

POETRY JOURNAL

1997

A COLLECTION OF POEMS REFLECTING LIFE IN
THE LOOKING GLASS

RYAN LEE KING



POETRY JOURNAL

1997

by

Ryan Lee King

POETRY JOURNAL: 1997

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Produced in the United States of America.

For information contact:

<https://ryanleeking.com>

Second Edition, 2020

CONTENTS

Pear-shaped Patriotism 7

Lovely Night 9

Zombie Drive..... 10

A Picture of Heaven 11

RPG, Pizza, and Pretzels..... 12

A Prayer..... 13

Anniversary 14

Valentine’s Day 16

Love’s Feel 17

Body of Christ..... 19

Christ 20

Soldier Girl 21

The Lord’s Supper..... 22

Bewitched..... 23

Candlelight Prayer 24

Faithful 26

Chameleon..... 27

Fire of Faith..... 28

Jesus..... 29

True..... 30

Lovers’ Shadows..... 31

Lovers’ Shadows 2..... 33

Lovers’ Shadows 3..... 34

Princess.....	36
Happiness Not Sadness	37
In Candlelight	38
Wants.....	39
Lord’s Sonnet	40
Lover’s Touch.....	41
Lost Sheep.....	42
Marshes of Sin	43
Keeper of the Garden.....	44
Master of Forgiveness	46
My Lord.....	47
Mindless	48
Queue	49
Prayer to Heaven.....	51
Whom I Dream Of.....	53
Lighthouse.....	54
Love’s Prayer	56
There	57
The Shepherd.....	58
Measured.....	59
Remember.....	60
Thorns and Blood.....	62
Through the Black	63
Mid Autumn’s Rain.....	64
Your Touch	65

To Some and To Others 67

Odd Content 69

Wrong Words 70

Words from the Heart 72

River of Sorrow 74

Void..... 75

Worship..... 77

What Is Will Be..... 78

Glass Heart..... 79

January 3, 1997

#120

Pear-shaped Patriotism

Upon America, she'd gladly hock and spit,
My old friend who wishes she was Brit,

She's pissed on the American flag,
A controversial feat for which she likes to brag,

Every Independence Day stirs her contempt and fire,
She wishes we were still part of the British Empire,

She'll dish out her disdain without regret,
Giving no mind to whom it might upset,

For some that anti-American view is hard to swallow,
But despite what you might think she's not calloused and hollow,

I still don't know what caused her arrant disregard,
But her love of America is dismal, dead and charred,

"God save the Queen," she says waving the Union Jack,

It's hard not to say "God Bless America" right back,

Because I love her, I bite my tongue and let her antics slide,

I refuse to let something like patriotism divide,

January 4, 1997

#121

Lovely Night

What a lovely date night,
Out to a movie and grabbed a bite,

All day long it was just me and her,
I'm still amazed at the emotions she can stir,

Be it holding her hand or a simple kiss,
Our alone time I certainly miss,

Nights like these are few and far between,
We're normally caught in life's chaotic machine,

But that machine we always seem to weather,
As long as we're hand in hand, together,

I wish we could have more nights like these,
But if we can't, to my heart she still has the keys,

January 11, 1997

#122

Zombie Drive

Ran down the zombies.

More for fun than survival.

I love how they squish.

January 18, 1997

#123

A Picture of Heaven

A picture is worth 1000 words they say,
There's not enough paint to describe you in any way,
The masterpiece that is you, not even the best can paint,
A priceless, breathtaking beauty no one can rate,
I am held captive and still by your mere sight,
The spell you have me in I cannot even begin to fight,
Inspiration came from God's forethought of you,
I too am inspired by everything that you do,
The richest colors and the best canvases would not do,
No one could even capture the perfect beauty of you,
Even the angels on high sing a chorus or two,
All in praise and worship of my gorgeous you,
A gift from the heavens you are no doubt,
Now I know what heaven on earth is all about.

January 25, 1997

#124

RPG, Pizza, and Pretzels

Brendan, Jason, Matt, Eric and I,
We got together with character and die,
Roleplaying from night till morn,
Our minds frazzled, weak and worn,
A fantastic escape from the world so real,
That's roleplay's honest appeal,
Warrior to wizard, we took up arms,
We adventured through triumphs and harms,
Special bond forms through playing,
Trust and eternal friendship is what I'm saying,
Roleplaying is addictive, and for it, we thirst,
From the last game to the very first,
This was a weekly ritual for us five,
Occasionally, after separation, it'll still survive,
Though now I rarely get the chance to roleplay,
I think of the four when gaming comes my way,
I know I'll always miss those four,
Maybe, one day they'll return through my door.

February 1, 1997

#125

A Prayer

Prayers are said in your name,
And your touch can heal the lame,
You died by crucifixion to save us all,
At your name, we should stand firm and tall,
You are God's love having human form and look,
Your teachings and words are told in the good book,
Troubles or decisions we look to you,
Hoping you will guide us in what we do,
You who has a mother ever so faithful, Mary,
And Joseph, a father who would protectively tarry,
Did you know both fathers have the carpenter's skill?
Joseph makes with his hands, and God makes with his will,
Lord Jesus, you are our great king,
I pray that you take us all under your tender wing,
I pray that the sins of all are forgiven and gone,
I pray that all who encounter woe, be able to move on,
I pray that you look after us all, women and men,
Lord in your mercy, Amen.

February 8, 1997

#126

Anniversary

365 days-

8,760 hours-

525,600 minutes-

31,536,000 seconds-

All this is equal to a year,

I can't believe our anniversary is here!

Yes, a bit overwhelming indeed,

But now she's less a want and more a need,

From fancy to a princess, she's taken my heart,

Now I can't stand to be apart!

At the mere mention of her lovely name,

My imagination breaks away from being tame,

I've noticed little things have special meanings to me,

A hug, a kiss, a laugh, or just being with her any degree,

She's come to mean the entire world to me,

I still can't fathom how all this came to be,

To admit that I loved her was hard,
But it was easier when I let down my guard,
She makes me incredibly happy that much is for sure,
A year together has gone by in a blur.

February 14, 1997

#127

Valentine's Day

Happy Valentine's Day!
A most trite expression to say,
A rather abused holiday for sure,
But its meaning continues to endure,
Beyond the heavy marketing ration,
It's still a day for love and passion,
Beneath all that commercial cover,
It's about spending time with our lover,
The day feels more artificial than real,
But it's a day to express how we feel,
Valentine's is not the same as it began,
And I know not everyone's a fan,
But the day is what we choose it to be,
Be you attached or single and free,
Love and romance aren't dead,
Black roses can always turn red,

February 15, 1997

#128

Love's Feel

Amidst the rush and roar of romance,
There's always the time for a little slow dance,
Most certainly it's fun to blaze right into precious love,
But it's fun lying together and looking up at the sky above,
Though some believe love must be a lightning race,
Believe that there is plenty of time to go at your own pace,
There are those among us who stare love in the face,
But love is also fun to enjoy and gently chase,
Love is something quite easy to jump into,
But it's just as fun to play and tenderly woo,
Love isn't only physical as some do unfortunately think,
Physical love is strong, but mental love goes past the brink,
When one believes that the feeling is love take heed,
Make sure it's love and not lust that you willingly feed,
If you have it, take love and enjoy it to the highest,
Don't forsake it, keep with care and hold it to the highest,
Love is a wonderful thing to possess,
Because there's nothing like love's caress,
Take it the way you desire to have and to enjoy it,

Once you've tasted it, love is something hard to quit.

February 22, 1997

#129

Body of Christ

As I glance across the sanctuary's sides,
That is where the body of Christ abides,

It's the people sitting in the many pews,
Bathed in the stained-glass window's hues,

For they are the church and so his bride,
And to save their souls, Christ died,

March 1, 1997

#130

Christ

Almighty Father, Lord of all,
Mighty Painter, who paints the fall,
The Triumphant Prince, who always wins,
Holy Medicine, who cures all sins,
Blessed Artist, who colors life from gray,
Master Inventor, creator of the day,
Great Giver, who leads us from strife,
Heavenly Sculptor, crafting us in your light,
Loving Guardian, who watches over us at night,
Grand Architect, designer of love and hope,
Wondrous Carpenter, builder of faith against sin's slope,
Majestic Lord who protects us under wing,
Jesus Christ, our merciful King.

March 8, 1997

#131

Soldier Girl

At attention in her patent leather shoes,
Standing proud in her Air Force blues,
Special even to every blonde curl,
That's my sweet little soldier girl,

Strong-willed and strong hearted,
Never stops after she's started,
Special even to every blonde curl,
That's my sweet little soldier girl,

Commands without worry or fret,
She knows what she wants I bet,
Special even to every blonde curl,
That's my sweet little soldier girl,

Any obstacle she can smash,
She keeps her cool in the mad dash,
Special even to every blonde curl,
That's my sweet little soldier girl.

March 15, 1997

#132

The Lord's Supper

At the table of Jesus Christ, twelve men there placed,
Each ate and drank to their own personal taste,
During the meal, Jesus took the loaf of bread,
And from Jesus, a blessing over it was said,
Before giving to the disciples the bread he broke,
"Take and eat; this is my body given for you." – he spoke,
From the table, a cup of wine was lifted by he,
With love, he gave thanks to God for all to see,
The cup of wine was then passed around to the twelve few,
He spoke- "Take and drink; this is my blood shed for you.",
God made covenant with each by the time this was done,
So that all sins would be forgiven, he gave Jesus his only son,
Spiritual nourishment, healing, grace, and peace are there,
All at the Lord's Supper given freely for all to share,

March 22, 1997

#133

Bewitched

Stunned and captured I am in your gaze,
Enchanted and bewitched I am in your ways,
I may be a maverick to a certain degree,
But that's because my spirit is chainless and free,
However, my heart and love are yours for the take,
I trust you my dear and I know that's not a mistake,
I love you there is no question or dangerous doubt,
Your love is so special; I couldn't stand to be without,
Time with you has its own special feel,
Not to mention it has a very sweet appeal,
Just a simple little smile is so sweet,
And just a little hug from you nothing could beat,
Whether you realized it or not, you are very special to me,
No matter where you go or what you do, you will always be.

March 19, 1997

#134

Candlelight Prayer

His light shall not extinguish or be snuffed out,
But shall burn for eternity, forever, without doubt,
All peoples get exposed to the darkness that dwells,
All peoples fall prey to the master of the nine hells,
But there is light that can turn the blackest bright,
Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, is that true light,
Without him, we will struggle in sin's quicksand,
Without him, there's no guiding yet gentle hand,
With him, we stand strong because of his foundation,
With him, we are saved from eternal damnation,
Child, teenager or adult - we are all children of God,
And by his design, we are human and thus flawed,
Shepherd oh holy forgive us our trespasses and pride,
In you we trust, and in you, we also confide,
Give this fallen humanity the strength of your light,
Give wisdom, courage, and the will to do well in your sight,
Lord Christ, the Lamb of God, hear the prayers of all,
Hear the meditation of our hearts no matter how small,
Holy Trinity, three in one, listen to your children I pray,

Keep us, guide us, and teach us every single day.

April 5, 1997

#135

Faithful

Oh, my Father, my gracious Lord,
He who holds my faith and carries me forward,
I thank the Father for his wonderful grace,
For he is the true God of the human race,
Dear Father, full of hope and grace,
Always with me, side by side, face to face,
Lantern at my feet where darkness tread,
Savior of my soul by blood and flesh, wine and bread,
Teacher, I am the pupil that holds to your word,
For you I study, every word you have spoken I have heard,
Hold me strong and hold me fast where I may travel,
Whether the road is dirt soft or hard as gravel,
You are who holds my faith and carries me forward,
Oh, my Father, my gracious Lord.

April 12, 1997

#136

Chameleon

I am that mysterious chameleon,
Who lives in life's diverse pavilion,
I can become the color of anything ever dreamt of,
So, I've got one question, what is the color of love?
I want to be that color or at least have that,
Somehow, I can't figure its color no matter where I find it at,
How can I be in the disguise of love if its color I don't know?
If someone told me love is colorful, I would be a rainbow,
If people told me love is red like that in poetry and prose,
Then by all my strength and will I'll turn red as a rose,
Never have I failed to change my color to what I desire,
To find the color of love is one of few things I truly aspire,
I am that mysterious chameleon,
Who lives in life's diverse pavilion.

April 19, 1997

#137

Fire of Faith

“Clang-clang,”

The holy anvil sounds,

“Bang-bang,”

God’s hammer pounds,

He shapes his children by fire of faith,

Holy Spirit, cool with water, oh wraith!

Jesus be the hammer and design,

Saving us with blood and flesh- bread and wine,

Shaping, pounding, to the creator’s delight,

Held by grace, love, and might,

God’s hammer pounds,

“Bang-bang,”

The holy anvil sounds,

“Clang-clang.”

April 26, 1997

#138

Jesus

Holy grace and peace,
The special power of prayer,
Shepherd guides his fleece.

May 3, 1997

#139

True

True happiness is that of hearing I love you,
Believe me that I love you too,

True joy is that of holding you,
Underneath that sky so brilliantly blue,

True pleasure is that of your touch,
It seems impossible I can love you this much,

True delight is that of spending time with you,
Know that it's something I adore to do,

It's special to me in every way,
You give me warmth and happiness every single day,

True happiness, joy, pleasure, and delight is purely you,
You give me these feelings in whatever you do.

May 10, 1997

#140

Lovers' Shadows

Shadows dance in the moonlit night,
Dancing and frolicking in darkened sight,
Settled into the forest's green meadows,
Were passion's own shadows,
Young lovers in complete rapture,
Their moans do forest's trees capture,
Lovers rub and caress the flesh of desire,
Basking in the glow of the fireplace's fire,
Sheets were torn away from the bed without care,
Positions were tried only the wild would dare,
Passion filled moans filled the cabin's air,
Nothing could separate the passionate pair,
Kiss upon kiss breath grew scant,
Moans of pleasure jumped from every pant,
Tension and want blazed in the love they made,
The energy produced was raw and frayed,
From lick to kiss, pleasure turned into scream,
One could see in their eyes a lusty gleam,
Flames of passion inside them turned up high,

Thirsts quenched with every second that passed by,
One mounted upon one in ecstasy's tight hold,
Inside was hot and steamy outside was frosty cold,
Screams and moans heard throughout the night,
They continued through the hours in rapture's spite,
At the last, they lay still underneath sheets of moistened silk,
Beneath the sunrise doused with morning's dewy milk,
Intertwined together, satiated and their soul bare,
In that rustic cabin, the smell of sex hung in the air,
To the real world, they must soon return,
But memories made that night would always burn,

May 17, 1997

#141

Lovers' Shadows 2

Familiar shadows dance under the night,
The couple again found themselves under the moonlight,
Dreams have passed since their last sexual meet,
Simple kisses turned caressing took them from their feet,
Upon the bed, they threw themselves in passionate roar,
Soon their clothes were strewn across the wooden floor,
Uprisings of pleasure moistened the crisp, exciting air,
Their bodies were as one in positions few would dare,
Orgasms echoed through them as pleasure was felt,
Heat from their wet bodies caused the candles to melt,
Sheets of the bed were ripped from their seams,
Exultation flowed from them in their erotic screams,
Morning was approaching yet their play was not done,
Their sexual heat continued until the morning sun.

May 24, 1997

#142

Lovers' Shadows 3

When all the land nestled itself inside of sunset,
The two lovers nestled themselves into a passionate duet,
In a weather-worn hammock, they pulled themselves near,
It was at night when none were around, and none could hear,
From a simple hug in lying together, they began to kiss,
Flesh touched flesh in romantic rhythm with no beat amiss,
From the lips to the neck the tongue slid about,
Her mouth opened, and pleasure filled moans came out,
Her hands roamed his body as his tongue roamed hers,
While kissing, he removes her clothing as she purrs,
Gently her painted nails run across his face,
Their kisses and breath husky and apace,
His clothing is removed by her wanting hands,
In rising heat, he grabs her long brunette strands,
Gasping air and mounting one another,
Flesh pounding flesh- sexual heat began to smother,
Screams and moans muffled by kisses in rapid pant,
With every pound and scream their breath grew scant,
Fiery sex fused them together in the hammock's sway,

They wanted this; they took this, passion in every way,
When the two went silent, and hammock settled still,
The only thing that moved was the wind over the hill,
The crickets chirped as the moon rose far above,
The two lovers sleeping knew they were madly in love.

May 31, 1997

#143

Princess

Oh princess, oh princess, how can I describe thee?
A most beautiful sight to accompany and to see,
Your long amber hair is so fragrant and soft,
Your eyes are spellbindingly bewitching as they are oft,
Your lips are that of satin and silk interlaced with love,
Your voluptuous face is what I happily dream of,
Your breathtaking body is that of a goddess of myth,
You are sweeter than anything and a delight to be with,
Your unique wit is that so clever and wise,
As far as your intelligence, logic it defies,
Your compassionate love holds me tightly near,
Your velvet personality is that so very dear,
Your skin, so tender, my mouth water at your touch,
Oh princess, oh princess, how I love thee much.

June 7, 1997

#144

Happiness Not Sadness

Hark! When the world goes awry,
Kiss your sorrows completely goodbye,
Take the Lord by his welcoming hand,
See the footsteps together in the sand,
There's really no time to mourn the bad,
Celebrate your blessings and no longer be sad,
Be the last leper to come back and give praise,
Give thanks even through the darkest haze,
Everlasting torch through the haze doth burn,
Jesus Christ is always there we'll someday learn,
What happens in life is often misunderstood,
Even so, put trust in him and celebrate the good,
Kiss your sorrows completely goodbye,
Hark! When the world goes awry,

June 14, 1997

#145

In Candlelight

Christ in the candlelight,
His purity represented in the candle's white,
His name in the candle's heart-warming heat,
His love where candlelight and prayer meet,
His strength seen by candlelight in the dark,
His sacrifice in tears of wax leaving a mark,
His grace even in the remnants left behind,
His forgiveness in the light he allowed us to find,
The unwavering flame in the darkest night,
Christ in the candlelight.

June 21, 1997

#146

Wants

Like ripe apples bursting at the seams,
The want to fulfill our sacred dreams,
That want is what drives us to succeed,
That want slowly morphs into a need,
It fills us completely from the inside out,
It's that passion that poets write about,
That need, lust, and love- a complex mix,
Our continued successes are the only fix.

June 28, 1997

#147

Lord's Sonnet

Lord God, giver of life,
One so holy, ridder of strife,
Rock and redeemer made of grace,
He gave his life for the sins of the human race,
He gave his body and blood for you,
So that in him you might renew,
It's right to give him adoration and praise,
From now to till the end of days,
Lord Savior, seated at God's right hand,
Waiting, to again walk the earth's sand,
Prince of peace, you'll return as said,
And you'll judge the living and the dead,
From our birth, we know your love and care,
In death, we'll be with you in heaven's lair.

July 5, 1997

#148

Lover's Touch

With each breath pressed against his ear.

His world blends with his lover's touch.

Her soft crimson lips come ever so near.

With each breath pressed against his ear.

The world around him he cannot hear.

His heart thumps loud with lover in clutch.

With each breath pressed against his ear.

His world blends with his lover's touch.

July 6, 1997

#149

Lost Sheep

I'm a lost little sheep looking for his eternal shepherd,
I've got the serpent after me faster than a cunning leopard,

Jesus my shepherd, your sheep looks to you to be saved,
I'll follow wherever you tread, or your hand is waved,

I know the journey might not be an easy one to take,
But it's a journey I'll undoubtedly want to make,

Oh, shepherd guide me from this realm once your home,
To the promised pearly gates, before St. Peter's tome,

To be in the midst of Jesus Christ and the Lord God,
For all eternity grazing upon heaven's green sod,

July 12, 1997

#150

Marshes of Sin

Marshes of Sin have me deep at the waist,
Its mud is a thick, dirty, polluted paste,
Despite its thickness, it acts like quicksand,
The only thing that can save me is Jesus' hand,
I cannot avoid sin and its eventual betrayal,
Because I am merely human and mortally frail,
Reeds and grasses attempt to snag and grab,
Beneath its waters, creatures scrape and stab,
Rising tides threaten, and I see no escape,
The marshes of sin are a foreboding landscape,
Dear Lord, keep me safe and on the path of right,
Lead me and always be my source of light,

July 13, 1997

#151

Keeper of the Garden

Here's the garden she walked across,
Stone steps growing patches of Irish moss,
The mere shadow of her beauty is a rose in bloom,
I would want to be her bridegroom,
I would want her to be my bride,
Nothing on earth would give me more pride,
A princess among peasants, she is to me,
I am happier than I've ever dreamt I could be,
She is heaven over the garden of life,
She is always there to comfort me in struggle and strife,
Quiet and peaceful is the garden of mine,
Her lips drunken me like the sweetest wine,
She is the keeper of my garden deep inside,
The only one in that, somehow, I always can confide,
In my garden, she holds the sunlight,
Keeping my world sunny and bright,
In my garden, she holds the storm and rain,
When I am parched or under strain,
She is the keeper of my garden deep inside,

My princess, my love, and my pride.

July 19, 1997

#152

Master of Forgiveness

Master of forgiveness, I need your healing hand,
My spirit is on its last leg, and it cannot stand,

Heal me my Lord for the sickness is sin,
The sickness is the Devil's will trying to win,

Hold me up where I will not fall,
Hold me close where the devil cannot call,

My Lord, my savior, my thanks to thee,
For dying on the cross for the sake of me,

July 20, 1997

#153

My Lord

The Lord Jesus Christ,
The world's rock and redeemer,
The true messiah.

July 26, 1997

#154

Mindless

My mind is cast beyond thought,
It lives for the new love that's sought,
On my knees, I pray my lord,
My emotions beheading me with sword,
Oh Father, help me please,
I am infected with the love disease,
If it be love, I am to do,
Then why is it, I will break a pact with you?
Something is off here,
All I can do is tear,
Oh, what is this love?
That grabs me from feet and above?

July 17, 1997

#155

Queue

Would you just look at the number of poems in the queue?
Sometimes I have none but now quite a few,
But that's what happens when ideas strike,
It's a good thing I love to write,
When an idea will strike, I never know,
But when it does, I've learned to go with the flow,
I remember plenty of times where I wasn't allowed to sleep,
Because every time I closed my eyes, the ideas would leap,
Originally I used to tell the muse "I need my sleep! No!",
But she'd just give me more and say "So?",
I pushed back once or twice,
The result wasn't so nice,
I learned the muse couldn't be called on demand,
And she wasn't here for my beck and command,
That was one relationship that took a while to mend,
But now I think of her as an old friend,
When it comes to rhyme,
There's no such thing as time,
What can I really say,

The poems will come as they may.

August 2, 1997

#156

Prayer to Heaven

Most merciful heaven above,
Please take care of my lady love,
I'll see to her wants if you'll provide her needs,
In her garden, I'll grow roses if you'll uproot weeds,
She means a whole lot to little old me,
She fills me with such lavish glee,
For she is my heaven on earth,
The central reason for my mirth,
Heaven, hold your angels near,
She is everything that I hold dear,
To the Father, my prayer is she,
A future here, I could easily see,
She is my deepest wish upon a star,
Sparkling like the lightning bug jar,
If I could ask for one thing, it would be she,
No one else can give what she gives to me,
Heaven watch her every move and guide well,
Her happiness is nothing for sale,
Heaven hold us in your sight and in your care,

And together there will be years to share,
How long we have together only you know when,
Take care of her, Lord in your mercy- Amen.

August 3, 1997

#157

Whom I Dream Of

It's the smile on your pretty face,
That sets my heart's rapid pace,
Every beat of my heart says I love you,
For every day it beats solid and true,
I wonder sometimes how you fell in love with me,
Maybe it's simple but it I certainly can't see,
On occasion, you say I am handsome,
I don't know how you see that, but I'm gladsome,
You relax to believe that you are beautiful, but you are,
You are my brightly loving guiding star,
I find myself lucky to have such a gem as you,
And I'll be there with you whatever we go through,
My darling sweet it is you, who I love,
Only you and only you are whom I dream of.

August 9, 1997

#158

Lighthouse

Something special in something surprising, so it seems,
It was just something sudden and sensual about it,
In a moment, in a kiss, I felt the snow melt around,

The feeling wasn't unfamiliar in fact I've seen those gleams,
At that moment a spark was felt, and a fire inside lit,
At that moment I felt gravity pull me down to the ground,

It's been said that inside my true emotion hides,
Perhaps I am, deep feeling for you I possess,
I admit to holding it down because I fear to let it show,

Till I know what to do it will chance the thundering tides,
My feelings are hidden yet I can feel their yearning caress,
Hidden from all yet you can see them, and you know,

My fire is open to you, and its secrets are known,
My question is what will happen now to us, to me,
We are friends, yet I feel more inside now,

How is it you can see through me and what is shown,
Hidden or not it is the lighthouse from which I see,
Through thick or thin my love stays but I understand not how.

August 10, 1997

#159

Love's Prayer

In the kingdom of heaven, hear me O' Lord,
Hear my prayer and listen forward,
O' Lord and master, most holy of kings,
You have given me a gift held by angel's wings,
Thanks, I give and a prayer I speak,
I now share love that you bestowed from heaven's peak,
Thank you for someone as special as she,
For moments shared and whenever they may be,
For the chance to have our lives shared,
For allowing us to strive for whatever dared,
For giving us joy and happiness too,
And we owe it to, well you know who,
O' Lord, master, and king on high,
Thank you is what I wish to say in love, goodbye.

August 16, 1997

#160

There

When the world cuts and slashes at me with a knife,
I will always have Jesus Christ, my Lord, in my life,

Wherever pain and sorrow are, he is there to clear it away,
There with me during prayers, at night or day,

When there is no comfort in this life I call my own,
Through him and his words, a new joy to me is shown,

When there is no hope or light to be found,
There is the King of the Jews eternally crowned,

Father Almighty, Jesus Christ, Holy Spirit, clean me of my sin,
Look after all those in the world, blessings, and peace, Amen.

August 17, 1997

#161

The Shepherd

Knowingly or not, we are all in bondage to sin,
But if we follow the Lord, the devil will never win,

It looks like there are many paths, but there's only two,
Some know where they want to go some haven't a clue,

You are free to make bargains with the devil if you dare,
But you should know that only in heaven will you fair,

Jesus is the rock that guides us all, his lost little sheep,
He'll be there to rescue us when we're in too deep,

It is important for us to spread his sacrificial story,
For if none know him how will they know his glory?

August 23, 1997

#162

Measured

Length, width, height, what is a church?
The answer is endless yet a continuing search,
For it is more than its individual parts,
And more than her visitor's faithful hearts,
It's a place to gather and spiritually cleanse,
It's a home for strangers, family, and new friends,
Her rafters may not always be that tall,
And her square footage may be a bit small,
Her sanctuary may not be all that wide,
But in her works God certainly takes pride,
The answer is endless yet a continuing search,
Length, width, height, what is a church?

August 24, 1997

#163

Remember

Remember what the Lord has done for you,
He gave his life and thankfully his love too,
Remember Jesus, our Prince, who wore the crown of thorn,
For you to be forgiven of all your sins, he endured evil's scorn,
Remember what Jesus has given you- your daily bread,
Thanks to him for the bread of heaven from which you're fed,
Remember to say your prayers and bow your head,
Because your Father is here and listens to what you've said,
Remember when all is darkened, and you see no light,
Put faith in the Father, and he'll provide you sight,
Remember if have a problem and don't know what to do,
Give prayer with your heart and the Father will help you,
Remember if you ever need a friend or someone to talk to,
He'll always be there to listen, comfort and protect you,
Remember there will be times where the world goes awry,
But walk with God, and you'll never regret a day that goes by,
Remember to live by his words and walk in his ways,
And your life will be filled with happiness for all days,
Remember the grace given by our King,

Let the holy spirit fill you- praise, rejoice and sing!

Remember that God loves us- rich, poor, high or low,

If nothing else, that's something you should surely know,

August 30, 1997

#164

Thorns and Blood

It was a darkened hallway,
Blackness beat against every sun ray,
A bleak silence that nuzzled sorrow,
So oppressive there was no hope of tomorrow,
The hallway was frosty and frigid,
The walls were thorny and rigid,
For light appeared and blindness came,
The colors were that of stained glass in frame,
I could see the walls of thorn and blood,
By light, I lifted myself from the silt and mud,
I heard a voice that spoke one word,
And through him, I know my saving occurred,
“Jesus.”

September 13, 1997

#165

Through the Black

The hallway of echoing blackness and cold,
Only bleakness dances within this fold,
Feeling it, but I cannot hear my heart pound,
Gravity holds me firmly down,
Hopelessness and insanity are my jeweled crown,
The walls are rigid and made of thorn,
My flesh is cut- ripping- torn,
There is no door for me to escape,
Pressures want to steal my faith by rape,
The floor shakes and rattles beneath me,
Light breaks through, but I cannot see,
Blindness engulfs my eyes, yet I look,
Soon sight with colors bubble and cook,
A white glow takes me from the floor,
The glow touches me inside I am sure,
A voice echoes gently but solid in the hallway,
The name of who saves me I heard it say,
"Jesus."

September 20, 1997

#166

Mid Autumn's Rain

Mid autumn's rain,
Its scent blows against the windowpane,
The air turns sweet and pleasingly cool,
While leaves skip and play around the pool,
Not yet fallen leaves paint around us,
Squirrels collect nuts trying to avoid a winter's fuss,
The mornings grow a deep blue dark,
The nights take longer to leave their mark,
Gentle winds dance and spree,
While birds prepare to fly to a warmer sea,
Autumn's here and winter is soon to come,
Carrying roadways of snow or at least a bit of some,
Spring set itself from all seasons apart,
But autumn's the season known for art.

September 27, 1997

#167

Your Touch

No one's touch feels like your touch,
No one knows that you mean that much,

My love for you has become a drug that I am addicted to,
I say I want you, I need you, and mostly I love you,

My greatest fear or pain is that you'll leave,
For if you did my heart would you in two cleave,

For if you stay, I will rejoice with tears at night,
I'll love you beyond life's fullest height,

My queen, I raise you up on the pedestal up so high,
I robe you in the cloak of night that whispers by,

I crown you with the moon and stars so brilliantly bright,
Your scepter is my soul that you hold in your loving sight,

Your kingdom is my heart that you keep close to you,

Believe me; I keep you close to my heart too,

My care and love, boundaries it has not,
Its taste is sugary sweet and fervently hot,

Taste what it is, taste what I give,
For it is you, for your love, that which I for live.

October 4, 1997

#168

To Some and To Others

To some, their dreams are life,

To others, they wish their lives were but a dream,

For some, the tenderness of life is rife,

For others, they wish in their life for love to teem,

To some, they do not know the meaning of pain,

To others, their life is saturated with its muck,

For some, happiness cannot be seen through the rain,

For others, happiness is a normal and not random luck,

To some, challenges they take on just to beat,

To others, challenges seem to overcome and take hold,

For some growing up wasn't considered a feat,

For others, the hardship came from not doing as told,

To some, pride mushroomed largely over time,

To others, pride was a word they kept hid in rue,

For some, attitudes toward life was like rime,

For others, life is experienced and seen in brightest hue,

To some, friends are a regularly wanted and in need,

To others, friends are nothing but worthless ail,

For some, to show weakness is to inside bleed,

For others, weakness is nothing if it has no veil.

October 11, 1997

#169

Odd Content

What odd content exists on a magazine's page,
Designed to incite emotions like happiness or rage,
Subtlety just won't grab a reader's attention,
So, they attempt to draw them with every dimension,
Sometimes it's bold colors or the flash of skin,
All to draw you close so you'll look within,
Quite the elaborate traps are magazines it seems,
They tug at the emotions and our wistful dreams,
Vicariously we live through the lives they show,
Like sponges to their content, we love to know,
Yet the content held within can be strange at best,
Perfume samples? Opinion pieces? Even a love test?
From celebrities to whatever takes center stage,
What odd content exists on a magazine's page,

October 18, 1997

#170

Wrong Words

Somehow, I keep saying the wrong things,
And I get to see the hurt it brings,
I don't mean them to come out as they do,
I don't mean to hurt you,
Even poets screw up words now and again,
They don't finish as they begin,
Why do my words sometimes come out so wrong?
Sometimes they come across too strong,
It's not at all what I meant,
Hurting you wasn't my intent,
My words lately have been awry,
And honestly, I'm not exactly sure why,
Is my "think before I speak" broken?
Maybe my written word will be better than my spoken,
I do enjoy spending time with you,
I do get that our time alone together is few,
I appreciate you wanting to carve out time for you and I,
I'm sorry if I make you want to tear your hair out and cry,
I'm just a little off as of late,

I know it seems all I do is berate,
But I do love you with all my heart,
I'm sorry my sweet tart.

October 25, 1997

#171

Words from the Heart

The words I love you give me hope,
Gives me light at the end of the frayed rope,
Sometimes I cannot hear it, but such is life's wheel,
But it sure is something I can always feel,
It is difficult, I know, to understand how I feel at times,
But somehow, I can only say them in poem or rhyme,
I don't fear to tell you to your face,
But when I try, my heart speeds at amazing pace,
It isn't comfortable to tell you how I exactly feel,
But I'll show you my way, the whole breathtaking deal,
So, when I look into those beautiful amber eyes,
Know what I speak is truth and not lies,
Whether you wish it or not, truthfully, I love you,
For you, there is nothing in this world I wouldn't do,
If you so demanded, I would kiss the ground you walk on,
If you so wished, I would dream only of you dawn to dawn,
If you so desired, I would enchain myself to you on a whim,
If you so need, I would give my life, so your candle won't dim,
If so wanted, all that I am is given up for your single delight,

If so commanded, I would give in to your hunger and bite,

My dear princess, I speak your name,

Who has shot me with cupid's arrow with deadly aim?

I am in servitude to you and your love for me,

I am yours of independent will and wish not to be free,

My dear, heart- soul- mind- body- beauty is you,

Dare not argue with this that I know is true,

In final words, I leave only this I know and knew,

My sweet, I love you.

November 1, 1997

#172

River of Sorrow

Are my eyes blind to sorrow?

I have awakened into tomorrow,

I feel I'm the unstable element to this place,

I smile, yet others have a frown on their face,

What black river has my boat breached?

What kind of tomorrow have I reached?

Into my life jacket, so that I don't drown in sorrow,

I must sail to survive, or I'll never reach the morrow.

November 8, 1997

#173

Void

Loneliness of the heart,
Not knowing where to start,
That's where I am,

Without love and clue,
I know not what to do,
That's where I am,

The blue of life in ice,
Do I play with weighted dice?
That's where I am,

Companionship is now only a term,
Love has beached me up on a berm,
That's where I am,

The feeling of emptiness fills my heart,
Inside I can feel the missing part,
That's where I am,

To mourn the happiness of love,
To lose everything you have ever dreamt of,
That's where I am,

In the void.

November 15, 1997

#174

Worship

Spirituality - an endless search,
Some go to a church,
Some look up into the night,
Me? I write.

Music, song, or art,
Where does the divine end or start?
Are they not intertwined?
Surely, it's more than a product of the mind,

It's arrogance to believe it's all me,
I'm sure the divine would agree,
That spark. That fire. That lightning.
It's worship, raw, via my writing.

November 22, 1997

#175

What Is Will Be

I still see the sweetness of her smile,
Even just being with her for a short while,
Those little times together are so important to me,
As a friend once said, "What is will be,"
Still, I miss her deep in my heart,
Still, it pains me to know we are apart,
I love her, and I know it's true,
I feel helpless to know there's nothing I can do,
If I could change things, I would,
If she'd let me love her, I could,
Take these shackles that restrain my heart,
Now I proclaim and ask where do I start?

December 6, 1997

#176

Glass Heart

I gave you my red glass heart,
I gave it to you in a box marked fragile,
You carry it around with you every day,
When you left, you threw that box aside,
Always of glass when it falls inside,
Inside it cracks and breaks,
Its broken pieces shall never be repaired,
For at least again by your hands,
But I gave you my red glass heart,
I gave it to you in a box marked fragile,