

Poetry Series

Celine Berghmans

- poems -

Publication Date:

June 2009

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Celine Berghmans (August 21 1990)

Just read...
writing is a gift
and something not many people understand...
appreciate what you read.

Works:

[http: //www.lulu.com/content/hardcover-book/seasonal-twilight/1178295](http://www.lulu.com/content/hardcover-book/seasonal-twilight/1178295)
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*******Losing Life**

Dedicated to the victims that were lost in the plane crash on 1st June 2009, Air France A447

Gray, white, black, blue unwelcoming sky rumbles
not wistfully but cruelly
with a mighty force:
crashing into the cliffs;
with endless blue and waves in sight.

Waves oh waves
high they go;
fiercely –
and a turbulence
above creates
a question of uncertainty:
of the crashing fearful; fiend waves.

Turbulence, spiralling down a drain...
... a losing life it conveys with the spirals:
as wind, thunder, and lightning
battle away with a plane
in mid air.

The combat like a war in progress
with time,
seconds tick:
1 Mississippi, 2 Mississippi
3 Mississippi, 4 Mississippi
5 Mississippi, 6 Mississippi -
crash, like lightning
it vanishes:
where has this plane gone?
Below the oceans of blue
into the Atlantic
lost forever
with
breaking waves.

Celine Berghmans

*****Soiled Dove**

Blue spring; green eyes stare fiercely
into the beady eyes of a soiled dove –
lost – fly away, fly away with...
(freedom glaring precisely into
the round yellow eye)
...the fragility of a thin, gray, lacking
complexity wing which weakly
sticks to the drawn; emaciated;
gray, white body.

Up on the roof, ceiling towering
high, laughing at the soiled dove.
The wind blows
and leaves behind
another soiled dove, into the loneliness
of our dreary world.
Where wind may bring in
one day the perfume of
liberty.

Celine Berghmans

...But Wait! ...

Your waiting wire is stretching dangerously
ready to release the tension -
the sign of easing tension is not gone;
as our worlds grow further and further apart!

A waiting wire is like the queue in a
supermarket or a queue to use the...
...what is it called? -
the loo!
'You still feel the same don't you? '
'Nothing ever changes; ...
...but wait...'

The pause and distance is getting wider
like pregnancy expanding in the middle.
The pain grows, grows
vaster than the waiting wire.
No more phone calls -
just a silence at my end of the line
and then pops out chat and ends with:
'bye my lil girl'.
Not reassuring:
multiplying of agony increases,
I can't get through another day
of this hurt...
...in my spine.

The waiting wire is like an
umbilical cord;
big; strong; flexible:
(unlike me) -
stretching all the way from
Slovakia to the UK
and now your image is...
just a faint glimmer:
in my memory.

Celine Berghmans

A Bird Kiss in December

The trees shed the leaves away,
marking the end of fall,
and the beginning of a White Winter Wonderland.

Birds fly, and cry melodies within the midnight air -
the cool wakening air
of frost that
bitterly bights at the skins of
walking people.

Watching as if through a magnifying glass:
a Bird Kiss in December
is on display.
The soft beak touches the...
...ever smoother beak
and an image forms -
with the touch unceasingly silk.
it brings in the form of love!

The white Birds of December -
the movement of love in time
brings in the festive feast of
celebrations round and round the corner
of a turning point.

A movement so elegant, practised endlessly
by the White Birds of December:
moving towards the peak house
and then:
beaks ever so soft
touches
and within it brings the form of love
and joy to the watching of walking people...

Celine Berghmans

A Cry for Help

A plea halts at the edge of my tongue –
not daring to part my lips;
for fear it might
cry for help.

A pain so big, as the nightless sky –
moon gone; no light, darkness
crowds around like a city
full of growing people.

A nightmare that steals away single nights
of beautiful dreams
shatter like glass of a window –
the sound ever so musical to
my delicate ears. A walking ghost of:
the past will not leave this darkening
alley of my mind. It lingers, a foul taste
stays behind;
as a cry for help does not depart my lips.

A night so delicately sewn into place –
so fearful of what has gone past.
No time to think, for the walking ghost
of a forgotten past –
opens the door with prying hands
and takes me in with the endless pain
no end in sight.

Celine Berghmans

A Humble Man's Love

Dedicated to Pastor Josh Auchenbach

The past two years on a regular tempo
we've breathed the same air.
Only now; too soon:
you'll go and reach out...

...teaching the congregation:
the unconditional love of GOD.
The humbleness of your heart
will experience the new beauty in a
unique world.

Watching some evenings long ago
You strummed the guitar occasionally
though your Voice heard so strong
singing praise to HIM.
Smiling when groups gather
to festive feasts and celebrations
for the LORD.

Succeeded you have –
enveloping more and more
lost sheep and welcoming them
into the home of GOD:
filling our figures with peace and solace.

The past two years on a regular tempo
we've breathed the same air.
Only now; too soon:
you'll go and reach out...

...teaching the congregation:
the unconditional love of GOD.
The humbleness of your heart
will experience the new beauty in a
unique world.

Celine Berghmans

A Life of No Belonging

The gray, cold atmospheric, windy sky
is seen from behind tinted, stained glass –
mist slowly appears on the expressionless
hard, but seemingly smooth surface.

A mist of broken sorrow,
rumbling like the trains, that go into the
farfetched landscape of:
a Life of No Belonging.

Engraved, into the stainless surface –
a gray, lonely, lost child
reflects
a young woman
gazing questioningly at the atmospheric azure
as it spirals out of control
like a whirl pool of emotions;
where the seasons and weather–
and the leaves wizz by, swiftly,
drowning the colours of life
into death...

...and where has hope flown to?
Disappeared with the birds?
Gone into thin space?
As a Life of No Belonging
continues to rumble
by on the long lost train –
a distant future:
what may it bring?

Celine Berghmans

A Light in the Darkness

Dedicated to Reverend Paul Fitzpatrick.

An eerie darkness, leaves a
footprint behind, as the thud, thud
of walking grows louder...
it is amplified
as my heart ponders:
the gust of wind, that blows, blows...
and hear the
wail of the wind leaving behind
...the unspoken word of:
a light in the darkness.

Birds outside, fly into vast
amounts of freedom,
in between the wails of the wind.
Envy etched on my eye,
as animals of all sorts, tenderly
caress the unspoken word of:
a light in the darkness –
a faint glimmer of candle light
creeps in the crack of the curtain;
and whispers from the unspecified man:
"all will be fine"
he says.

A hope no longer as broken clay,
but clay smoothly put into place –
as the unspecified man
slowly glues broken clay together
in a mundane artwork
slowly awakening
a broken heart.

Celine Berghmans

A Longing Along the Waiting Line

A flame lightens her face:
each time the rough soft voice rustles
across the telephone line.

...'If you wait i will be on the other side of the mountain;
the time it'll take you to reach will
be months on end.'

The secureness; of knowing safety
is near to the heart as
flowers bloom in the time of love.
The feeling now of pain is only a distant memory.

The sun rolls underneath the mountain
and another day awaits
'A longing along the waiting line'
of no lost souls but figures
seeking to make
a crazy life.

Celine Berghmans

A prayer for a Lost Loved One

Dedicated to Madeleine McCann. And to her family, and all the people who have lost a loved one in a tragedy. My prayers are with you.

Silence is no silence,
fear engulfs loved ones,
voices in heads pray,
for safety of a lost one.

No news is no sign of good news;
tears roll down; down to the ground,
shakes and anger circling ascends
in and out like breathing.

Silence is no silence,
fear engulfs loved ones,
voices in heads pray,
for safety of a lost one.

Fury rises with the sun,
and stays behind with the moon.
Silent stares, lone figures
Walk up down, awaiting news. And...

No news is no sign of good news;
tears roll down; down to the ground,
shakes and anger circling ascends
in and out like breathing.

Simpler a cuddle no longer possible-
weight lose, gray hallow face
sleepless, reckless nights of
curving streaking worry.

Silence is no silence,
fear engulfs loved ones,
voices in heads pray,
for safety of a lost one.

No sign, sun shines; wondering thoughts,
to the safety of a child
tears of fear, sadness, rain falls
on ovals – fear rises and...

No news is no sign of good news;
tears roll down; down to the ground,
shakes and anger circling ascends
in and out like breathing.

Communities worry, grief, feel
And hold lost ones together-
Give and build strength,
Prayers whisper from door to door.

Silence is no silence,
fear engulfs loved ones,
voices in heads pray,
for safety of a lost one.

Water rolls silently, hands folded,
head bent in silence for prayer.
Whispers of trees blow, blow to the distance
Reveals simpler cuddles.
Hands folded,
head bent,
silent prayer, for lost loved one.

Silence is no silence,
fear engulfs loved ones,
voices in heads pray,
for safety of a lost one.

Celine Berghmans

A Prisoner of the Mind

Locked in dark alleys of lost hope –
thunder clouds appear everywhere;
loud noises, are amplified as a cloth...
is thrown over the cage like a bird trapped
into time; with nowhere to turn but just
in the forsaken cage of walls.

A prisoner of the mind is:
when no noises of freedom are brought into sight.
But a despair of darkness overcomes
within the world of a desperate
globe that is turned upside down as;
dark alleys lope around:
a prisoner of the mind.

Celine Berghmans

A Shadow in the Light

A light shadow tricks
the mind.
A moment i see you Iouta
and then suddenly reality
hits me-
as your ghost like figure blows
away with the wind.
Yet that shadow will be there,
with light changes.
The echoe of barks,
flows through open windows;
and i hear your voice,
it lingers the place,
the place,
where you stood await.
The place i said i was sorry.
You're with me.
Sweeping the pain away
from my heart.
Your shadow stays in me
and conquers me in your dreams.
The ghost of your soul laspes in front.
You've gone.
flown away to safety with eagles.
You've gone.
You retreated this earth
peacefully,
left the beauty and-
went into a haven.

Celine Berghmans

A Step in the Dark

A life I cannot save:
two feet on the ground
death makes no sound;
it just lingers all around.
The wind just blows
as the spirits walk the streets.

A cold breeze disappears
and a warm glimmer stays;
as my spirit glows
in the star starved sky...
...a peace overcomes with a thin breeze
and the wind is calling
to the ghosts of the past –
death will come,
fear no death.
When the streetlights flicker as
leaves walk past...

...the wind blows:
carefree like the innocence of childhood
and
the wind brings hope
that lay:
hidden within the brown yellow, green, red
autumn leaves.

A warm breath appears on the window:
misting my vision into vast
flowing of soft wintery weather.

What sound do footsteps make?
when they fall on brown wooden
stairs in the darkness,
a thud, thud, thud...
...grows within the looming distance!

A sound that brings longing and
a slender silence of lust
to the pensioners heart:
engulfing the joy of peace that
awaits upon him
as death will come,
fear no death!

By Celine Berghmans and Michael O'Leary

Celine Berghmans

A Thread scrawled in Timely Autumn

I watch thousands of leaves drift underneath trees,
while in a tree I sat observing
timely autumn air fetching birds –
to gather above the vegetation high up in the blue
birds rise and utter messages
as timely autumn descends on our...?
On our befallen part globe.

To hear the beauty of innocence across
the damp fall ground;
vibrating, that autumn is
going to flee away and...?
And in comes the disturbing winter breeze –
bring out a smile gloating out
on the stricken faces.

Nations fall dead from autumn exhaustion.
Oh timely autumn has come to soon –
to bear a reason of befallen:
sleeping illnesses
on our old earth.
Red, brown, orange, yell a glow
Buried in leaves is our part globe.
And stricken faces
of shadows
flee away into the nest of warmth
as worrying winter breeze crawls
in, regretfully not,
but gleefully.
Swirling around, sneaking in?
In ajar windows.

Oh season is it time
for timely autumn colour to leave
our autumn colour world into
winter darkness?
Not welcomingly the
winter nips at my thin nose
as I watch above
high in this forlorn tree
with no leaves! But what?
Empty branches of crystal snow.

Celine Berghmans

A View Behind Curtains

Behind curtains orange glows;
and dances out in the black sky.
Stars dangle
and water falls down below
and seeps into concrete grey.
Shadows dance under
the rain showers
the gentle rain:
drip dropp drip drop
and the liquid rolls along
the dark road into a
river's stream.

Branches are frosted ice
with birds singing
carrying the chirps;
across the streets into
silent gazer's ears-
flapping across the vast
blackness,
the moon glowers and
the snow falls lightly
with a soft whisper:
and White Winter has come again.

Celine Berghmans

A year ago my spirit was dead

When we met.
I didn't speak.
My spirit was;
shattered like broken glass.
My destiny layed in ruins.
No water in the rivger-
nowhere to glide through
vast open plains,
as if the angry sun
sucked the life away
from the river.
You helped me glue my
soul back.
You had a listening ear
and i cried oceans;
filling the river bed,
and i started a new beginning with
joy and laughter.
I have grown strong
because of you!

Celine Berghmans

a Yesterday of Love, a Tomorrow of Hope

A gray, like wool, ever so warm to touch
laid a path:
underneath the weeping willow tree.
Sun peeks a glance into the
dropping droplets upon
the grain of fine branches.

A fading sun beneath a...
...dimming light blue;
as a fading echo is heard:
a Yesterday of Love
disappears unhurriedly
across the ocean waves
in and out in and out
like the breath of:
a bird that breathes
a breath of:
a Tomorrow of Hope.

The gray, like wool, now covered
in blossoming undergrowth –
laid a path:
underneath the weeping willow tree.
Dropping droplets no longer fall
out with misery;
a Yesterday of Love
within a Tomorrow of Hope
is like where the:
sky and ocean and land meet
and unite
into one.

Celine Berghmans

Abstract Beauty

Different shades of gray form the horizon -
impressionism is seen:
in natural art.
Changing, moving,
until it is erased from history.
Just a moment of beauty -
seen on the skyline of:
Abstract Beauty...

...The shades mingle
with a clean line of shine;
shining through the thickness of
wool.
Impression after impression
is created by the breeze -
the Abstract beauty
is a vision Unknown.

Celine Berghmans

After the Eventide

"It is a winter's tale that the snow blind twilight ferries over the lake" Dylan Thomas
"Twas a spring that blew into our ways yet again" Celine Berghmans

Twas the time of 'Spring Awake';
for days has been the sun sneaky peeking through
grey overcast glass.
Due times branches bloom dapples
to the swish 'whoops' and wizzs' of tree's wind.
Springs flickering -
lumpers down
towards streams of water.

I reflect upon a mirror glaze one eventide before spring
fell upon our world yet again
to remember the smell: 'Festive Fresh'
hath arriveth. For a moment

I felt spring trumpeting by oh by us
and back into long cold wintry
days of frost.
Green ho high yelps the solitary skies.
suddenly overflow willingly with birds
twirping 'Spring Awake'.
Morning welcomes us with
dawn shining past sleeping drawn windows.
And hasty trees bloom, sprouts hey ho high
with much gayety into the spirits
of spring.

Twas the smell of pure rain
that cried the dying to life
the dying to life.
Creatures yawn and stretch on the
spring mornin' awake -
as wing flutters by oh by
and angels turn trees into
imposing dapples of spring...

Spring has come to stay
half the trees and people drum
away, away to the beat of passionate
Love of: 'Spring Awake'.

Twas spring that cried the
dying to life with lovin' passion.
Dripples of water gliding
swiftly to bloom, eager trees:
of Festive Spring Awake!

Celine Berghmans

Angel Spring

Winter has been swept away,
spring has come our way.
Trees bloom, sun shines-
limp flowers grow into sturdy plants,
river glides with a smoothness;
no longer hard, brittle as ice
would have floated
into the vast plains.
Birds chirp,
Being carried away to the distance-
Children play
Laughter echoes through air
Into the hands of loved ones.
Angels watch over us
all the while flowers grow.

Composed 26 march 2006. the signs of flowers growing and angels watching over us caught my inspiration.

Celine Berghmans

Anger

Anger comes and goes;
so does happiness,
like waves going up and down.
This is called the ups and downs
of life.
We all go through it.

Celine Berghmans

Arctic Frost

Crawl, crawl thou Winter Frost:
thou art the spirit that
keeps harmony alive through
thy bitterness of cold.
Wind, wind blow far into
this dust of night.
Thou Winter Frost mirrows images;
of warmth of love in a hug.
Man thou art the spirit of
warmth in this bitterness of cold.
Beads tinkle, dangle from blackness-
and reflects a
glowering smile towards ill-fated
figures of the wintry cold breeze,
that gusts a certain empty arctic.
Crawl, crawl thou Winter Frost,
give elated longing-
thou art the best for comfort in thine pain.

Celine Berghmans

Autumn Aflame

Autumn fire blows fiercly on moon flare,
brown, red leaves twirl and dance to the woods floor.
The wind whispers through thin chilly clear air,
and laughter glides and floats down with a sigh-
beyond hills of green with the hiss of leaves.
Squirrels gather the nuts for hybernation;
the long wintry cold grey. stillness of day
awaits the animals of nature; smoke curls
out of rooftops into open blackness.
Leaves are freckling with my poetrie-
what answers lay hidden invisible?
The moon swiftly, sinks down out of mountains;
and reflects illusions of thoughts.
And i thought i spot my poetrie in leaves.

Celine Berghmans

Bird Song

Birthday in summer,
brings the birds singing
on your porch.
Singing Happy Birthday,
with the sweet chirps
all around-
through the day.

Celine Berghmans

Breaking Waves

Traffic on all sides halt to a sudden stop;
breaking waves vibrate across the small area of this little city
screeching is heard-
halting...
dragging is seen...
running for safety...
and then on the footpath
out of breath - the fear is clearly visible:
as if a hurricane had struck these two souls.

Shaking with breaking waves of fear in between;
the blue atmosphere is still visible
life on the other side of the road continues
slightly the life on this crossing stops for split seconds
as the screech is heard:
the eeerrrrrrccchhhhhh;
the grinding stop.

Dragging her away from danger,
tears fill eyes -
fear glistens with the shaking limp bodies
that register no sound but the only sound
of the screeching car:
the eeerrrrrrccchhhhhh...

Bus driver yelling - a confused language
Non-comprehending
the car hit - one figure emerges suddenly
out of nowhere asking
'You alright' presumably in the confused language
that we do not register at that time.
Another figure emerges -
half walking half running asking
'You alright?' presumably
and then the language they welcome
'Do you need a doctor? Do you want us to take you to the hospital? '
No - 'I need to get home, i need to catch 203.'
Fear is seen - the soul hurt yet not knowing the physical injury.
Looking down at the younger soul -
breaking waves is what she notices -
the youngster does not register -
does not blink an eye...
tears form below the eye line, and falls blindly towards the road.

Guilt oh guilt, fault oh fault is noticed clearly after all onlookers leave
the scene -
the scene of fear, of guilt, of where the incident occurred.

Breaking waves are no longer breaking waves.
Breaking waves are suddenly joined together
as the split seconds/minutes have disappeared...
been buried in the road, in history.

Though not completely buried inside the young sisters.
Tears emerge throughout the day -
the pain is noticeable as the day wears on -
tear stained faces.

Time to sleep - thinking back in time the older one
realizes how lucky she has been.
For the same money her dear young one
would have been under the car.
What to do? -
Sleep only came in fitfulls.

The pain clearly visible the next day -
blue bruises seen on the left leg of the older one
ankle swollen on the younger one.
Tears are still visible, still on the surface.
The pain is comprehensible.

Thankfully nothing broke,
thankfully they were saved.
Thankfully the bruises are not serious.

And no longer do we see breaking waves
but waves of solemnity moving on into the distant time
for another day when another time
breaking waves will occur again.

Celine Berghmans

Cloudy dreams of Chirping Nightingales

For Persian Nightingale

Look through the door -
look through the window;
strange creatures peer at
lights glimmering through the stillness
as dark as the night.

Leaves blow - blow
across the skies.

Nightingales sing beneath
the moon light -
sweet melancholy songs of:
grief and birth and life and death
sweep with the soft breath of the wind...

Sweet scents pour into the nostrils
of these beautiful creatures
fly up so high, freedom so near.
Trees entwine...
...nightingales go to their homes

Look through the door -
look through the window
strange creatures peer no more at
lights glimmering through stillness
as dark as the night.

The moon light has disappeared
beneath the cloudy dream...
blow - blow clouds
away to the dancing
nightingales on
thin brown branches.

The world has opened a door
and in that door sings
the nightingale Good night! ! !

Celine Berghmans

Come Walk with Me! !

Come walk with me,
down the road to parties -
watching the road go bye
slowly like the years turning...

into age of adulthood;
Come walk with me;
and be my map and
be my strength:
of Love and Joy.

Celine Berghmans

Cry Baby, Cry

Cry baby, cry out the pain.
Tear the pain away from
your heart.
Tear the scars away with your
past.
Away they fly into nothingness.
Go to dreamland and
sink into warm cushions of love.
Dream on-saftey is on her way.
Weep heeps of water
as the past slips away with the stream.
Cry baby,
Cry baby,
Cry.

Celine Berghmans

Crying Sunday

The falling rain froms grief on:
Crying Sunday;
birds fly low - near the ground
with drops beating down-
nearing to catch its prey.
Crying Sunday -
oh Crying Sunday far away it stretches.

Poppies blow in the green-
distances afar eyes see:
redness stretching
beyond the sky.
Crying Sunday, leaves grey
marks on the blueness of life.
Crying Sunday -
oh Crying Sunday far away it stretches.

Tears dropp down on growling flowers
in the mist of Sunny Sundays.
The sirens are heard in the distance,
the murmurs of traffic.
The falling rain forms
on the greying blue.
Crying Sunday -
oh Crying Sunday far away it stretches.

Hearts form, children dance
in the falling rain on:
Crying Sundays.
Poppies sway to the sirens in the distance,
greying skys turn to pure blue oceans.
Crying Sunday -
oh Crying Sunday far away it stretches -
heard only when falling rain
forms grief on:
Crying Sundays.

11/09/07

Celine Berghmans

Dancing Trees

Within the mists of blue - something is heard -
but what? Songs of persian nightingale
whistling; blowing; singing
Persian Nightingale's laughing
within the dancing trees
miles away.

Water carries messages in bottles
across the blue grey ocean -
with fish bubbling
'Somebody is special...'
Forever Blue
the dancing trees sway to
the breath of
festive feasts for
Persian Nightingale

Celine Berghmans

Darkness in the Water

I drown in the cold water,
as fish swim around me.
I swim and swim
up and up, but the
undercurrent pulls me
down, down, down,
into the darkest tunnel
of water.
I can't go.
I collapse like a bundle of clothes.
I screech and yet
sirens in the air
are in the distance-
and no one hears the
screech of my frail voice.
I fell into a lake,
deep into the sand.
Water surrounds me, plants everywhere.
I suffocate and then
I hear laughter
close to my ear.
I drown in sorrow.
I slept in a bundle.
I wept the ocean's full of water.
No way, of pulling me
up and up and up into light.
The darkness of the water
crowds my soul.

Celine Berghmans

Darkness, Fear or Not?

Blackness - nothing is seen beyond her eyes -
pitch hole, where is the window...
no guiding light to show the way.
Fear crawls in, holding her hand;
large figure like images appear out of nowhere -
and then the scratch, the bang, the awkward
noises of the silent darkness.

Fear - should she fear? No? ! Yes! ! !
Music jumps into the ears for comfort -
without this the world is a scary place..

Celine Berghmans

Dispair within Confusion

Darkness looms high above the...
...reflection of water -
staring into the distance
a hidden figure peers
through a thick looking glass.

Tears seem to stream down
like the leaves of a tree
after a storm hits.

Madness, with silent agony
tearing, destroying
the shing path
as Hurricane moon light's
across the still ness of life.

Pain flutters like a bird
and then...
silence hits the streaming water.
Just a
dark silence of? ...
...dispair within confusion...

Celine Berghmans

Drowning, not Smiling

Sorrow deepens as the waves
engulve the land.
I perch on that forest floor and cry.
Water flows out of my view.
Birds deliberately sit at the edge of my sorrow-
as dogs lick my sorrow away.
And i fly with the wind
like ghosts whom stare out
in the open sky.
Shortly the land beyond is covered
with tears of my soul.
I drowned in sorrow,
and soon the water evaporates
with the sun.
As i lie on my back
the unclouded eyes,
smiled joyously;
traces of sorrow were
to be found, on my soul-
yet i felt free, uplifted:
and i was not drowning-
but smiling.

Celine Berghmans

Eleven-Eleven-Eleven

As the wind whispers
on the 11th hour of 11th day of 11th mont
Leaves reced
and sink down to thte graves below. People bustle to grave yards.
Crosses line in perfect geomatrical patterns
Thoughts swim under eyes of survivors
lonly trees flank them,
marking this day,
this day of Remembrance.
As nearby cows sing messages,
chrysanthemums swell and
birds hum minuets as yellow as sunshine.
People move from graves
Heads down, hands folded
and

'We will remember'

Celine Berghmans

Events Dance

Past is the past
Move forward with,
the
streams currents into
vast distant plains;
water swirls and swirls,
as leaves twirl and twirl through
the air.
Birds call on each other,
trees blow with echoes
you hear.

Celine Berghmans

Every Blade of Grass is a Living Thing

Blade of lone long green grass stands alone –
in the mist of vast concrete gray,
alone like a lost dream;
into a world of hope:
every blade of grass is a living thing.

The wind blows albeit the
blade of long green grass stands alone sturdily.
A bird hops near the blade of green grass:
a respect for the lone grass;
flies away into the distance
taking away the lost dream of hope
and brings in the creation of
a mystical creature that
formed this planet
long ago.

Celine Berghmans

Finally 18

Finally 18
So keen
on leaving home
you roam
for freedom
Surrey awaits you to burry
yourself in studies
and hope for a bright future!
And of course an Audi!

To Ruben. Who turned 18 on 2nd July 2007. Good luck to your future.

Celine Berghmans

Fire Alarms

The breath of sleep is heard
every room is quietly in
slumber world
on university Campus.

Fear no fire alarm –
6.50 fire alarm sirens echoes
all around
with the piercing noise
like a dog in pain.

Inside a room, the breath of sleep
is no longer heard
but the scrambles and
the bitter words of a start
to a morning, where
sleep was half undone.

No amusement is etched on
faces, grumpy, sleepy faces,
one by one appear
outside the door.
Sleepiness carved like wood
on faces:
as the fire alarm
continues to blare out its message.

Oh fire alarm, you wicked fire alarm;
always blare like a dog in pain
at the wrong time.
Slumber world has gone
on university
and my sleep was half undone
yet again.

(another day on campus in bed, when the fire alarm goes off, and we all have to go out
in our pjamas at 6.50 in the morning. No amusement there. I dislike fire alarms
nowadays with contempt.)

Celine Berghmans

Flight Turns

Life twirls round and round-
like the globe turns round the sun.
Seasons circle, repeats
the beauty of nature;
the never ending beauty.
Cries of birds fly round
with the chirp here
chirp there.
And each year fathers day
comes and goes with laughter
hither and thither.
Smiles come, reaching
beyond the earth's ocean and
the water turns with the wheel barrows
all along the seasons changing.

Celine Berghmans

For a Lost Poem

Dedicated to the poem 'Moon Light' that was written a few years back.

For a Lost Poem

A poem written long ago –
disappeared on the face of the earth
as if it never existed – but somewhere
beyond this skyline it did;
where the moon sits, and shines its light –
this poem has been erased from history,
from where it was put into storage.

Oh poem, I feel a loss for you!
Where have you gone? Oh where have you gone?
Moon Light, once many people read,
and praised me for such delicacy,
now she is gone too.

As if death has to come with:
the darkening sky, oh ye poem –
ye selfless poem come back and
let the light shine upon you.
A poem has gone, but where?

Celine Berghmans

Frost Ground, Fog Sky

February a month still stark naked from the death of fall;
is covered with thin frost on the ground -
slippery ground, white ground,
crunching noises is heard down below:
as a figure shuffles outside in the frost-bitten breeze
nipping at the body shivering from the wild winds.

Fog cover miles and miles beyond the eye line of the sky.
Things not seen within 5 metres of the path,
just pure greyness, a mist that has come into our ways
keeping the dreaming world at bay;
and reality world in a distant coastal area.

Grey is what keeps the city all year round -
colours is what brings the city alive.
Winter blues is common and
February a month still stark naked from the death of fall:
has no colours but grey? ! Oh colours of spring
come and sprout out to the joyfullness
of the sweet bird chirps that come now
in this sterile city.
Cheer up the blues;
the figures that walk about with the frost-bitten breeze.

February a month still stark naked from death of fall;
starts slowly to alighten from the long wintry days;
that formed the cocoon of all the figures and objects
below and above the sky line,
with thin frost on the ground -
it melts away and in comes spring jumping;
leaving behind...
...the grey that has kept everyone
in their protective cocoon.

Celine Berghmans

Frustration with a Suitcase

Frustration been kicking in the last
month -
first it was with holiday
second it was with life
now it is with the suitcase.

Too much, too much, only it isn't that much! ! !
Where will my toilet bag go?
Where will my indoor shoes go?
Forget your indoor shoes!
Forget your favourite shoes!
Frustration is kicking in.
No patience but impatience
has sewn into place.

Gosh I need to fill my suitcase
but it gotta have the necessary things.
What to do?
What to do?
When frustration is kicking in! ! !

Celine Berghmans

Gary

Memories come flooding
Remember
How joyful he was
with a heart full of
Laughter, bliss
Made life seem so simple
and fun
caring he was
for everyone around him
Never have i heard such good jokes
Continue, do not stare and sob
But move forward
And you'll enjoy,
use the values
he has given to you
May god let him
Rest in harmony

to my dearest uncel whom i've loved deeply, He shouwed and gave me the values of
life. I only hope you will rest in peace.

Died on 18th december 2005 in a plane crash. Buried on 7th of January 2006

Celine Berghmans

Girl of Wardrobe Secrets

Trump it up Girl of Nature!
Hide no more behind the
wardrobe of fearful secrets:
permit the shine of your
deathly oval.

You a moon with love-
you are not a forest:
of hatred.
Shine lightens a figure
full of fear
through dapples of autumn;
ov'r the mountain tops.

Simper a cuddle
with the ocean vision.
You fear not the
outsides of your:
rigid walls.

Tread vigilant out into the fields-
Smell the freshness of love.
Fear not Girl of Nature!
Hide no more,
simper a cuddle to the river flow.

No more horrid secrets-
a curve forms your mouth
with mirth:
and you are free of secrets
in the wardrobe.

Celine Berghmans

Goodbye BISB - Welcome Big World (the censored version)

The time has come to say Goodbye –
A time to close the door to youth
And step outside in the great big world.

...oh fond memories will be kept in storage
locked away – but not far from the heart.
The time spent at BISB
was somehow educational even if
sometimes it was a bore!
(My fault, not the teachers!)

Times I will remember best:
are the English debates,
the Geography projects and the
tireless German grammar (only kidding)
the library and vast amounts of homework.

Though I may have drifted through
some of my days at BISB,
I learned to speak out
my beliefs without fear of what
the great big wolves think –
and learned to write
philosophical poetry.

Goodbye good old BISB though
it was tough, even tedious at times
I shall remember the
Educational knowledge I gained.

A time to say goodbye and
close the door.
The first few chapters of the book closed.
And a new chapter opens...
...with hurdles to climb;
...challenges to face;
...and an unknown future –
Hopefully a happy and successful one!
For me at any rate:
BISB has helped make a success out of a
youngish, childish student.
Oh and don't forget the parents!
They helped bring us along the way:
with pressure and stress;
and even the odd kind word.

Goodbye dear good old days!
The time has come too soon;
to step into great big world.

Celine Berghmans

Goodbye BISB – Welcome Big World

The time has come to say Goodbye –
A time to close the door to youth
And step outside in the great big world.

...oh fond memories will be kept in storage
locked away – but not far from the heart.
The time spent away at BISB
was not a waste;
was somehow educational
though sometimes it was a bore!

Times I will remember best:
are the English debates,
the Geography projects and the
tireless German grammar (only kidding)
the library and vast amounts of books = not!

Though I slept through most of
my days at BISB
I learned to speak out
my beliefs without a fear of what
the great big wolfs think –
and learned to write
philosophical poetry.

Goodbye good old BISB though
it was a bore at times
I shall remember the
Educational knowledge I gained.

A time to say goodbye and
close the door.
The first few chapters of the book closed.
And a new chapter opens...
...with hurdles to crawl;
...challenges to battle;
...and a laughing future –
all in favour –
to show BISB what a
success they've helped made out of a
youngish, childish student.
Oh and don't forget the parents!
They helped bring us along the way:
with pressure and stress.

Goodbye dear good old days!
The time has come too soon;
to step into great big world.

Celine Berghmans

Hannah

Once long long time ago
She had a beautiful smile
laugh
She made me laugh
Smile
Dream of her
She brought bliss
She was an angel
who had much love
for the people around her
Vibrant it was
Reached many
People's heart
Silence slices the people
WHO knew
Shock, meomories bury
Into spirits
Stare and weep
No she doesn't want that
She wants us to move on
She watches over us
May god let her rest
In peace
She'll stay in our memories
Wherever we go

To my beloved sister who will remian in my heart, day after day. Written for you as a thank you for what you have done, in the last few years we've known each other. We've got things to remember and we always will. With love from Celine.

Hannah died on the 18th of december 2005 in a plane crash with her dad and 2 other friends one survived. She got buried on the 7th of January 2006

Celine Berghmans

He asked me

He asks me to dance
I stand and stare
I am flabbergasted
Refusal defiantly no.
I stand shaking
and say yes!
He smiles at me.
Takes my hand
and walks me to the
dance floor.
And guides me
how to dance.
His hands are soft
He smells nice
I feel proud
First boy ask me
to dance.

this poem was written last year 4th june 2005. i thought no boy would ever ask me to dance, after i looked terrible, and after all my pain i had. the grey sickness was to be seen on my face, and suddenly there stands a boy and asks me to dance. i certainly wouldn't have thought this would have happened-after all i was just starting to control my depression.

Celine Berghmans

He doesn't understand

He doesn't understand
for me pulling away
getting angry when
he puts mud down
my shirt.
Her won't understand
the reason
when trying to explain.
There are no words
to describe my misery.
He wouldn't know what
happened int he past
i would have minded
but now i do.
For i feel ashamed.
Life isn't simple
its complicated.
Yet he is a good friend.
He's kind sweet, caring.
He just doesn't understand
for me pulling away.

Celine Berghmans

Highschool days over = the awkward unknown companionship

The unknown has come too soon -
the snowball has uncurled questioningly...
...at the future to come!
What lays at the hands of the unknown? (a query of my mind) .

Beyond my four walls is the fear
of what could (or might?) happen:
upon the months to come.
Oh fear do not frighten me away;
so that i stay put in this
childhood cocoon forever.
Leave this instance fear! -
that i can feel, touch the rich freedom
I so long hoped for -
instead of darkness in this lonely mind...

The unknown has come too soon -
the snowball has uncurled questioningly...
...at the future to come!
what lays at the hands of the unknown? (a query of my mind) .

...I shall pass;
I shall go to University.
My ticket is the scribbling
of exam papers.
Must pass.
I shall fly and dive into the freedom.
Highschool days over =
awkward unknown companionship.
He took my hand and
pried me loose from
the childhood cocoon.

A door closes to soap opera highschool days -
with a warm glow awkward companionship
is here to hear (no pun intended)
to hear my victory!

Celine Berghmans

Hope within a Flicker Hope of Light

Darkness overrides the midnight moon
a wind of gusty
night blowing;
the despair over
the mid-life of
a rolling emotion.

Future cycles behind
those mountains past -
when a freshness of
hope crawls in.

A query of the mind:
where is that hope of
longing that flows
along with the watery starlit
eyes? when
only darkness
covers the pit of despair in
fields and fields
of red poppy seeds.

A holding of the past
posts leaves of words
to despair -
the hope of singling
is far too great...
bring and guide the trail
of hope towards
darkness that exceedingly
keeps leaves of words
locked in a past...
all the meanwhile
hope is such a bright
and elegant word world...

...when future rolls
in behind those mountains -
gathering of courage will allow
tear stained leaves of words
to be guided
to a light of true inner hope.

Celine Berghmans

Hope within Salvation of Fear

The Rising Sun slants boldly bringing the rays
of colouring vision to the point of our nose.

A shy ray lends the way to longing hearts
of: complex wishes
like masses of trees with an uncertainty to the
clutching of slender finger rays
for the:
salvation of harmony and worship.

Rays of light spray the fields of green.
Crows, seagulls crowding their way
in for a fair share on the
green bed of grass.

Do we feel the emission of waves?
Or feel loss in salvation over envisage of freedom?
A longing so bright, so fearful...

But where is...
The Rising Sun that slants boldly?
Over the mountain and round the globe
it cheekily brings in...

the clutching to the finger rays of:
salvation of harmony and worship opens
a new wave of freedom into
the fear of loss.

Celine Berghmans

Hurricane

When evening comes across the deep
waves of blustering sorrowful winds:
blowing wind crosses the dusky city light:
clouds fluttering in -
the noise is deafning like a
hurricane sweeping
all:
in its path.

The ball of earthly gladness
smiles in relief as the
surface cools on into the
stillness of the deep night.

Trees blow, branches break,
water banks burst with:
overwhelming rain
pounding down on the heart's city.
Hiss, hiss of the hurricane is
heard on the edge of this cliff.
Trees crackling under pressure;
clouds darkening;
rain pours down
as the whispers of peace is
felt all along the city plains
of open wounds.
Blow, blow wind into the
dusky distant night.

Hissing it is - his anger away.
Oh wind fly away.
The overwhelming rain pounds
down harder then before.
Restkess sleep glistens into
the barren night:
and the storm continues
on into early next day.

Celine Berghmans

I; a Prostitute to the Lands

A boat, looms in the great big distance ahead
as people clatter onto the boat – some for their first...
...and last time, others for another country;
with its strange ways.

Waves, rocking the boat, rocking, as if lulling
it to a sleep.

I; a prostitute to the lands –
savour every moment, and gulp in every
culture into the very heart of my being.

Until now – I; a Prostitute to the lands;
do not know where I camouflage into.
The smells are so different, to where
home once was so long ago...

Belonging – necessary?
I; a prostitute of the lands –
view the world with
feasting eyes,
lusting for more
culture manoeuvres
of a pure exotic
natural element –
this is what
I; a prostitute of lands...
...looks forward to.

A boat looms, and
takes
I; a prostitute of lands
into the cultural heritage
as I integrate into one.

Celine Berghmans

Im Frühling Geist

Blumen, Bäumen blühen wie der Mondschein
und Frühling ist gesprungen
am Frühling Tag:
Blumen blühen breit mit
einem süßen Parfum-
in der weiten Luft.
Tagen werden länger als Pflanzen
Sprossen rauß in den höchsten Himmel.
Wasser spiegelt das Lachen des Mondes.
Vögel bringen Dusche von Regen;
während Figuren zwischen
blühenden Bäumen tanzen.
Frühling Geist ist wieder weg gesprungen-
und Sommer kommt fast zu schnell!

von Celine Berghmans

Celine Berghmans

In London's Eye

Starlit eyes,
full of mischief
sunshines as the
windy breeze,
brings out a smile.
You laugh through
anger i have caused.
We go through blasts;
as we walk in
the city of London-
your dream.
In and out of streets.
In and out of anger.
Even though i am
a drag,
I still love you!

Dedicated to Ruben Berghmans, my brother. Turned 17 on july 2nd.

Celine Berghmans

Iouta

I know i haven't been
always there for you-
yet i have from
a distance.
I look at your
unhappy face,
and i know you are
suffering.
My dear, each time i go inside
guilt builds up-
knowing you can't
come accept at night
and each night
'I say i am so so sorry'.
Guilt builds up and i
run inside full of pain.
I remember you've
always been there for me when
i was sad and now
its time to say goodbye.
Time after time my dear- i let
you sleep in my room
and i felt safe-
my four legged friend.
I know you'll be happier
where you go.
You'll be my guardian angel.
I love you Iouta.
Now its time to say goodbye
as i watch you fall into
a sleep-never to be woken again.
May your soul rest in peace.
I love you sweetly-always will.

Died 7th june 2006 of cancer, weighed only 22kilos 48.4 pounds.

Celine Berghmans

Keen Piping Seagulls

From nowhere or is it from above?
...the keen piping seagulls
cry out their messages of joy across the:
blue, grey, sunshine sky.
Pending on weather.

Keen piping seagulls flutter about
and howler the world's message
with their loud whistle.
4 o'clock am the birds screech:
WAKE UP! WAKE UP!
Time to enjoy the sunrise.

The piping continues all the day long
and they perch on the roof top
of love; competing with
the other birds.
The wind breezes across and
echoes the voices
of the seagulls
the loud keen piping seagulls
who wickedly no no;
sweetly wake up
all students at an unearthly hour! ! !

...or is it just me
and the keen piping seagulls? !
...at 7 o'clock am
looking out at the seagulls
at their elegant flight
and touching voice?
At the beauty of their feathers
and proud straight backs
perching on the roof tops?

Yes roof tops view from my window
the beauty of these grand
creatures
my gaping mouth stares at them in awe
even at an early hour.

The keen piping seagulls
are the grand birds
that carry the messages across
the skyline
to sleeping beauties.
A warning: morning has arrived
another day has started! !

Celine Berghmans

Late Spring Arrival

March, a month of blossoming...
a month of growth...
a month of love...
though late eventide has not appeared
in my room window
the air states springs are on its way
to wrap and engulve the joy
of sweet freshness.

Blossoming of flowers is seen
far away, far away -
peeky suns come and go,
come and go - like the days
go round and round
round and round
over the moon tops.
Suns come in with -
the cold winter breeze -

blow blow, blow your messages
of love in your growth...
babies grow, babies born
though not a:
Late Spring Arrival
a welcoming sign of fresh beginnings
of love blossoming
through flower buds

The await for spring
is delaying pleasure
not a loss of hope.
Patience is the key to
our very soul...
Late Spring Arrival
always brings joy
with the freshness of? !
the thin breeze
awaiting upon us
on the other side of the lake.

Celine Berghmans

Laughter tangles in trees

As i look into the sky
I see your bright reflection
with a huge grin
laughter flows through the trees
bouncing from spirit to spirit
Full of joy you have
Singing-echoes
travelling miles away

Celine Berghmans

Leaping Fire

Trees jump up behind the orange flames;
flames surges high – oh high.
Crackling is heard;
Flying ashes is seen.
Girl amid the sprinkling heat.
Flames surges high – oh high.
Heat intensifies,
tears swell in eyes...

...the breeze blows the crackling fire amok.
Run cries the wind, run Girl!
Trees murmur,
sirens in the distance are heard.
Circles of circles:
leaping fire –
leaves, branches are swung
carelessly among the fire amok.
Run cries the wind, run Girl!

Leaping, leaping high into the:
echoing distance –
the fire runs in the mind.
Sirens are heard in the distance
race across town, across
the open city lights of:
heavy burdens...

...only in the mind leaping fire
controls the lonely, oh the lonely.
Fire away, fire away of:
heavy burden.
Leaping fire leaves the mind.
Run cries the wind, run Girl!

Running afar –
sirens racing to catch time,
to catch the heavy burden
cast on:
Run, run Girl...

...and leaping fire
Moves of to disturb:
Another helpless mind.

13/09/07

Celine Berghmans

Let the Silent Tears Fall

In the misty oval of shattered glass:
let the silent tears fall
over the oval in between the depths
in the strained circular shadow.

Mirrored into the shattered glass;
a reflection of despair appears,
like a mass forest of darkness
is seen
in the misty oval of shattered glass:
let the silent tears fall.

Where is the happiness gone?
Oh, where is the happiness gone?
When the only thing the oval displays:
let the silent tears fall,
rolling, rolling down into the misty gloom
of the river –
as darkness
shatters the darkest:
alley of my mind.

In the misty oval of shattered glass:
let the silent tears fall
over the oval in between the depths
in the strained circular shadow.

Celine Berghmans

Life ain't Easy for Me! (written by my 10 year old sister)

Well, I'll tell you:
life ain't easy like a butterfly in the wild.
It ain't no place for you
to be left alone.
Follow the path I have made for you,
and it will be Okay.
You won't go out until you're big like a bird,
and then make your own path for you,
Alone.
Life for me ain't easy.
Until I die,
I will have made my path.
So what do you think about life?

(by Yvonne)

Celine Berghmans

Life without Lives

Night air swells around midlife
with all that we can hold,
into our wistful hearts
we sink, to comfort dying souls.

We hold hands in union
to keep from holding on to what past
we see the sinking sun go down
and feel, nothing was made to last.

Colourful skies, fill up with hope
only when we close our eyes.
Do we see the seagulls lost in their freedom?
Or fear hope, as our time flies?

With no darkness but a light so bright
while wondering through our lives at night
with dreams of not that all we dream...

We dream of love, salvation and peace
that the night sky belongs with the day.

Inspired with Aiden Howarth.

Celine Berghmans

'Like Red on a Rose' - Racing Heart

When your first words arrived -
a smile played on my lips:
the softness of those words
were like music to my ears -
it captivated me into a hole...
... for your love...
created...
security...
concern...
safety...
love...
someone to share? !
Something special with...

Like red on a rose;
the racing heart
beats like a bumpy road
down the crazy life
that God has brought us together
is a wonder by chance -
that i cannot understand.
Love is a blind faith -
i learned that one has to
capture the moment one
touches it, feels it.

When your second words arrived
my mouth twitched on my lips
the softness of those words
were music to my ears -
it captivated me into a hole...
... for your love...
created...
security...
concern...
safety...
love...
someone to share? !
Something special with...

The blue sky binds us together...
the soul does not grow apart -
the soul grows closer
thats how security comes in
and plays a love that no longer
blinds but seeks
to hold.
God put us on the path...
to find true love...

When your third words arrived
my heart raced, jumped out of my figure...

the softness of those words
were like music to my ears -
it captivated me into a hole...
...for your love...
created...
security...
concern...
safety...
love...
someone to share? !
Something special with...

Celine Berghmans

Lines written a few 100 miles away!

Two years have grown past; with winter rumbling
by on this late season's calm! and i
hear the winds tickling the timely autumn
leaves! Oh and those giggles one hears
a few 100 miles away.

The titter of joy and watching the
late autumn 100 miles away on
the same lone globe.
Listen to the birds forming - high -
above the sky lone-
forming what? ...
Here under the blueness of the sky -
sun glaring down yet not with
the same intense heat like summer nights.

...Forming what? Forming the shapes of distant letters-
distancing away as birds and seeds
carry; fluttering away the message across the ocean
into arms of some-one? who?

Two years have grown past; with the rumbling
by on this late season's calm! witg
celebrations of blessings all around!

Celine Berghmans

Lisa Lauanders Watches down from Heaven

Dedicated to Lisa Lauanders, Michele Lauanders and all those people who suffer from abuse and give up their baby for adoption. And all those people who take kids into adoption and parent them through good and bad. May god be with you.

Night sweet air tingles,
as stars dangle on string,
hangs in the blue sky-
alight with a glow like a candle.
The breath carries
full grown wings across
to the moon.
All is silent but the
night chirps of the night creatures.
Flowers close and traps beens behing,
their petals.
An angel in heaven watches over
the grief strickened people
whom loved a special flower: Lisa Lauanders,
people never could watch her expand
but the devils;
yet her little friends coulod watch this
magnificant person.
May Lisa Lauanders-

REST IN PEACE.

Celine Berghmans

Listening - Blue Spanish Sky

Sadness humbles its way through:
Blue spanish sky,
listening to the trumpets blowing away
from tears forming on the eyes -
like the blue blue pacific ocean
miles away
listening: love me; don't hate me;
care for me...

Watching the Blue spanish sky:
a stirring within indication
in love with love;
in hate with hate;
flies across the sky
as trumpets and voices
blow over my circle in its hole.

Listen; the soft tickles of the guitar
flows lightly in and out of the ears,
messages surrounding;
soft drums: drumming
to the Blue spanish sky;
wondering why: don't hate me.
Slowly the darkness comes in
sweeping away
Blue spanish sky and darkness stays
within my bones
into the deepness of my inner flesh
the pain doesn't erase -
it stays humbly by my side.

Sadness humbles its way through:
Blue spanish sky,
listening to the trumpets blowing away
from tears forming on the eyes -
like the blue blue pacific ocean
miles away
listening: love me; don't hate me;
care for me...

Celine Berghmans

Lone Mountains

Distant hills tower over houses.
Clouds hang low-
sun beats down heat
wind hums and blows
a chill across these lone mountains.

Birds chirp; children scream with excitement.
Loneliness hangs;
silence comes and goes
like the sun trying to warm.

The silence rings in ears.
Just the sound of pure green
below our feet of instability.
Hearts form in the sky
pictures appear:
'you're not alone'
pain growls- time to smile
with laughter at the
thought of another long day ahead.

Celine Berghmans

Looping Figures

A smile appears,
Arms loop around
two figures;
faces shine as yellow
as the sun.
the smile= as wide
as the 'chick babe'.
Sun shines
and another season
comes and goes
with bliss.

Celine Berghmans

Love Loved by Hurt

Love casted inwards –
as oceans breathe in and out with a heavy lust.
Love cast inwards
as dreams of haste go steeply down the waterfall
and oceans breathe
the loving air while the wind struggles
to bring in a
moment of flowering passion.

A turn in the air,
As oceans waves no longer breathe but crash
against the cliffs
and intense heat builds up
between heads
like fires.

Love casted outwards –
passion grows, and flowers and trees bloom –
hurt comes and goes like the tidal waves
of a lost hope in a world
of love loved by hurt.

Celine Berghmans

Lover of Book worming

Big unknown letters,
lay everywhere-
words hang on string like
spiders on their web.
Your face shines,
eyes glitter with affection.
Spring has come-
to embrace you,
as you whisper
'quite please, you are in the library'.
Clatter of chairs,
tap, tap on the keyboard
and you are there;
always ready with
a listening ear.

Celine Berghmans

Marie Madeleine

A sweet smell of excitement.
Spring has come, babies come as
flowers grow.
A special flower came:
Marie Madeleine
our smallest sister.
Now we can watch her grow as
everything else
around her grows.

Celine Berghmans

Measures of Sorrow

Fire surges across the uncovered plains of reflection:
water rolls along slowly
mirroring measures of sorrow.
As my trembling body shakes of uttering sadness
drawn onto my still plastered face...

Hopes as cold as the winter skies
brings out a smell of burning red coal;
oh cries measures of sorrow:
where has my path of happiness
led me?
Hopes flutter by with wings of desire.
Fire brings in warmth
and curls lone figures into -
balls of snow
hurling across the uncovered plains of reflection.

My kinder heart is broken
burned by the fire surge
across the uncovered plains of reflection -
love envelops me? !
takes me into the heart
of a lone person
and the balls of sorrow uncurl...

inflicting measures of sorrow?
Into measures of love?
Into the heart of the unknown sullen
world of fear combining love in its mind.

Celine Berghmans

Messages Sweep like a Gust of Wind

Dedicated to Charlie V-W

When the rains arrive across this valley-
I smart through my laughter;
and the mountains bloom
with every love-fearing hand-
the choices lay before my eyes nakedly.

...

And the tears dry away-
the sun peeks out
through the dim sky filled with cotton grey.
I laugh and dance with joy
as my heart is filled with laughter.

The trees bloom and shed away
tears after eternity of sadness-
with venomous words striking down
hurting the soul of love.
Yet with every love-fearing hand;
the choices lay before my eyes nakedly.

Years after toiling in pain
I awaken at night
to see the words of love
neatly in front of my eyes.
Choices must be made-
whistle blue birds whistle in trees.
You've left me with a hope
of everlasting kindness.

...

My hands no longer twitch from fear
and lone days stretch
into the far distance;
my hands fill with flowers
I smell and cry joyfully.
Choices have been made.

Celine Berghmans

Moon Entity

The wind wings sloped up, towards the moonglow,
swings stars from twine in the still blindness-
as uniqueness of a gleam filters in curtain's crack,
figures flew through the light of the moon,
and flew across, flew across blackness of open azure.

Beneath the hundred stars, water gushed
on bare land, and the tiny millionth eye
stares up and sees flicker of light from pure roundness
in thoughts of water-
shimmers far seen as liquids rolls over plains long off.

Faint blaze surveys from tree to tree,
wide open flatness, the moon smiles down
towards wanders of the night-
and its entity glows through
hills of still bring in shadows of the night glow.

The moon is my identity;
as i wonder through landscapes
of full blown places and water everywhere-
I moon through nightless skies and watch
the pure round light of night life.

Celine Berghmans

Moon Glow

The darkest night, flows with a
wind hush through open blackness.
Ya'ever see the moon glow?
Ya' ever hear the wind whisper?
Rivulets spill with water
across the mountain plains;
as liquid rolls down along the steep slope-
ya'ever see the moon glow?
Ya' ever hear the wind whisper?
Stars glitter through sparkles
of the darkest night.
Wind cold breeze swifts;
swiftly into space.
Laughter engulfs the moon light.
Ya' ever see the moon glow?
Ya' ever hear the wind whisper?
Moon light angles corners,
as sweet melodies swell into air,
of silence.
You ever sight the bird dance,
as shadow flicker
upon the moon?
Ya' ever see the moon glow?
Ya' ever hear the wind whisper?

Celine Berghmans

Mothers day-in spring

The night sweet tingle's breath,
the sharp cry of an eagle awakens.
Tears fall for tender love.
You dream and doze to haven.
Trees bloom wide, wider then
earth's space.
Laughter trickles and glides through air.
ITems expand as your beautiful
children grow with
a loving heart.

Celine Berghmans

Nightmare

Sudden shock.
Pain, disbelief...
anger as i look at myself.
How could you Celine?
Future ruined.
Headache....not hungary.
Stomache.
Digest food=undigestable.
Celine screams the voice
'how could you fail english litreture and geography?
the two most important subjects for next year! '
You failure
voices scream inside my head.
No it can't be
must be a nightmare.
Twists and turns.
Sight of food=puts stomach upside down.
You failure, you failure.
Next time you lazy gal must
work harder with
heart and soul.
Not matter emotions.
Put 'em to side.
Crazy anger.
Mistake, , , , mistake can it be?
Sudden darkness overwhelms me;
and the voices continue to grow louder.
Tears fall asleep.
Sleep=restless sleep.
Ce n'est pas possible.
No it can't be true.
Thoughts that linger around me at night.
Anger is the only word.
Anger at my failure...
your stupidty.
Wounded as i fall alseep.

Celine Berghmans

no title

Consent wounds
struggle opening unique
black sorrow.
Smooth are despising keeps
drink but sense favouring arpeggios
allows deepest lingering thoughts.

Celine Berghmans

Oh Dreams, Oh Dreams Struggle to Fill

Night crawls in swiftly across the city uncovered
oh dreams oh dreams struggles to fill
the lonely mind
of a girl
longing to be released
with a yearning fulfilling the mind...

...sleep comes, and dreams fill all
the city uncovered.
Swimming amidst the hazy pictures,
in the sweet sweet mind of a girl -
longing to be released
with a yearning fulfilling the mind.

Shhh, shhhh, transcending is the
girl hungering for:
the goal to reach.
Shhh, shhhh screams the voice
rising beyond, beyond what?
The yearning to be fulfilled,
A longing to be released.
Dreams score points in the:
Lonely mind
of a girl
longing to be released, released from what? ...
with a yearning fulfilling the mind...

...dreams crowd into the tiny space in
the diminutive world of the girl -
releasing a longing, releasing a longing of what?
Of love, of friendship,
dreams cloud over:
with a yearning fulfilling the mind...

...oh dreams, oh dreams struggle to fill
the city uncovered, scoring places
in the mind of sleepiness,
reaching out to unearth the burdens buried
deep, deep down what? ...
...down the dreams of a girl's
aim for craving happiness;
craving happiness.
Reaching out to unearth the burdens buried
deep, deep down what? ...
...down the dreams of a girl's
plan to fulfill the minds of the young, full
of evocative dreams.

Oh dreams, oh dreams struggles to fill
the lonely mind
of a girl
longing to release

with yearning fulfilling the mind, the mind of whom?
Of a girl whom
succeeded through her dreams.

by Celine Berghmans
21/09/07

Celine Berghmans

Oh where have you gone?

Oh where, oh where have you gone?
Spring blossoms. Birds fly with
full wings-
as ghosts linger around the place.
Haunts unconscious souls.
Oh where, oh where have you gone?
Animals grow big and sturdy.
As a fog appears, returns memoirs
of the past;
and then elapses out of sight.
Oh where, oh where have you gone?
Wind murmurs with the
ocean currents, splash-splash, a voice
with the wind howls-
'in haven, peace is with me'
Flowers expand, as leaves fall.
Oh where, oh where have you gone?

Celine Berghmans

Order

Sweet dreams,
Then morning comes;
order shouts the boss.
Order now.
Morning to afternoon work, work.
Yet the flowers expand,
harmless of no harm
and a smile comes
across your face.
And you relax and sit down.
Faces crowd, happiness.
All the while order takes place.

Celine Berghmans

Pain has no Mercy

My face pale - months of pain has left its creases
on the hollow features of grayness appearing.
Pain has no mercy not today, not when I sleep...

...pain enjoys to haunt me - seemingly laughing at the
youngster in me that has dealt with dull sharp aching pain.
I fugitively hope it'll disappear within time...it must.
It shan't linger on and on into the paleness fading away
of this pain-stricken creature that grows
still with every passing moment as
the pain bolts like the flash of lightening
through the body -
giggling behind its hands.

He draws attention to the faces glaring into mine -
'Oh pain' I shout 'go away, i've had enough
with your daunting tricks!'
Colour drains out - like a spiral of hot water flowing down
the bath tub.

Nights are restless -
pain screeches in all my sides
the day wakes up with a painful leap
out of bed...
continuation of the pain -
some days it improves other days it
stays ignorant:
that Pain has no Mercy!

Pain has no Mercy crawls with me to bed -
and leaps out of bed with me -
holding my hand as if we were best mates!
Ha! I disagree -
this pain 'disappear before i wrench myself
away from you horrid thing.'

Pain has no Mercy
no mercy for the pain he is causing.
Causing the dint in her face - the pain,
the pale, tired look of worry, agony.
Pain has no Mercy.
'Go away pain - before i yell into
the looming distance!'

Celine Berghmans

Perfect Spring

Spring should be perfect,
Spring is when features grow
and expand with love-
spring is not when plants, figures
fall limp to the ground.
Willow trees weep and
grow as water trickles,
down their long fragile branches
into streams of water.
Lizards crawl out with the april rains-
to sit in the sunny breeze
as if sunbathing on the beach;
beyond the hills and rocks.
Death should be distant;
only a phone call away from winter, cold grey sky:
as new births is for the start
of a fresh life.
The cycle turns as the
earth spins on her axis.
Nature blossoms, as she takes
soreness away from our limbs
after the long frigid ice age;
and brings in the shines of
rosy cheeked faces
whom bring in flowers.
Spirits grow and
experience another year of
swells of flowers, trees that grow
tall facing, the sun;
the river paths flows
into various streams.
Spring is laughter twirling
around in the warm heaven
of life.

Celine Berghmans

Pillar of Fire

Fire surges through the closed forest -
roaring past highways of cars
swiveling by like the hurricane of
the wild wild north: Pillar of Fire!
Tearing across:
though not damaging the forest
beyond hands reach.

Above the rear of my eye:
the wilderness stays put not
a devastating sight - but
darkness overwhelming the look of an eye -
burning a coal of scar across
my sight:
whistle the Pillar of Fire leaps...

the path of fire springs into
the path of anger catching
leaves, storming the mind - laughing
at the blue of the night;
creating a hole;
pushing my eye into its
protective cover.
The fire smiles - yells at
the distant blooming sky
of winter crossing the path
turning fire into
ice of a cold
pondering land of?

of questions howling above the
roar of the so like hurricane of fire.
Answers staining the blueprint
of our heart - and
the Pillar of Fire melts away;
growing smaller out of reach.

Celine Berghmans

Poem in Spring

Spring has sprung
on spring day.
Flowers open wide, with
a sweet tingle of perfume-
in the air.
Days grow as plants-
sprout out into heaven
of blue.
Birds bring showers of rain;
The Maurova-april floods bears
green shoots all around.
Laughing figures echoes
through full branches.
Light footsteps walk on
open plains of
Bratislava castle.

Celine Berghmans

Praise Hym: the Earth's Love

Waiting for the rain to fall down
through grey overcast glass-
sun tries to smile through
the rumbling sky.

You reach out, as the wind blows
further - me out of reach,
long rays tries to catch me;
and engulf me.

Tears fall out below from the
rumbles of anger - sadness -
and then sun dries the tears;
catches 'me' in her arms.

You were the sunshine who
taught me to feel and love again.
Love and not fear.

You were
the wind's freedom, wind's arms
stretching to reach out.

You were
my eyes,
my future,
my only person who
taught me to love again.

You were
my oceans of tears and
we drift foot from foot away.
Fades into the distance-
waving goodbye.
And we drift foot from foot away.
Foot from foot away;
foot from foot away -
afar, afar into the distant
unknown.

Celine Berghmans

Preserve Green

The world will perceive,
as the humans will preserve nature.
With everyone to help keep this
world a more beautiful place.
Birds will be able to fly to
freedom.
Fish will swim clean.
No pollution, would make earth
a wonderful place.
We the humans, will strive
to keep the world in perfect harmony-
the world-our planet
must be a beauty with no harm done.
We will be safe.
We will be your saviour.

Celine Berghmans

Relentless Suffering

The throbbing of this little nerve
been felt the last
9 months in my leg, back, hips...

The relentless suffering
sewn into place and
the screaming no longer occurs.
Just a silence fills the
long long days of gloom!

...waiting for the relentless suffering
to turn to non suffering.
Tears are dried out -
hope fades with time
as anguish pain
knows now how to lead
the way of my life.

Bravery, courage, hope i need.
Oh i need it so bad...
its fading oh fading and
the relentless suffering stays on
holding my pain stiffened hands.

The throbbing of this little nerve
been felt the last
9 months in my leg, back, hips...

Written after more then 9 months of suffering with extreme pain in the back, especially
down the legs...and not being able to sit long enough.

Celine Berghmans

River Tamed

Blustery waves rush down stream,
millions restrain-
yet one can keep only
the river tamed;
nature takes its course-
floods plains.
Sunny breeze evaporates
all anger swept away
by the wind.
Waterway distant to our destiny-
one soul
leads us the way
to heavens of paradise-
where stream's future
lies-many paths
on her way.
Beside banks of water
flowers grow
Sturdy and lordly.
A spirit watches the river
expand with love-
into paths of streams;
our destiny
lies within your hands.

There is a message in this poem....you have to guess. for some of you who have children it will be easier. Yes we can tame a river. If you can't figure it out....you can sent me a message. Good luck.

Celine

Celine Berghmans

Robotic Movement to Elegant Flight

A movement only seen for minutes long -
hours long of the ticking, licking,
of the cleaning power
of solving problems...

Just like a bird whose robotic movement
drew my stare for minutes:
literally me glaring - feeling just....
...like him - the small fair creature.
...brings hope into longing
for freedom.

...often behind the computer on
virtual-live the same feeling comes out.
Hope and longing of...
...the magic world.

The long robotic movement ends.
Time moves slowly forward -
and the elegant fair creature moves into flight of royal beauty.
His hope came true...

...so will mine one day soon -
i will fly elegantlz above the sky
into a new true world.

Celine Berghmans

Romani shows the way of God

He who walks in the light of God -
the light of love;
the flash light so bright, so bright
when million star
form uniforms that:
uncover the darkness within...

...the power of love, kindness is felt...
Oooo!
Oooo!
He who walks in the beauty
reflects the glorifying path
that God seeks to show our way across...
across the wilderness
of his loving Paradise!

He Romani shows broken souls
the light of love.
The flash light so bright, so bright
when million star
form uniforms that:
uncover the darkness within...

...The depths of pain are uncovered
and opens into wounds:
to be purified by the
wisdom of words;
by the cleansing power of rain...

He Romani shows broken souls
the light of love.
The flash light so bright, so bright
when million star
form uniforms that:
uncover the darkness within...

Celine Berghmans

Rowing Away

As the years turn to days,
it's time to say goodbye.
time to row away from home;
and put my foot out into the open -
with new adventures awaiting us.

the sun shines days before I go.
Packing is like the weather -
clothes thrown everywhere;
paper everywhere;
mind packing ain't easy either.
Ooooooooooooo

No longer will I hold hands of
parents;
no longer will I fall dependent;
now I am independent.
The fear is seen in the confusion
of mess after mess.
When is there time to complete:
to complete this horrendous mess?

Time to say goodbye - leaving
with a suitcase behind the place where
I grew up.
Safety will leave me behind,
and now new comfort must come.

The door opens
and no longer do I need
help;
but I can live on my own two feet.

Celine Berghmans

Running above the Blue

Run, run above the blue-
while fear grips the shoulders
of a sole soul;
thoughts glimmer through water above eyes
that sink into flesh fresh, grey lines:
reckless nights of sleep.
Allah, allah before the breakdown of blue sky,
birds fly restlessly in circles of misery.
Dark shadows appear, gloom and doom
mirrors through the sharp blaze of sun.
Aah cries figure of pain
breathe in breathe out, run, run
above the blue echoe of silent S,
slicing the gloom, gloom run away.
Run away, allah, run away above the blue.

Celine Berghmans

Shimmer tangled by night

Night crystals, hang pure
On frosted branches
Tinckling away in dusk
As sun advances
To morning dawn
Shadows linger behind
The moon
As water conjeals and
falls freely from darkness
Howls and frigid breeze
aliven around
walking figures
Footsteps crunching
Walking on crystal water
Owls sing in nuisance
being carried away like
the northern light in hemisphere
the wind blooms
far away
Echoes you hear

Celine Berghmans

Sight

Eyes gaze, notice, regard, see, scan, behold
Powerful eyes
Emotions hide in their heart-
Like centre
Sleep hangs from eyes like climbers from cliffs
Eyes gaze dreamily
Eyes snap shut on a thousands secrets
That would fly like birds in the sky
Some shake with fear
Others shiver with pain
A killer's eyes are full of guilt
Intensity
Eyes differ in shape, colour, size
Petite, some dark with little expression
Some sway and shine like butterflies
In the blue blue azure
Eyes spit fire like snake spits vemon
Make people read
The passion
Ants sneak food like burglars steal
Eyes are jars full of flavour
Gaze notice, regard, scan
Emotions spin like figures dancing
Eyes vision everything
Beyond

Celine Berghmans

Silence

In the silence of the night-
a breeze flows with voices and spirits
of the past.

Ghosts howl like dogs, lingering
the place. The place where
eternity ends.

Sweet telegrams pass through
thin air as waves splash and
hear the soft sigh and then in the
distance the 'montre' expands.
And time is an endless circle of
seasons.

Celine Berghmans

Silent River

I AM like the night to you, little flower. i can only give you peace and a wakeful silence hidden in the dark. RABINDRANATH TAGORE.
was rays of light that blossoms unfold into open silence.

Twass, the silence of the
river emerging-
awakening the darkest
eyes of blues. Light opens slowly-
water glides [virtually] strengthening
open freshness; of joyous flowers
sprouting hey hoy high into oceans of
blueness.

Spring surges the world over.
birds chirp; wings flutter
with gust of wind, twirling open windows.
Solitary glass mirths into peace and...

Flowers dabble in dapples of shades.
Wings spread yawning
down as dancing blossoms
unfold with rays of
light hurling down across
the path of sadness.

Blow wind, blow thy leaves
into blue ovals-
with the leap frog waters
flowing to contemplate
the deepest night.

Twass, the silence of the river
whom awakens tears of blue.
light strengthens with blossoms
unfolding
into prevention
of sadness.

Celine Berghmans

Silent Storm Raging

A cloud thunders above this dwelling -
the storm accumulates beyond this hand's reach.
Fear is heard above the silent storm raging
furiously through the silence
that echoes through and above my dwelling.

Oh, oh and it doesn't fade away
this silent storm raging in this lone dwelling of mine.
It gathers of dust and expands to
this big thunder cloud of anger,
accumulating, rising high
above the eye line;
emerging out of nowhere.
Oh, oh and it doesn't fade away-
the dust gathers balls of snow
hurling across at my paralyzed face
of internal and eternal fear
of this dwelling.

An eclipse of fear shatters far into
this lonely dwelling of mine.
O lonely i am stuck; paralyzed
with fear in this silent home.
Waiting for the silent storm raging by-
the desire for it to disappear
muted is this dwelling of mine.
The words slice through ice as
disinfected water trickles through
hazes of pipes of amplified horror.
Laughing with the:
silent storm raging by.

Beyond a door closes and leaves
an echo behind with amplified horror.
The fear blows over, not.
With the violent wind into the distancing sky
grabbing for this amplified horror as if it
has hands.

Celine Berghmans

Sleep Come!

Sleep baby, Sleep.
Tearaway all those dreams.
Fly them away with the-
night bats.
Cry in heavenly peace.
Sleep darlin';
cryin' of pain, fear.
Sleep baby, Sleep
in the silence of the night.
Dream baby, Dream.

Celine Berghmans

Slender Silence

The birds are chirping...
the wind blows with the:
echoes of a ghost.
The sleepers breathe -
this is a slender silence;
deleicately sewn into place.
Darkness comes and the
night sounds lull
the sleepers to sleep.

Rather slender silence now is
the close of school days -
only softness will fill days of longing -
itching for the gossip;
the laughter.
Though now there is no noise
but a slender silence has filled
my void - no solitude
can over fly it!
Just slender silence...
...until a new chapter opens...
but when?

Celine Berghmans

Slicing River

The silent river
flows-yet does not flow,
The shoulders of the stream hang low
like a person with no backbone.
Water flows and glides with ease,
over the tops of the banks.
A shower of rain,
eagerly swallows up
items in its path.
A crying duck sinks down
to the river bed-
away she drifted,
away with the current
swept away to the distance.

Celine Berghmans

Snakey Winter

Animals scurry to nests
as snow falls-
Autumn fades like bears slither,
in caves.
Winter crawls,
lays as fragments of crystal water.
Sleep don't come-
jiivey as the crocodiles,
when hunger strikes.
Fiery breath;
twirls in air.
Whistles away as blue birds
In nude trees
Footsteps hasten,
Shatter ever so-
Smooth snow white surface as the silken pelican
Gusts of wind
All the long while frost.

Celine Berghmans

Snow Broken

When night still stars dangle
Skies open
moon faints and
sun births

She flashes into darkness
Her shadow dreams

Wolves bear the forest away
all the clear cold moon long

Fiery mouth
breath freezes then
trickles in dawn air

Golden time lets her play
She dances nakedly
in the white snow white

Silver birds croon lullabies
She waltzes all the sun long
laughs sky blue

Snow twirls to air
then lies like broken angels on forest ground

Time holds her ignorant
She slides into the
wind winter grey
Sun sets

Celine Berghmans

Somebody's Weepin'

When i sat across the deep waves of sorrow-
i heard somebody weepin'
weepin' from loneliness-
I hear her sniffing away agony
and then the Lord whispers
'my dear weep unto myself'

'Unto myself' i quench and weep
my sorrows away to the lord.
The water heaps into a puddle
then a river gliding away with stride
to the path of unconditional love.

Thou should know- i heard
myself sniffing away not her.
The pain, tearing, tearing
my bulk into shattering glass.
Tears let me down easy
as i cry.

I see rivers of love flowing
across the vast plains:
of his Earth;
of his Creation
where the path of sorrow lies,
where the path of love leads
over and under mountains
across the waters of warmth.

The falling rain of love is my
saviour.
My saviour whispers
weep unto myself
and the wind blows
my agony away.
And the path of love leads my way.

Celine Berghmans

Spirit Flight

High up in the still heaven,
eagle's eye
gleams through
fog of lull woods.
Her eye
glowers right through
the human soul,
stabs a hole in the
lone child who marches dazedly.
Summer's breeze
signals an end;
fall is on her way.
A shadow appears.
Wings spread across the forest floor-
the shape of a heart.
Lone child sits and stares,
Twirls back to the village
on dancing feet.

Celine Berghmans

Spirit Rave

Lightning flashes through
the black hollow sky,
as thunder rackets
hither and thither;
a figure counts the
irregular heart beat of the
'dark bang'.
Frogs cricket.
The river becomes
wild, wilder
before one's eye.
BOOOoooooom roars the
angry spirit dark sky-
and then the storm
blows away at the speed of light.
Twisted like ghosts
whom fade away, grow thinner
into a thin line.
The lizards crawl out-
birds fly in thee open blue;
the storm has evaporated.

Celine Berghmans

Spring in Heaven

Flowers grow raging and vast-
as if a span of their own.
Grave yards buried with
distinctive plants beyond hills and rivers.
Crying death steers
live figures away-
sends in ghosts.
Howls of wind;
ghosts murmur while,
spent stark-deliever
fresh seeds, grows,
into new births
allof to heaven.
Seasons turn around;
winter has come-
decease blossoms float
to heaves of paradise;
emerges from death to
aliven souls of
plants. Angels
watch us grow gigantic
and sturdy.

Celine Berghmans

Squirrel don't hide Squirrel! !

Squirrel don't hide Squirrel;
where is that stunning back of yours.
Squirrel don't hide Squirrel;
don't go hiding in that hollow tree! !

A whisker appears; scurry scurry scurry
why in such a hurry?
Scurry scurry scurry -
why in such a hurry?

Up Squirrel, up squirrel -
poor little fellow -
no need to shy away
behind those autumn leaves! !
Up you go Squirrel
that's it boy -
that's it;
higher; higher in that tree
where we can see
the king of the trees! !

Squirrel don't hide squirrel;
where is that stunning back of yours.
Squirrel don't hide Squirrel;
don't go hiding in that hollow tree! !

Linear lines appear,
one by one,
Squirrels come in a hurry! !
Scurry scurry scurry
across and up the trees
and along comes the squeaks
of a song...
for the King of the trees-
don't shy away little Squirrel fellow! !

...Happy Birthday Lawrence! ! !

Celine Berghmans

Stacey Monique Samuel

The beating of Your little heart
been heard for the last
9 months in your mama's womb...

...oh what a pleasure to know
that one day little hands will
reach and cling to papa's big sturdy hand.
The smell of proudness is:
perfumed all the way across town.

The unspoken love is heard
the love saved for you
little one! Watching you grow
will be like watching the
Skies sprout sunshine
across bright days -
your papa told me once
smile 2 bright days
and gifts from
heavens will come upon
you fair one...

...smile 2 bright days...
and all will be fine...
if you believe in HIM
fair one - your papa is
right all the way through! ...
everything you'll receive
comes from his big heart -
flesh of his flesh will not part You.

...the beating of Your little heart
been heard for the last
9 months in your mama's womb...
the echoing - the beauty of growth
will soon be seen fair one.

...oh and what a pleasure to know
that one day little hands will
reach out and cling to papa's big sturdy hand.
The smell of proudness is:
Perfumed all the way across town.

12th April 2008

Celine Berghmans

Sunshine

Sun shines as beautiful
as your smile
Full of love
You laugh and dance
twirling around
like the leaves
dancing away
to the ground

Celine Berghmans

Surrender for Survival

Surrender for survival
means swallowing tree tall pride -
ooo what a sharp inhale
of stubbornness! !

No money = no food;
dancing on thin air -
trying to remain calm
in the midst of fire;
turning out of fear,
admitting help is needed:
surrender for survival
is sadly the only way forward! ! !

Swallowing tree tall pride
ooo what a sharp inhale
of stubbornness! !
Surrender for Survival
has arrived.

Celine Berghmans

Sway with melodies

Trees sway
As you twirl and twirl
with joy
your ghost figure comes alive
again
With a huge step forward
Light has come your way
to greet your eyes

Celine Berghmans

Swimming Under the glow of Wings

Sun ducks under the horizon.
A shadow of full wings
blocks rays of light.
No mirror of the sun's blaze
only darkness.
A stream glides and
a lone child flows with the river
as a ghost flies through the moonless sky.
This child will meet many paths
on her water journey-
a destiny and course afar.
Above, eagle flies to the moon,
distant to the heavens.

Celine Berghmans

The Alleys of my Mind Contemplate

"It is easier to love someone when they are perfect..."
The alleys of my mind contemplate this complicated thought –
"...but more challenging to love someone with their faults."

Lonely mornings, joyful mornings, mornings of sadness:
jump out of bed, switch laptop on and begin speaking with
another person about the simple moralities
that each and every one of us faces every single day.

I am like a bird stuck in a cage, with little or few hope –
and forget what the other end of the sky looks like:
but wise words will help the alleys of my mind to
contemplate the thickness of the forest of leaves
where words are written on.
Only freedom, can be given, once self-esteem grows
and then fly out like a bird that
lost freedom so long ago, but learns the world
in different angles of various views.

"It is easier to love someone when they are perfect..."
The alleys of my mind contemplate this complicated thought –
"...but more challenging to love someone with their faults."

Celine Berghmans

The Days of a Heat Wave

Summer arrived too soon again...
the warmth spreading its wings across
the middle of the midnight dark.
No sleep stumbles in -
as the hot stale air lingers
and curls around bodies
of sleepers in bed...

...there is a strong breeze come in -
so i imagine!
(but i wonder from where?)
I look - but cannot find
and then i remember
the air conditioner = ON...
to help evaporate the
smelly stale air
into fresh bitter air!

Where are the flowers gone to?
Why is the grass turning brown?
What happened to the soft spring breeze?
The genge smell?
The greenness is gone
and the grass is covered in desert like brown -
no rain;
no dark clouds.
Blue sky -
blue sky, so blue, so bright...
...with the sun glaring
down down
warming the surface
burning the green grass brown.

Rain come rain!
The trees need water;
the grass needs water;
the flowers need water;
the bodies long rain to dance in.
Rain come rain!
Water will make the season
grow and strengthen from
strenght to strength.

The middle of the midnight dark -
stays put in dimension:
shutting out the heat of the sun;
warmth remains; does not disappear
like snakes.
Sleep oh sleep
comes as the soft...
trickle of rain
is heard on the window pan -

and then a sigh and a soft snore
leers me into a deep sleep!

Celine Berghmans

The Dean's Steps

dedicated to Llandaff Cathedral in Cardiff, UK.

Underneath the faint glimmer of light –
captured in between the thick kindling and
gathering of decorated spring earthly leaves;
the Dean's steps develop steeply up towards
the azure of tinted blue, gray and white.

Bird voices twitter and quiver, in the thickness
of brown and green, yellow and red
with an openness –
to the lofty holy cathedral
a peace and worship comes and
overwhelms the sense of uncertainty.

Earthly colours of holy branches
hang over, and over, in a shielding
cover. A form of love, comes
and hope rises as the fear of life
diminishes and cowers in front
of an almighty presence;
within occurs
the Dean's steps, of love, and haste,
and no fear can override
our saviour.

Celine Berghmans

The Distance

The distance is stretching, far, far -
beyond the eye's line.
Where do we begin with the chance?
Why did we not begin sooner than later?

Don't protect me so, don't care about me so:
let me be; let me be; don't make me
tell my feelings over and over to ye.
It hurts, it haunts me like the distance
to the castle from my room view window.

The living sun glows through the city:
the heat is felt to the bones.
But oh what do you see on your view?
The view is different.
The distance stretches far, far
beyond the eye's line.

Don't ye want to be held?
Don't ye want to be loved?
Don't ye want advice?
Oh living person,
tell me what ye want from me!

My world is like the waves of a beach:
crashing onto the cliffs;
splash; bang; crack.
But i don't know ye world, i don't know
how ye feelings are?
My feelings are the waves: is the ocean;
is the inner depths of a pond.
Oh ye help me from this dread filled
emotional mind!

Celine Berghmans

The Grass and Beauty of Nature

There is nothing that smells
as sweet as fresh
cut grass.
Birds flight is deep into the sky.
Squirrels fly from tree to tree;
Figures lay on greenness spreading
beyond the human eye,
as leaves recede below
the red crust.
Heat sucks water into its mean mouth-
stretches beyond the trees and sky.
Fish lay upside down on the
polluting earth.
Screams of human voices
stretches from ear to ear.
Water is a sign the sign of hope
and entirnity never ends.
Sailors sway on sea;
as laughter trickles ears and
reaches souls.
Listen to the wind murmuring
sweet unchained melodies.
Grey engulves the peaceless azure-
and water of hope is on her way.
A broad shine crosses faces;
light of hope comes.
And the cycle starts again.

Celine Berghmans

The Inner Depths of a Pond

From afar - the reflection of
the inner depths of a pond -
is seen...

...its the air that rings:
with a shrill silnce...
it is the pond where...?
memoirs are kept safe
beneath the slimy wet surface.

The paths that complicate the
inner depths of a pond.
The pond grows vastly with water lilies;
long stems of pond grass that...
...aggravate our very own existence!

The bulk of parnoia radiates
on the wet slimy surface -
where in the inner depths of a pond;
the memoirs or secrets are
kept safely - at bay!

Until our very own existence -
of knowledge that aknowledges:
the water lilies;
the long stems of pond grass:
is overgrown into explosions and
spruts of objects fly like
the night birds that
release our fears, memoirs
into dusk.

The door opens leaving,
our very own existence exposed
to the emotioms of the:
climate that struck our earth!

Celine Berghmans

The March

Hup two three four,
hup two three four-
between the meadows.
Gushing water streams
and streams down
the mountain top.

Hop hop hop
from rock to rock
on water
splash - spray
sun showeres down
sprinkling water of drip
on ovals.

Hup two three four,
hup two three four
climb and slide
between trees and roll like a dog to safety.
Hup two three four
hup two three four...

Celine Berghmans

The Mist of Despair

A mist of despair occurs
in the undergrowth of my mind -
an undergrowth of fear and anger
and hurt.

Oh where has this peace gone?
Instead the overwhelming sense of
hurt and anger and fear appear...
a world hungry for anger...
the mist of despair is a shield
for a broken mind.

Celine Berghmans

The Moon Sits

The moon sits lonely
in the darkness
searching moodily for
the leader path;
that shall be comfort
to our very lost souls
where the light of a tunnel will bring us to an opening
no one knows where she is going...

The sun taking a bath; sea gulls screech like
the lost soul
of a girl
loosing control fast of her surroundings
yet the guiding moonlight finds her back...

with an
opening of a window,
where the wisdom
stands when the sun calculates her Maths...

...and the moon shouts answers NOT obediently

yet a despair comes over like a mist
never be hopeless!
Oh my moon is that your wrath;
oh my moon is that your wrath.
Don't despair in silence
there is a guiding light
in the middle.
Oh my moon is that your wrath?
Hide your wrath -
show your light!

Celine Berghmans

The Road Down to Heaven

Every morning - the road down
to heaven takes me to a haven.

The road down to heaven
leads me quietly away from hell;
fire of words burst
angery wolfs bite -
on the road of hell.

The road of heaven is
where the birds chirp
and all unite
to be one!

Celine Berghmans

The Stream Under the Sun's Rays

Wind blows, flowers bloom,
winter has long disappeared
for another 365 days as
rivers repeat the cycle of a circle,
we follow the ghost's voice of a current;
the current distant to our destiny.
Flowers grow, you expand
with love,
your face alight by the sun's rays
as you glide with the stream.
Laughter echoes through water,
meets and flows further
into the distant heavens.

Celine Berghmans

The Unknown

Up the steep mountain of darkness
lays the shapes of the unknown:
invisibly flowing outwards
stretching beyond one's reach.

The wind blows twirling leaves
towards the shapes of the unknown.
In the distant voices are heard
escaping the thoughts, running away
from what?
From the dark winter sky.
Voices grab at ears,
noses are frostbite at the
winter's unwelcomingly cold.

And then the snow falls, frost cracks
on windows - ice droplets are formed
creating gashing lines
crawling towards the
shapes of the unknown.
The unknown seems to
be the safest of all the
unknowns put together.
The wind bellows as snow falls
silently but quickly on the ground -
with winter turning strings;
ticking time away
as the winter's unwelcomingly cold
is being ignored by fires
aglow in the dusky - lonely nights of:
long wintry white days.

Celine Berghmans

The Wise Words of Gareth Pugh

Gone, baby gone -
are the days of youth
brought mostly in school!
Home sweet home safer?
=NOT!
School sweet school safer?
=Yes more or less!

Your wise words did not bore
a hole; rather it gently unlocked a...
closed heart -
into an open heart.
My days spent here are soon to be over
in this ole'but school sweet school.

The words will stay
stitched into...
...an open heart! -
as my respnsibilities change.
Advice given = advice used
in words; unlocking a door -
a door to say Thank You!

Gone, baby gone -
are the days of youth
brought mostly in school!
Home sweet home safer?
=NOT!
School sweet school safer?
=Yes more or less!

A door opens wide -
and in comes a breezy breeze...
...enveloping with my freedom
as your wise words described
it in images of hope and longing!
Now it finally but trully arrived
at my door step.
The wise words embraced and brought me to a freedom...
of hope!

Celine Berghmans

The Wolf Song

Twass a night - one night in far away plains
the wolves sat in
half circles
howling away to the moon shine.
The wind whispers, the wolf howl:
shh ahooo shh ahooo shh ahooo ahooo ahooo ahooo ahooo
shh ahooo shh ahooo shh ahooo ahooo ahooo ahooo ahooo

In far away plains moon shines
through thick fog of darknesss-
orange glows thinly in silence-
wolves wonder the far away plains;
under the moon shine.
The wind whispers, the wolf howl:
shh ahooo shh ahooo shh ahooo ahooo ahooo ahooo ahooo
shh ahooo shh ahooo shh ahooo ahooo ahooo ahooo ahooo

A pale glow plays teasingly
in the dark sky.
Stars hang dangling near water's edge.
The wind blows blows away the pale glow
and thick fog covers lightly
and soon
the wind whispers, the wolves howl:
shh ahooo shh ahooo shh ahooo ahooo ahooo ahooo ahooo
shh ahooo shh ahooo shh ahooo ahooo ahooo ahooo ahooo

Celine Berghmans

Thousand Times Thousand Miles Away

Thousand times thousand miles away -
drifting woods float above the water
and a peculiar heart appears: from where?
Out of nowhere - drifting nearer and nearer
a thousand times thousand miles away.

The window view singular from India's view -
though nature is seen rising above the sky line
in appears a figure rather reserved
peering into my window...

... and i do the same on the other end of the window
awkward moments - nature is all around,
a man that gives charity freely yet so quiet,
so peaceful,
nature elements mixed so deeply inside him
that the vibes are felt
a thousand times thousand miles away.

Water seperates the view of the window...

... a thousand times thousand miles away -
drifting woods float above the water
and a peculiar heart appears: from where?
Out of nowhere - drifting nearer and nearer
a thousand times thousand miles away.

Words are spoken, nearer to the surface, nearer
to the window view - poems float in and out
in and out like the breathing of the weather -
up down up down -
utterance is the key to the soul -
'It is written on the brow of some
that they shall not be left alone...' said Raju
I am such one i think -
not left alone as words of phrase tumble in
and over into the thin whisps of my hair,
smiling out
a thousand times thousand miles away.

Reserved he is and he shall not be left alone -
his natural elements so well mixed up in
the words that flow
out like the water fountain...
a thousand times thousand miles away.

Celine Berghmans

Toward the Path of Light

Clouds crawl 'bout the vast space.
Heat curls 'round walking figures
as the wind hushes words in
the sun-burnt ears of people.

No sound - but the hust
of still nature all around
where one turns.
shh- listen - listen to the birds
whispering messages across
'the tree tops.

Click clack click clack click clack click clack
morning bells awaken sleepers
in the lone still mountain hills.
And morning stillnes begins with
rushing water.
Rushing feet and hands
towards the path of light
one will follow that day.

Celine Berghmans

Under the Sunshine's Eyes

A smile brings sunshine.
A tear brings water flowing.
A laugh twirls with the
leaves in the sky.
Your eyes glimmer with love.
And we await-
until the storm goes by;
await the light of your face,
until you can stand tall.
We will dance around you,
and here the sweet innocent laughter.
We twirl away to the moon-
and you danced your soul
free from pain.
The water stream was your tear
and you sang with the wind.
You've found yourself
after a long weeping journey.

Celine Berghmans

Up-Helly-Aa

Round oh round my oval lights
up illuminating the sun.
Fire surges
upon the fields of the lone British Isles...

...glee glowers underneath the frost-bitten landscape:
Up-Helly-Aa! -
fire swirling around a corner
uplifting screams – seen
through the thickened dark smoke
clouding the eyes-
filling them with tears of elation.

Up surges the fire high – engulf the atmosphere;
pouring down with cloudy mass.

-

Heighten the atmosphere as soon frost bitten landscapes
Melt with the intensity heat.
Enveloping people from six steps away – not the unknown –
loving the smell, encircling the fire with gaiety;
loneliness is not seen this part of the six step world:
year-on year it rebirths like the fire of harmony
roaring to life!

-

Appearing from the spirits of long-long ago:
Aa its time for the beauty of this fashionable feast...

...the pillar of fire grazes across pure glamour-
roaring like the excitement in the atmosphere
that builds up year-on-year.

Round oh round my oval lights
up illuminating the fire of the sun
holding; withdrawing back
into the mists
awaiting upon a new year
to fill the British Isles with heat!

Celine Berghmans

Upon this Stormy Night

Hail, sharp, clear substances fall, fall
onto the hard surface, out
in the fields;
angry skies pour:
as if a bleeding heart
is weeping for relief
upon this stormy night.

Branches plunge heavily with:
defeat –
birds swiftly speed,
seeking shelter.

Winds holler with no shame
and the hail, sharp clear substances
continue to splash
the earth's surface –
crying tears:
are they of sorrow?
are they of defeat?

Raging away into the distance,
reflected
through a closed window
peers a ghost
and swiftly speeds away;
sinks to the
growing rumbling ground
and a sense of
lonely silence is felt
upon this stormy night.

Celine Berghmans

Valentine Wind

Air blows circles of love
through empty skies:
of pure black glitter,
draws stars tightly into a whole.
A breeze then inflicts
a heart out into vast plains
with trees quiver (query) on delight
through muffles of echoes-
the moan; slices the silence
to distance.

Grey lines linger on
open surfaces,
as flowers walk on;
a wondrous heart forms.

The moon lines simpers
and crackles with ice gliding upon the:
rosy fields flush flames,
shines through bitterness of cold.

Celine Berghmans

Walking in the Flames!

The roar, oh the roar of flashing words:
'Leave, pack your bag! ! '
the flames grow grow from anger to despair
scraping the sky -
and the bang heard
as the door slams shut.

Walking in the flames! -
a small figure
carrying a rucksack;
plastic bag;
a green bag;
and another green purse.
Her small olive green gray eyes
carry a flame of...
...heavy defeat!

Glistening in front -
are the blinding tears
mixed with pouring rain.
The sturdiness of the walk;
the determination -
her head bent:
away she goes
walking in the flames
and the flames grow from anger to despair...

...and emptiness follows
she sits and
stares into a hollow space.
Darkness fills with
a harrowing silence
of the roar of flashing words
of traffic jams!

Goodbye world of horrifying anger.
The door slams shut
and now there is a mass
of confusion -
a mess of despair;
with leaves and tears everywhere
oh and oh the words flung
in the past flash:
'Leave, pack your bag! ! '

...
'You are arrogant...'

Goodbye world of despair...
the door blows shut
with a loud bang!

Celine Berghmans

Wanderer of the Nightlife

I wander where the wind takes me;
the leaves swish and swirl
round and round in circles;
to their destiny.
Liquid rolls like dogs roll
around in stinkin' dirt;
pleasure i see-
and then the wind blows, blows
and ya' hear the wind whistle,
and ya hear me laugh
through thin air?
Darkness runs around every
alley, alley echoes the breeze.
Ice slowly creeps in,
yet not fully there.
October will turn to winter
to soon, to soon for me to see.
A fate of snow will
arrive as it comes every year,
all but too soon.
Midnight walkers wander
through chilly nights
and the sound of water
swishes bye, bye my eyes-
and the wind has
taken me into frosty snow.

Celine Berghmans

Water Trickles, Leaves Fall

Water flows gently in the still autumn day,
grey sky, October breeze.
Autumn came, winter will soon
crawl, slowly tearing
fall away from us.
Rusty leaves piles as it retreats and
sinks into the earth's flesh,
brown decays of leaves-
near the river banks.
Movement occurs,
Shades appear in the meadow of grass,
plants overgrow near the stream's bed;
hushed whispers as liquid slowly
trickles down the water mill.
House stands broad breasted
across the plains.
Water glides with an ease
away to the distance.

Celine Berghmans

When You Came

When you came-
my life was a mess,
but you have repaired,
my heart back into
a whole piece.
You make me laugh;
love you to the moon and back.
You make me want
to come home again
through bad and good.
You make me dance,
you've been tender-that's why
I love you to the moon and back.

Celine Berghmans

Where leads this Path of Sorrow i Thread?

Fearing to laugh through bitterness-
i dart through mountains and i contemplate.
I asked teh lord where the
mountain path lies.
My littlecar bounces on roughness
until a husky voice cries out:
'Follow thy heart' he said.

Trembling beside this rock i sat:
in acidity of soul and feared
to be ahunted by
words lashing out.
I cry to the lord:
Where leads this path of sorrow i thread?
'Follow thy heart' he said.

Head up high, i follow the hsuky voice
of unconditional love.
Over and under mountain tops;
i stirde until memories tie
me down this
path of sorrow i thread.

'Follow thy heart' he whispers,
'thou shant be afraid'
Though the currents of words
pull me down in a heap
crying out:
Where leads this path of sorrow i thread?

I wrestkle against words, i follow the sun.
Trembling beside this rock i sat
as long, long tears glide.
I still sit fearing, remembering
words of acididty.
Until messages of love
swirl and glide into my heart.

Where leads this path of sorrow i thread?
'In the far distance' he said,
and my heart turns
and i follow
his path of unconditional love.

Celine Berghmans

Where to Begin?

My pen is not flowing wet;
it rather seems emotionless dry!
The lost feelings;
mass of confusion -
it seems like walking through a thick
mass of conifers
up in mountain
after mountain
no sight...
...just hollow emptiness...

Where to begin?
Where to begin?
A pond so dark as
my running mind -
deepness, blackness,
few stars light the path;
and only silence blows
through my figure
of lost hope.

...red, orange, yellow flames
blow across the thick
mass of conifers
up on mountain top
after mountain top -
there blows the raging silence,
the lost freedom -
stuck in a
prison of...
...empty desire! !

Celine Berghmans

Wounds

Agitated, full of wounds,
from cuts the devil
has made. Weep darlin'.
Sleep to saftey.
Sink away with the
sand snakes.
Darlin' sleep till
peace engulves you.
Weep darlin'.

Celine Berghmans

Yearning

Scream baby,
tear the jealousy away from your heart baby.
Scream the anger away-
with the wind sweetie.
Baby don't be scared
to show your emotions-
weep heaps for your lost love,
baby.
Reach out to him;
hold on;
don't look at me with tender love,
and be ashamed.
Show me what you feel.
I can see in your eyes-
you love me.
Say you love me.
Please don't push me further
out of reach.
Scream baby, the pain away.
Scream baby,
baby scream.

Celine Berghmans

'You weren't meant to be born! '

Sirens circle the thin air in
this early wintry long days -
and a sound comes screeching,
halting in the mind:

'You weren't meant to be born! '

He says with firmness.

'What? ' I ask.

'It was a mistake! '

And the darkness crawls in unnoticeable...

...tears of rage want to roll out - but
crying i do quietly, dry.

The pain tearing away:
at this thin heart of mine.

The smirk and the voice is heard:

'You weren't meant to be born! '

taunting away through
pens of circles in the thin air.

Screeching sounds heard everywhere?

But where?

The screeching sounds are only
but in the mind of darkness;

as a slumber rolls in with
sleep the only escape:
to a fantasy world.

A world where love, happiness, kindness
exists. A world where there is
no: fear or anger.

The snow melts, fades away with time-
yet the pain in my heart
thickens with time.

'You weren't meant to be born! '
echoes through my head of emptiness.

The taunting exceeds timeless
days of anger.

And all along the days continue:
Sleep comes in fits;
and slowly his face reappears
above the water hurling cold water
taunting me back into:
the darkness of the night.

'You weren't meant to be born! '
The door closes, leaves a scar
behind and with that the noise
is blocked in my fantasy world.

Celine Berghmans