
Upon you bountiful blessings bestow

Troy Brown

# Prayers Of Protection

"Protect my little ones", falling down on my knees  
"Dear Jesus, I am begging you please  
I present my children again today  
For your protection dear Lord, I pray"

Kneeling by my bedside, every day in a row  
God, upon my children, a blessing bestow  
Never giving up on her opportunities  
To present to Thee, her little trophies

Teach them to pray, dear Lord I pray  
For they need to know to pray, some day  
Prayer is the key to unlock every door  
Also the many blessings, God has in store.

Thank you my mother for your prayers for me  
They have guided me on my onward journey  
Your prayers have helped me, to make the best choice  
Thank God for my mother's voice.

Troy Brown

# Survival

Remember our journey to town  
In the coolness of the day  
Mommy had no other employment  
Than mangoes on a tray  
We always looked for bargains  
From the lady dressed in brown  
So we can make a profit  
The next time we walked to town

Mommy parceled them each day  
So passersby can get  
Some were even short on finance  
But mommy never frets  
Some days were blue as sales,  
Business were very slow  
She decided upon another trade,  
She turned to icicle

My sister ate some for dinner  
And took some home as well  
Mommy never forgot my portion,  
For her granddaughter Angel  
She kept this trade for many years,  
From school children she couldn't hide  
She was very pleased to serve them,  
Until that mournful day, she died.

Troy Brown

# Those Two Hands

My mother grew up in an old country town  
Working hard in every little way  
The time we spent and the joys she shared  
Are the most vivid memories today

She was my teacher, throughout my life  
Though her formal education was brief  
If it weren't for her act of decisive devotion  
What would I today achieve?

It mattered not, what people have said  
Of the chores she did all day  
She worked honestly, as a nonresident maid  
For bills she had to pay

I would never forget, those two hands  
For me, the scares they bear  
You have the most remarkable hands in the world  
No other hands to yours compare

My mother dear, Oh my mother dear  
Time on earth could never repay  
You have been the undisputed champion of my life  
And again I, "Thank you" say.

Troy Brown