

Poetry Series

Gladys Darlene Browning
- poems -

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Gladys Darlene Browning(March 3,1948)

I was born in the beautiful hills of WV. I was raised by my maternal grandparents. I was brought up in the teachings of the Lord. He has worked many miracles in my life. My husband of thirty-four years passed away July 25,2000. I have three children, six grandchildren and one great grandson.

I have been writing poetry and short stories all of my life. I just lately started taking it seriously. Most of my work is inspirational and I give God all the credit and glory. I sincerely hope you enjoy. Darlene

His Holy Spirit

From the very beginning of time,
His presence was deeply felt.
Even as a newborn baby
In the manger where He dwelt.

When He was twelve and in the Temple,
The scholars sought His grace.
For it was there, they plainly saw
The love glow on His face.

Then when He stood in Pilates' hall
Before the angry crowd.
What Pilate saw spoke to him,
Of this deed, he was not proud.

Then when He hung there on the cross,
His face contorted in agony.
One could see His willingness
To die for you and me.

Then when He arose from the grave
And to Heaven did ascend.
He left His wonderous spirit here,
On which we can depend.

If you've ever been alone
And felt a peace surreal.
That's His holy presence,
He's kindly letting you feel.

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Is God Confused?

We wake up every morning,
Ask God to bless our day.
Then we set Him on a shelf
And go on our merry way.

We ask the Lord for patience
A smile to replace our frown,
Then when someone speaks to us
We're quick to cut them down.

Lord, please, protect my daughter,
From abuse and rape each day.
Then we go out and buy her clothes,
That puts everything on display.

Lord, please, help our son,
Drink and drugs, to stay away
Then he finds our hidden stash
Decides he, too, will play.

Lord, please, help our marriage,
You know divorce is a sin.
It's okay to kick your spouse out,
And move your lover in.

We ask Him to cleanse our filthy talk
Then we write it in our text.
In one line, we're praising God,
We're cursing in the next.

Free sex is no big thing with us
Same as bad language and attitude.
Then we lift our voice in the sweetest prayers,
I wonder, 'Is my God confused'.

Gladys Darlene Browning

Led By A Child

Watching children of all races,
Beaming smiles upon their faces.
Hearts attuned in one accord,
Loving each other, per Gods' word.

Caring not the color of skin,
Nor monsters lurking deep within.
Playing together in laughter and joy,
We adults, this peace should employ.

Not looking for faults and finding none,
Their future battles already won.
Each playing together, doing their part,
Forming a bond within their heart.

If as a child, we could become
An humble spirit, so awesome.
Lord, help us be so meek and mild,
You once said, 'We'd be led by a child'.

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Let's Go Together

I am really getting homesick.
I want so much to go,
To that blessed land of plenty
Where the milk and honey flow.

I want to see my blessed Jesus,
And talk with the saints of old.
Be reunited with my loved ones
And walk down the street of gold.

There's a reason I can't leave yet,
And it breaks my heart in two,
For I know that when He calls me
I will be leaving without you.

Family and friends, get ready,
Fall on your knees and pray.
So we can leave here together
When Jesus comes someday.

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Satisfied With My God

Man created all these gods
Why? I don't understand.
My mind goes back to Genesis 1
Where God created man.

I'm not criticizing anyones' belief
I'm just saying how I feel.
I want to feel my God is alive
When before Him I choose to kneel.

A god of stone just leaves me cold
What can he do for me?
Can he heal my broken heart,
Or make my blind eyes see?

I could not serve a god of wood
Who cannot make a sound.
I need my God to speak to me
In a voice so profound.

Why should I worship the universe,
Or nature, on its' own,
When I can worship the living God
Who made all things that's known.

Within my heart I simply feel
Those gods are just a mypht.
I'm satisfied with the One I serve,
That's who I'm staying with.

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Shopping In Heaven

If I could visit Heaven
And pick out what I need
From all the older prophets
I would feel good indeed.

I think I'll take Jobs' patience
The great wisdom of Soloman
The endurance of Moses
I can make it, I know I can.

I'd like to obey like Noah
The faith of brother Dan
With the strength of Samson
I can firmly stand.

I want the love of Abraham
The resilience of Saul
With the humbleness of Timothy
I could preach to all.

But, I am more like Peter
I have a stubborn streak
My brain doesn't always have time to think
Before I open my mouth to think.

But, God doesn't make duplicates
He makes us all unique
Some are strong and buoyant
Some are mild and weak.

Some may sing like David
Some may preach like Paul
Some may run like Jonah
But, God still loves us all.

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Soaring With Eagles

I am waiting for that day
When my soul will be called away,
And I'll join with the eagles upon high.
I'll be singing around Gods' throne
With all the saints who made it home
There to reign and never say goodbye.

Eagles soar to their own place
A place not known to the human race
They rest upon the highest mountain top.
They are guided by Gods' own hand
As we are led throughout this land
And we'll find our resting place when we stop.

Then we'll soar with the eagles
Flying high above the clouds
We'll be as free and happy as can be.
All our cares will be gone
Taken away by Gods' own Son
There in Heaven we will rest eternally.

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Talking To A Friend

I guess I have a habit
Of treating Jesus as a friend.
He's always been there for me
And will be, 'til the end.

I treat Him like the brother,
The Bible says He is.
I always laugh and talk with Him
Sometimes I even quiz.

A friend one time told me
She was totally amazed,
That I treated Him just like her,
And some would think me crazed.

He is a constant in my life.
He's my companion all the way.
We have so much to talk about,
This is why I say.

If you should meet me out somewhere
And I'm talking to myself.
Trully, I'm not demented,
I just don't keep Him on a shelf.

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Welcome To Gods' House

Welcome to my world
Just come right on in
You've been here before, my child,
Glad to have you back again.

The past is forgotten now
You have a brand new start
The love that you were looking for
Now abides within your heart.

The joy and peace that's hard to find
Now makes up your very soul
When you chose to leave your sins behind
The blood of Jesus made you whole.

If you should stumble and perhaps fall down
Take my hand and rise again
For I'll plant your feet on solid ground
Just trust in me, I'll be your friend.

So, welcome home, my child, you see
I've not changed, my love is true.
You've heeded the call that was made by me
When I sent my Son to die for you.

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