

Poetry Series

Annalee Hopkins
Somerville
- poems -

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville(Nov.28,1969)

It's been a very long journey but I've made it. I'm a Spirit on a journey, in search of a vision, walking the path Father Sky put before me.

Blessings & Energy ~

My spin off page is, life experience poems under Living Experience.

A Broken Journey To A Sacred Path

Strip away the scars,
Pull back the layered pain,
All that's left standing,
Is a shell with a physical name.

A shell so bare and empty,
It's beauty withered away,
In its place the cracks of life,
The spirit feels tormented and shamed.

The shell knows not why,
You wanted to cause it pain,
The spirit knows your intentions,
And the cruelty to your games.

Malicious, Cruel and Deliberate,
Trades that got you through,
Your shell it stands so empty,
That hurting others is what you do.

You can not break me,
I will not let you defeat,
For in my fragile shell,
A tiny heart does beat.

Spiritually ripped apart,
Exposed, vulnerable and bare,
Great Bear lifts me up,
To a place of good disappear.

Scars slowly mended,
The cracks of life dissolve,
I find my way back to my shell,
Finally home where I belong.

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A Minds Eye

The snow covers and masks,
The tree, the ground beneath,
Where little squirrels and rabbits,
Make their homes warm enough to sleep.
Nature has a way, of talking to the soul,
The changing wind of the seasons,
Faith shows us were to go.
What happens when ones lost,
Or disconnected from their soul,
They become like a compass,
With the hopes of finding home.
Home the way we see it,
When we open our minds eye,
Where there are pieces trapped in time.
Pieces of yourself, open, exposed,
Shattered like a mirror,
To many pieces to make whole.
Gathered in a blanket,
Looked deep and far away,
One day I will fix it,
But that's not today.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

A Mothers Strength

I wish I could take away,
The hurt and pain you have,
Other words are so hard to say,
in such a time like this.
I just want to tell you,
How proud I am of you,
That today I saw a beautiful woman,
Whose Strength was shining threw.
You are my sunshine,
A piece of the best of me,
I love you with all I have,
As you can clearly see.
No matter what the day may bring,
Sunny Skies, or Thunder storms,
I will never leave you,
To endure the pain alone.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

A Short & Sweet - - Thank You....

Thank you for the cherished words,
In poems that touch our hearts,
That cast away the negative feelings,
Anew for a brand new start.
Heart strings like violins,
Create a harmonious tune,
Taking us to unbound places,
Where music is in full bloom...

2015 - Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

A Walk With Spirit

In the light of the morning I walked into the woods,
I was not alone in misplaced and misunderstood.
The sun casted rays that glistened and beamed,
My spiritual eyes fixed on things not normally seen.

I walked the path that the sun silhouetted,
No longer alone, confused or tormented.
Winged brothers and sisters joined in with song,
Their sweet melody carried my spirit along.

Along the path the sun set for me,
My spirit was singing and I felt truly free.
I skipped and danced all through the woods,
For once in my life I felt wholesome and good.

I walked by the wolves, the turtle, the tree,
They took up my stride and danced with me.
The turtle's spirit represents this life,
How I struggle with pain and extraneous strife.

The wolves howled in a soft beaten note,
It sunk deep into my soul and I started to float.
Into the harmony of this joyful tune,
The sun went down and I saw the full moon.

The tree swayed his branches like arms,
I felt completely tranquil and lost in his charms.
I felt his limbs reaching out and holding me tight,
I tried to struggle but was quickly losing the fight.

I finally relaxed and allowed his energy to flow,
Deep through my body to the depths of my soul.
I saw the shame and guilt from a hurtful past,
I knew these images weren't meant to last.

Being guided to see what I was meant to see,
Shown the truth that would help set me free.
I felt the tears streaming down my face,
No longer feeling ashamed, or disgraced.

The tree released me from his healing hold,
The wolves and turtle's wisdom was shown,
I walked out of the forest into my illuminati,
My spirit was soaring in my celestial body.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Absurd

Although I'm filled with emotion,
Disconnected and often numb,
None can I conjure remind me of,
love, love, love...
That feeling comes too easy,
Via words that hardly show,
I rather remain in bud,
Where my love and beauty grows.
Of self, through mind and body,
That complete my heart and soul,
And at times this means,
My emotions do not flow.
Sometimes its better to be tuned off,
Than that of tuned in,
When you feel others emotions,
Another form of hurting begins.
It compiles onto people like me,
Where the lines become blurred,
Yes, it's better to turn off,
Then feeling you're absurd.

- - - Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry 2015

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Angels

I often just sit back,
Watching you disperse your love,
To anyone around you,
Anyone struggling to stay above.
Those that fight addiction,
Sex work and Women enslaved,
You reach them through your words,
In a world where they must obey.
Sometimes you reach them,
Through a tiny voice,
That speaks of liberation,
Where women have a choice.
Of course not all are positive,
Their views bent and shattered
Maybe they were always shown,
That what was done doesn't matter.
You take the time to show,
There is always someone who cares,
They may be hard to find,
But there are Angels everywhere.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Beacon Of Light

I stood in total darkness,
You were my friend - my beacon of light,
Holding me steadfast,
Guiding me through the dark and lonely nights.
You're free now baby...
Your bright spirit soars through the open skies,
The memories of you,
Ride the open tides- singing sweet lullabies.
The gales of November whisper,
Carrying you name and spirit across the wind,
Sending us your love and healing energy,
Until we meet again.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Beautiful Mother

Beautiful was her heart,
That loved with no boundaries.
Each beat was love unconditioned,
True and in its purest form.
Beautiful where her eyes,
That soaked in the images of life.
Reflecting all the love and care,
She had for those close to her.
Beauty was her face that gleamed,
With joy, love and happiness.
Even in the darkest of nights,
She was the steady beacon of light;
That brought me safely home.
Beautiful are her hands,
That seem to heal the biggest wound.
She would simply hold you tight;
Her voice carried away the blues.
Beautiful were her lips,
That spoke the sweetest words.
That kissed away all the boo boo's;
That all kids and grand-kids often get.
Beauty was her soul...
That shone and still will shine.
In the daylight of the morning.
The heat in the afternoon.
And the light of the moon;
Will bring me close to you.
Beauty is my mother,
Her kind and gentle soul.
I will hold you close to me,
Until I too come home.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Because We've Grown.

I'm trying to get past the hurt,
See that you have grown,
See that when I assume,
I am sometimes wrong.

I'm trying not to trigger,
When you need me to be strong,
Please understand I can't,
The scars are still red and torn.

I see that you're a woman,
A wife and mother too,
And you're fighting the biggest battle,
That seems all uphill.

Know that I am your strength,
At times when you feel weak,
That I am your truth,
When you feel lieve.

Know that everyday,
When you're hard at personal work,
I too am working on,
Trying not to hurt.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Broken No More.

I am Lost...

I am Alone...

I am Forgotten...

That's the way you want me...

Broken, Weak and Controlled,

Then none of your secrets are told.

And I'll forever be...

Your broken girl.

I am not Broken.

I am Cracked.

I am no longer a girl.

(but) I am a Woman & Survivor.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Butterflies Flight

Peter sat upon the stump,
Watching little things,
All different colors,
All different wings.

One was black and spotted,
How it caught his eyes,
It fluttered its little wings,
It tried and tried to fly.

Up you go, said Peter,
You can fly so high,
All you have to do he said,
Is flap with all your might.

Flap the little butterfly did,
Flapped with all its might,
It raised a little in the air,
Then fell down out of fright.

Feeling a little discouraged,
He wiggled his wings and sighed,
Then he got an idea,
And thought, just one last try.

He spread his wings so far,
Flapped them fast and slow,
When he started to raise,
He gave Peter the go.

As he flapped away,
Peter gave a gentle blow,
And that little butterfly,
Gave quiet the little show.

He flew so very high,
That Peter couldn't see,
Which butterfly was his?
I guess he's truly free.

Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Closed

Close my eyes,
I don't want to see.
Close my ears,
I don't want to hear.
Close my mouth,
I don't want to speak.
Close my heart,
I don't want to feel.
Close my mind,
I don't want to think.
The thoughts that I have,
Emotions my body feels.
The words I speak are hard to hear,
My ears are deafened by your hate,
I can no longer see you beyond the tears,
It's clear you can't relate.

I'm flipping, I'm slipping away...

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Cloud Watching

Lit the Sage,
Watched the smoke go by,
Grounded and Centered,
Looked up at the sky.

Chanted a prayer,
Resisted the fight,
Re-opened my eyes,
Clouds took flight.

I see Eagle,
I see Bear,
I see Horse,
Way over there.

I see Snake,
Raven – bees,
All have come,
To help set me free.

As they move closer,
I see a battle of wills,
One was of good,
The other anger filled.

I rubbed my eyes,
Blinked to see,
If what was seen,
Was only me.

The clouds told a story,
Of trauma and shock,
A journey not traveled,
Of a path not walked.

To search the soul,
Battle the Bear within,
Allow Spirit to emerge,
Let the peace finally win.

Stepping from the crossroads,
No time to turn around,
Wind songs fill my ears,
Finally fills my soul with sound.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Colourblind

I have so much I'd love to share with you.
Get to know you better,
But I feel it wouldn't be genuine.
As you've already bought someone else's version of me,
Showing you my true colours wouldn't help,
As you may be colourblind.

2017 - Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Confusion

I was feeling,
Then I thought,
How feeling is so complicated,
Without the extra thoughts.
Feel this,
Thought that,
Feel that,
Thought this.
Now I'm just confused.

2017 Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Connected

Pen in hand and pen to paper,
Feelings I can hardly describe,
Not the good ones,
Those give you butterflies inside.

Many people have come and gone,
Relationships doomed to fail,
Life is like my mind...
Moments smooth and others derailed.

In the smooth moments,
Where I greet the morning sun,
I will sprinkle from my pocket,
Seeds for everyone.

And in the mist of thousands,
I'll plant a million seeds,
Seeds of strength and courage,
That will grow a mighty tree.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Darkened Light Of Hope

I try not to be dark,
In a darken unmerciful world,
Its hard,
It gets harder every day.
Every moment.
Of light cast upon the darkness,
That I can selvage for me.
Its seems hopeless,
In a world trying to be hopeful.
What is hopeful anyway?
Give to another,
Its never been kind to me,
Other than hopeless and sad.
Does sad exist beyond this world?
Other worlds are hopeful,
A transcend into the descend of it all.
Exciting your soul free at last,
Free are we ever really free?
Not on this plain
But maybe the next.
Then I am all for freedom
As my soul floats into another dimension.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Dear Self

A journey is such a wonderful thing,
When searching for the divine.
Some of the paths are hidden,
While others delightfully shine.
As humans' we often chose the path,
Where loving lights can't be found,
As divine beings we chose to illuminate,
And let love's light shine down.
Your journey is illuminating,
Others see the flicker in your eyes.
Though you may have struggled,
You did spread your wings to fly.
I can only stand back in awe,
Of such a transforming site.
I am deeply honoured,
To assist you in your flight.
Spread those wings, You beautiful bird,
Take your flight into the sky.
You are where you need to be,
It gives you the strength to fly.

Love Self.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Deer Dreams

Over the distant hills,
In snow thickened grass,
I saw my vision,
I had found my path.

The sky opened up,
The sun beamed down,
All the animals,
Had gathered round.

They brought with them,
Stories of told,
My eyes opened up,
As my journey unfolds.

I listened intently,
With Spiritual ears,
The message was told,
By the spirit of deer.

The message she brought,
Was about defeat,
How all of my demons,
Would soon be beat.

To open my eyes,
My soul and heart,
No matter how hard,
It was soon to part.

To take special care,
To the messages shared,
As they will guide,
And assist me there.

To listen to whispers,
Wind songs in keys,
And secrets adrift,
That comes on the breeze.

Hind and gently,
Alert and Keen,
I thanked her for vision,
Tonight in this dream.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Della Darlene

Della Darlene,
Your name so serene,
Yet you lived a turbulent life.
Stuck in a era of prejudice,
Hate, poverty and strife.
Three small children to raise,
As you struggled to make it through,
Finding your way in the dark,
As hardships followed you.
Then trauma hit,
To a disease you had no control,
You lost your youngest child,
And hope you had no more.
Living in a shadow,
The woman you once dreamed to be,
Even though you were absent,
You still meant the world to me.
You had your path, I had mine,
Different directions in our life,
I was rebellious and lost,
You struggled to be a wife.
Though it didn't seem like,
I loved and appreciated you,
I thought we'd have forever,
But I lost you way to soon.
In the warm sprinkles of the rain,
You always come to mind,
For all the love we finally shared,
Memories locked in time.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Eagle Spirit

Running beyond the meadows,
To the thicket of forest grass,
The sun was shining high,
As the eagle flew pass.

Watching as he soared,
So high above the land,
I knew my life had meaning,
That there was a bigger plan.

Lifted up so gently,
In Great Bears loving care,
The sky opened up to show,
The Great Spirit waiting there.

Wind blowing threw me,
My vision took new flight,
The Great Bear comforts me,
As I finally give up the fight.

Like mini feature films,
The past played in my head,
Great Spirit opened up my eyes,
And my soul it truly bled.

Tear drops from heaven,
Fell from the sky,
The eagle came down,
And I said good bye.

I thanked the Great Bear,
For the teachings she shared,
And gave thanks to Great Spirit,
For meeting me there.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Encapsulated

Encapsulated beauty,
Beauty frozen in time,
Encapsulated memories,
In the darkness shines.
Glistening and lingering,
Admire but do not touch,
Frozen in the moment,
Oh the beauty we urn so much.
Encapsulated beauty,
Frozen beauty of time,
How my heart does call you,
Encapsulated mind.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Eternal Inner Peace

I was a lost, tormented, broken soul,
On to many human experiences in this life,
Greeted by human poverty and sorrows,
I chose a path of ridicule and strife.

It's been a long and painful journey,
Peace and acceptance has finally set me free,
I feel the Great Spirit wildly moving,
Healing the broken soul inside of me.

Journeys are more of a eternal experience,
Where energy flows connecting us to each other,
All human beings struggle with the concept,
We've all come to heal the Great Earth Mother.

To truly understand our destiny and path,
Takes some Eternal beings a life time or two,
We fear the unknown powers at work,
For the feelings are overwhelming and new.

They journey maybe happy or difficult,
Creating your own peace is the ultimate key,
To unlocking all your forgotten memories,
And releasing your human experiences free.

It's been a struggling journey for me,
One that I give thanks to everyday,
Because I've found that peace I needed,
To cast the negative human experience away.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Forgiveness

I just stopped by to say,
I felt you on a breeze,
And when the wind picked up,
A feather fell to my feet.
The feather was brown and ordinary,
Nothing surprising caught my eye,
It the way it landed,
When it fell from the sky.
It took me back to a time,
When I held you oh close,
And the words I whispered in your ear,
That you'd change me the most.
You certainly were a challenge,
Kept me moving on my toes,
Playing smashing cars and puppets,
You'd just go go go.
So many year since then,
Replaced with tears and fight,
Oh the harsh words,
That ripped our souls apart.
Wind that carried feather,
Echoed your name through the trees,
I cried to creator,
May forgiveness set us free.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Fragile Dreams

Inside a fragile shell,
Lives a torn apart girl,
No matter how hard she tries,
Her world always seems surreal.
It's not a story that she tells,
It's a story that she wears,
Patches of disappointment,
Pockets to catch the tears.
Who is this little girl?
Where does she hide the pain?
Underneath the surface,
So she'll never be scarred again.
One day when she's ready,
Her pain will then transform,
She'll rebuild her self-esteem,
Then her soul will soar.
Soar beyond the meadow,
High above the stream,
Almost reaching the clouds,
To all the things she dreamed.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Freight Train

Daylight turned into darkness,
Before the time it was due,
The strength I've had is leaving,
No courage left to take me through.

Watching the circle go round,
Causing a break here and there,
Ricocheted like a stone on the water,
Left with utter hopelessness and despair.

Reflecting back on my choices,
The aftershock of horror and pain,
Reminds me of that little child,
Who's spirit was left broken and shamed.

Raging winds blow through me,
No comfort, no pleasure, no peace,
Whirl winds spinning inside me,
The Bear within doesn't sleep.

Into the darkness of the night,
Anger fills the core of my soul,
No reasoning left to consume me,
I turn disconnected and cold.

Back to the chaos' of feeling numb,
My mind becomes chaotic - insane,
I stand in the darkness of the tunnel,
Waiting for the oncoming train.

It wipes me out and exposes me,
To all I shelved in the past,
Feelings that have been surfacing,
It's put my strength to the task.

Out into the shimmering moonlight,
I open my cocoon so I'm bare,
The light of the moon engulfs me,
And I feel the Great Spirit there.

Cocoon slowly closes,
Recharged with love and light,
The weight of the world leaves me,
As the freight train leaves my sight.

Finally... I can breathe.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Full Moon

By the light of the Full Moon, I stood and gave thanks for its beauty and power. I expanded my soul and sent a vortex of light and energy to other Divine Spiritual Beings that are suffering. I asked the Great Bear to fill them with love, light and healing energy.

By the light of the Full Moon, I asked to be cleansed, so that I may continue on my healing journey. I asked that these hard times pass and to let things come to an end in my current situation -peacefully, so that the next phase of my journey can begin.

By the light of the Full Moon, I danced, I sang, I cried, and gave thanks for all the blessings, big and small, and most importantly... my existence.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Guardian & Gate Keepers

In the doorway they stand,
Guarding the depth's of our soul,
Guardians, Gate Keepers,
Triggered - exposed.

Little triggers, bigger triggers,
Where do they hide?
Spinning out of control,
Going out of my mind.

Fighters not flyers,
Warriors to death,
Once we're exposed,
We leave an emotional a mess.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Happy Birthday For Daughters That Were Adopted.

Today is your birthday,
I can hardly believe my eyes,
It only seems like yesterday,
That our hearts were locked in time.
Locked in time,
Like a picture inside a locket,
Of you and me,
In your purple dress and bonnet.
I may not have seen you grow,
But, I was in your heart everyday,
To remind you that were my baby girl,
And I never went away.
Today I look at the woman,
Who has grown up to be,
The most beautiful and special daughter,
A mother could ever dream.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Have I Told You...

Have I told you today...
How beautiful you are,
Your kind Spirit shows,
This for the whole world to see...
and admire.

Have I told you today...
How much you are loved,
Little Sister dear,
A journey is not a journey...
Without you.

Have I told you today...
How grateful and blessed I truly am,
To have you in my life,
Cherishing every memory...
We create!

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Healing Wind

Wind blows through the plains,
Driven down my soul,
Drowning out the fears,
Beaconing the healing glow,

Standing in the darkness,
Wind brings me the light,
Like a burning candle,
She brings glow into the night.

Hold me steadfast,
Guides take up the flight,
Show the path before me,
Be the beacon in the night.

Guide me through these lessons,
Show me how to fear no more,
Lift me in the darkness,
Purify my soul.

Wind blows the trees,
Carrying my name across the plains,
Blowing softly through me,
It brings my spirit home again.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Heart Song

Open up my heart and fill it with song,
Fill me with Spirit and teach me to see,
That no matter what the experience,
These are things that are meant to be.

Yesterday I was searching for my path,
A path I was convinced I had lost,
Looking in oceans and hidden valleys,
I was going to find it at any cost.

Often I fill myself with many doubts,
Especially when things don't go well,
I take it personally and deep to heart,
Like a turtle I hide deep into my shell.

I try and walk the path before me,
Positively, courageous and true,
I try and learn the lessons that I must,
Daily I learn and am so deeply moved.

Today I'm alive and my heart is filled with song,
I'm changing so fast that it's hard to believe,
That I embraced the love of Spirit and self,
Finally the path I travel is peaceful and free.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Heavy Heart

If you do not love me,
The deep way that I love you,
If you do not need me,
Please tell me we are through.
My heart can't handle,
Another break or disappoint,
If you no longer want me,
Please just get to the point.
Its seems my I love you's,
Fall onto deaf ears,
Unless you are right, ,
You don't want to hear.
Hear the words of comfort,
Comfort for your the soul,
Today's a different day,
You turn distant and cold.
The words we spew at each other,
The hurt and hate in your voice,
Why do you want to stay -
Have you no other choice?
We all live in different places,
Places within our heart,
If your heart resides in a different place,
It's only fair that we depart.
Depart out of understanding,
Understanding and respect,
That we gave it try,
And part with no regrets.
With a heavy heart I wish for you,
A full life of love and joy,
And that you follow your heart,
Where ever she may go.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Hurting And Hiding

I always go into hiding,
On the bad days that I am to make it through,
It seems this uphill battle as of late,
Has gone downhill with out a clue.
You have no idea how much I appreciate,
The kind words, and support you show,
Its the vulnerability and fear,
That don't help me cope.
I know you say don't worry about it,
When my anger seems displaced,
You're right, it's a raw emotion,
That I can not seem to shake.
But I do think about it,
For days and days on end,
How it must of hurt you,
When listening to me vent.
I don't like to be this way,
I know I must let go and move on,
But what happens when one can't forget,
The horrors of life that went wrong.
I don't have any easy answers,
I do know you light my way,
Now I think of you often,
And reminisce of the old days.
I'm slowly coming back,
To the old and secure me,
I think I've finally figured out,
How to set my demons free.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

I Miss You (Mother And Daughter)

I miss you not because your my daughter,
But a beautiful being too.
I miss you when I'm lonesome,
Not because I'm feeling blue.
I miss you when the sun lowers,
And the moon just starts to glow.
I miss you because you've grown so much,
And have broke out on your own.
Most of all I miss you,
Because I love you so,
I love how we've come together,
And how strong our love has grown.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

If I Could...

If I could make a magic wand,
I'd make one just for you,
So that you could create beauty,
On the days you feel so blue.

If I could take your pain,
I would cast it to the sea,
Where it would toss and turn,
And set your demons free.

If I could change your life,
I'd start with all your dreams,
Even the little ones,
Make you happy so it seems.

If I could make a wish,
My wishes would be for you,
Because you're so deserving,
In the little things you do.

I can't make a magic wand,
I can't change your life,
I can take some pain,
And wish you'll be alright.

I can offer you my love,
Care for your soul that's torn,
Let you know I'm here for you,
And all my healing energy is yours.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

If I Hope Hard Enough.

I will lay down and go to sleep.
Never to emerge from my bed,
Never to steal the sunshine,
Never to live again.
Its horrible feeling this way,
Even more so when its you,
The way you treat me,
Makes me feel so sick of you.
I wonder if beyond this plain,
There is one that lights my way,
That will guide me into love,
And surround me every day.
There has to be something better than,
Hard work sweat and tears,
To make up an illusion,
Where you would not be there.
Lay me down so gentle,
Plant me as a tree,
So I can't runaway,
But can sway and be free.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

In Search Of...

Late at night when I close my eyes,
I pretend to be a bird.
Out my window I do fly,
Leaving behind all the hurt.

Scouring the earth for the promised land,
Up to the clouds I disperse.
So billowy white that feels like fleece,
Searching for some eternal peace.

Tears dripping like hard rain,
Signifies my life of pain.
I search the sky for Creator,
I searched the entire Universe.

Feeling isolated and all alone,
I wondered what it's worth.□
Opened eyes and I am home again,
The pain becomes much worse.

I know that all is not forgiven, □
I know that I'm not really living.□
Tomorrow I will again search,
For peace and tranquility for what it's worth.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Journal Entry: 1990

` Journal Entry: 1990

I am lost and lonely,
By circumstances not choice,
Taken to the drug world,
Where I had no voice.
Who am I in the silence?
No mirrors to blind and chains to remind me,
Of all my dutiful sins,
Numbered and lined up for me to be judged.
Judged by the needle, that slowly disappears in to my skin,
Taking with it pain, hurt and betrayal.
To many fake and artificial,
Begging for trust.
Betrayed by the ones you love,
life itself and God, who is that,
A blurry form of eminent light,
Doesn't laugh or cry,
That I've prayed to many times,
and I screamed just let me die.

And the echo I heard, was that of my own tears, falling to depths of the unknown.

(c) Wind Songs Poetry

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Ka-Lu-Nu A-Le Ka-Ma-Ma (Raven And Butterfly)

I Came out into the sun,
I walked through the open fields,
Ka-lu-nu and Ka-ma-ma,
Presented my warrior shields.

I picked a spot and sat,
Underneath the old ash tree,
Ka-lu-nu and Ka-ma-ma,
Took up this journey with me.

The clouds floated quickly,
New imagines stained my eyes,
I opened up my arms,
And tilted my head to the sky.

The wind lifted me,
Far beyond this astral plane,
I was flying with the Raven,
As the Butterfly called my name.

Na Be Kii Kwe...Na Be Kii Kwe,
The Butterfly softly sang,
Rainbow Woman - Rainbow Woman,
The whispers continuously rang.

Flying through the clouds,
With my warriors by my side,
I decided to move forward,
Leaving the rest behind.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Lake Of I

I always sit back and think,
About the life that's passed me by,
And how many before me,
Swam the lake of I.
What is the Lake of I,
You just might ask,
It's a body of water,
That mirrors the past.
Past events that could've been,
Deep down in the soul,
To dark and painful memories.
If I could swim backwards,
To erase all the painful times,
I'd take a way the confusion,
And all the nasty lies.
Looking into the lake of I,
What reflection do I see?
Trees and wild flowers...
Or a calmer and happier me.

2017 - Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Little Spiritual Messenger

I remember the best day the day you came home,
The way you smiled with a destiny of your own.
You opened up my heart and filled it with such love,
I knew you were a messenger loaned from the Great above.

I remember your first smile the touch of your soft skin,
The funny sounds you made and that incredible grin.
Then something happened like a thief in the night you were gone,
It ripped my heart to pieces my soul can't seem to carry on.

I know we didn't have much time but I need for you to know,
Since you've gone to heaven I can't seem to let you go.
The tears your mommy cries are like an endless flow,
They hit the bottom of the ocean and have nowhere else to go.

I hear you in my dreams telling me to let you go,
That holding you like this isn't happiness for the soul.
That sitting sad and broken isn't what you want to see,
But can you understand how much you meant to me.

You were my angel your eyes so bright and blue,
I never felt the love I had until it came from you.
You took my broken soul and healed it with much intent,
The way you touched my life you were truly heaven sent.

Although I feel broken missing you every day,
I wanted to say Thank you for touching my life those days.
In that little time you showed me how to love, and live for each day,
It may have taken some time Thank you for showing me the way.

What I wouldn't do to touch you, hold you one more time,
Tell you that I loved you and cried my heart's good bye.
You can rest with ease my baby mommy sees now and understands,
That when my time comes you'll be there to hold my hand.

© 2011 Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Marriage....

</>A union of two hearts,
A reunion of kindred souls,
A strengthening of love,
With infinity to grow old.

Dedication and Devotion,
Trust and Respect,
Cherishing each moment,
Of when you first met.

Building a life time,
Of memories fond,
Loving and Laughing,
Two hearts filled with song.

-

May the winds of love blow continuously on this love, filling and joining two hearts as one.

© 2011 Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry (In dedication to Bill & Kim Wilson)

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Me, Myself And I...

I'm a weird one,
Like me myself and I,
There are plenty of minds,
To get me by.
I didn't ask to be different,
But now I'm glad I am,
For each of us is unique,
We are 4 girls and a man.
You have emotions,
We have ourselves,
Everyone has a coping skill,
We all cope as well.
We all have different names,
All have different needs,
For what ever reason,
Different lives we lead,
Back to being etiquette,
I... I... I...I...
When you use we...
You're insane,
Confined within one mind.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Moment In Time -Ramblings Of A Cracked Mind.

You're out there somewhere,
Among the vast space and time of the Universe.
You're not within reach but I feel you.
I see you.
I don't know why life has dealt us,
The crappy hands, the most unkind,
Or why the universe brings us together,
Then rips us apart leaving a hole in our heart.
A hole so big, and empty nothing refills it.
And in its stead are the glimpses,
Of happier times a time of love.
That if for one moment was captured
I'd never have to search for you,
As I'd reach out and simply....
Relive that moment that we captured in time.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Mr. Crack

You said you're my friend,
That you'd always be there,
Just put my trust into you,
You'd show me you cared.

I had big dreams in life,
Getting high was not the plan,
But you took me to a world,
Called Cocaine land.

A world of lost souls,
And faces so cold,
Before I knew or not,
I was bought and then sold.

You took my money,
You fried my brain,
For with out you - you knew,
I'd go crazy - insane.

I lit the pipe,
You sucked my last breath,
Then sat back and laughed,
As I fell to my death.

I can't wait till the day,
When I can truly be free,
But is Death what it takes,
To say Goodbye Mr.C.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

My Inspiration

We're so similar and yet so different,
So we often bunt our heads,
But there was never a time,
That I didn't hear what you've said.

I've spent these 18 years,
Getting to know you true,
Did you know, you're my inspiration,
In all the things you do.

Before you came to this world,
You searched for parent's true,
Parent's to teach you lessons,
And the Great Bear gave me you.

You've taught me so many lessons,
Where I feel I've only taught a few,
You showed me where to find the strength,
The strength that would get us through.

You've showed me how to open my eyes,
That the world can be a beautiful place,
To be absoultely accountable,
As it's better than saving face.

You taught me how to love,
That a frozen heart can beat,
That we all have certain lessons,
To build courage not defeat.

You filled a vacant hole,
That consumed my heart and life,
You showed me to how to carry on,
No matter what the strife.

You're my inspiration,
My beacon in the night,
You fill my heart with love,
And show me to the light.

I'm eternally grateful and blessed,
To be honoured with a son like you,
Continuing to make me proud,
In all you chose to do.

I'll always give thanks,
To Father Sky above,
For he gave me a chance in life,
To unconditionally love - You!

Windsongs Spiritual Poetry © 2013

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

My Silly Poem..

Beneath the pedals in the meadow,
Down by the trickling stream,
Lies me a lady,
From a fairytale dream.
She dances, she laughs,
She plays with the frogs,
Singing ever so gently,
To their harmonic songs.
If you're super quiet,
Look under the trees
See how she dances,
So joyous and free.
Tapping faery dust,
Lighting the ground,
Who ever said,
Faeries can't be found? !

- - - 2017- WSSP.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

My Souls Story

A shattered broken body,
A lost and broken soul,
I'm standing here alone,
No place to call my own.

I looked into the sky,
Seen that it was black,
Only my path before me,
No way to go back.

No compass left to guide me,
Street smarts and will,
To find sense of direction,
Bring me home to you.

You had no expectations
Who expected - was me,
For you to heal my body,
Set my soul free.

A journeys what you showed me,
Threw the smoke and burning flames,
My soul was truly rejoicing,
Anger was dancing with shame.

I saw the pain and despair,
Those that came and went,
I saw the joys of my path,
Relationships meant to last.

Like that shattered broken body,
The flames died down to ash,
For my lost and broken soul,
I must learn to live with my past.

© 2011 Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry

North West Winds

Wind blowing through the trees and me,
Great Spirit looking down to over see,
Great Bear takes flight my paths unfold,
Journey is seen in the truth is shown.

Wind picks up gentle and constant,
Reminding us all too full fill our descant,
Tree's that sway as the message is given,
In tune with Great Bear as the old is ridden.

New growth awaiting its time to grow,
Wind picks them up the cycle shall flow,
Spreading the new threw body and soul,
Winds message is too grow from the old.

Sun shines down on the morning dew,
Flowers open and reveal the new,
Birds in flight singing their morning songs,
And the animals gather to walk along.

In the distance an echoing call,
Water ripples of the rocks and falls,
Flowing so calm the pebbles sing,
Each pebble signifies the fells late spring.

The Wind picks up and puts me down,
The Great Bear filled my ears with sound,
Soul is dancing, for the flight of new,
My heart it beats a harmonize tune.

Wind dies down birds take flight,
Animals slowly walking out of sight,
Eyes open up breathing is calm,
I give thanks to all for coming along.

© 2007 Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Ode To My Grandfather

I knew you believed in me,
Because you got me,
Understood me,
Helped me to be Free...
Free of the burden I carried,
Free of the pain that ate away my soul,
Free to expand my wings,
Be bold and roam.□
Bold I became as life opened up,
Navigating over the bumps of despair,
Love, one so deeply shared.
I recall every memory of you,
You're the one I held on too,
The one I seemed to remember,
And in the end surrender.
Ode to you; my Grandfather,
A HERO always in my eyes,
My heart is broken...
For I don't want to say goodbye.

(c)2016 Woven Life Poetry.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Ode To Summer

</>The sun's heat no longer scorches,
Leaves turn from green to brown,
Fall is soon approaching,
Leaves scatter to the wind and ground.

Wind changes direction,
The Bee's don't seem to care,
They turn aggravated and tormented,
As the summer breeze turns to fall's cool air.

Squirrels building homes,
Paper and leaves crammed in their mouth,
Birds in open skies do roam,
Making their way back to the south.

Butterflies in final flight,
The wind allows them to glide,
Dragonflies till the dusk of night,
Fall's here - Summer we bid goodbye.

© 2011 Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Overwhelmed...

I'm so positive,
We're so negative,
I'm not that confident,
We're so full of it.
Up then Downwards,
Sideways, Vertical,
Mind is exploding,
Body is unfolding.
Hot than shivering,
Oh here it begins again,
Blood pressure rising,
Nothing's residing.
Good days,
Bad ways,
Who has a clue,
This is how it is - it is what we do.

- -unanimous/WSSP/LivingExperience

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Peace

I once thought when you were gone,
It would finally be the end.
As I grew older,
I longed to have my power back,
I wasn't ready to let it go.
When I was,
It was then in that moment,
That I took my power back,
Peace was finally possible.
Today, I'm thankful for that peace.
Those that know me, knew the struggle,
They stood by me.
Others, questioned,
Why I'd want to make peace with a monster?
I made peace,
So that my soul would stop screaming,
So I could stand to be in my own skin;
It was then that I realized,
I was flawed and I had grown wiser.
I'm grateful for that!

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Protection Shield

</>Oh Great Spirit, I am feeling so vulnerable
My heart is beating so fast,
I am trying to be courageous,
Yet feel I'm letting it go.

Oh Great Bear, Mother to all.
I am feeling like a small child,
Who fears again the monsters of past,
Hold me; coddle me in your arms,
Till I fear no more.

Oh my warrior spirits, I summon you,
I am at the battle ground and can not move.
Fill me with courage and strength
As we battle these demons together.

Those Whom I walk with,
I see your prints in the sand,
You honour me, to walk this battle
And give me hope and guidance.

Slowly, I'm transcending into the Butterfly,
I emerge as Rainbow Woman from the Wolf Clan,
I walk with Raven, Wolf, Deer and Horse,
My Warrior Spirits are Wind and Water.

I move silently and swift like that of Wind,
I am transparent like that of the Water,
I move slowly and keen like that of Deer
I prey on my demons like that of Wolf,
I run fast like that of wild horses,
I change shape and flight like that of the Raven,
I am me and ...
I will Fear no more.

© 2008 Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Rant Of A Broken Heart.

My heart is broken, □
I have found no cure,
Other than to wait...
 Hoping it will somehow,
 Show some leniency,
 For a injustice undone.
 Love, Je Amour, Ti'amo
 A word without limits
 A word without terms, □
 Without any boundaries,
 Needed for love to be conquered, □
 So it will hurt no more.
 What is it, that makes love so real, □
 Innocent and surreal that;
 You can hardly breathe,
 As love may allude you; in that very breath.
 The seeker of such thoughts...,
 Deeply planted Emotions; □
 That have me waking up,
 Screaming in the silent night□
 So one can say...□love you.□

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Reborn Self

Disappointed with life,
Dissatisfied with self,
Full of sorrow,
Filled with doubt.

Scared to move forward,
Terrorized by the past,
Nothing beautiful,
Is meant to last.

Compartmentalized,
Fragile, bleak and numb,
Mind overflowing,
Just want to run.

Life will get better,
Just thrive ahead,
Is easy to say,
When you wish you were dead.

Death, the next step,
The soul so withered and torn,
The old chapter must end,
For Spirit to be reborn.

© 2016 Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Rolling Storm

Dark clouds moving in slowly,
Casting a shadow like that of night,
The wind silently howls to you,
You anticipate a show of delight.

Delight which did not show itself,
No dancing souls across the sky,
Dark clouds you are deceiving,
Why? Oh Why? Oh Why?

Maybe no dancing souls,
No shadows cast from this delight,
Surely the rain itself...
Is beauty within its own right.

- -WSSP

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Running Rabbit

Run little rabbit,
With a pounding heart so fast,
Run little rabbit,
You can't escape the past.

Faster little rabbit,
Your heart bursts from your chest,
You have no peace,
When you live a life of regret.

Run little rabbit,
Down the windy path,
Run little rabbit,
Dodging the Wolf's wrath.

Run little rabbit,
To a place where you can hide,
To a place you call home,
That secret place inside.

Poor little rabbit,
Your pounding heart gives you away,
There is nowhere else to go,
Sanity slowly rips away.

Sleep pretty rabbit,
The time has come to rest,
Restore your inner core,
Your sanity requests.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Sacred Flight

Emotions stir inside me wildly,
The wind stirs them some more,
The sun lifts me up,
To a place I can't ignore.

Rising towards the sun,
My life slowly whisks by,
All my poorly made choices,
And I bow my head to cry,

Not for a life that's lost,
But to a sacred place,
One full of forgiveness,
Where my journey I must face.

Unable to stop the current,
Emotions bound to flow,
Like that of a might ocean,
My souls caught inside the storm.

The wind tumbles me gently,
In this sea of life,
My eyes were fully opened,
To the pain, heartache and strife.

Back into the sky,
My spirit quickly soars,
I am bound by my journey,
To the path that I must go.

Although it may be hard,
And painful to some degree,
I have to figure out my life,
And set the demons free.

The Raven touched down,
My feet back on solid ground,
I know what it is I must do,
In order for peace to be found.

Its the path I choose to walk,
The journey not yet seen,
That has brought me here today,
Revealing all I've been.

Slowly I walk back,
To where I first began,
I feel the Great Bear presence,
As she takes me by the hand.

Wind songs whispering,
That I am not alone,
I thank her for her sight,
And the journey home.

© 2011 Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Shell Of Self...

A shell is hard covered,
Soft inside,
Its layered with scars,
With a small soul that hides.
Small enough that you can't touch it,
So small you can barely see,
Almost the imagination,
Playing tricks on thee.
Careful not to drop it,
Though its hard it still can break,
They say we have a purpose,
Even when life is hard to take.
The constant nagging questions,
What am I in this shell?
A child, who has withered,
caged in eternal hell.
Who am I beyond this shell?
Nothing so far as I can tell.
How long do I intend to stay?
Until all is calm and safely
Tucked away...
That's when I can finally move on.

- - - (c) 2016 Woven Life Poetry/Windsongs Spiritual Poetry.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Shell Shock

A little child closes her eyes,
Holding her pillow with panic and fear,
Into the darkness the shadows arise,
Her face disappears amongst the tears.
She hides deep in her shell,
Silent with no flight or fight,
Safely hidden away,
From the strangers in the night.
Little one, Little one...
Won't you try to come out of your shell,
You must grow strong and tall,
There's so much for you to tell.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Short But Sweet...

I thought I could write a few words in the passion of my art,
Then I realized nothing could change the distance we grew apart.
A life ago of memories, two children in desperate need,
Neither to be rescued but true friends we were indeed.
Life changed a friendship to a passing hello along the way,
Your memory will always bring me back, to a childhood of amazing days.
It's great to know that along the way we had someone that cared,
That's the important lesson I think we're meant to share.
So with these words of happiness, I guess we bid adieu,
Until the next life my friend, I will always remember you.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Side Walk

To many times I walk by,
The man, the woman, the child,
That sleeps on a subway grate,
That escapes the abusive home,
That looks to hide for awhile.
To many walk by as if not to see,
The child on the corner,
The man begging for change,
The woman that's being beaten,
That all wish to be free.
Free of the burden,
Free of any guilty and shame,
Free of all the faces,
That stop and call them names.
Societies outcast,
Rejected from the norm,
Calling out from the depths of hell,
And everyone ignores.
So before you walk on by,
Pretending they aren't there,
Try sitting on the sidewalk,
See if anyone really cares.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Silenced

It doesn't matter whether you are pretty,
Awkward or out of place,
We always find away to sexualize,
That pretty little face.
We are to be liberated,
We are to be free,
But in reality its a game for man,
To beat and watch us bleed.
Starve us from the truth,
Feed us only lies,
We still stand resilient
To proud to scream or cry.
The world will always sexualize,
Its a world were sex always sells,
It matters not to them,
That our living conditions are hell.
Hell is simply just a place,
We read in the book of man,
Where we are exploited and degraded,
As long as we please they're glad.
We need a world of empowerment,
With a woman's gentle touch,
Where we can learnt to inspire,
As this world is to much.
There's no justice for the killers,
We are silenced threw death,
The world keeps on turning,
Without guilt or regret.
Men are not the only perps,
The whole world plays apart,
Most only see through stained eyes,
Forgetting the feeling from the heart.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Simply...

I wonder if now is the time to reflect or simply deflect,
The circumstances of life and the impact it made,
Riches to Rags is there really such a game?
Poverty born, raised and outgrew,
Scars and memory riddles the mind,
No peace, no calm, a moment in time.
Time to remember the mourn and loss,
Outgrew, let go and simply move on,
Simply move on....
I wish it were that simple.

2015 Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Sisters

Even though we didn't grow up together,
Like almost all sisters do,
I wrote this poem to tell you,
Your love has pulled me through.

You're my little sister,
My rock in emotional storms,
Always there to hold me tight,
And guide me safely home.

You've protected me from the judgers,
That never walked in our shoes,
That these weren't really my friends,
So I had nothing to really lose.

You've held me high above the waters,
That were raging and called my name,
That even though things were hard,
I had no reason to feel ashamed.

I don't know where I'd be,
If not for a sister like you,
No matter what anyone says,
Your strength has made me anew.

Thank you for never giving up on me,
For being my hero and helping me shine,
I'm so blessed by Father Sky above,
To say that you are mine.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

'Snow Day'

Snowflakes falling from the sky,
Landing on my face as it blows by,
Snow Angels something you never outgrow,
I'm wrapped in their beauty covered in snow.
Up in the clouds so billowy white,
I'm wrapped in a blanket of sheer delight,
Falling from the sky without any sound,
Snowflakes scattered covering the ground.
Sun's rays riding the snow's drift,
Masquerading the winds sudden shift,
I squint to see the sun's shine,
Little snowflakes caught in my eyes.
Children bundled in warm clothes,
Toboggan's in hand their faces aglow,
Snowballs, snowmen, game of war,
Digging tunnels until your knees are sore.
Families gathering around the fire,
Sharing memories of the heart's desire,
Piano playing heartfelt carolling songs,
Playing, laughing and singing along.
Children snuggled in for the night,
Snowmen glistening in the moonlight,
Waiting for children to come out and play,
Hoping tomorrow's another snow day.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Soul Loss

My life is like a jigsaw puzzle,
Pieces scattered, worn and used,
Not the little child like ones,
But more complexed and confused.

Seeing the world colourless,
Black, White, No Gray - Extreme,
Makes most of my days,
Like living in a horrid dream.

Triggers, Triggers, Triggers,
Leave me frightful and alone,
All that gives me a little peace,
Is Great Bears journey home.

Journeying through my life,
Along the open shore,
Wind flowing through me,
As my soul it bleeds for more.

Watching as the waves,
Slamed against rocks,
Reminded me of my emotions,
Disconnected, Numb and Locked.

The Ocean seems so endless,
The Land, a red hard rocky road,
And the Sky - she held no limits,
To the truth that must be shown.

Following on the journey,
Great Bear set out for me,
I came across some obstacles,
Where Great Spirit lifted me.

I tell myself to listen,
Listen, will all my might,
I hear the wolf and raven,
They're here to assist the flight.

I opened up my heart,
Used spiritual eyes and ears,
Many will accompany me,
Which diminished all my fears.

Remembering to take with me,
All the baggage that I toll,
And like that of burning bushes,
Great Bear will cleanse my soul.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Spirit Hawk

</>Soaring from the astral planes,
To walking bound to earth,
Giving hidden messages,
New idea's which to birth.

A message from the guides,
A path that must be shown,
Which way on the path you choose,
Is something you must do a lone.

Hear him through the wind,
Feel his energy flow,
Call upon him when you need to,
His presence he'll make known.

A melody to my Spirit,
A whisper in the wind,
The hawk opened up my heart,
This is where healing must begin.

© 2011 Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Spiritual Awakening

Oh Father Sky,
You carried me through the storm,
You loved and cuddled me,
Healing my Spirit so I could soar.

Oh Great Bear,
Whenever I was lost or feeling down,
Your love filled my soul to the core,
You'd lift me high above the ground.

The sun rises and sets so vibrantly,
The stars twinkle in the darkened night,
The flowers bloom and grow taller,
The tree's sway with your breath and light.

I've been eternally awoken,
Sheltered in the weathered mighty storm,
Cast into a journey to release pain's hold,
And I shall fear no more.

© 2012 Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Spiritual Journey

Across from the mountains,
A little house sits in the tree's,
I'm lost in tranquility,
As my soul tries to breath.

White clouds moving slowly,
The breeze a calm still,
I'm caught in the moment,
As my heart starts to heal.

A piece of me,
In the startling blue sky,
As I spread my wings,
My soul starts to fly.

I fly to unknown places,
Where pain and hurt once dwelled,
As the memories flow pass me,
My eyes start to swell.

Tear drops drip slowly,
Down my cheeks,
The wind wipes them dry,
And gives me some peace.

Soaring so free,
Over water and land,
My Spirit Guide gently,
Takes me by my hand.

He shows me what was,
And what's meant to be,
And why my life,
Is so important it seems.

A long soar,
Like the eagle high,
I bow my head,
And I start to cry.

Back on the land,
Across from the tree's,
I began to realize,
What healing means.

It mean's not to forget,
Let the past flow,
Of all the horrors,
One soul had to go.

To take the strengths,
And apply them to life,
Is a valuable lesson,
I've learnt this flight.

Alone in the sunset,
I watch it go down,
When I finally realize,
What peace I have found.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Spiritual Sister

Sister in Spirit,
Cousin in blood,
Fiery fire warrior,
Sent from above.
Wind and Fire,
Two elements we share,
Like the Eagle we soar,
And defend like the Bear.
Spiritual Journey,
After heartache and strife,
Energy Healing,
To heal from our lives.
Created by ashes,
Forged by the winds,
Supporting each other,
As our healing begins.
Connected by Spirit,
The Universal Divine,
This is our journey,
And our turn to shine.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Survivor

Though you often feel defeated,
The truth is that you are not.
You've woken up ever day,
And try to give it all you got.

You've struggled through,
Determined to get it done.
When others long ago would say,
I'm so god damn done!

You play your very hardest,
Even though at times you fell down.
You showed the world and yourself,
That you will stand your ground.

Believe me when I say,
You have the strength of few.
By standing and surviving,
With what your going through.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Thankful Quote

I Thank My Great Spirit For All That Is,
As I Thank Mother Bear For You,
For With Out You In My Life I Would Of Simply Floated Away,
Vanishing Into The Raging Of The Storm.
But Like The Rock....,
You Held Me Steadfast Until It Was Safe To Move.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

The Carousel

Up and down,
Round and round,
On a carousel,
I go.
As the ride speeds up,
Faces start to disappear.
Soon they will not exist,
And I really couldn't care.
This carousel made of faces,
Sad, angry and happy masks,
All are just one colour,
Each has emotions to cast.
One more time, I yell,
To the operator of the ride,
He is dark and scary,
I wanna curl up and die.
Ride abruptly stops,
Fantasy suddenly ends,
Reality quickly hits me,
Here we go again.

2017 - Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

The Earth Awakes

Now that the snow has melted,
The rivers flow wildly and sing,
The birds chirp in melody,
And the birth of spring begins.
Flowers slowly waken,
Stretching towards the sun,
Baby Dragonflies, bees and butterflies,
Oh yes! Spring has begun.
Trees swaying back and forth with life,
Birds singing, playing a flirty game of tag,
Mating season's soon approaching,
Ah! Spring is here at last.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

The Forgotten Ones

Take me now, for I am high,
Feeling no pain nor remorse,
I'm shaky but I can't hide,
From life's sudden recourse.
Lite the pipe as the pain dissolves,
Nothing worked out,
Nothing resolved.
No more feeling of defeat.
No more woman, daughter,
Friend or Foe,
Into the darkness, the great unknown.
No bright light,
No path unfolds,
Into the dirt,
You're dead,
And cold.

2017 Windsongs Spiritual Poetry.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

The Light

In my cocoon I retreat,
To gather all my strength,
To hide what I truly feel,
And find light inside this mess.
Sooth myself as I almost broke,
Wanting to lay in my grave,
All because of narcissists,
That hurt, destroy and mam.
Inside my cocoon,
I'm not broken or destroyed,
For inside here I am safe,
From the world and loud noise.
Laugh it up, to the limit.
I'm crazy, lost and insane,
Whatever helps me sleep at night,
While whispering your name.
I have lived a life of guilt,
It's not hidden very well,
Its visible all over my body,
The scars and lines from hell.
Yet, still my path continues,
Leaning on those that take the flight,
That lead me to my guides,
And surround me with the light.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

The Looking Glass Within

Your looking glass is bigger than mine,
I guess I didn't see.
That you were hurting,
Because of a mean streak in me.
I think it's important,
That lines not get blurred,
Especially on my Squirrellee days,
When I'm rather quite absurd.
You said some things,
That caused me to look within,
I hope that in return,
You see some good even if it hurt.
Just because friends have spats,
It doesn't mean stop being supportive,
It's being there because you're still important.
Please take this little poem,
A true intent from my heart,
I see I was too over protective,
Can we please have a restart?
- -Windsongs/Woven Life Poetry?

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

The Survivor

Lost and lonely are the eyes of the forgotten girl,
Where the ocean was rolling her back to shore,
She pulled herself up from the wrecks a of sunken ship,
Her soul and clothes were tattered and torn.
All the things she's tried to hold,
Never seem to stay,
They're only around for a second,
Then they always go away.
Her eyes filled with tears of sadness,
Her heart, trampled from the pain,
She often thought that this was it,
Her life will never be the same.
Her eyes are lost and lonely,
For the love she was never shown,
The forgotten girl is who I was,
And who I'm not no more.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

The Trauma Journey

Trauma filled this sacred soul,
Shattering it to a million pieces,
Bits of it here – bits of it there,
Fragments of me, left in the creases.

Fragments of the bitter smell,
Of innocence that was stolen and killed,
Fragments of the sweet taste,
Of Great Bear's presence filled.

To travel on the hard road,
One might say is done with ease,
Providing we find our way with peace,
Peace will come once all the demons flee.

Walking in the deadly shadows,
Scary monsters called guilt and shame,
Swallows up a life of pure intentions,
The soul sleeps in hurt and pain.

Wake my innocent inner child,
Fear not the monsters of past,
Come to find a sacred place,
Your peace will come at last.

Chant your own sacred prayer,
Walk along you're sacred path,
Embrace Great Bear's gentle love,
Look to the Great Spirit to give thanks.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

The World As I See It....

I don't understand today's world,
The internet has made it weak,
We use to be tough skinned,
Now, we're whinny and bleak.

Complacent, Prejudice, Defiance
We seek to often destroy,
The very things that we held dear,
That filled our souls with joy.

Gone are the days.
Of speaking one's true mind,
Now we hide behind likes,
Comments and lies.

Little petty head games,
Social ignores. outrage, shock,
Can you guess what's wrong with me,
If not than you are blocked!

It's rather sad to see,
How weak and feeble we've become,
Oversensitive, Desensitized,
Sickening and Numb.

2015 Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Thinking Out Loud (What Started Out As A Poem) .

I don't know where I went wrong,
We've been here all along,
To help mold you into a good man.
Despite all of our short comings,
As the years went past,
You changed, like a piece of glass,
Where You stood admiring your own reflection,
Instead of those that stood supporting you.
You became unrecognizable to me,
Your mother, who carried you in her womb,
Loving and nurturing you, when she had nothing,
Nothing to offer but her love, care and understanding,
To the way the world worked and who she'd hoped you become.
Nothing spectacular but spectacular within yourself.
A success that is far more attainable then it is achievable.
One where you would be strong, dependent and happy.
One where you had just as much respect for those that love you, as you have for yourself.
I'm not sure where it went wrong but it did,
I have nothing left in me to say,
Other than you've become a stranger to me,
And all respect and trust is dead in me.
I know that doesn't hurt you.
But it hurts me and thinking it out loud,
Finally makes it real;
I shall hurt for you, no more.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Thunderstorm Quote

'I love to hear the thunder rolling in, while the sky shimmers a small light show. The sound of the rain banging on the roof top, and the puddles swelling as the rain fills them. Deeply reminds me of the soul, and how a thunderstorm tugs at our emotions from deep with in. Filling us with turbulence and peace at the same time.'

© 2010 Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Time To Wake

Eyes open,
Breathe calm and slow,
People taking up the vision,
New places they will go.

The pain will leave,
Filling their Spirit with anew,
Scared drums pound,
Into their heart plays a harmonious tune.

Chanting and dancing,
Around the sacred fire,
Release the Spirit of fear,
We strive to take Spirit higher.

Smoke the pipe and smudge,
Welcome the Spirit home,
Create a powerful vortex,
In which our energies flow.

Healing will come,
The people soon will wake,
Replenishing and nurturing,
Earth Mother with all that we take.

Spiritual awaking will come,
People will come to see,
That we need to change our ways,
And Energy is the key.

Connection is possible,
A Circle is the scared ring,
We just have to train ourselves,
Connect to every living thing.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Transformation

Inside my cocoon,
I hide all my doubt and shame,
Haunting memories,
Of a child who lived in pain.

I opened my wings,
Which exposed my fragile cocoon,
Lined with the pain,
Of being abused and misunderstood.

I spread my wings,
I'm bound to earth and cannot fly,
I'm stuck in the pain,
Of all the wounds I tried to hide.

Still I try to fly,
Clumsily, I stumble and fall,
I picked myself up,
And tried again despite it all.

I'm finally flying,
Over the hills covered in snow,
My path is there,
It's calling my spirit home.

2013 © Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Transformed (Completely Raw)

Little leaf,
Little droplet,
Cupped like a tiny hand,
Fragile, trickling, down to the ground.
Ground opening up,
Like parting lips, of a kiss,
Moisture evaporated and steamy.
Another droplet drizzled down,
But the ground didn't part,
Forcing it down another path,
A path; that would include pain,
And losing yourself.
Growth stunted,
Memories branded,
Burning flesh, molten memories,
Blurry vision, blood tears, stained eyes.
Green eyes, ,
Eyes, burnt, melted, stitched shut,
No longer to see uncleanness.
Wrapped tight,
Waterproof, sealed, shut tight.
Silence, sleep, healing wind,
Rips open,
Exposing new self,
Tough, Wise, Eyes wide open.
Fluttering, stretching, slowly glide,
Yellow billowy,
Juices delight,
Subtle breeze, green leaves,
Wings spread wide open,
The new you takes flight.

Leaving the Burnt Flesh, Molten Memories and Pain behind.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

True To Self...

Yesterday you were excited,
Today, you were let down,
But how you handled it,
Will turn things around.
Just keep living for love,
Family, stability & trust,
The rest will simply fall into place,
Without much doubt or fuss.
It matters not, that yesterday,
Holds memories of the past,
What matters is you live for today,
No longer hiding behind a mask.

2015/ Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Uncounted Sins

I saw you today,
When I looked in the mirror,
Holding on to me,
Trying to pull me down.
Down to that place,
Where I will feel no more,
And forget where I came from.
A place where my name means nothing,
But the face familiar amongst other lost souls.
There was no number,
Get in line,
My pipe was full,
Time to get high.
I will forget about this,
Now for a while,
Floating in my mind,
Sensations in my body,
Life has stopped just for that moment,
I am no where to be found.
I never thought I'd write this,
But here it is on page,
Not to be talked about today.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Undefined...

Into the dark night,
My soul takes flight,
Leaving my earthly body behind.
I flew to the clouds,
I touched how they felt,
Soft, billowy-undefined.
My soul sank in,
Like they're tucking me in,
Slipping threw with no fear inside.
Up to the moon,
Down to the ground,
I walked without a sound.
My soul didn't care,
What animal may linger there,
In spirit; we walk as one.
I talked with bear,
Who had stories to share,
Whose wisdom filled up my soul.
Up to the dawning sky,
My filled soul did fly...
And my physical body awoke.

2016-Windsongs Spiritual Poetry

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Universal Interference...

Ramblings from an Insane Membrane...

I send this out to the Universe,
As no words can describe,
The disappointment and hurt,
That is felt deep inside.
You know who you are,
You know what you've done,
The Universe knows of,
The wicked lies you've spun.
The hurt and damage you caused,
Has nothing to do with me,
But now that you have my attention,
I am starting to clearly see.
Narcissistic threats; picking on the weak,
Chastising mental health,
While your skeletons are hidden deep.
Avoid yourself and be unaccountable,
That surely makes it go away...
Maybe on that planet of yours,
But not in the Universal way.

A Collaboration of thoughts.

~~ Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Unspoken Words

There is nothing in my brain,
That attracts like minded souls.
Naked fingers linger,
On the pedal of the flower...

To absorb it's beauty.

Total Silence,
To what messages are told,
Fall on deafened ears,
Of those unfamiliar with the touch.

No words can describe that feeling,
Once you feel it - you never forget,
Like lilies attract butterflies,
It captures your breath.

Poets of feelings,
Emotional scars,
Fear finds its place,
In all of our hearts.

Though silent,
My inner beauty shines,
In the darkness,
Filling me with love...

No words are spoken,
I touch, feel and write to see,
What Spiritual beauty lies,
In a connection between you and me?

Where no words are needed.

© 2015 Wind Song Spiritual Poetry

Wandering Soul

I travel the Earth and the astral plains,
I've lived most my life in guilt and shame,
Shame for the life bestowed on to me,
Guilt for the demons I couldn't set free.

I saw the horse prints in the sand,
I was stuck in travel of no man's land,
The sand was hot and the sun was high,
I had to keep going but wanted to die.

The minutes turned to deathly hours,
Shallowly Cactus' no sign of flowers,
Every grain of sand seemed my encumber,
No sign of rain no sounds of thunder.

I travel for days in search of a vision,
My soul it carries many incisions,
Incisions of darkness, incisions of light,
I'm a tortured soul that welcomes the night.

I try to reach many but only a few will hear,
The sound of my voice or my footsteps near,
I travel in the shadows of days and nights,
I try to step over and cross into the light.

I am dreary and my energy hardly glows,
I'm what you call a lost and wandering soul,
Drifting over the hills and across the plains,
No one see's me or knows my name.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Whispering Breeze

I whispered I love you,
Into the vast blue sea,
I was hoping my confession,
Would set me free.
The words rolled back,
Out of my reach,
Sadness haunted my soul,
So lonely and deep.
I walked the beach,
Water kissed my feet,
Hearing my name on the open breeze,
The water calling out to me.
The wind picked up,
The sky pale blue,
I walked the beach,
With memories of you.
Take me to the rolling sea,
That's been waiting wild and free,
Let it twist and turn into me,
May your love force me to see.
That what I cast out,
Was not in vain,
For it is your voice,
Whispering my name.

- - 2017 - Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Windy Storm

The wind was blowing,
Snow pelts coming down,
I was walking on a pathway,
Not a soul was a round.
When out of the corner of my eye,
I did see..
A little chickadee,
Jumping from branch to branch,
To keep up with me.
Dare I stop to hear,
If a message he cared to share?
Dare I look,
I may scare him and he'll,
Fly away and disappear?
Into the wind, that blew so steadily,
The snow that dropped like pelts,
Stinging my face and ears..
No! I'll keep his companionship quietly,
His way a compassing form,
He showed me to safety and shelter,
Out of the windy storm.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Wise Owl

</>It's time for me said the owl,
Time to take to the sky,
I live my life for others,
And my life slowly passes by.

Always known as the helper,
Just at times unable to see,
That there are certain humans,
They aren't that good for me.

I sit high in the trees,
Looking down to oversee,
People that are wounded,
Their spirits I help set free.

I start with baby steps,
Teach them how to fly,
To look beyond their experience,
But they always ask me why.

I don't have all the answers,
To these cards that you were dealt,
What I do know is the true way,
I'll try to help you figure out.

With that the owl flew away,
Deep into the dark night,
The moon silhouetted him,
Then he flew out of sight.

I sat there in the darkness,
Thinking of his message told,
Like that wise owl I'm a helper,
With my life so cheaply sold.

I decided in that moment,
Sitting with Grandmother Tree,
That I'm just as important,
As those spirits I try to help see.

That from this moment on,
I walk this path for me,
To stay with my purpose,
That's my new motto and creed.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Wolf Spirit

I walked into the darkness of the forest,
I hear the owl calling from way up high in the tree,
The moon creates shadows on the forest floor,
My spirit releases as I run wild and free.

In the center of the forest sits a healing garden,
The raw energy of earthly beings naturally flow,
I sit attuned with Great Bear's heartbeat,
As my spirit rejoices it's good to be home.

Approaching me quietly I feel Spirit Wolf,
He fills me with knowledge and lessons,
He sits across from me in the healing garden,
The energy he shares is such a blessing.

Wind picks up and blows through me,
Opening my spirit like leafs in a book,
Great Spirit gently blows on me,
My physical body jolted and shook.

I opened my eyes and saw the moon,
So bright and close to the earth,
I saw the owl take flight to the sky,
I felt the Wolf Spirit disperse.

I gave thanks as I left the healing garden,
For every gift and lesson blessed unto me,
Through each and every lesson that's taught,
My spirit learns peace and how to finally just be.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Worded Heart Strings

Thank you for the cherished words,
In poems that touch our hearts,
That cast away the negative feelings,
Anew for a brand new start.
Heart strings like violins,
Create a harmonious tune,
Taking us to unbound places,
Where music is in full bloom...

2015 - Wind Songs Spiritual Poetry.

Annalee Hopkins Somerville

Woven Life

Woven from memory,
Weaved from DNA,
I have always chosen,
To live a distinctive way.

I didn't grow in love,
Nor was I nourished in care,
The hard reality was,
Life had left me in despair.

I followed the red rocky road,
Though they stole all my class,
From it I grew strength,
Its hard to carry the past.

Woven from Native Blood,
Weaved from guilt and shame,
Forged from the fiery ashes,
No longer to be the same.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville

You

I cried for you today,
Knowing you broke me, □
Shattering my heart into a million pieces,
Enabling me from setting us free.
I walked alone on the beach, □
I had hoped I'd find you there, □
But you were not...
I cried for you no longer cared.
When the darkness came,
I searched for you, □
In the darkness of the forest,
Where the clouds covered the moon.
In the specks of light, □
That escaped from the moon,
I saw you briefly for a second, □
You winced and took flight. □
You flew to somewhere familiar and warm, □
Safety from the chaos of your mind, □
Where you could be free, □
Where you could try to unwind. □
And in that unwinding moment, □
Your pain was frozen; almost free,
And you came to see that...
The You and I are really Me.

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Annalee Hopkins Somerville