Poetry Series

Daleen Enslinstrydom

- 46 poems -

Publication Date:

March 2013

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Daleen Enslinstrydom on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Daleen Enslinstrydom (25-02-1967)

Daleen is the name that I want people to call me. I am happily married to the poet Gert Strydom and I am a mother, grandmother and people are important to me. I do love gardening, housekeeping and Jackie, my Jack-Russell crossbreed.

When I can find some time I do paint and at times I do write my thoughts to paper. I am a champion of equality among people and do believe that everyone have got the right to a life. The creator is the most important person in my life and I believe in Him with a fixed confidence

Darleen:

Darleen comes from the old-English name "dale" that means "she is living in the valley, " as a dedicated friend that supports people through times of gladness and hardship, somebody who brings joy to life, somebody who is beloved, awakec full of energy, the caretaker of broken hearts, not a easy person but a woman who is virtuous and loved by children

© Copyright: Helena Dorothy Enslin-Strydom for all poems on this webpage.

A place in the sun

Far from reality and into eternity, everything that I do think at this moment belongs to you. Far from tomorrow and every horizon, I will call out your name which will echo back to me as it is burned into my soul and my love calls you.

From the other side of the moon far beyond yesterday's sorrows and fears far into the distance where the stars wink I have called your name, have called you to come to your place next to me and into my reality and begged you to come to my place in the sun where two specks on earth can be joined together as one in both body and mind.

A Stormy Winter Night

The storm outside is fierce as if the clouds have broken, and the shutters of the house are closed to keep out the cold and the wet weather.

The electricity is off and the house is dark while on the table an old lamp burns dim and on the gas stove water is boiling when two hands meet.

'Listen to the rain, my darling, as it falls on the tin roof. Do you hear the roaring thunder And do you see the flashes of the lightning that lights up the night sky?'

In fright the cat jumps onto the couch, the house smells of cinnamon and pine cones from the burning fire that heats up the room

while outside the wind howls and the shutters slam against the window as if somebody is knocking to come in from the cold wet night.

Under the hot blanket we drink Milo and I know within my heart that I do truly love you and the rain pours down on the tin roof as if in answer to the call of my heart.

Alone

For as long as people have lived on earth we were created alone from the time of Adam until the last man is born we come into this world one by one to fight our demons alone.

Alone we go through life until the day we die. Nobody can read another's mind and know his thoughts.

Alone we are in hopes and dreams and everything that we do fear. All the things that we desire are trapped with in ourselves.

Who really understands what it means to open up your heart, to look inside to know what makes a person tick.

Disappointments of life leave the soul bare and bars the doors of the heart, dries up all tears, shatters faith and people hide behind the masks of life.

I came into this world alone but wasn't created to be lonely and all of my words, thoughts and wishes and dreams I do share with you.

All the things that I do share opens my heart up like a book and you can see what is hiding in my mind as God created us to be alone but never lonely.

Answer Me In Rainbow Coloured Dreams

where oak trees grow and flowers always bloom along the streams and ducks swim on the river's water, when your dreams are met in my eyes.

Answer me in rainbow coloured dreams where butterflies are everywhere to be seen and birds do sing melodies of praise to the creator of it all.

Answer me in rainbow coloured dreams on footpaths leading to your heart, swivelling and turning into paradise on cobble stones and gemstones along the way.

Answer me in rainbow coloured dreams where yesterday's sorrows are forgotten, where new horizons do rise, where every cloud has a silver lining and is coloured by the last colours of the sun.

Please answer my dreams, as I have given my heart to you as a valuable treasure to keep that binds me to you forever.

Arabic Nights

Moonlight nights with you reminds me of hot Arabic nights that are wonderful and sweet where the aromas of cinnamon and spices fill all the senses and on our carpet leading to the marriage bed rose petals are scattered everywhere, and there is the promise of earthly pleasures and fulfilment in the air and a fire flickers in the corner

with the scent of vanilla and incense lingering and somebody playing guitar in distance as if the song is especially for us and it's as if we are acting out a play, senses are awakened and we are bewitched in every moment as if we are caught in a dream and everything in me is awakened and aroused by your touch that binds me forever.

While the moon streams in though my bedroom's window and the wind blows fragrant air from the garden I awake from my dream are aware of romance, the smells of the East, of cinnamon and sandalwood but I am still alone in my bed and this is how we meet at night in my dreams.

Arabic Nights [1]

Moonlight nights with you reminds me of hot Arabic nights that are wonderful and sweet where the aromas of cinnamon and spices fill all the senses and on our carpet leading to the marriage bed rose petals are scattered everywhere, and there is the promise of earthly pleasures and fulfilment in the air and a fire flickers in the corner

with the scent of vanilla and incense lingering and somebody playing guitar in distance as if the song is especially for us and it's as if we are acting out a play, senses are awakened and we are bewitched in every moment as if we are caught in a dream and everything in me is awakened and aroused by your touch that binds me forever.

While the moon streams in though my bedroom's window and the wind blows fragrant air from the garden I awake from my dream are aware of romance, the smells of the East, of cinnamon and sandalwood but I am still alone in my bed and this is how we meet at night in my dreams.

As The Sun Sets Over The Heated Planes Of The Savannah

It is almost an illusion as if the images that your eyes do see are too good to be true and the antelope are gathering everywhere as the sun sets over the heated planes of the savannah and the wetlands of Africa.

Red becomes a startling array of different shades and it is almost as if a painter painted in the mood and the golden tones light up everything and shadows draw longer as more and more animals gather at the waterhole.

People prepare themselves for the night and they are fetching water and gathering firewood. There is almost some heaviness, almost a rush to get home and you can hear them as they sing the songs of Africa.

The elephants are mere images of themselves as the last sunbeam glistens on the water and it is as if the water has stolen the sun as its image is caught on the surface of the water.

A crocodile warms itself in the last heat of the day and the colours are so vibrant, they are almost too much for your eyes to bear. It is as if there is a fire in the sky. Flames of red and purple and orange dance in your irises in a beautiful array of colour and the night draws near while twilight sets in and brings rest and a calmness to your eyes.

A gentle breeze goes through the acacia trees and the sun-beetles quiet themselves for the night and the birds sing their last song and the frogs and the toads awake and you can hear them bellow and croaking and the crickets make a joyful noise and the fires burn bright and the drums beat out the rhythm of Africa and the people gather and sing around the fire that burns like the colours of the sun.

Betrayed by love

Where the southeaster blows sand from the beach against the house, it's as if it blows all the sadness of yesterday along with it.

She gazes through the window, like a statue dressed in red while the morning breaks and daylight turns to orange-red her face is etched with pain, her soft red lips are hardened and pulled down.

"What does it help to still ponder when everything is lost, " she reprimands herself. Her hands tremble as the fingers with the beautiful red manicured nails draw away the curtain as if to air her heart.

Tears stream unhindered over her cheeks. Where did everything go? Her mind slips between reality and a dream. She lifts her hand and its cold outside as in her heart.

Poppy blossoms are blowing in the wind and they land on the sand, like droplets of blood. Her face is colourless and pale, her eyes icy-blue and cold and she stares at a seagull fighting against the wind.

"Take me with you, " she mumbles.
"Take me with to dreams and dreamland."
A gunshot like a clap of thunder sounds up
as if it was pain itself, sombre and sorrow all in one.

While the southeaster is still blowing the carpet stains poppy-red like the blossoms on the sand and in her hand there is a scarlet stained letter.

With red wide opened eyes the seagull touches down on the shore, bewildered by the sound, as if he was the only witness.

Bush Veldt Nights

As the last hours of the day dwindle twilight dims the bush-veldt sky, sun beetles silence themselves in recognition of the night.

A guinea fowl prepares to nest, birds screech and call while they descend to their nests in Acacia trees that has become shadows when the sun sets like a huge soap bubble that vanishes behind the horizon.

All around the waterhole animals do gather for their last drink of the night, while the colour of the sky changes to a scarlet red before the night pulls its veil over the last light of the day.

Somewhere a jackal is crying and the sound of a lion's roar brings fear to those gathered around the waterhole as a hyena answers with a mocking laughter.

Everywhere the night is awakening and from a tree an owl calls out to the night. While the night becomes darker, the moon hangs over everything like a big shimmering plate and stars do dangle as if you can pluck them from the sky,

two hands meet each other as if to confirm that this world has a life-cycle of its own of which you are not a part but where you are able to enter for only a moment of time while nature and its events does continue and all you are left with is a kind of photo memory of time spent in the bush-veldt.

Cursed

The wind bulge against the sails while the ropes are strung to breaking point as the ship appears out of the naught voices call out ahoy and some do curse, with drawn swords lifted high in the air as forever they fight against the elements.

Out of the darkest darkness late at night an almost ghostly figure comes into sight and the waves rush against the bow of the ship, as if they are angry, with all the anger of a southern storm as if the vessel is propelled by the devil himself it sails on and on.

The moon appears as if it's painted with blood and as it falls on the deck of the ship the crew look like demons and dragons, as if out of the depths hell itself.

The ship cracks and splinters as if it is being crushed by the waves and the sails are torn and twisted by a fierce wind

and out of the darkness voices cry out, in curses to heaven as if they want to wipe out the Lord himself; as their lives are chained from the day that they did challenged God and will forever have no peace.

Cursed [1]

The wind bulge against the sails while the ropes are strung to breaking point as the ship appears out of the naught voices call out ahoy and some do curse, with drawn swords lifted high in the air as forever they fight against the elements.

Out of the darkest darkness late at night an almost ghostly figure comes into sight and the waves rush against the bow of the ship, as if they are angry, with all the anger of a southern storm as if the vessel is propelled by the devil himself it sails on and on.

The moon appears as if it's painted with blood and as it falls on the deck of the ship the crew look like demons and dragons, as if out of the depths hell itself.

The ship cracks and splinters as if it is being crushed by the waves and the sails are torn and twisted by a fierce wind

and out of the darkness voices cry out, in curses to heaven as if they want to wipe out the Lord himself; as their lives are chained from the day that they did challenged God and will forever have no peace.

Dreams do come true

Dreams are like old memories and wishes and longings and expectations all caught in dream time.

Sometimes dreams feel so real and fulfilment comes when you pursue the life that you have dreamt, almost as if you were praying in your sleep, it's like paying it forward out of desires of yesterday.

Dreams can turn into nightmares when your are caught in somebody else's dream as their dreams can bring sorrow and hardship.

Work hard to find your dream that does fit you. Know that dreams do come true with a lot of hope, prayers and perseverance and the longings of the heart.

While you lie next to me,
I do remember that you had been my dream once.
I turn to you and ask
that you do not give up on your dreams,
as life has got a dream that will fit you in.

Eli eli lama sabagtani

In the dim twilight after the darkest day
I stood back and watched as He hanged lifeless on the cross
and I do recall His last words
just before He did draw His last breath of life
it was as if nature itself answered in anguish
and shouted out His pain
in the thunder and lightning
that sliced through the veil of heaven

and when He closed His eyes darkness fell over the earth as if the light itself had died.

I heard a woman cry out and the crowd had become silent almost as if they were frightened to make a sound, a man called out as he fell to his knees: "Surely He was the Son of God."

It was the time for the daily sacrifice, I could hear a priest shout that the veil of the most holy had torn and I wanted to hide although the darkness was pitch black

and my shame, my betrayal,
was more than I could bear
and suffocating it hanged over me
when I realized that I had a part to play
in His despair
and I recall that I heard Him say
just before he passed:
"Father, forgive them
for they do not know what they are doing."

He redeemed the man on his left, forgave his sins and it was as if He was also talking to me.

From the twilight I can still recall His voice as it echoed through the universe and back to me:

"Eli eli lama sabagtani."

Everyone Wants To Belong

Everybody wants to have a home, a place where they do belong, a space to be themselves where the life-masks that they wear can be taken off.

Everybody wants a bed where their bodies can come to rest, where they can go to faraway dreams and wish that dreams become reality, in a haven, a soul's resting place.

Everybody wants to believe that they have a path of righteousness, a road to travel on, a destiny to pursue, to find themselves

but all roads do come to an end, my soul does cry out to be comforted when that hour is near.

Everybody wants a beautiful garden where flowers do always bloom, even I do wish for that kind of tranquillity to stay; and in everything a kind of bliss that overflows, in everything that I do.

Lord, I do pray that You will answer me in all of the prayers that I raise to You everyday. Lord, help my soul to rest.

Everybody wants to belong to somebody that will accept them just as they are in the presence of the Lord.

Green Wheat Fields

I do remember you, the fragrance of your clothes, the distinct smell of the veldt and the odour of your rum and maple tobacco; the only thing that was certain to me was that you were my dad and that I am your child.

Daddy, do you still remember the song that I used to sing to you:
'Do you love me daddy?'
Dad, our lives wasn't easy but you did the best that you could do.

Hardships and sorrows leave a hole as big as the Grand Canyon and sometimes deeper and it takes sunshine away from a child's life and leaves darkness if you let it.

Life had separated us a lot, I missed you more than my heart could hold and at times when I did cry, I thought of the smell rum and maple

but Dad eventually you did always come through and made a home for us. Later in life I had nearly lost you through the decisions that I had made and for this I am sorry.

The best times that I had experienced was on our farm 'Richmond; ' there I could always depend on you, and you showed me that life had better things to offer.

You pointed out clouds and their forms and shapes in the blue sky and beautiful sunsets when you took my hand and we walked through wheat fields that you tested to ascertain if they were ready for harvesting.

At night when we drove home the sun was setting over the Maluti Mountains and it seemed as if the mountains did swallow the sun while darkness was setting and a child found comfort in the sleeve of her dad's sheepskin coat and just before drifting off to dreamland she could still smell the odour of rum and maple tobacco and she knew in her heart that she could hide

from the shadows of real life, and could be save for the night and all the worries of everyday strain could wait for another day.

Today my mind still wanders back to the green wheat fields and memories that we had shared. Dad, the harvest time is almost upon us and you are growing old and I want to tell you that I do really love you, in my heart and in my soul and when we will stand in front of His throne I do want to thank Him for the blessings of having a dad like you but most of all I want to thank Him for green wheat fields and the love that was my share.

I Did Not Even Know Your Name

We were destined to meet and I had loved you before we met as if it was written in the stars long before time had existed but then I did not know your name.

I had lost my way coming back from a wedding and it was late.
You were worried when I got to your house, the gate flung open and anxiously you stood there, you looked so concerned but I could not see your face as it was dark and late.

I tried to explain but could not find the words, you stood so near to me that I smelled you and for the first time in my life I was lost for words.

It was as if I had met you before, my heart stopped a beat and you were talking about poetry and I was trying to understand but was far too tired to comprehend.

We had to part and I did even forget to ask your name and you went to bed with me that night in my head and in my thoughts and I could not get you out of my mind.

I kept recalling your voice, you had captured me, you haunted my nights and lived in my days but still I did not even know your name.

I Do Depend Upon Your Love

I do depend upon your love, Days without your linger as if they are endless.

I do look for you everywhere but you are nowhere to be found. Like a flower I do wilt without your loving waters.

I feel weak without your caressing arms. Hours linger while I listen to hear the phone ringing. Your voice brings joy to my aching heart and I can find a melody in each word when I hang on to your lips as if I can touch them.

My name brings comfort to my soul while your image echoes back to me. I yearn for you and longing I stretch out my hand as if you are right here.

I do miss you more than words can ever say, and only to you my heart does belong.

I have told you many stories

Time with you was always well spent, I have told you many stories we had a special kind of bond

You were my firstborn, we have shared a lot of things and I have told you tales about dwarfs, elves and fairies in the garden and knight slaying dragons and fables of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

Together we travelled with Odysseus on his odyssey and met a lot of mermaids while we travelled with the Vikings on the north sea.

I have told you legacies of pirates and thieves, of Robin Hood who stole from the rich for the benefit of the poor.

We have read through many books, through the fables of the brothers Grimm, Snow White and Cinderella and the tales of Hans Christopher Anderson.

Together we studied Greek mythology and I also do share your love for Egyptology, and there are the new heroes: Superman, Iron-man, Batman and Robin and Spiderman that you do admire and to you they could always save the world

but today I do stand guilty before you my son, as what did I tell you about the greatest hero of them all, that still lives today?

Today I do tell you about Jesus the brave man of Golgotha that carried the cross of the sins of the world for all of us and resurrected He is coming as the King in earth's last days.

I Pledge Allegiance To Your Soul

For far too long I was alone and it was almost the same time as Jacob waited for Rebecca.

Too many nights did I count the days that lingered almost forever while I was waiting.

Anxiously as without end the days did draw on and eventually you came into my dreams.

When I had no hope I had a vision of you and in a dream I wrote a letter to the Lord in which I did describe your every being.

I wanted your eyes to be blue, because I wanted to see the sea in them. I wanted your mouth to be red like a poppy's first blossom in spring. I wanted your hair to be brown like the coat of a ferret and I wanted you be tall to hear your beating heart when you draw me into your arms

but most of all I wanted you to have a good voice and I even asked the Lord for a person that loves Him, as His love would be present in your heart

and when I saw you for the first time, it was as if I knew you from before. I have loved you before I had even met you as I have pledged allegiance to your soul.

I pledge allegiance to your soul [1]

For far too long I was alone and it was almost the same time as Jacob waited for Rebecca.

Too many nights did I count the days that lingered almost forever while I was waiting.

Anxiously as without end the days did draw on and eventually you came into my dreams.

When I had no hope I had a vision of you and in a dream I wrote a letter to the Lord in which I did describe your every being.

I wanted your eyes to be blue, because I wanted to see the sea in them. I wanted your mouth to be red like a poppy's first blossom in spring. I wanted your hair to be brown like the coat of a ferret and I wanted you be tall to hear your beating heart when you draw me into your arms

but most of all I wanted you to have a good voice and I even asked the Lord for a person that loves Him, as His love would be present in your heart

and when I saw you for the first time, it was as if I knew you from before. I have loved you before I had even met you as I have pledged allegiance to your soul.

I wonder what did happen to us

I wonder what happened to our relationship, the friendship we once had; the laughter on your mouth and in your eyes are both gone.

You were so tender in gesture and speech while I was your princess and we talked about anything while the nights were short and in the smallest thing we could find some kind of delight.

In passion hands sometimes did meet; even over a cup of coffee sparks did fly and I now see those hands crossed over you chest.

All that is left of the love we did have are tedious words, broken promises and lies. What have happened to us?

All our words that we did have now feel empty and vain, although pardoning sometimes do cross my mind mistakes are still made while sharp words of disappear are in the air as if dismay are in the emptiness of our lives.

We both do hand out pieces of glass to cut up the place that is even left for romance and like bits of rolled up paper we are tossing each other away

and although all of this keeps happening I still do believe that there is something left, some love and lives to share; while someday we will find a way as hope still does prevail.

In A House That Mourns

In this house where shadows like old age are cast and hidden under a big oak tree life had a different pace in the days gone by; this used to be a joyful place but only the photographs against the wall is a reminder of a better life.

Everything is now tattered and rundown and the woman who was the fairest in the neighbourhood has lost her fight against the aging and like the house she is broken in both body and mind.

Both the lady and the garden gate are hanging: she on a walking frame and the gate is skew on its hinges.

The house was always tidy and clean but now there is dust everywhere, the lady's hands are stiff and there is too much to do, the air inside is almost mouldy as if the sun has shunned this place.

It looks as if this house is part of a fairy tale and you expect this place to come alive as a answer to your thoughts and the door opens and the woman appears as if set up at the door of a cuckoo clock and outside weavers are waiting on their crumbs of the day

Just a dreamer

To me you are more than just a dreamer and your dreams are like messages in a bottle that finds a way to express feelings and hope. These dreams are like wishes in a wishing-well and to others they may seem futile, as time wasted but to you they are like projectiles that flies into the new tomorrow as if you want them to bloom like early spring flowers.

To you dreams are like promises of a better future, an escape from the bareness of yesterday's that are past.

Your dreams are like stars that you are able to see but you do know in your heart that they are impossible to reach unless you make them your goal.

You are my dream and my dreamer and together our dreams are like water that fills up the ocean and without boundaries with a splendour and a vastness of its own

but still we can get lost in dreams and this is the truth about dreams and a dreamer, as sometimes life can be lost within a dream.

Love Is My Destiny

Love does not have any boundaries, it climbs over mountains and wanders into valleys, it seeks out all of the hidden places of the heart; places where only loving words can go.

No poet can ever describes the depths of love. Love treads over green fields wanders under sunny skies, it swims through the seven seas and goes to places where ships do sail and seagulls cry.

Wind carries it back to the shores of your heart, to find a way to be together. Love does not have wings but still it's carried up on the wings of an eagle into the embrace of lovers and haunted hearts.

Love is like a link of a long chain and with no weaknesses it binds the souls that are destined to be lovers from eras in the past.

From the day of creation until eternity love finds lovers that are destined to be.

Mother's pee-pot

Like two veteran soldiers the two freckled faced bared foot farm boys took aim in 1942 with four young eyes looking through the sights of their pellet guns one shouted out the challenge: "Today we will see who the best gunman is."

"What are we aiming for? "
"That shining thing that is reflecting in the distance."

There is silence before both guns go off and the pellets bounce from a metal surface while water splashes everywhere.

Upon nearer investigation the two gunmen want to hide in a place where they will never be found as they had taken shots at mother's pee-pot and it was part of her wedding gift.

They rushed off to town where they did negotiate with the shrewd Jewish shopkeeper and spent all of their savings as he did not want to part with a pee-pot only which was part of a bathroom set.

Mother was very surprised and almost shocked at receiving a whole bathroom set as her pee-pot was almost rusted through.

My Darling

Your eyes do sparkle like the light that shines in the golden bubbles of a good champagne. Your smile is catching almost bewitching, and when your eyes glance at me I am flattered. Your touch excites me and it's almost if your hands do radiate fire. You bring a kind of tenderness and hope and expectations.

Your charm is difficult to withstand and I do delight in your presence, Your whole soul is captured in the fragrance of your aftershave; I do breathe you in and I want to make you mine.

Your embrace shelters me and your words and poems bring great joy to my heart. I want to send up a prayer to thank God for your love and you are my David of Michael Angelo.

Your were my best friend and now you are my life partner. With your noble heart you are my Prince Charming, you are my soul-mate. You have left an impression on my soul and therefore I do declare you to be my darling.

My Desert Rose

Between the sand dunes and the rocky waterless mountains I came to look for the treasure of your heart and in the Namib I will find you, my desert rose

but what I did find was a desolated world, a lonely acacia tree, tiger eyes with stripes that are caught in the sun and the dry wind that blew ferociously against my face,

my eyes caught some hollowed out rocks that was barely standing in the sand, found the morning sun that turned the desert air to purple and the fog that brought moisture to the almost bare land.

This land has got a kaleidoscope of different colours as if the creator did play in a sandbox, this is a world with mirages and also a world of miracles

where the welwitschia mirabilis grows to a giant that flowers in clusters to feed the honey bees. In the shades of the rocks succulents are growing and the flowers of the desert queen looks like a seamless hat and its luscious and rosy pink and difficult to believe that these things can even exist in this kind of desolation.

In moods that vary and completely change this place draws you into its wonders and its huge array of being different as a world that hides its treasures under the sun.

I found a gecko that made its way over the scorching sand and it looked as if it was dancing in the wind. To the people that live here this is home and they are open people like this country and this is a country that is vast, a country with a desert and sea

but I found a different kind of understanding, a different way of looking at our hearts when I held in my hand a fragile dessert rose.

My heart only beats for you

When the worries of life sometimes bring me down and tomorrow does not seem as if it wants to come it's a time that I want to make a little hole into your heart where I can move in, move into a place. where I will not feel any sorrow or pain in the warmth of your heart. I need a place to quiet my mind, where I can find myself again, a place where two hearts can meet and forget about the past. Let me stay with you, until yesterday is nothing but a mere thought; as with me I bring something special: my whole heart as a gift to you.

On the ghostly road

It is the longest route through the Cape Province, it's as very quiet road and almost desolated and sleepy, a boring piece of landscape. At midnight while the moon hangs low as a yellow ball in the sky the night is almost haunting and in the silver glaze it's difficult to see even stars.

In the emptiness the wind howls though the Karoo and on this April evening its very cold and the vastness and the mountain brings a kind of sorrow that lingers in your heart and it awakes emptiness, a longing for some kind of comfort and while I am listening to sad songs on the radio I do feel even more distant from reality.

Later the moon is out of sight and even the headlights seems dull when my imagination brings thoughts to me that this is a place where ghosts may dwell.

The atmosphere is almost compressed between a dream and reality as the car's tires sings a song of loneliness and as if created by the depths of my mind she appears out of thin air.

When I stop and the door opens the coldness of the mountain air accompanies her and she is almost a pale-white and her beautiful raven-black hair falls down like a woven silk gown and in quietness it's as if she is not really present while her image lingers and the road forks with the turnoff to Union Dale, the temperature drops even lower as if winter has climbed into the car.

When I turn the seat is empty and the smell of roses and jasmine still lingers. and I wonder if this was just an image conjured by imagination or was this real?

Predators on the hunt

Stars light up the night sky, through the darkness the full moon shines like a jack-lantern as if it was lit from within and everywhere the night awakes, the predators are prowling, sneaking through the bush to find something to eat.

From the fork of an acacia tree a leopard leaps, stretches out her body like a lazy housecat, prepares herself for the hunt and even from a distance her eyes are glowing amber.

Everywhere bright glowing eyes are watching are waiting anxiously for the feast and some scavengers are near to a carcass of a animal that was killed by a lioness, the competition is fierce a jackal sneaks near, is chased off by a pack of hyenas that are jerking and jagging at the carcass to carry it off as their own.

The overfed lioness roars irritated as she tries to defend the kill, but grows tired and gives up the defence of it.

The moon now shines over the waterhole while most of the nocturnal animals are still awake, the pack of lions are defending their territory while a herd of elephant graze peacefully just as the first signs of dawn colour the horizon

while silhouettes of the antelope are everywhere to be seen and just before sunrise the predators are lazing around, are well-fed and some of them are already sleeping.

Radiant like a bride

(to my husband Gert Strydom)

When the day ends like a lily that closes and darkens like your hand before your eyes, the moon appears as if it's shy like a tortoise out of its shell, and the stars flicker like candles when you draw me near, then the fragrance of gardenia lingers in the air like a great perfume, heavy but soft

and I snuggle against you to find comfort in your arms, where I am received like a flower in springtime, when we become one in both body and thoughts and when the morning breaks like a gift new and exciting and the rays of the sun heat up the corner of the room it's a lazy and cosy feeling and in your arms I feel like a woman touched by her husband, with the fragrance of gardenia still on the sheets and you draw me into your arms to tell me that I am your bride and I want to open like a rose. With the radiance of the morning still around us, I feel pampered like a cat after a saucer of cream.

Scarlet woman

Caught in the act she fears them, hears their voices as they drag her like an animal to the slaughterhouse while her prosecutors pulls her by the hair to the pebbled courtyard where she stumbles and she is naked and she knows that she is guilty while her heart pounds anxiously in her chest, uneasily she grasps for air.

Many times she thought that she came close to be prosecuted but now she knows betrayal and death is all that she thinks about; she tries to hide her nakedness but in vain and she is guilty as charged.

Blood pulse through her veins and she can hear her own heartbeat in her inner-ear; silence causes her to look up and even through the tears that runs down her cheeks she does notice no accusers.

Words written in the sand catch her eye and she struggles to make sense, her long hair is now loose and she tries to cover herself with it.

When the cloak covers her, in bewilderment she looks up and the hand that reach out to pull her up, the voice that talks to her is full of kindness:

"Daughter, where are your accusers? "

His eyes is full of love, compassion and understanding but those eyes look through sin and sinners. In forgiveness he says to her: "Go forth and sin no more."

The Autumn Blanket

When the irises bloom in their colourful array I do always think of you as you do love those flowers and when the swallows gather, preparing themselves to go home on the long journey I do know that autumn has arrived when the wild cosmos bloom I know that even in our autumn years you will always be mine

and like the autumn-blanket
that covers the whole country
and toils with everything
as if it sends out pixies and fairies
to colour all the leaves
everywhere things in life are changing
leaves are scattered and blown along in the wind

and the last roses of the season bloom as if they are dedicated only to you, as if they want to linger in your memory and want to capture the last beauty of summer.

The colourful leaves are like memories that we want to rake together as not to be forgotten in oblivion while we do try to turn back time.

The orchard is full of red-cheeked apples and it's clear that autumn has arrived in all her splendour and I know that we will always be together even when the winter death sets in.

The can-can of the sea

The fresh breeze awakes our senses while we walk hand in hand on the shore and we watch the sea that frolics as it plays, vibrantly dancing the can-can of the wind.

Vibrating like a cabaret dancer her rhythm draws you in, sometimes she lets her fringes show as she lifts her skirt and reveal the rocks in her depths.

Frailly you draw me into your embrace and a kiss, the sea freakishly splatters and splashes us as if she wants to join in.

Gambolling and fooling around is her game plan, as she lifts her green dress higher and higher over the peaks of the rocks.

Spraying and flooding everything around she kicks up her legs in a flirt.

Your mouth finds mine while small waves fabulously break upon the shore and we are soaking wet while the sun sets like an anchor into the depths of the sea.

She dances away with her frills showing onto the reef as if this is her last encore before the curtain falls for the night.

The jewel of the mountain

In the Simonsberg mountains lays a valley that is intricately woven in the colours and shades of the late summer and the beginning of autumn when the leaves have an array of different hues and in the vast distance it looks like a quilted blanket.

This is wine country and in the fertile valley on the vineyards the grapes are ripening and they do look as if they are jewels that is caught in the sun and the colours vary from the darkest red to the golden tones of green.

This valley invites you to stay it speaks to every sense, creates tranquil silences in your mind and you have got a feeling of taking off your shoes to linger and pour a glass of wine, and at a open fire to wait for the sun to set over the hills.

With dusk the entire valley lights up like the fire lilies after the bush fires setting a condensed atmosphere of splendour as if this is the kind of place where even angels could dwell.

In these mountains you can get lost in small areas of paradise where streams and gorges are trapped in rock fortresses

and this is a place with stories of wandering ghosts and here you will find that the wind has voices, that nature had a special kind of splendour.

The Place Where My Heart Belongs

At a white painted house near the foot of the mountain in the Great Marico district my heart belongs where the everyday life comes to a standstill, life has got a different pace

When dawn breaks over the rugged mountains and the light changes to a foggy orange as if life begins anew, everywhere birds are singing melodies, a turtle-dove coos its song of love over the veldt

and everywhere there is a kind of serenity where streams flow and red aloes bloom like small arrows that flame in the sun against the sunny side of the mountain and at this place you can find a kind of calmness that floods your soul as if it's living in your skin.

Even when the evening falls this feeling is still lingering when your eyes catch the sun and the returning ibises fill the sky, a guinea fowl calls out for its mate.

Here darkness has got another side, where you can find a million stars and while they flicker, it's as if they are drawing at your eyes and are inviting you to join the beautiful night.

The days are dazing, almost hypnotic, and they draw you back to times when you were a child when life was full of hardship but I do know that life was sweet, much sweeter than the oranges growing at the back of the house and I know that this is the place where my heart belongs.

The prodigal son

His mind wanders back to the time of leisure when he did live as the wealthy son of a lord, when days were spent lazing around, filled with all the good life had to offer

but he wanted more, more than what a county-boy could long for; he insisted and claimed what he thought was rightfully his,

he ordered a tailor to make the best garments that money could buy, had a goldsmith make goblins fit for a king, he travelled and stayed in the best inns, gambled, squabbled, drank and ate all day long as if he had no worries at all, he associated with the cream of the social inner circle: ambassadors, advisors of the king and the royalty.

Money spent and not earned soon ran out and he had to sell his belongings to sustain this new life but eventually he had nothing left and he asked for help but help did not come, in despair all his glory and wealth was gone and he was left without friends.

As he looked around him tears of sorrow flooded his eyes, he no longer had a place to call home and he was very alone. Heavy laden and burdened with guilt he knew that even a servant at his fathers mansion ate better.

He broke down and cried: "Lord, forgive me for I have sinned."

The journey home was difficult and his shoulders hanged while he walked like a old man, his eyes was turned down and he did not see his father.

He heard a voice, strong arms embraced him and even before looking up his father kissed him on his dirty face and lift him from the ground as he did when he was still a little boy.

He heard his dad's strong voice rejoicing: "My prodigal son has returned,

	he was lost but has been found."	
	Daleen Enslinstrydom	
www.Poer	nHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive	41

The sun

There is nothing more beautiful than an African setting sun. Late afternoons are definitely different than the rest of the day when the sun paints with her brush the most brilliant colours of burnt orange, bright gold and flaming red.

It seems as if she is enjoying herself, she is playing, winking and frolicking as she sets over the peaks of the Maluti Mountains and it's as if the clouds are jealous and they want to hide her brilliant colours

but she dips, are rampant as if she is pulled up and down by a fishing rod but it's only your imagination playing tricks with your mind as she sets and you think that she is alive.

It as if your eyes do not want her to go and you want her to linger, while you create a story for the sun as she paints the last colourful scene for the night and leaves everything in shadows while she enchants the moon.

The Whirlpool Of Life

In the whirlpool that we call life, we forget how to laugh, even how to smile. We distance ourselves from friends and even our families. We work in confined spaces and do not even know how to call a house a home while it is only a dwelling place.

Every year we grow older. and we do not experience any joy. We spent our days inside and do not even know how the sun feels on our skin without realizing that it is already spring.

Lives fall apart, are in disarray, when money and things mean more to people than life and in the months that past we loose our ability to achieve the things that we have dreamt about many years ago and we do even forget that we do have the freedom to be free.

In the weeks that we do loose we do even loose time: time to sit down, time even for a cup of tea but most of all we loose the time to take time for the Lord although continually He is still waiting on us.

In the fast going minutes we have got to stop to reminisce about our lives before the whirlpool draws us down

Time is running out and soon we will be at a lost in the last moments of time while we live in a world in disarray, in a whirlpool full of broken people and sometimes I am also one of them.

Twilight

When twilight falls and shadows stretch like days without end there is a place in the garden where I come to rest

while the sun colours the sky from blue to dove-grey, the day draws to an end and the sun changes to a glistening ball as if its silver enchanted.

Sprinklers spray softly and the last sunlight forms little rainbows over the garden and a cricket has awakened for the night while a frog bellows,

the birds come home to nest, shadows grow as if they have consumed the light and the fragrance of wet soil fills the air,

the smell of roses is distinct, angel wings are wavering on the wind and it's as if God's glory is present but out of sight; as if to Him this place is a delight while I bow my head in recognition of the sheer beauty that I see.

Two ships

We are like two ships, carved out of heaven's wood, made to sail the seas of life together to the glistening shore.

Far from yesterdays sorrows and pain we sail to a peaceful place that they call paradise. We are parallel in everything but still we live our separate lives and are like ships that are blown in the wind.

We do get stormy seas and even at times are lost and are stranded on hostile shores, always looking out for beacons that point out the way.

There is always a lighthouse that guides the way far from piercing rocks and shallow reefs to safer waters, to new horizons where two ships can meet along the way and they are destined to belong together

but there will be a time that we depart and into heaven's gate we will go sailing only one by one till the day we meet again.

Vanity

Vanity is a very bad thing it has the ability to make you think that you are better than ordinary people and it lets you think that you are a god or a prince or a wealthy landlord although you are not

Vanity withholds you from bowing down to others. it stiffens your back, it drives you to think that are the only one who is important that the world revolves around you.

Vanity makes you believe that you are different better than others and that you alone are special, it gives you a big head be careful, your hat may not fit. Vanity is evil; this houseguest of yours takes over your life and you are under its command.

All people are created to be equal whether we are white or black or yellow we are all made to be unique from the blueprint of God. This is the honest truth.

Where the butcher-bird observes everything

Willow tree branches hang low like platted whips from top to bottom, mint-green leaves are everywhere to be seen as they shimmer.

The buds on branches look like green pearls. Wherever the eye can see flowers are blooming and a sweet fragrance fills the air.

An Egyptian goose dives into the water to look for a mouth full to eat, dragonflies hover over the water with sunlight reflecting from their wings, red and yellow weavers swing on willow branches as if they are esteemed acrobats, a fish-eagle calls out just as the yellow-fish announces himself by jumping out of the water to catch a fly.

The butcher-bird sits on the fence and is observing everything like a reigning god, while nothing that happens passes him.

With the coming of spring the earth shouts joyfully with soft sprouts of grass and buds appearing everywhere while the soil smells of rain and glistening droplets are dangling. When life begins its new cycle butterflies are all around and the earth smells of rain.

White Painted Houses

White painted houses are in a row with the cobalt-blue ocean as a background and the colours are changing constantly as the sun lowers itself over the horizon and the water turns to purple-pink.

Colourful are the fishing boats coming into the small harbour and everywhere barefoot children are to be seen.

The catch is being sold while men talk about the events of the day spent on the water

and it's as if a play is unfolding, inviting you to come and sit down as you watch from a distance while the day draws to an end.

A seagull swoops past to scavenge something to eat and in the distance someone drives away a stray dog.

The housewives with their colourful head-clothes are gathering around the boats to buy and to catch the news of the day. A kaleidoscope of people and an array of aromas does fill the night air while everyone is talking simultaneously.

As they part to go home. the evening arrives and the sky becomes dark, lights have to be turned on and the houses are etched of as the day does disappear.

Winds Of Change

I do not like change, change is like stormy winds that blows against the doors of my heart that is throwing doors open, revealing my despair, and it brings out the hiding place of my sorrow and dismay and change does pull out the certainty of my soul, it does blow out the fire that is in my heart and whirling winds do crawl up the spaces of my mind where lost love has never been found.

Change tucks and tucks on the walls that do protect me, change does brake down all of my barriers and leave me unguarded with no space to hide; even in my own mind.

Although these winds sometimes only bring doubt, hope will prevail like a cloud with a silver lining as changes brings some kind of difference, a kind of certainty that everything is not in vain.

Maybe change is not that bad as calmness comes after the worst storm and even broken hearts can heal when love comes like the summer rain.

With Begging Hands

In your hands you clutch a board with a written plea: 'No work, no food and children to feed. May God bless you.'

In my car I cannot even look at you and I hang my head in shame, cast down my eyes and I realise the state that your close are in, they are tattered and torn and you are dirty.

'Madam, do you have a few cents to spare, 'I hear the beggar ask and do not even glance at him when I give him what I have got.

Driving away I am trying to forget the impression that this man had on me and the emptiness and sorrow that his image portrayed but his words had imprisoned me and made me think about my own life.

He asked for only a few cents for bread but man cannot live by bread alone. 'Lord, my thoughts go back to You, to Your teachings and am I also a beggar with stretched out hands? Lord, I do pray for the bread of life, for peace in my heart and I wonder how You do see me on this particular day? Am I also tattered and torn where I stand at Your mercy and I beg: Do not pass me by.'