



Dew of Heaven



Poetry

By Fleur Celeste

Dew of Heaven

-Poetry-

Written and illustrated by

Fleur Celeste

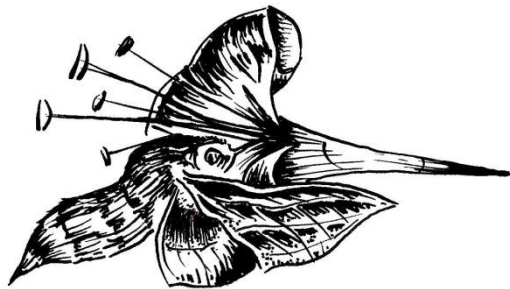
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The Rose

Though the freshness of its youth is done
Though its vivid hues of rising dawn
Have faded, like a dying sun,
Though it is dead—it is not gone.

True, it lacks in new-sprung grace,
Where blush and sunbeam once
enlaced,
But somehow, beauty has left her trace
In the dried out, gentle face.



Pride of Spring, blossom fair—
'Twas perhaps injustice that one did tear
The loveliest bloom—yet dried with care,
The rose has ethereal air.

The life was stilled, 'ere vengeful time
Could steal—one by one—the petals fine
Before the soul of beauty could decline
Abode in her ivory-mounted shrine.

Oh love! thou canst no longer grow;
Oh heart! thus sever'd from blood's flow
Years may pass, and seasons go,
They cannot efface what the heart did know.

Memories sprung from love torn asunder
Flee to the heart, and haunt, and linger,
Clinging to one with a heart-sweet splendour
As melody long outlasts the singer.

Though the ardent flame of love is done,
Though flying lights and burning dawn
Have died, like embers of the sun,
Though it is dead—it is not gone.



Believe

There is a river gold of prayer
That flows from Heaven's gates, and there
Some thirst and falter on the brink
While others, simply kneel and drink.



Precious

There's a garnet in the sun
There's a turquoise in the sea
There's a pearl inside the moon
And an emerald in the tree

There's a crystal in the snows
There's a sapphire in the sky
There's a ruby in the rose
But—the diamond's in your eye.

Do You love Me?

Why, of course I do!
How constant are my thoughts of You!
From dawn till dusk, and dusk till dawn
A song of love still ringing on
To wake me, when others but sleep...
I love you, Lord!
Then feed my sheep.

Do You love Me?
Surely You must see
The radiance inside of me
The light of You within my being
The warmth I feel, the song I sing
My happiness, though others weep...
See how I love You!
Feed my sheep.

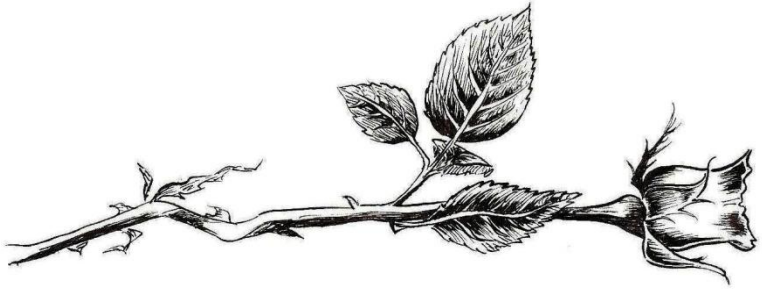


Do you love Me?
Must You press me thrice?
When willingly I paid the price
To follow You, to bravely tread
The secret paths where Whispers led,
Your cragged Will to climb, though steep,
Of course I love You!
Feed My sheep.

It Rained Today

It rained today. I stood outside
And as I let the droplets glide
In shining paths along my skin,
I felt them touch something within.
Sun is joy, and rain is grief
Or so the poets all believe
But though Beyond, there be no pain
I still hope sometimes it will rain.





Your Life

Your life is to me
A jacaranda tree
Splashed with lavender
And each tiny flower
That softly drips
Is a word from Your lips
A hurt You relieve
A sin You forgive
A look of mercy
A thing of beauty.
Quiet they blow
To the soil below
One million flecks
The earth to bedeck
Exhaling in death
The sweetest of breath.

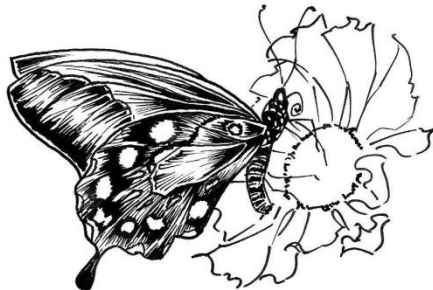
My Evening Prayer

(Inspired by Psalm 114:7-8)

You turned the rock of Meribah
Into a rushing rill
The miracle was great, and yet
I ask one greater still:

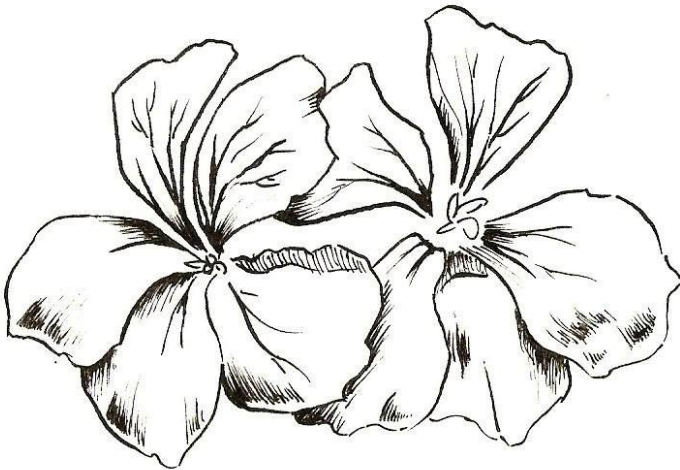
For though there is no lack to all
The wretchedness I see
I feel my tired heart begin
To numb inside of me.

You Who broke the hardest desert rock:
Strike this heart of stone
And turn it to a trembling pool
Of tears that are Your own.



To Laura

Of course, I would have loved the Spring
With flowers bright and fair
Of course I would have dreamt some dreams
Had hopes for which I'd care
But short-lived are those lovely things
The heart can never share:
How little all those years would mean
If you had not been there.





To Change the World

It doesn't have to begin with Mr. Magnanimous

It doesn't have to begin with Mr. Splendiferous

It doesn't have to begin with Mr. Glamorous

It doesn't have to begin with Mr. Ambitious

It doesn't have to begin with Mr. Illustrious

It doesn't have to begin with Mr. Gorgeous

It doesn't have to begin with Mr. Famous

All we really need is to start

With a pair of hearts;

To change the world

We only need

A tiny word

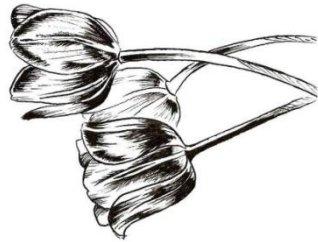
Just

Us.

Immortal

The fiery orb was rising in the sky
As I walked
Down the shore
That glittered with a million stars
Of gold;
The waves of blue and turquoise,
With foamy peaks
And laughter on their lips,
Raced to land
Only to pull back seconds later,
Bringing with them that golden sand.
I knelt down and built
A castle
With the starry sand
And with my hands, shaped it beautifully.
And the greedy waves
Danced forward
And swallowed up my castle
And the splashing, flashing,
Dashing, lashing
Crashing, smashing
Waves
Thought my castle was gone.
I still remember you, my friend

More beautiful than waves or sand,
And your laughter, the music I loved to hear.
Your eyes so deep,
Like universes
All to themselves
Full of stars that twinkle
And hidden tenderness;
The lightning flash of your smile,
Blinding and beautiful;
Your hand's kind touch:
All these things about you
I loved so very much;
But time passed
Too fast
Over us two
And when it left,
Took you back,
Thinking to do me some theft
But time has not silenced your laughter
Nor has it darkened your smile
They are not gone
They are living,
Living on
Long
In my memories...
Forever
In my heart.



I Tremble Before You



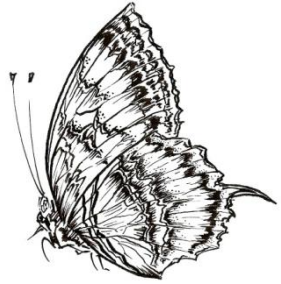
(Inspired from Psalm 96:9 "Oh, worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness! Tremble before Him, all the earth.")

I tremble before You; not for fear
Of Your wrath, or judgment near.
Though tainted within,
Though Your Hands with my sin
Are stained crimson:
I know that I am forgiven.
You have cancelled the debt
And yet

I tremble. Not for timidity,
How often have You peered into me
And known me
Leaving no secret unturned,
Shown me
Your glory in return,
So that now I know You deeper
Than I could tell
And You know me better
Than I do myself?
Such intimacy I could not regret
And yet

I tremble before You. Not for shame
Though in Your splendor, my own light
Became
As night,
Though by Your glow
I see and I know
Myself for who I really am—

No shadow is left to hide the sham—
And worse, by Your glow
I see and I know
All that I am not—
Those qualities sought
In vain
In pain.
But all the same
I feel no shame
In Your light—it melts
Anything I could have felt
So that I think only of You, and care
Only for what is valued There,
Myself to forget
And yet



I tremble before You. Not for these
Reasons, not for lack of peace.
But to know life in Your Presence
To dive in the essence
Of passion itself, to be thrilled
To drink of Your eyes, and be filled,
To feel the love from them sweeping o'er
Me, crashing like wild waves upon a shore
To hear Your Voice whisper
Love unheard
To feel my soul shiver
At the words
And cry out that it does adore You—
My Jesus!
So do I tremble before You.

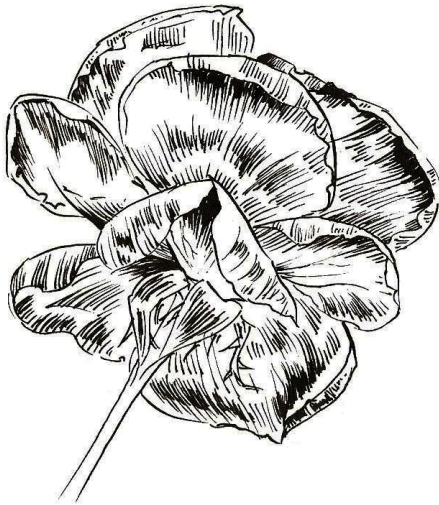
After Life

When we discover important things
Are really only useless
When wisdom found in scholar's books
Is exposed to be senseless;
When faith unsure is proven sound
And precious things lost are found;
When loved-ones I'd known Up-There
(And Here forgot)
Come bursting back into my life
And declare
"We've been waiting for you all this time!"
And Time—
When Time that stretched out so far
Was really just the space of a night;
When what we call "the great Dark"
Is found to be Eternity, blinding bright;
Like a drop falling to the ocean
Or a glass bubble broken
Wide my eyes fling open
Mountains shake
Fetters forsake
Desire slake:
I will be awake.

The Sun and the Star

It blossoms in the morning hour:
The rising orb, the fire-flower
With blushing clouds surrounding dawn
And petals pink to crown the sun

Daylight wilts and starts to die
Dark petals tumble from the sky
And through the dark, we see afar
The golden fruit at last: a star.



Thoughts After Your visit

What strength have I to give you? I,
Who moments ago, to God did cry—
Yes, minutes before you crossed my door,
I told Him I had nothing more.

What grace have I to offer you?
When I have wept this whole night through
Helpless, spilling every prayer
And tear out—begging Him to care.

What faith do I have left to give?
When I myself can scarce believe
The things that He would ask of me:
The fear I feel, the dark I see.

What love would you ask me to share?
I look inside but—none is there.
My heart is cracked, and crushed like glass
It lost each drop, until the last...

*

*But you have come, and so I must
Believe He sent you here, and trust
That He needs those who understand:
I wipe your tears with my bleeding hand.*

Whispering Trees

Whispering trees

What mysteries

Do you murmur thus softly to the wind?

A tremor, a secret:

The wind does repeat it

And still none comprehend.

Do you sing of the Word

That first you heard

On the day He created you?

And should you reveal

These things you conceal,

Would I dance like the wind too?



After listening to your heartache



“I’ll never love like that again!”

I realised my folly then,

As from your lips, unknowingly

My words came bouncing back at me.

“I’ll never love again,” you say?

I said the same the other day;

So certain of my fate was I

Hope-broken, with no will to try...

Now echoes of my misery

Come laughing their way back to me

Yes, laughing! Darling, heard from you

They sound so foolish, so untrue

Short-sighted, childish—now I see

What God must, when He looks at me.

For though I understand your pain

Though in my heart throbs much the same

Still there is always more to dream of

He still is God, Who still is love.

I look at you: though sorrowful,

So full of light and beautiful,

Still young! With all your life ahead!

And somewhere, on the path you tread

I know that you will love again—

And so will I. So, thank you when

You taught me—accidentally,

By throwing my words back at me.



If Today Were My Last

I'd give away and count as won
Every last smile 'til all were gone;
And, unashamed to say the words
That burn within me to be heard
I'd let my passion overcome
Whatever lacked in human tongue—
And leave all regrets in the past:
If today were my last.

I'd also gladly leave behind
The questions that still haunt my mind
For where I go is comfort sweet
And questions do all answers meet;
Why should I earthly burdens bear
To Land where I'll no longer care?
All doubts, all qualms aside I'd cast:
If today were my last.

Parted friend, did you not know
The tears with which I watched you go?
Or how my heart in pain longs still
For you to find our Father's will?
Escaping lips, my parting prayer
Would speak of you, and call from There—
“Was thou not given all that thou hast?”—
If today were the last.

And precious Jesus, sweetest Name:
That sets all of my heart aflame
My life I give in sacrifice—
Your Love surpassing far the price—
Though darkly now I see Your Face
There'll be no question in That Place;
In faith may I hold to You fast:
Today could be my last.

From Your Angel

When sun's unraveled rays are few
When shadow stabs the heavens through
And blackness bleeds into the blue:
I will be standing here with you.

When sky and sea are all askew
When life absconds as storms pursue
And winds the lasting wreckage strew
I will be standing here with you.

When of that World you steal a view
Beyond the veil that's torn in two,
And reaching Up, the latch undo:
I will be waiting There for you.



The Garden

Darkness has almost fallen now,
The lingering beams of light
Slowly, silently fade away,
They are gone now: it is night.

Under spreading branches of trees
I lie here trembling in the grass,
I have come to beg for pain's
surcease,
Beg for the bitter cup to pass.

I shut my eyes, and, breathless,
inhale
Not only the cool air
But the silence—silence sweeter
than music—
That tenderly soothes the care.

Many have come this way before
And still many more will pass
But I am alone and this garden is mine
For this moment while it lasts.



And, ever so gently, but no less true,
My heart is calmed by words unspoken
From a Heart that loves this daughter frail,
A Heart that, once, here too lay broken.

The stars glisten bright against the dark night sky;
Such a paradox of pain and peace
Sweeps over me like a tremor of wind,
My falling tears bring me release.

Watered with His Blood, thus beautiful to me,
Garden of true love:

Gethsemane.





Outer Space

Here I am, on my misty planet
Circling the sun in a solitary orbit;
I gaze at the universe sprinkled with stars,
I gaze at a far-off world, where you are.

For although your centre is also the sun,
Your journey, my friend, is a different one;
And often between us a deep gulf lies,
Like murky seas or darkened skies.

But sometimes we will float just near
Enough to call, enough to hear,
Enough to reach and almost touch—
Though only our dreams will grant that much—
And we barely taste the magic, when
Our two worlds drift apart again.

I would be foolish to dream all day
Of you and your world, both far away
When I have a world, a life of my own,
That I hold to and cherish, though it be alone
Nor would you be wise to spend your time
Wishing that you were here in mine,
When you have chosen to live there in yours,
Watching me only from distant shores.

So we must go on, and steady our gaze
On our paths—each leading separate ways.
And yet, few moments I treasure as this:
When orbits cross, and spirits kiss.



Prayer

In the morn, my soul's release
Like a waking eagle, soars free
In search, in thirst, in quest of peace,
And yet, no tame flight for me!

Wildest currents of the wind
Throw me high into the dome
Of azure heavens, and my mind
Though above, is not alone.

Oh! how I long to face the Sun,
To bask in Thy warm smile,
As the dawn has just begun
To pour out her golden vial.

Earth! No pull of gravity,
No law of time or space,
Can pull my spirit back to thee
When I have reached this place.

God! Thou, heart's most deep desire,
When on these wings I soar
Into Thy Son's most Holy Fire
To worship and adore:

I will keep a flame from Him inside
And bid it boldly burn,
And with this ardent love ignite
The world on my return.



Alight

There's a flame that burns within me
Like a beacon in the night
Like a star that searing brightly
Sends the shadows all to flight.

Come hither, rain and hail,
Come, waters of the deep;
Come, fierce and angry gale,
Come, darkness and the Sleep.

You cannot quench this raging flame
Although with all your might you strive
For the fire is Jesus Christ—His Name,
The fuel that keeps me alive.

May Your flame, Your life within me
Be the only life left inside;
May Your love my only heartbeat be
And Your words my footsteps' guide.

May I conquer winds and waves adverse
To serve You 'til my final days,
I give my life, my love, my universe
To be consumed within Your blaze.

All My Apologies



Forgive me for believing in
A thing as ludicrous as God
In this age of enlightenment
I know my ignorance is odd

And that your levelheaded soul
My happiness upsets, so please
To your dull friend be merciful
And receive my apologies.

Forgive me for believing in a God:

Whom I can hear in a baby's laughter
Whom I can taste in the evening air
Whom I can feel in the night-storm after
Running His fingers through my hair

A God who encircles me with His sky
And flings me a smile from the sun
A God I can look straight in the eye
As He calls His stars out one by one

And it amuses me to no end
To think to myself, if only you knew
That when you hold me close, dear friend
Sometimes I see Him inside you!

(For foolish arguments like these
Accept all my apologies.)

Whispers

Those lines of love I long to
hear
Speak to me softly, my Dear.
As lilting strains of melody
sweet

Is Thy Voice—calm, yet complete.

For my thoughts are crashing
As waves, and lashing
Emotions are thrashing
Inside.
Thoughts in a hurry,
Windswept with worry,
Fraying in fury,
Collide.

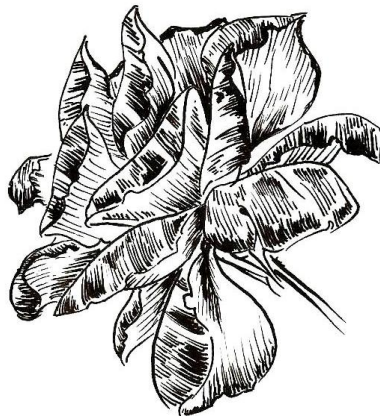


Oh, breathe the words that break their control—
Every breath, a caress to my soul.
And whisper the words that waken within
Feelings that never have been.

For how my mind tires
And strength expires
Without such a fire
As Thine.

And how sorrows cease,
How still is Thy peace,
And gentle release
Divine.

Oh, speak to me softly of love, my Dear—
Those lines I long to hear.



Red Island

(For Madagascar)

Red—like rust
Like the swarm of dust
On a pathway worn
Leading to my home,
Woken by a gust.

Red—like the sun
An October one,
And every tiny cloud
Who dares enshroud
Her, stricken by the stun.

Red—like my eyes
As tears baptize
Not sorrow, just pain
After poisonous rain
From polluted skies



Red—like the bloom
The poinsettia's costume
An emblem bold
With a centre of gold,
Flourishing in June.

Red—like the flow
That surges below
Makes us akin
Regardless of skin
Whose color we'll forgo.

Lastly, red—
Like the way He bled
For the estranged soul
The island, the individual
To be cherished instead.

(August 27, 2011)

Troubled Waters



My heart is like a troubled pool
All whipped up by the storm
I scarce believe these seconds few
My quiet could transform

I try to recall moments ago
My sky was blissful blue
And waters were so sweetly still
That you could see right through

Now ruthless panic rides the water
O'er every soaring swell
And dark was surely never darker
In the very depths of hell.

Until: "Let not your heart be troubled!"

You speak as You draw near
Wind and waters, hell and heart
All quiet down to hear.

In Mary's Footsteps

(Inspired by Luke 7:37-47)

As one who was forgiven much,
So will I give; though my hands clutch
The gift I bring,
Eyes glistening.

As one who was forgiven much,
So do I love; my fingers touch
The gift I bring:
They open, willing.

A heart, in shatters, yet complete,
I bring before my Master,
And lay the fragments at His feet,
As shards of alabaster.



Warm rain

That afternoon, I still recall
When heavy drops began to fall
From nowhere they seemed to appear
Above was but a sapphire clear

And it seemed that falling, every one
Had taken captive a bit of sun
Like golden stars, they pelted down
Like kisses, fell upon my brow.

So wet the rain, I laughed inside
So warm the sun, I would not hide
Though from my skin the rain did roll
Their sunlight seeped into my soul.



Genesis

How did You feel, the very first time
He opened his eyes
Clear as the skies
Mirroring the very likeness Divine?

How did it feel, when he smiled at You
Bright and intense
Thrilling innocence
Pure as the Sixth Morning's first dew?

Yes, how was it like, to breathe into earth
And fashion a soul
Bold and beautiful
From dust bringing forth a miracle birth?

*

And how did it feel, to know the same eyes
That laughed and smiled,
So easily beguiled
Would weep such tears, in wounded surprise?

To know that temptation, glowing like fire
Could not be hidden?
That fruit forbidden
Would plant in his heart a poison desire?

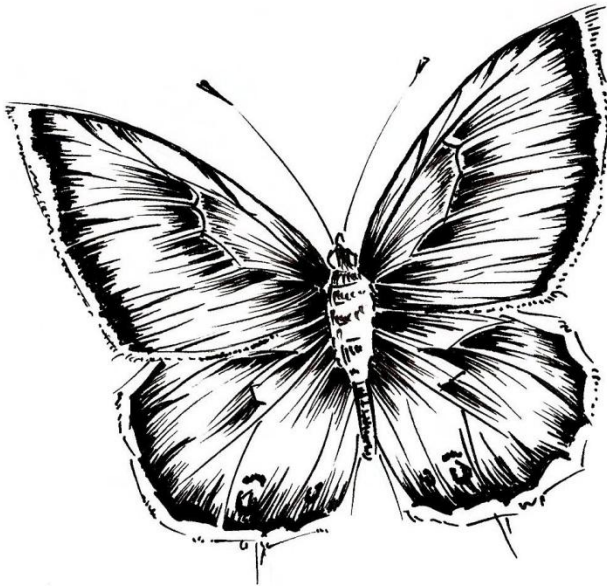
To know that the hands You created so warm
Could work such sin?
That children of men
With hands made to love, would love to harm?

*

But how did it feel to know, Father of all,
That someday, somewhere
The soul would care
And rise up to fly, though great was the fall?

To foresee that some would forsake the strife
Struggle to love
Stare up-above
And bless the God who gave them life?

How did it feel, just to know, my Creator,
From the very start
That the piece of Your heart
You planted would blossom in countless lives over?



Cloudy Morning

I love the strange and silver way
The sky came dancing down today
Like a bit of dream that broke away
Or a floe of ice that ran astray.
The clouds all tumbled in to play
And filtering down, a flimsy ray
Of white light rode upon the spray:
My world's a rainbow all in grey.

The Little Girl at the Wedding Reception



Angelic in her satin skirt
She sat down to play in the dirt
Unmindful of her fancy dress.
So let the mind inside of me
Forget how complex it should be,
Revel in simple happiness.

What is a Miracle?

Some people think a miracle
Is something strange and magical:
Lightning dropped from bright blue sky
Rivers sprung from desert dry
Voices and angelic sounds
Fire and brimstone tumbling down
Sun and planets frozen still
Things to set the mind a-thrill...

To me, there is one miracle
Still sweeter, still more powerful:
A Voice that speaks where human word
Is not allowed (or is not heard);
A perfect love that casts out fear;
A Hand to catch your secret tear;
A God Who reaches deep inside
The place you always try to hide.

And on the day that God will do
The things He promised me for you—
Speak, so that you understand,
Reach, and have you hold His Hand,
Touch your wounds, so they can heal,
Touch your heart, and make it feel—
Yes, on that day, what use will be
Lightning, or fire, or waters to me?



I Am Not A Star

I am not a star, I am a stone.

The light I share is not my own,
Nor am I bright, though you admire:

The fire you see is not my fire.

I am no jewel strung on high—

Just a plain pebble in the sky

And you must know my worth is small:

I'm really nothing much at all!

But every night His face you see

And so a stone I'm pleased to be,

And to my Love and work be true:

Shining His Sunlight down on you.

The Canvas

The winter wind blew long, blew hard
Across the tired land
And on its back rode rain and sleet
As if by God's command;

The autumn leaves all shivered and fell
Like the falling of the night
And then came snow—first soft, then fierce
In drifts of purest white.

There was the world: blank as a sheet
And silent as a tomb
No voice was heard—all were asleep
In wait of Spring's first bloom

And so it was, when rays of sun
Broke through the clouds at last
They beheld a land stripped to the bone
By winter as it passed

But the sun, not one to be dismayed
Looked down upon the ground
Until a timid shade of green
Crept in without a sound

And following were buds and leaves
And grass to clothe the floor
On tippy-toes, they spread across
A world that slept no more

Then came the palest hints of pink
And lavenders and blues:
Wildflowers laughing with delight
Despite their gentle hues

For after them came daring reds
And violets and golds
The blossoms' brightness warmed the land
Which forgot it ever was cold

I'd seen God's Hand in all my world
But never so much as when
He swept it clean with a single stroke
And painted it back again.



Red-Stained Petals

The tree was all a-bloom
Snowy with flowers
Soft to the touch
And I loved to pass
By the tree
To see
The flowers in simple majesty.
But days passed by
The wind was unkind
And the flowers too soon grew old
As the petals drooped
And threatened to fall
The tree released its hold
Then
One by one they dropped
Like tears
And I knew the flowers were
crying.

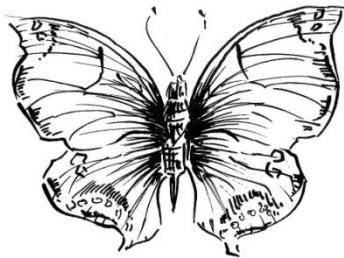
But, fragile blossom,
If you did not die
Who would know the cherry's sweet savor?



Lines Written after the Storm

There's something about the smell of the air
When all the world is clean and bare
There's something magic, something fair
In a world that's washed by rain.
And there's something lovely in the sound
A whisper from the softened ground
A quiet singing all-around
In a world that's washed by rain.

There's something all aglow again
Like sunshine through a window pane
A sparkle now—where dust had lain
When ended is the storm.
There's something holding true and fast
A smile from the earth at last!
Like putting sorrow in the past...
When ended is the storm.



First Love

You are the very first this year
A golden rose, a glowing rose
I breathe you in, I draw you near
Touching my own face to yours.

Buds are bursting from their bed
Colors waiting to be seen
Sunrise, snow, or inky red
Hide within their robes of green.

And countless blooms will face the blue
Before your own will close
But long will I remember you
My sunny Summer rose.



Music to my Heart

The music of my heart
Is a sunny summer morn
Each note a gilded butterfly
Or a poppy
Or the fullness of the sky.

The music of my heart
Is indigo
Spilled onto liquid amber skies
At the end of a day
Where pain
And love
Collide.

Hear the symphony
Of a misty field
Each blade slowly dancing
In harmony.

Listen to the tender song
Of a baby's smile
Honest and mysterious
Clear twinkling depths.

Hear the solo of a rose
Not yet opened
But not quite closed
Golden
With edges stained red
Adorned with pearls
From a spider's thread.

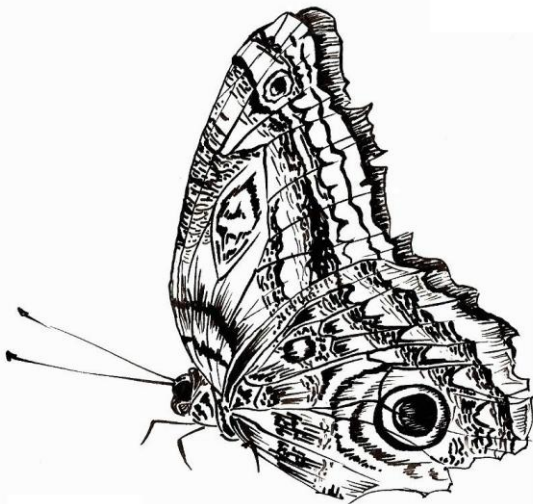
And the music of my heart
Is a forest
Or a plain
Smelling freshly fallen rain.

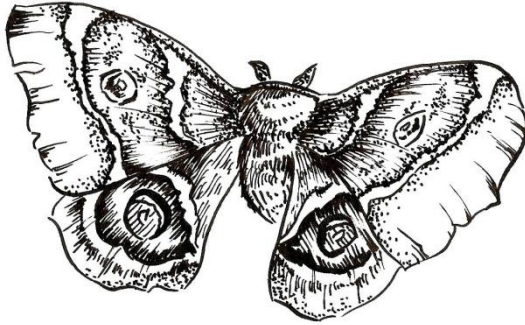
At night I hear the tune
Of countless stars
Sometimes they sing
Sometimes they cry;
The moon,
Just a sliver of white
Is a melody of light.

The music of my heart
Is the ocean after dark:
Swelling,
Living,
Laughing,

Never sleeping
Ever leaping
To shore
Running playful hands
Through rocks and sands
With its moonlit fingertips.

But when the lights are out
And I turn my thoughts low
The stillness quavers
As Your voice whispers to me
That I'm never alone
Without You even saying a word:
That has to be
The sweetest thing
My heart has ever heard.





Analysis

I pray you, walk with heavy tread:
You tread upon my dreams!
And take no care for tears I shed,
Nor spare my wish-star beams.
For I would know if they are made
Of something strong and true;
Or I would know, and be dismayed:
But...I would dream anew.
I pray my hopes, though trampled under
Emerge in victory,
But if my hopes are torn asunder
Wiser still I'll be!

For figments of imaginations,
Phantoms of desire
Are not the golden aspirations
That withstand the fire.
I often left my thoughts to linger
In hopes that did me harm:
Fancies fleeting through my fingers,
Running down hand and arm.
'Tis true, to wish and hope and pray
Is not always delusion—
Still these must be proved true one day
And sifted from illusion.
A thousand dreams can crash and die
Lie splintered in the dust,
For just one triumph that does fly—
Some conquest I can trust.
But were I left with empty hands
And heartache in the end
I'd still have one return that stands:
You, an honest friend.
I'd rather live than be misled
By ghostly gilded gleam—
I pray you, walk with heavy tread:
You tread upon my dreams!



Grey Christmas

No snowy white

No evergreens

No crimson morn

No sparkling eve:

Just grey skies...

Rainy grey skies.

“I’m dreaming...”

But of what use to dream?

“Of a white Christmas...”

All I see is grey.

Why must it rain

Of all days, today?

But laughter
Shatters
My reverie
As family and friends
Animatedly
Enjoy the moment
And far, far away,
I hear the children sing
And play
And laugh on their way
Home.
And a Feeling
A Presence
Overwhelms me.
I'm loved
I'm alive.



Undaunted by mackerel skies
His Hand makes its way
Into my life.
Forgetting the grey outside
My heart blossoms
With the colour of love.

True Value

There are wealthy people in this world, they say
Worthy of being envied, I'm told
For their pocketbooks and their paper gold
Yet I own the colours at the end of a day

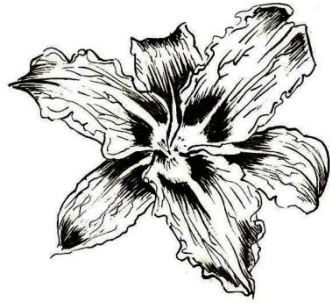
The sunrise too is my drapery
Mine the azure of the afternoon sky
And the sweet, soft wind-song floating by
Or the living gold on the surface of the sea.

The scent of an evening after the rain,
The morning-after's grateful bloom,
And open fields, are my perfume
With the sun caressing the grass on the plain.

And once all these have gone to sleep
The silken black sheets of the night
Woven with gems of fire and light
Offer me worlds both vast and deep.

There are wealthy people in this world, they say,
Who with numbers and figures, work all day
Only dreaming of their riches safely locked away,
No, truly—I am richer than they.

In Wonder



Every night
I watch the sky
And let a moment in time
Slip by;
There's never a sunset
Like another
And I wonder
You must have such
Imagination
That each night
You paint a different sky.

Some evenings are clear
Not a cloud on the horizon
As the sun goes down
And the moon is rising
Into a backdrop of color
Each shade deeper
Than the one under.

Other sunsets

The clouds are on fire

With strands of smoke

Drifting

Higher.

Other times still

You mix so many colors:

Hot pink, smoky blue

Crimson, magenta, and golden too—

Until I'm sure You've used up

Every color on Your palette—

And then You add some more!

Then I wonder

Were You in a playful mood

That You splashed such colors across the sky

Like a child's painting?

Did You laugh

When You painted that cloud so?

There are times

When soft clouds gather low

In a sky that's bathed

In rose-colored glow;

I love to watch the rabbits

The kittens

And teddy-bears
Made from pink cotton candy
As they play
And change
Until they grow out of form.

I remember one night
I looked into the sky
And saw the sea instead—
Glaciers of turquoise
And icy blues;
Motionless polar bears
In frosted hues;
A white-tipped wave
A cyan spray
And a pale reflection
Of northern lights.
And then I wondered
Does the sea
Look like the sky
Tonight?

One time
The somber tones
Crept across
In indigos
And violets



And midnight blue
With a trace of red
And some early stars
Glistening silently
Behind a thin film of clouds.
And then I wondered
Are You sad tonight?
Did one of Your children
Make You cry?
—Was it I?

Then evenings came
Where You hid the sky
Behind ill-tempered clouds
I hated to wait
And I even wondered
Maybe
You were too tired
To create a sunset
Those nights.
Foolish thought!
Now I know
It wasn't cruel
It wasn't for lack of inspiration
Or imagination
That we were deprived of our sunset;

You knew we would love them
All the more
The day You took up painting again.

Every night
I watch the fading lights
And let a moment in time
Slip by;
And yet
For all the beauty
Of the sun-swept sky
I find the Painter
More beautiful still.

