Poetry Series

Daleen Enslinstrydom

- 90 poems -

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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

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A dwelling place for my heart

Where streams flow,
where the sun rises in the east
far beyond the morning star
where darkness has no place to hide
is where I find you
in the present and now

to start a life with you anew
when the stormy winds have passed
when my world has a new beginning
there where the land meets up with the sea
is where you made your promise to me.

Where the thorny trees rise up,
where the leopard hides in the rocky cliffs
in the bush-veldt of my childhood
is where I want to grow old with you.

I want to find the sun when it awakens from the night
and drink coffee with you,
I want to rediscover life in you
and in your heart
I have found a dwelling place for mine.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

A Female Friend

A good friend makes life easier
when destiny covers you with a dark blanket
and you have got nowhere to hide
she is there with a cup of tea
and a listening ear.

When the shoe of life does not fit anymore
she will be the one suggesting to get rid of it.
In the biggest shopping-mall she will help you find
whatever you do need
and when the scale indicates some gained weight
she will always say: “there is just a little more to love.”

She is the one that leaves messages on your phone
that says that she has prayed for you.
She is a person that helps carry the burdens of life
but does not get involved
and she always points you back to the cross of Christ..

A stone on the roof of the house,
a hello at the front gate,
a knock on the window of your car,
a card just to say: “I am thinking of you, ”
a hug and a kiss on the cheek and a tear
that is mutually shed
and a hand when the washing machine is out of order
and the basin is overflowing
and the dishes want to run away with the spoons
is the kind of friend that she is
and she does all of this because she wants to
and she is the one that understands
as she is a little bit like me.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

A Gypsy Song

On the edge of the forest I saw her for the first time,
with just a glimpse as she lured me
and maybe it was just my imagination
playing tricks with my mind.

Where the ferns grow knee-high
and the wild orchids bloom
I saw her again
but I wondered did I?

Where the leaves felt like a carpet under my feet
I walked deeper into the forest
and I saw her again
but this time she lingered a little bit longer
as she played hide and seek with my mind.

When there is an open spot in the forest
where the sun came to play
a new world opened right in front of my eyes,
flowers bloomed everywhere

and I saw their caravans painted in beautiful colours,
many girls dancing in the sunlight
singing the most breathtaking song
while even the birds did silence themselves
and they were dressed in white tops and flamboyant skirts
with raven black hair hanging in locks over their shoulders.

This scene was so lovely as if the heavens did open
and I witnessed angels singing
but then I saw that girl again
as she came to me with the hope of life in her eyes
and she handed me a bunch of wild orchids,
smiling and her eyes were the colour of jade.

Amazed I closed my eyes for a single moment
and as I opened them everything was gone.
Only the fragrance of wild orchids and a single bangle
on the ground did remain
and I did wondered
if this was just part of my imagination?

Daleen Enslinstrydom

A Jack-Russell called Jack

With brown stripes in his eyes
he peeps at me
as if he does want to say:
“Mom, did you loose some of your love for me?
Why don’t you tickle my tummy anymore? ”

He turns his spotted face towards me.
“Mom, did you loose some of your love for me?
When are you coming back? ”
He turns his body and sings his love song
and when I do return he jumps for joy.

He is a funny guy that only eats on command
and the saucy meatballs seem to be his boss.
He tries to bite them but they always get away.
“Mom, ” will always be his plea:
“Please come and break those stupid things for me.”

Knocking at the door is his waking call in the morning
but when my darling comes to visit,
Jacky will always slip by to mark off his territory,
lovingly jumping onto my lap
while in his eyes he challenges Gert
as if he knows that he is the king of my heart
and he is just a dog
but thinks that he is my child.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

A Jack-Russell called Jack [1]

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Daleen Enslinstrydom

A lonely birthday

It’s never good to be alone
and there is too much time to think.
Nobody should be alone,
especially not a child on a birthday.

These times are supposed to be special
but for too many times she has been overlooked
on these occasions and had been let down,
more than she can remember.

With these thoughts still in her mind
and tears streaming down her face
she turns to the window
and there will be no birthday cake, she realizes.

It’s raining outside
and she presses her face against the window
and in the vapour she writes her name
as an acknowledgement to herself
that she does still exist.

She presses her nose against the cold window surface
and she looks at the streetlights
that sparkles through her tears and the rain
like small diamonds
and she becomes even sadder.

She longs for crépes
sprinkled with cinnamon and fine sugar
and a warm hug
smelling of roses and spring
but on this day none of such things will be hers
and there is no gift
and her father is at work.

The house is empty,
as if emptiness is living along with her
and it is quite chilly
like a coal-stove without any thing to burn
and the voiceless night is her companion

while the only thing that she can hear
is the trickling raindrops
and the voices of the past
are all now silent
and she wishes that even the bad times
could have remained

and while the clock in the hallway
cuts through the silence of the night
it beats out her heartbeat like a drum,
while the rain keeps falling

like tears of loneliness

and today she is a discarded child,
a lonesome soul
and in life there is no bigger punishment
than abandonment,
as everybody deserves to be special,
even if it’s only for a day.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

A mother’s work is never done

In the basin the old wrinkled hands are quiet for a while
and her head is bowed in reverence
while a tear runs down her face
and if you should ask about it
she would say:

“mothers sometimes do cry
when they speak to the Lord
about their children and grandchildren.”

Although she is in her winter years
she does remember all of her summers
and the joyful time spent with her family.

She stops knitting
and her eyes wander off to the garden
without seeing a single thing
and a tear runs down her face
and if you would ask about it
she would only say:
“it’s the morning sun.”

She turns her eyes to the photographs on the wall
and intimately she knows every face.
When she does open her Bible
she bows her head in recognition
and thanks the Lord that she is a mother and grandmother
and her room seems somewhat small at times
and the retirement village cold and lonely.

With her children’s arms around her
she cries openly
and it’s evident that she is glad to see them.

Although all of her children are grown up
she still does carry them in her heart
as a mother’s work is never done
and she will carry them up to the Lord
until her dying day.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

A Mother’s Work Is Never Done [1]

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Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

A Winter Memory

It is heartbreaking when life seems to be unfair and unjust
and the privileges of having it all are reserved for only a few.
It's difficult when emotions and experiences
are caught into one thought
and being poor leaves stains on the floors of your heart
and like glue it sticks and cannot be removed.

as like mismatched clothes on a winter's day
when you have no uniform to keep you warm
and these memories are imbedded into your mind forever
where they tease and mock you and make you small.

Bleeding, cracked knuckles on a winter's day
with no gloves to keep the cold out
and a fight against hardening your heart
makes it difficult to cope at school

but at home everything was different
and there we were all treated the same.
A clean scrubbed kitchen
and a bowl of soup warmed the heart
and the hands
and the nastiness of the day
was soon forgotten
and of love there was plenty to go around
like fresh baked bread and jam

but in the heart of a child
the realties, hardships and understanding
of the cruelty of life
was difficult to comprehend

but love made wearing worn-out clothes easier
as mother did always say:
"that the value of a person is not in their clothes
but in whom they are in the sight of God."

Daleen Enslinstrydom

After A Drenching Rainy Night

the light is crisp and bright
and the air is fresh and washed clean,
the sky is more radiant and bluer
than the bluest blue
and it’s my favourite colour almost cobalt-blue
and it invites you to start the day
with songs of praise
and the verbenas that cover the ground
are the colour of the morning sun
and flowers welcome you
as they shiver and dance
in the light breeze
that plays and frolics with the autumn leaves
and everywhere geraniums bloom in pots
with glistening raindrops on their leaves
while the sun breaks through the clouds
with expectations of a new day
and shakes of its nightly garment
as it sings a song of praise to the Lord with its rays
and a turtle dove coos a love song to its mate
near to the gazanias that grow in an old bathtub
against the back wall
and the garden calls you
to come and plant some bulbs in its soil
that will be flowering in spring
and this beauty is the last reminder of summer
just before winter sets in.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Cold Water and Warm Love

Have I told you that I do love you
from the depths of my soul,
that are deeper that the deepest ocean.

Darling I want you to know it,
I want to share my life with you
while the days are still young
and while we have got so much
to learn from each other.

I want you to know that my life is filled
and more meaningful since you
became a part of it.

The days are too short while they do hurry
to become a new tomorrow
and time spent with you
flies with the wings of an eagle.

I want to tell you that you are my new horizon
and in you I do find a delight in every new dawn.
You colour my mornings as the rays
of a new breaking day.

I have chosen a life-path with you
and you have altered my course
when you gave me a reason for living
and even if I have got to live
on cold water and dry bread
I will know that your love will carry me through.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Cursed [1]

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while the ropes are strung to breaking point
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Daleen Enslinstrydom

Did they know who He was?

When the soldiers grabbed Your hands,
feet and body with brutal force
and pinned You down upon the cross
and stained their hands and clothes with Your blood
that gusted out of Your wounds
did they know with whom they were dealing
and that Your death would carry the hope of the world?

When the soldiers drove the rusted nails through Your hands
bones and sinews split and splintered
and Your blood drained through Your veins,
did they then pause a moment to think what they were doing
and who You really were
and did they realise that You are the only God?

When the soldiers picked up the cross
with Your body hanging lifeless,
did they then consider what they were doing
by killing the King of Kings
and did they know that You would be exalted
over heaven and earth
and that your death would be a victory
for every living thing?

When the soldiers stood back
and one of them pushed a spear into Your side
darkness fell upon the afternoon
and the earth trembled in rebellion
to the work of men
while the very Creator did die

and in the veil of darkness
a soldier removed his helmet,
knelt down in acknowledgement
to the God whose blood stained his uniform
and in that moment he knew that his own soul was free.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Difficult To Fall Asleep

Why does the night feel so much longer
when it’s difficult to fall asleep
and the thoughts and the things that bother you
are caught up in your reality
as if the devil himself is poking you with a fork
towards a corner of your mind
where you do not want to go
and to the things that you would rather want to forget.

Why do things look so much different
in the night time when you are half asleep
and then you are tired
but it’s difficult to close your eyes?

No matter what you do
sleep does not come
and everything seems to be in vain.

It is at this time
that your imagination has got the better of you
and the flowerpot in the corner
becomes the ghost that haunts you
and an intruder climbs out of the cupboard
that was left open.

Sweat stains the sheets
and the bathroom seems to be far,
very far away
and as if getting up to use the loo
will be the end of you.

The blankets feel so heavy
that they make it hard to breath
and it would be better
if you could only hide away
from the tricks of your imagination.

As the clock ticks on far past midnight
the house that you normally live in
becomes a dwelling place
for all kinds of terrible things
that is far beyond reality
and still I do wonder
why does the night feel so much longer
when it’s difficult to sleep.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Dreams

Dreams are like yesterday
and in the night they had all faded away
while all that remain is heartache and pain
and it’s like winds that blow back
the sand of yesterday
but still through it all
my love for you is strong
like a rope that bind us together.

If I could hold onto my dreams
I would have planned my life around them
but dreams belong to yesterday
and yesterday is gone
and all that remain is heartache and pain.

I Look within myself and are stripped
from pretences and everything that matters.
What I see breaks my heart
as there is only emptiness
and its winter in me and winter outside
and I wonder about the coming spring
as now my dreams are but tears
and flowers and blossoms
do come after the rain
and to me yesterday is but a dream
and I cling unto the hope
that tomorrow may bring a new time of spring.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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."

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Every Good Thing Comes To An End

As for every thing in life,
all good things comes to an end
and even the most exquisite flower withers,
ice do become water again
and to each and everything there is an end:
a day to be born and a day to die.

Even the most beautiful sunny days
become the darkest nights,
there is a cycle to each and every thing
and the most beautiful spring
]becomes a scorching summer,
draws into autumn that leaves the trees bare,
as do words that crushes the soul
become the winter of a lifetime
wherefrom no seed will grow
after the frost of life has taken its toll
as every thing has a shelf-life,
an expiry date
and even a name and your song in my mind.

When life dries up like water wells in the desert
no nourishment is to be found,
it distances you from grasping arms
and leaves the soul bare,
it opens up your heart
with salted wounds
that burn into the flesh of reality
until only death is left
as love can also die at a time.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Fishing

The sunbeams reflect on the water
where we spent the day at Nigel dam,
where you and Hannes prepare the fishing rods
and struggle to drive the pegs into the rocky soil.

From under the shade of the gazebo
I do notice a fish jumping out of the water
and a circle widens around it
on the surface of the dam.

There is a slight wind blowing,
pink flamingos are feeding in the shallow water
and some Egyptian geese are swimming around
while a blue-purple coloured dragonfly hovers
over the surface of the water,
a frog bellows in the reeds
and the sound of grasshoppers jumping in the long grass
crackles like a burning fire
and the bright sun turns the water surface
in to a glittering mirror
and here and there it reflects the overhead clouds.

When Hannes casts his line in
laughter breaks out
as he barely misses a man
on a passing water-scooter
who swerves away
and almost falls into the dam.

Both you and Hannes
reel out beautiful carps
weighing over three kilograms
and release them again
after photographs are taken.

In that tranquilly we linger
until the sun sets in golden tones over the dam
and the ducks fly off to their nests
and the three of us are a happy family.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Florence Nightingale of the kitchen

In the kitchen at Meals on wheels
she is like the lady with the lamp,
she dishes out food with love
in a hundred and ten small bowls
that is set in a row.

Food is made with care,
her hair is tightly tied in a bun,
and her hands have never stopped working
in all of twenty years.

All the food is neatly packed
and are send of in different cars
and her heart goes
with each and every dish.

All of them have got
faces and names and a story attached
and this lady does not only give food,
she gives with her whole heart.

At every single house she waits for a moment,
chats about every day things,
and sympathies with loses
and she even sheds a tear here and there.

The kitchen is her hospital
from where she dishes out
food, compassion and love
and she gives more than herself
and is our own Florence Nightingale of the kitchen.

[A tribute to Mrs. Cathy Visser of Springs Meals on wheels.]

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Garage Sale Treasures

To a lot of people
one person’s death is another ones gain,
when things are inherited or given away.
There are so many things to choose from
when you walk through the doors
of a second-hand store
and look though the treasures
displayed at a garage sale.

You will be astonished and amazed
by what people put out on sale,
or sometimes just toss away.

Boxes and heaps full of things with no purpose,
clothes outgrown
or simply things that people
do not want anymore,
things with old histories,
books left unread on shelves,
boxes full of 45-reckords,
patchwork quilts made by old hands,
a bedroom suite with a dressing-table,
an old lamp to light the way,
an antique Victorian chair and a mirror,
outgrown and tossed out toys
and all things possible and more,
a working computer left on the lawn
and lots of music cd’s just left in a box
and all the things that people have collected
but grew tired of
are on sale or are just for the taking
and you will find what you are looking for
as a treasure that will awaken your heart.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

God painted the world

When the sun stains the horizon
and the day breaks through
it brings hope and expectation,
an explosion of colours
as God himself pick up the paintbrush
and colours the world
with the most radiant colours
of greens and gold,
a dash of blue and indigo
and most of all the colour red
explodes in your sight
and everything entangled
in Joseph's technicolor coat.

All the colours fit perfectly
as they are displayed
on a frog and a toad,
on all the birds and animals
and on beetles and butterflies
from the bush to the sea

and all of the green leaves in different tones
and they are all perfect in His sight
and while a part of the world is still sleeping
a vision is displaying itself
as the other part awakes to a wonderful world,
to see God daily in action in all of His glory

and every season His work is powerfully displayed
and morning breaks with crimson colours
that are captured is the prism of the sun,
that radiates in the dawning light
and to every day it gives a powerful existence.

God is not restricted by boundaries, places,
things or even time
and in the wonders that He daily do
He paints the world in love
that every eye can behold.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Going home just to see how freedom looks like

On his face you can see that he is getting old,
and he is almost seventy years.
Punctually he is on his post
sweeping my yard with his homemade broom
and with hardened hands he works long hours
in old clothes that has seen better days
and he changes into better clothes
before he goes home on his bicycle.

In the twelve years that he has worked for me
I have seen him in deep thoughts many times
and when I ask him about it
he always says that he is speaking with his heart.

His mind goes back to his beloved Kwazulu-Natal,
to the mountains and the grass veldt of his youth
and to the innocence of a barefoot child
looking after his father’s herd of cattle.

Most of all he misses his family
and tears well up in his eyes
when he talks about the veldt
and the freedom of being a child.

He misses his mother’s maize porridge
from a black cast iron pot
and the meat roasted on an open fire,
the stories told around the fire by the elders
and the singing and dancing of the ladies
with their skirts wiggling
and the laughter
that rings out as if you can hear it forever
and the stars that shines like diamonds in the sky
that is spread all over like a giant glistening blanket
and the moon that reflects on the water of the river
as if it’s taking a bath
and the wild animals that were everywhere
when people were free

but today he lives in a room with his wife
in a suburb of Springs
but sometimes when he has saved enough money
he goes back home to see
how freedom still looks like.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

His creative power

It seems as if the Creator Himself turned over the mountains
in the Meiringspoort gorges,
as if He had assembled cubes upon each other
with their sharp needles pointing towards heaven.

These mountains are a sight to behold
and there are no words to describe
the beauty, power and majesty that they possess
and I would love to have a house right there
to experience and behold
the wonderful works of God
where proteas bloom against the cliff walls
and vygies and fynbos are everywhere to be seen.

A life among these hills has a pace of its own
where the morning sun colours the hills
and the fog covers the mountaintops,
where succulents hide in the rock cracks
as if they are playing hide and seek with the wind.

This is the place where the sun lives,
where roads snake through valleys and peaks
and right there I want to claim a piece of land for myself
to loose my body and soul to the Creator of it all
and right there God is exalted above all other things
in His majesty and grandeur
where it seems that the mountaintops
reach right up to heaven
and angel voices can be heard
in the songs of the wind.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

I pledge allegiance to your soul [1]

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Daleen Enslinstrydom

I Went Out To Pick Roses

When the morning sun sparkled
on the dew on the grass in the garden
I went out to pick roses
before the dew evaporated in the sun.

I picked roses just for you
and they were lovely in all of their splendour
(as roses should be)
as a token of my true love, as a promise and a gift.

When the morning sun coloured the horizon
I made a decision
to tell you how much you mean to me;
I came to you with arms full of roses,
with sweet promises that would linger through the day

and when the morning sun glides over your naked body
your image is imprinted into my soul
and we are aware of the lingering fragrance of roses.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Legacy

His body is old
and his hands are wrinkled and full of calluses.
He walks a little bit slower these days
and his eyes are old and tired,
while in his hair he wears the grey
that tells the tale of his years

but still those hands are capable
and will always find something to do.
His garden is his domain
and is his legacy for his descendants.

In the shade against the wall he sits
and I draw comparisons
between him and his watering can,
that is at places rusted through
and the old wheelbarrow
whereof the working days
cannot be counted.

The spade and the fork
as his working companions
has been in his hands for many years.
From his hands tirelessly
the garden has become a showcase

and every flowerbed and vegetable patch
has been nurtured, watered and weeded
and each tree, shrub, flower and seed
came from his hands

and when tired he observes his handiwork
there is gladness in his soul
as he is rewarded by
vegetables and every blooming flower
and sometimes he wipes away a tear
when he is reminded that forever he will be a farmer
and the garden is his legacy.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Life sets its own pace

Happiness sometimes unravels just a little bit
as in life laughter and tears seems to be caught up as one,
a lifetime seems to be quicker than dreamtime
with answers found and answers lost
as life sets its own uncertain pace
like the energy of the wind
and the outcome is uncalculated.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Little Peanut Papaw

"I not peanut papaw, " she said,
sitting on the garden chair as if she is already grown up
despite the fact that she is only two years old.

She likes to argue with everyone and everything.
Jacky our Jack-Russell is teasing her.
"Do not bite me, " she says in an angry voice
while she brings a rosebud to her nose
that she has just broken off.

She turns her head and says:
"it smells pretty, mommy."
In her pink playsuit she looks like a little nymph
and when she laughs the table shakes.

"I not peanut papaw, " she says
as she rings the edge of the rosebud
with her finger and says:
"Mommy, it bites me."

In that moment she lets the rosebud slip to the ground.
Carla our other Jack-Russell wants to nibble at it.
"Leave it alone, Carla. It's still pretty.
Do not eat my flower peanut paw-paw, "
she shouts and her golden eyes sparkle.

"Mommy, Carla peanut papaw, " she says.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Look At Me Through The Father's Eyes

Where she stands at the corner of the street
I can hear him talking to her.
With eyes that are turned down
she answers him in the best way that she knows.

"Sir, do not look at me through your eyes,
as your eyes look harshly and see in me
all of my iniquities. Rather look at me
through the Father's eyes and maybe
you will see me as I am."

"I am broken and your eyes
look at me harshly and does brake down
all of my barriers and everything that I am.
It takes a lot of me just to stand here.
It destroys my securities and leaves me
with a torn soul, it makes me small
and it shames my heart to stand begging
and it fills me with despair
and sometimes leaves my soul bare."

"Do not look at me through your eyes
but look at me through my Father's eyes
and maybe, just maybe I will see some grace
in your glance."

With some tears in my eyes
I look at them as they speak.
Her voice lingers in my heart.
How do I look at people?
Do I see them for who they really are?
They are all precious in God's sight.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Love Do Demand More From You

When we met you told me
something that I had never known before:
“My love for you
will demand everything
and more from you,
that you need to trust your heart to me,
without holding anything back.”

Love will demand endearment
and a understanding that goes far beyond the mind;
that goes to knowledge of another person’s heart

but love also does demand responsibility from you
and unity although people sometimes feel so separated
in the way that they think about things
and it’s in that time that you have got to believe
that love will heal all broken hearts.

Love does take time
and sometimes goes above and further
than human possibilities.

My love will demand
that you have got to understand my heart
and have compassion
when I do fail you
without holding my failures against me.

Love will sometimes break your heart
and leave you in misery
but love will never leave you
if you do prevail
and it will fill the emptiness
and longings of your heart.

My darling, love does need physical touch
and without it love will certainly perish.
Love does ask for much more than just friendship
and it has got to have everything
and demands all that you are.

My darling, love demands more
and it brings fulfilment and hope.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

My dearest mother

If I could give a heavenly bouquet to you
with roses on long stems dripping with heavenly dew
it would never be enough to compensate for your love.
Your love is a treasure chest full of caring,
and it sparkles like the star
that always indicates the right way.

Your love did improve things
and your presence makes a difference,
your smile brightens the darkest night,
and you do always astound me with your hope and trust
and in your eyes every dark cloud has a silver lining.

Forever your love will live on in me
as I will always carry you in my heart.
You taught me wisdom
and how to protect others.

Your love has carried me through growing-pains and heartaches.
You are the glue that binds our family together.
Mother, even if I could win the whole world
and bring it to you to compensate
it will still be impossible
as you have taught us to serve
and to give love to others
and this is why today I think of you
as a person that cares more about others.

I saw Jesus in your eyes
and for this reason I can also serve him
and today I bring thankfulness
to you as a heavenly bouquet
with long stemmed red roses that drip with heavenly dew.

I know that you have not been perfect
But to me you are the best mother
and I mean each and every word.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

My Soul Cries With You

When your eyes overflow with tears
and you do question everything to why and what
I realise that you want to turn around,
that you want to break free
and that you want to free yourself from me.

To break free may sometimes mean freedom
but sometimes it means entanglement
in reproaching walls that want to keep you in
and you are bound by promises to stay.

When your eyes overflow with tears,
when life has lost its meaning
and everything seems to be lost;
I want to hold you hold you close to my heart
and I want to ensure you
that tomorrow will be a better day.

With every dawn new hope arises,
although tears are streaming down your face
and although everything seems to be in vain
I do share your feelings,
my eyes do see your pain
and my soul cries with you
because I do love you so.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Nobody Knows What Tomorrow May Hold

Darling, come and lay down with me
for a little longer
just before the dawn colours the horizon
and come and whisper sweet nothings in my ear.

Darling, come and lay down with me
and tell me that I am the one that you adore,
the one that you have lost your heart to
and all of your days.

Darling, come and lay down with me,
I have waited a life-time for someone like you,
to awaken my senses and sensibility
and you are the one.

Darling, come and lay down with me,
as the night turns to day
and the new morning takes away
the pain of yesterday
and love makes it only a memory.

Darling, come and lay down with me,
that I can tell you how much I do love you
and my love is more than yesterday
and that is why I give you myself today
as neither of us know what tomorrow may hold.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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?

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Peach blossoms of the heart

When love breaks through like soft spring rain
and softens the twigs of the heart
and the love-tree buds into opening blossoms
it’s like two hands that find each other,
like the intimacy of a flower and a bee
almost saprophytic
as the blossom opens up
to invite the bee for pollination

it’s a feeling that is light and also heavy
from expectations
like the morning that throws off
the dark blanket of the night
in the awakening dawn
when everything is reborn
and the light brings new hope
in the fertilization when time stands still
in the moment between the flower and the bee

and when the blossoms start to fall
like confetti in the wind
it sometimes leaves the soul bare,
when some moments are tearful
but are also a delight

just before the leaves appear
and the first fruit show
while love grows silently
and become much greater
than was expected

and fruit hangs heavy on the tree
in the time of rest
before they become red cheeked peaches
on the tree of the heart.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Roses for forgiveness

When the sun’s rays peep into my room
my eyes catch the roses that you have left on my pillow.
There is a red rose for every tear that I have shed,
a white one to heal my broken heart,
a yellow one just to say that you are sorry,
and a purple rose just because I like it.

There are roses for every emotion
and even for the ones that I do hide.
Mistakes are made
but saying sorry may makeup
for the things that are said.

With every rosebud on my pillow
I know that you do care
and I do forgive you
although my heart is still aching
and only time does heal the wounds.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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."

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Shells

Since my first memories I had a thing for shells,
you can call it a fascination.
I had never seen the sea
but I knew about shells.

My grandmother had a figurine made from mussel shells
I loved the pearly-blue shimmers on its inside.
There was a small bowl of shells
in the dark bathroom
but in candlelight
those shells glistened
as if caught in a moonbeam
and I wanted them all for myself.

I was in my teens when I first saw the sea
with shells rushing out of the waves
and I love those small things
more than words can say.

Everybody knew of my captivation with sea shells
and friends and family would bring me back some shells
on returning from their holidays at the sea side.

Today my house is filled with bowls full of shells
and to me they are precious.
The best ones are those that you pick up yourself
and they are a wonder
of God’s infinite array of splendour
and reflects the vastness of His diversity.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Symphony of the thunderstorm

When the clouds gather in the sky
and their thrusting brings about lightning
that lights up the heaven
in a electrical display
that delights the senses
but also simultaneously gives you a fright
as the roaring the thunder dances

and it is as if heaven itself is opening up
for a concert
where the universe is invited
and the drums are loud
and echo through the silence of the night
and roars into a crescendo
that is much like Beethoven’s symphony number five

and the display ends with the howling wind
and rain in thousands of little drums beats
on the roof of the house
while the roaring thunder fades away
in the distance
as the flashes of lightning is dimmed
and only the softness of the rain remains
to transform the night into something beautiful.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The broken temple

With the Sabbath almost upon us
as the sun is setting in the west
we had just laid Him down in the tomb.

This was the worst day of my life
and I was only a spectator of the horrors of this day
but a few days ago we were all a group of disciples
that was serving Him.

We walked together, talked together, ate together
and we were a family
that even competed to who will be the greatest
in His coming kingdom.

We witnessed His wonders and miracles
and to us He was the centre of our world.
We never doubted His authority,
His karma was contagious,
people came from far and wide
to listen to His messages
and it was as if His voice was carried
by the wind.

He healed people and demons were cast out
but now He is dead
and the soldier's spear is stained with His blood
and his robes are distributed
among the roman soldiers.

His body is torn, he was whipped,
and His blood dripped on the cobbled stones of Jerusalem
and how could a mere mortal endure such pain
without uttering a word?

The sun is setting with the Sabbath upon us
but His words do remain:
"This temple will be rebuilt in three days."

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The broken temple [1]

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Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The grey ibis

With a loud cry that cuts
right through the silence of suburban life
an ibis flies into my sight
and lands gracefully on the front lawn.

For a while it stands there
like a glazed statue on its long legs
and looks like a elegant dancer
when it bows forward
with its long neck and pecks into the soil
where it looks for something to eat
and tries to find a snail or an earthworm.

It waddles off with its oval shaped body
and almost disappears into the flower bed
where I only notice it
as it flies up into the sun
to land upon the roof of our house.

In that moment this bird has a metamorphosis
and with the sun behind it,
it is almost as if it is illuminated
and it shines like the inside of a seashell
and the pearly colours
transforms this bird
that looked somewhat grey
into a kaleidoscope of colours
and it has a pearly pink on its breast,
and the whole bird shimmers
with the golden tones of bronze
and the wingtips has a kind of indigo blue
changing to crimson as the sun reflects on it
and it’s as if the radiance of the sun
is captured in this bird

and this image takes me back
to small hands turning a mussel shell
in wonder at the colours hidden within
as God does sometimes hide
an amazing kind of glory
to the unobservant eye.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The Guardian Of The Backyard

When you see me you will not mind me
as I seem only small
and with my golden eyes
I do watch you and wag my tail
when you stroke upon my stomach
but be careful
as I have got a nasty bite.

I am the guardian of the backyard
where I hide underneath a wheelbarrow
that is overgrown with gardenias.

On the carpet in front of the door
the word welcome is spelled out
and on a board the names
of my owners are engraved.

When my bowl overflows
my tail wags by itself
and all the dogs in the neighbourhood
do envy me.

My master does laugh out loudly
when he plays with a ball with me
and I do hide the ball
when I grow tired of fetching it.

In the afternoons when they do lay down for a nap
I am on my post and do continually bark
to frighten off any intruders
but sometimes I do lie down under the wheelbarrow
just to slumber for a while.

People say that I am small
but they do not know how sharp my teeth are
and any intruders must beware
as I am the guardian of the backyard
but my madam calls me her lapdog.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The Hands Of A Farmer

I have known those hands all of my life
and many times I have looked at those hands,
at big rough hands that worked the fields
and calluses in their palms tell a own story
and the fingers are big
and when they grab they hold on.

Those are very strong hands
but they are gentle when they touch the family.
Those hands sowed the wheat
and harvested the sheaves,
those hands planted maize
and brought home the first ripe corn.

Those hands brought life,
helped the cow that struggled during birth,
those hands carried the lambs
to a place of shelter from the cold,
those hands shot the lynx
to keep the farm animals safe
and during the day they guarded against the falcons
that tried to snatch up the chickens.

Those hands cultivated the soil
and planted vegetables for the whole family,
those hands only killed the sheep
when it was really necessary
and only took what was really needed.

Those hands carried our dog Shela
to the grave that was dug with them
and held her until she died.

Those hands took mine
to teach me how to pray
and they are the hands
that holds my mother’s hands until today
and those hands never left the hands of God
in whose hands their strength lies.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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

The Song On The Wind

I have always loved to have a picnic.
and laying down on the short grass
with my hands behind my head,
looking at the clouds
my thoughts wonder off
as I am caught up on a melody
that is brought to me on the wings of the wind.

The song brings memories and nostalgia
and feelings of déjá vu
and its sounds so familiar
with the memory lingering in my mind
but I cannot recall the words
and this is like a piece of puzzle
that does not fit and it boggles my mind.

When the music stops I am frustrated
and in protest I want to turn off my head
but how do you do that kind of thing?
The tune that came on the wings of the wind
is stuck in my head

but when the memory comes back
it is sweet and the words do make sense
and with the words and the tune lingering in my mind
I open my eyes to see the cloudy skies
and I still do hear the song on the wings of the wind.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

To Hanrie

When God created you deep within me
He left His spirit in you,
His love overflows in your heart
like the rays of the sun.

From the day of your birth
He placed your feet
on His path of righteousness
where you do follow Him.

He filled your heart with joy and songs,
He took the best that creation have got
and made you perfect in His sight,
with His own hands
He formed you deep within my womb.

Out of ivory He made your skeleton,
from my flesh He created you as a piece of me,
with the sparkles of the stars within your eyes,
He gathered pearls for your smile
and coloured your eyes with amber.

With the pits of pomegranates He stained your lips
and wove gold into your crown
and peach blossoms to colour your cheeks
but most of all
He left a yearning in your heart
to be His own.

You are His angel that he gave to me as a treasure.
You are my best friend, my confidant,
my darling daughter.
You are His creation,
but He gave you to be mine.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

What does it avail me?

What does it avail me
when I win the world
but loose myself?

When I am everything to other people
but what about myself?
To give and receive love
is also part of my destiny.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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.'

Daleen Enslinstrydom

You are my summer sun

When the winter cold
creeps out like a old memory
without warning
the days get colder
and the chill gets into your bones
as if it wants to live within.

I think of you
and I long for the summer
and the sunny summer days
when the winter coat
hangs over the heavens
and the sky is grey
and even the sun is dimmed.

I reach for a blanket to warm my heart
and I do miss you more
and long for the summer
and the sunny summer days.

When the frost spreads over the backyard
like a comforter over a bed
my hands reach out to touch you
but in vain
and your space next to me is empty
and I long for the summer
and the sunny summer days.

In the winter mornings I do miss you even more
as you are my sunny summer days.
Without you its winter in my heart
and all that I am left with
is winter memories.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Your butterfly kisses from your strawberry lips

Soft very soft
I find your mouth
and it tastes like strawberries
when your lips touch mine
like the soft wings of a butterfly
and the moment is a time of bliss

and when your arms embrace me
I become vulnerable
and when you do daily tell me
that you love me
I long for your butterfly kisses and strawberry lips.

I want to lie down gently next to you
and I want to give my life, myself
and my all to you
until the very last sunrise of our lives

and when you hold me close to you,
it brings my senses to life
and my heart sings a song of joy
while millions of butterflies
flutter everywhere

and when you do give yourself over to me
I know that I am free
from all my past pain and inhibitions
and I am free as fluttering butterfly
while your kisses cover my body
with strawberry lips.

Daleen Enslinstrydom