

TRUE IMAGE POETRY COLLECTION

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Flowers Bloom

There are flowers in my mind that blossom just for me
They bloom within my heart because inside I'm free.
The fragrant petals, I can smell when I close my eyes
As no one understands my pain -- none can empathize.

I want to travel far away so that I can find some peace
And allow my weary thoughts to enjoy some sweet release.
I love the birds that fly above because they're completely free
And I find myself dying inside because peace doesn't live in me.

I sail the darkest ocean in a shimmering crystal boat
Rocked by the lilting wake where my troubled memories float.
The briny air carries my thoughts to the youth of yesterdays
As I travel like a salty dog to my favorite hideaways.

Gratefully I have known love, but I've tasted its bitter sting
And now its repeated melody in my soul continues to ring.
The flowers may bloom, the birds do fly, the water purifies
But none can truly erase the hurt and tears from my tired eyes.

In the end I wonder if it would really matter to those I left behind
What truly burdened me and clouded my altered mind.
Would people lovingly look upon me knowing of the wars I fought?
Or will they never understand my journey and the peace I desperately sought?

WHAT IF?

What if Jesus lived that day – didn't die on the cross,
What if we really didn't suffer that loss?
What do you think he would say
If he walked our streets today?

Do you think he could heal the pains
Of children trapped in the world's heaviest chains?
What would he say of what goes on today?
That hate will not just fade away?

Would Jesus cure aids, cancer, diabetes,
Or help us to finally sign world's peace treaties?
Would he house the homeless and feed the poor
Or would he say in Jesus' name, no more?

Would he say the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak
Or would he go to Dr. Phil for help to seek?
Would he touch the pain of all who died?
What would he see in the eyes of those who cried?

Would Jesus weep because of dishonesty displayed
For wars started in his name, would he be dismayed?
Would he still take the cup and drink
If he knew this world's humanity would continually shrink?

Would he still stand for love and God in us?
Would he say Namaste and in Love do we trust?
Would he drop to the ground and sob with hurt and shame
For all we've done in Jesus' name?

What would Jesus say if he saw what happens everyday?
How could we treat our world this awful way?
Would he make the sign of the cross and heal our pain
If he knew we would do it all again and again?

The Nighttime

The nighttime looks so very different to me
Because the people are gone, and my spirit is free.
The noise has stopped and peace has set in,
Oh I know that the nighttime is really my friend.

I look at the stars like they are talking to me
And find advice in the moon – we're a trinity.
The clouds look mysterious as their shadows crawl
And the stillness of life shows not at all.

The nighttime speaks in a quiet tone
As if to say, I'm fine out here, leave me alone.
Cool is the breeze that runs through my hair
It's so inviting, and the chill is in the air.

The nighttime whispers to me like my dearest love:
Gently and sweetly from heaven above.
There are no demands made of me
Because the people are gone and my spirit is free.

I Would Visit

I wish I had wings.
I should like to come and visit for a while.
I wouldn't stay, but I just want to know
if you are alright.

What do you do with your time there?
Do you spend any of it missing me,
the way I often sit and think
about you?

Do you cry sometimes?
Because I cry all of the time
on the outside and the inside,
missing you.

I would love to look at your eyes again
and hold your hand while you fall asleep.
I would love to sit with you,
and do nothing together.

I wish I had wings
so I could come and see your new place.
Do you have colors in your heart
like you always did?

If I could, if it was meant to be,
I would visit you, just to see you one more time.
I've got this hole inside,
and I would love to see you again.

Just in case you want to know,
I memorized your eyes.
I know your eyebrows...the way they grow.
I traced the lines in your fingers too.

I wish I had wings
because I would ask you if it's so beautiful,
if you still miss me too.
Or have you gone on to someone else?

Tears dry ... but my heart still aches...
and I just want to know if you
sleep well and if you can see me
when I sleep at night?

The Painting

In the quiet of the morning
And the calmness of my heart
I think of bygones without scorning;
the yesterdays that were my start.

I see a painting that you gave me
Filled with colors of the world
And thankfully I hold it dearly
As the story is now unfurled.

The images you carefully painted
Foreshadowed times that truth now sees.
And those impressions will ne'er be tainted
Or fly away beyond the trees.

You managed to capture the love we shared,
Amidst the strife we lived its glory
And those around us who always cared
Made me proud to tell our story.

Yes I cry for those I miss,
And for the pain of time that's lost
That for one moment you would know my bliss
And tread the bridges that I crossed.

Our lives have a way of painting a picture,
Of telling a story; of singing a song.
And when at last we sign our signature
We delight in its beauty, not right or wrong.