Poetry Series

Daleen Enslinstrydom

- 226 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 bouquet of flowers for my sister

Today I want to give you a bouquet of flowers
just to say how special you are and that I do care.
White roses to give you peace,
yellow roses for friendship
and lots of red roses for love
and I bind them all in a bow
made of hope and the will to live.

Born only eleven moths apart
we were more like twins than sisters.
You were my sister with long plaited hair
and brown freckled spots in your soulful eyes
and how I envied you and wanted to be
so much like you.

You were granny's princess
and I felt like Cinderella before the ball.
How easy and effortless you made new friends
and was adored by everyone
everywhere that you went.

You were like honey and I more like the bee
but truth be told
you were fragile and sick
and sometimes so alone.

As a child I could not understand
why you did not play outside
and even on the sunniest days you were inside.

In the heart of a child I felt left out,
I wanted you to be my friend and my sister
more than anything.

The wheel of life kept on turning
and we were forced to live apart
and how cruel can it be
when children are separated by divorce.

Today, I want to say
that I really wanted to know you better
and I wish that I had the answers
and knew how to fix things that went wrong.

If I could turn back time
I would have liked to know you better.
In my heart you are more than just my sister,
you are my friend
and time does heal most wounds.
and sorrow has brought us closer

and this bouquet of loving flowers

are just for you.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

A Dew Fresh Morning

Dew droplets still hang from the blossoming rosebushes,
blush with colour,
while the birds sing in there cheerfulness songs
and the wind is playful as it picks up leaves
to scatter them butterfly-like everywhere,
cursorily a turtle-dove land
to feed on the thrown out bread-crumbs,
calmness is in the air and life is beautiful
and when the sun colours the horizon
the sweet-peas shine like jewels.
It is a lovely day,
and I so wish that you could see it
as I do miss you so!
I miss you smell
of soil after the rain
in the early mornings next to me
and most of all I miss your kisses
like the droplets on blushing rose petals.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

A disposition towards Him

When God did create you,
He did build in potential,
a disposition towards Him,
a search for inner peace,
a kind of rest that you can only find in Him

to resist every struggle
and to find that which is beautiful on each day,
to turn your face away from yesterday,
to leave behind hatred and reproach,
and as a child on your knees
to talk out your heart with Him

till you can once more hear the songs of the birds
and in the silent hour of the day
find peace again.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

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 Granny without an apron

Her door is always open
and everybody is welcome
for a chat or a cup of tea,
there is splendour in her appearance
and her hair is always pinned up in a tidy bun.

She is one of those
from a gone-by era
and on her Victorian lounge suite
she will serve you tea
in her Royal-Albert tea set.

In her company
you are always in good conversation
and she is keen to listen
to everybody's story.

She is proud to show you
the pictures on the wall,
to introduce you to every one of them
and it's almost unbelievable
to realize that she is ninety-six years old.

In her day she was quite an actress
and had a few parts to play
on the local stage
and her heritage will live on
long after she is gone.

The fragrance that surrounds her
is profound and she smells
like spring and lavender
and around her neck
there is always a colourful scarf.

She always acts somewhat mischievous
and her eyes sparkle
and her laughter is contagious.

She is a friend to many people
and like a tin of sardines
there is always space for one more.

Her house does not have a garden
and around her waist
there is no apron
as she a grandma
that takes care of the hearts.

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 haunting night

It was during the witching hour
and ominous the moon did gleam and shimmer
through the skeleton of a eucalyptus tree
and with the tree’s bark stripped away
it was transformed into a creature of the night

and the fog did form rings around the full moon
and it seemed as if the reflection of the moon
was thinly dressed where it was dancing
on the surface of the dam
and the wind howled
around the corners of the old house
and dilapidated barn
with the sound of a crying woman

and shutters were knocking
against the windows
as if the wind wanted to come in
and as if the night could not get gloomier
an owl cried out
and in the distance a dog echoed its call.

The birds that were sleeping in the tree
was startled and flew up in great fright
and suddenly it was colder
with a expectation that something
sinister was about to happen.

The moon hanged much lower
as if it wanted to be a spectator
and as if on demand she did appear
as if out of the nought
and was dressed in a white wedding robe
up to her bare feet

and her blonde hair did flutter
like a flag in the wind
and she seemed innocent and frail
and she sat down
on one of the steps of the porch
with a red rose in her hands
as if she was expecting someone.

When the sun did break though
the early morning fog
it was as if all of this
was just a dream
but for the footprints on the sand
and red rose petals
blowing in the wind.

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 living icon

Will our country be able to withstand the lost
when our icon dies?
Shall we be able to overcome the lost
when death sets in?

Shall our country fall to chaos
and our lives be in disarray,
our shall we deny
the things that is happening?

Shall our economy be strong enough
and I wonder if there shall be work for everyone
and shall the price of fuel keep on rising
and will the man on the street
be able to pay for his food?

Shall we loose all our hope
or shall we just deny it?
Shall corruption escalate
and the cruelty of man increase
when hope is gone?

Shall innocent lives be lost?
Shall we all pay the price,
when the reality of it all sinks in?

Will our country be able
to withstand the death of a icon
and will we rise like a phoenix out of the ashes
and live with the hope of freedom?

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 New Tomorrow

In the dew-fresh morning
the sun rises over the broken yesterdays
to bring a new tomorrow,

like the new life that you brought
when you entered my life
with love and flowers.

You transformed my house
into a tranquil place
where we both had to learn
to live again
and together
we had to make a house a home.

The garden is something special,
a place where a weary soul can find tranquillity
and the iron board decoration
tells the longing of our lives:
"here we rust in peace"
like the tin buckets full of flowers
that has found a place in the sun
we did also find a place of rest.

You brought your heart with every new plant
that you offered to me
but initially you were driving me mad
but each and every plant found a place
in the garden and in buckets and pots
in the backyard.

Roses, lavender, succulents, geraniums,
gazanias, daisies, margrets, jasmine, daylilies
and all kinds of other flowers
started to decorate the garden
and even the back wall

and this morning when I did wake up at dawn
the garden called me
and with the weavers, sparrows and turtle-doves
I came to greet your handiwork

and my heart found a dwelling place
in my own bit of paradise
and with the sun reflecting on the tins
every little flowerpot oozed vibrant colour
into the new morning

and I want to thank you my love.

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 Puppet

His eyes look far over the plains,
far over the veldt,
far over the mountaintops,
far past yesterday and yesterday's things
and far past the borders of the farm.

His ears hear the songs of the birds,
hear the gushing wind
through the eucalyptus-bush of his heart,
his ears hear the sounds of yesterday
and he hears the song of his heart,
he hears his own sobs
while his tears pour down,

His hands search for the curves of her body,
his hands want to feel her
where she lies next to him at night,
his hands want to fold around her face
and pull her close
but his hands stay empty
just like his heart.

His mouth and lips yearn
for the nectar of her berry-red mouth,
his mouth form her name
on the voice of the wind
and his mouth draws in the pain
that her going away has left in him

but his whole existence stays waiting,
waits on her to return
(maybe on a day)
as without her his life is without real joy
and he has just become another puppet.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

A rainbow over the plains of Africa

There is a silence
after each storm,
as a recognition
to the One that was and is.

Just before the sun appears
its almost as if the earth in thankfulness
for a moment stops breathing
in respect to the Creator

and at this time
the earth smells wet
and the buds of every flower are heavy,
almost respectful
and then the drops of rain hang like dew
on the leaves of the trees that are green with foliage

and when the wind
chase the clouds over the bright horizon
a rainbow appears where the clouds had been
and the birds start to twitter and sing loudly
in praise to the Lord
and tranquillity comes to my soul
when the providence of God astonishes me.

His omnipotence
goes much further than the thoughts of man
and His rain falls over the entire world,
over each plant and flower
and along with nature
my heart also sings a song of praise to His honour
when once again
I see the rainbow with all of its colours

when the springbuck lambs jump with joy
while a giraffe appears
through the thorny trees
and does bow low
before the omnipotence of God
while it drinks water from the newly formed pools
and then the plain rejoices with new life
while the green offspring of new grass envelops its head

and a guinea fowl hen scuttles
to keep her chickens together
as food is abundant
when the window of heaven
opens above each one of us
under the colours of the rainbow
and the African sun.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

A silent prayer

How deep is the deepest sea,
how far is the east from the west,
when everything feels as empty and dry,
as a river without rain
when everything you believed in
does not matter anymore?

How high is God removed,
how high from my broken soul?
Lord, I did wander far away
and how low must I bow before I break,
when all I have is yesterday
and every tomorrow is miles away,
when I do not even know myself
and all of my trust is shattered to the core.

Lord who am I,
how many times
must I turn another cheek
and betray myself?

How will I be able to pick up the pieces of my life?
Unworthy I come to kneel at Your throne.
I am unclean and with brokenness.
I am miserable and in need of help.
Lord, do not sent my away.
Lord, this child off yours is so weary.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

A small angel with a bucket full of stones

Mentally and physical disabled
were the words
that the doctor used to describe him

but to us he was no different
than the other children
and he was even more determined
to show us what he was capable of

and while we were extending our house
early one morning before the sun was barely up
he appointed a job to himself
when he was barely three years old.

His face was red and dirty
and although he walked very difficult
and almost skew like a sea-crab
he had to proof himself
to the world and to everybody else
and he carried the gravel
from the gate to the backyard
in a bucket in his tiny little hands.

To him the pieces of gravel were
like lost pearls
and he never dropped a single stone
and he smiled from ear to ear
as he emptied his small bucket
next to the load of his brother’s wheelbarrow
and they were
his precious gravel diamonds.

He was constant like an ant
and he only stopped that day
when he peaked into the backdoor
for a glass of water
and although he could not speak
he indicated his thirst
with his hand upon his throat.

He could not wait to start working again
after lunch
and walked to and thro until sunset
and when finally he put his bucket down,
he threw his arms into the air
and his eyes did lit up
and he laughed so loudly
that he could be heard for a mile
as he showed that his work was done.

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 True Love Story

You are my love story
and when the world collapses around me
I want to get lost in your arms
like in the pages of a book
and I want to be your heroine,
want to explore
all of the scenarios of our own book
and I want to live through the prologue
right up to the end.

In the chapters of my body
I want to tell you the story of true love
as through you all of my fantasies become reality.

My love, together we will determine
the contents of the book
and only with each other
our story will end happily.

My darling, you will be the author and hero
and I will be the heroine
in our one intriguing story
while the end is still to be written
and love is like having popcorn-moments:

where we must first go through the fire
before our story can really qualify
as a real love

as there need to be a little romance,
some tragedy,
lots of happy moments,
some misfortune,
times of prosperity,
at times a bit of unhappiness
to appreciate times of joy
and some misunderstandings to know each other better
and a lot of passion
to find beautiful moments
and lots of making-up, my love,
to determine the outcome
of this blockbuster a love story.

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

Against The Winter And The Storms Of Life

Soon and much too soon the winter came
with all its coldness and with it,
it took all the warmth of summer
and it broke through all the temperatures
of the night
and only left the zero temperatures behind
and froze the water on the pond
and signs of frost are everywhere to be seen.

While the seasonal flowers are fading
the icy wind blows against the windows
and it makes me sad
and it’s as if the cold had moved
into every space in time

and in your arms I find comfort
although the house is blistering cold
and even when you breathe
vapour appears in the air
and the blankets can barely keep the heat in

and my mind wanders off
to the people that have to live outside
with no shelter against the chill of winter
and I cannot help but to wipe off a tear
as walls cannot even kept the cold out this year

and when I lie closer to you
I want to hide in you,
I want to find comfort
for my body, mind and soul
against the winter and the storms of life.

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

Am I my brother’s keeper?

“Am I my brother’s keeper? ”
Cain did asked the Lord,
in a answer of what God had asked him
and I wonder am I?

Am I my brother’s keeper?
when in words and deeds
we loose the people close to us.

Without conscience and a thought
of how we have treated the ones that are close to us
we disregard them
and willingly forget
as they have no space in our lives

and in conversations and our mannerisms
we do not even acknowledge that they do exist
without even realizing that there are broken souls
of hurting people around us

we carry on in our careless lives
with insensitivity
and greet the ones around us
without a concern about their well-being
and how they really are.

In wordlessness we do turn away,
we are surprised when life takes its toll
and people hang between heaven and earth
without a graph on anything to hold on,
not a way to carry on with life in their minds
and then we do not really know them
or how to help in times of desperation
when to them there is no new tomorrow.

“Do we need to care, Lord? ”

I ask again: “Am I my brother’s keeper?
Lord, am I? ”

Daleen Enslinstrydom

An angel between trees

Baobab, you are an African icon
with your wide trunk and your branch-arms
that reaches high into the heavens,
as if you want to grasp onto Gods mercy.

Your skin is similar to the skin of a lizard,
your wrinkles is like crevices
on your old body
witnessing to the fact
that you have lived a long time.

Between thorn-tree's you are comfortable
in the hillocks surrounded by aloes.
You stand as a reminder of the splendour of nature,
unshakable with roots anchored in deep soil,
drinking water from the earth's belly,
to feed many others later on

and when the thunder and lightning
meet in the sky above you,
you stand like all of us in awe to God's wonders
when the rain falls on the grateful earth.

While the antelope roam between the rocky cliffs
and the guinea-fowl finds shelter at your feet,
you stand highly exalted above the escarpment,
as if send by God as an angel to guard over His kingdom.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

An angel brought us home

Its mid December,
the sun is high up in the sky
and it’s a beautiful day,
a few clouds are accumulating
and its two days before Christmas
and everybody is busy
cleaning their dwellings.

The local workers are decorating their houses
with cow dung and are scratching patterns onto the walls
and are colouring them with clay
and to the traditional ladies
this is a fierce competition

and for that reason old Anna
sends little Malita to collect some clay
and I go along
with her to the cliffs down at the river

and playfully we walk in the dried up river bed,
unaware that a storm is brewing
and the rain and the hail fall in a torrent
and we hurry to get out of the riverbed
when we see a wall of water rushing towards us,
rumbling and crushing everything in its way.

There are tree trunks and torn off plants
in that great stream of water
and we are cornered
on a dry ledge against a cliff
when the tree right next to us
falls over and breaks and crushing
and our hearts drop with it

and in our minds we are
already drowning
as neither of us can swim
and on that small rock ledge
we kneel down to pray
that God will send an angel
to protect us
and it feels like hours
before the rain stops.

The fallen tree
makes a bridge right across the river
and trembling we crossed over
to the other side
and at the farmstead
everybody is expecting the worst

and when we are save

everybody wants to know
who the man was
that had brought us home
and although we did never see him
we know that God had sent an angel
to guard over us.

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

Arabic Nights [1]

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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

At a time I was a big oak tree

At a time I was a big oak tree
and people flocked like birds to nest in me
and my branches did shelter them.

I did cast long shadows,
rising high above the escarpment
and in the cool wind
I spoke to the Lord.

but the storms of life
blew through me like a hurricane
and ripped and tore at my branches
and left me scarred.

Through it all my faith did prevail
and from within I did sprout again
and in a way I could find comfort
but the winds kept on blowing,

did strip my lovely leaves away,
uprooted me,
snapped to the core.

All that was left of me
was an unseemly heap of branches.
My beautiful facade
ended up in nothing.

The questions why and for what reason
did appear in big syllables
when the angel of death passed over me for the last time.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Being infatuated with love

Being infatuated with love
many battles have been won and lost
from Adam who had lost paradise
due to his love for Eve
and king David who had nearly lost his kingdom
for his adornment of Bathsheba
and in all the stories and fables
that has got to do with love
there is always a price to pay

as was the case with the poor Samson
who had lost his hair, sight and strength
for being intrigued with the lovely Delilah
and Napoleon would have conquered the world

for his Josephine
and Romeo and Juliet died in each other's arms
when they broke the family vendetta.

A thousand ships did sail
for the beautiful Helena
and love does take control over lives
and the great Anthony did fall
for the love of Cleopatra

and there is the story of the love of Barrack
and Angelique
that did shock the whole of France.

Love does have a part to play
in all the intricate scenes of life
and it's something that is both wonderful
and mighty to behold.

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

Bluebells dance in the wind

Bluebells dance in the wind
and it is almost as if you can hear them ringing
with a sound that only the angels do hear.

Begonias with there bright colours
hang over the balcony with red dripping out of them,
numerous beautiful hues are mixed and pretty red poppies
golden yellow and burned orange daisies, hazy-blue flax
is on display
and like Cinderella’s dress
the garden is transformed into a paradise every day.

Fuchsias cascade from hanging pots
like ballerinas they swing taking part in the dance
and white as stars the gardenias bloom,
roses are everywhere in al the nuances under the sun.

Tranquil water cascade into the fishpond
where the bees are buzzing
and window boxes filed with basil, bay, borage,
chervil, rosemary, tarragon and parsley
complete the perfection in an own kind of harmony.

Red gazanias greet you as you enter,
fragrant sweet air caresses you
when you go into Cinderella’s fairytale dream world
and it’s a place where a weary soul may find a little rest
among the flowers and the bees.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Bread and Meat For Breakfast

With small beady eyes you are watching me
and do appear with your round body
where you are sitting on your hind legs
and are rubbing your hands together
while you are thinking out your plan.

Your bucket ears are upright
and sneaky like a thief
you move with speed and skill
and flatten your body
when enter the kitchen
from beneath the back door.

You are a devious little monster
and in fright I scream
and nearly trample you
but quick like lightning
you find a refuge under the refrigerator
and I wonder what you want to eat
at my expense.

When I get up early
to prepare sandwiches the next morning
to my horror I find
that you have borrowed
yourself right into the bread
and got stuck in there
with only your tail waving merrily

with a scream the bread flies through the air
and into the backyard
and that is the end of you
when Carla the Jack Russell get hold of you
and enjoys bread and meat for breakfast.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Broken Clay Vessels

When your heart leaks
of sadness like a broken clay vessel
and words of people just leave potsherds
and everything that you did believe
and thought that you are,
are broken to a shattered nothing
and everything that people make you
become potsherds to other people

and your value is measured
in earthly possessions
and your are declared useless as a human being
and the flaws do become lasting
and everything that completes you is lost to you
and through this you do even doubt your faith
and the reason for your existence
and allow others to reduce you to nothing
while you drown in their harsh words

then you become an empty vessel
that has lost its brilliance
and then you are shattered
while you loose your esteem
in the eyes of others
and at times it feels as if everybody has abandoned you,
even as if God has forsaken you.

Remember that God does see through everything
and He does remain the hope.
He will not break the bended reed
and will not extinguish the smouldering wick.

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

Casanova

You have got an old world charm
like Clarke Gable
and have got a beautiful voice like Frank Sinatra.
You have got the walk of John Travolta
and piercing blue eyes like Terence Hill
and you own the room like a 007.

Double o seven could have been your middle name
as you are smooth, accurate and to the point.
Your well toned body is stressed in Armani and Visage
and you are a Don Juan
and every lady in the room
is aware of you.

You are on the hunt
and you have got a mindset,
an animal instinct
in everything that you do,
in the way that you walk
as you are always prowling
for the next victim.

Your desires are written out
in everything that you do.
With your sensual mouth
and smouldering eyes
you are like a gun that is loaded
and your language
comes from the dictionary
while your aftershave is overwhelming
in its presence
and you pour out pure testosterone
and every hair is combed back
and in its place
while your act like a gentleman

with something that are always hidden
but still you're intriguing and discerning
and are always seeking for attention
while you do laugh out loud
and act as the man of the hour

while you are only interested in human pleasure
and are egocentric to the core
and with no strings attached
this is only a game to play
and to you this is an old game
that is being played
between a man and a woman
and ladies be aware.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Chocolates

Obsession is not a word
to describe my fascination with chocolates.

Milk chocolates that melt in you mouth
up to the deep dark nectar of the gods
have caught me with their intricate taste
and I am addicted
to chocolates in all forms and fashions
as long as they are real Belgian
or from Switzerland.

Confectioners are my Achilles heel
where specialised chlorates in all kinds of forms
are to be bought

and I do love sugared orange pieces
in dark chocolate,
ginger and strawberries
dipped in milk-chocolate,

all kinds of fudges and nuts
wrapped in brown fuzzy blankets
that melts in your mouth

and confectionary chocolates
with fillings that will satisfy even the gods,

chocolate roses and chocolate drinks,
chocolate logs and chocolates
and chocolates

are the things to which I am addicted
and they drive me crazy
and I have got to stop writing now
as I have got to have one.

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

Crépe yearnings

When the sky is grey and wet
and clouds hang low
the cups of the white Iceberg-roses
are wet and heavy
almost like my heart

and I listen to the drops
splattering in the bucket
under the gutter
like small fountains

and I sit on the edge of the bed
as I did when I was small,
looking through the drop stained window
at a swarm of weavers feeding on the lawn.

The smell of the wet earth
comes and nests in my nostrils
and brings a yearning
for crépes with cinnamon
and takes me back
to my childhood days

and I can almost hear dad's voice,
almost experience the crackling and flickering
of the hardwood-fire
and I miss mom most of all
and her perfume of the fragrance of roses
mixed with the smell of rain
but most of all I miss her prescience.

Just before melancholy takes over
I get up to bake a few crépes
and sprinkle them
with lots of sugar and cinnamon
and while the rain dances on the roof
it brings a silence to my heart
and when the aroma
of freshly baked crépes fills the house
the yearning is stilled for a while.

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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Daleen Enslinstrydom

Dandelions

In the meadow I see them swaying in the wind
like yellow patches of sunshine
throughout the green field
and with their golden crowns bowing
they are beautiful in their simplicity.

There are hundreds of them
and to other people they may be weeds
but I look at them and I do adore them
and they bring a softness and joy into my heart,
the colour of warmth and the summer sun.

I pick bunches of dandelions
and weave them into a crown
and wear them as I look up into the sky.

The clouds are gathering
for the first spring rain
and I look at the dandelions
as they sway in the wind

and I know that winter is gone
and that summer has come
and when the rain starts to fall
both I and the dandelions are drenched
while we are dancing with joy.

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

Difficult to understand

When the sorrows of this world
is sprayed like graffiti on the walls of your heart
and it screams out in silence
to every passer by

and I wonder do you really understand
what it means when somebody
violates a woman in anger,
takes a life
and aguish is cried out in hidden tears
and growing old means
not being able to take care of yourself
and the daily struggle of life
only means more difficulty
for those who are in despair

and how do we really sympathise with cancer
or do we understand a crippling
or life threatening disease
and do we cope when the reaper
is at our own door
and we loose the things
that really matters to us
and our world is out of loop

and natural disasters occur everywhere
and people without jobs, homes and cars
are at the norm of the day,
when loved ones are lost
in wars against enemies
and guns are put in the hands of mere children

and life is like a play that plays off in your head
and people loose their sanity
and a child cries for a lost parent
and far too many children are in foster care
and mothers sell their bodies and souls
to put bread on the table
and all of these things and events
are without any comprehension.

This world's time is running out
and more and more people are utterly desperate,
are committing suicide
and I wonder if there is really a difference
between black and white
as our yearnings are the same
and when we are cut open we do bleed
or are we turning away our faces to the inside
and are giving everything a blind eye
as living in the outer world does hurt
and will anybody really understand?

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Dorothy Just Wanted To Learn

She wasn’t stupid,
just a little bit behind
as they did move a lot.

She had asked for a Croxley school book
to practice the maths
that she battled with

but her mother only had money
for cigarettes and a occasional bread
but she was determined to make a plan.

At the next school the lie slipped out
that her school books had been handed in
at the previous school
as she did need paper desperately.

The inside of the Surf box was too
dull to write on with her pencil
and difficult to read.

At home she tore out the blank paper
from the government issued school books,
folded them in half and used a knitting needle
to make holes for a piece of wool
from mother’s knitting bag
to hold her new book together.

She held her homemade book to her heart
and it was her secret and precious to her
as mother would be furious
and would tell the teacher
and now she had an opportunity
to practise the maths
that she battled with.

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

Entanglement

In everything in time and space,
events and the things that do matter
are entangled in a time machine,
are waiting on an uncertain tomorrow.

If you want to turn back the clock of time
you will find that it is impossible
and everything is already written
in the history book of time
as all events are already written in stone
and everything had circumstances
that was leading to it
and consequences that followed it

as a never ending spiral
and everything was entangled
in a moment in space and time
and sometime it’s the reason why
we do not understand.

I have walked upon the line of time
and have heard the rhythms of the drums,
and have experienced the equations
that flow into a new tomorrow

and I have heard predictions,
have seen setting suns
but new days
are still entangled
in the last hours of yesterday
and every tomorrow
has a part of today

as there are no boundaries to love
and you are a part of my lifetime.

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

Female Spider

Her web gleams like the spokes of a bicycle,
she weaves her own pattern out of her soul
as a decagon that she keeps rolling out,
out of her inner silver shiny pivot
and in the wind lightly the wires tremble
until a insect of moth struggle therein
and she destroys it with her deadly jaws.

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

Forgiving and Forgetting

Do each one of us
walk the paths of remembering
that leads to the hideaway place of yesterday?
Do we still seek the pain
to mourn about it,
as if answers can be found
in the passages of where we are lost?

Do we continually dig up
the old heaps of pain
to once again hold a funeral
over our destiny?

Each time that we do turn back
to lives already liven
we close ourselves
to what we now do have have.

I wonder if today would have been better
if I could stop living
in yesterday's resting places?

We set our memories out like old photographs
to look at them again
to analyze them, to think about them,
through the magnifying glasses of today
and we do dissect events that have already happened.

Let us try and live in the present
of each and every day
to see what the sunshine
of trying again
can do to a broken soul
and let us try and forget
all of the losses that life brings.

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

God’s Handiwork

Hazy white like a bride’s veil
clouds hang against the icy-blue sky
and emerald green the willow tree stands out

Between the green mass of leaves
a dove coos and a cuckoo calls for its mate
while everywhere butterflies and dragonflies fly around.

On the mirror of the water the sun and clouds reflect
and on the creasing wild geese
and plovers swim around.

On the big leaves of the lilies frogs sit and wait,
everywhere bright yellow flowers abounds in the grassy veldt,
between the cliffs rock rabbits sneak around
and at dusk the leopard comes to have a drink.

The rocky cliffs look as if they are bleeding colour
in yellow, orange and red,
life is abundant while the veldt overflows
and when the wind rustles through the grass,
a weaver’s nest rocks rhythmically.

Aromatic fragrances of flowers
and grass mix in the nose,
low over the water a fish-eagle calls
and as a mere human being I am astounded
while I watch God’s handiwork.

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

Goodbye To My Friend

(a tribute to Wanda Britt)

(How do you say goodbye to someone
who was part of your soul?)

To me you were more than a friend,
you were my sister,
born separate as two
but in many ways and things
we were similar.

Through our broken lives
we did meet each other
but in brokenness
we did find the Lord.

Sometimes you did overwhelm me
with your personality,
your sheer spontaneity.

We shared more than our closet,
we did literally walk millions of miles
in each other's shoes.

Like sisters we sometimes did fight
and never had to say that we are sorry,
we knew that the other one was.

You did never give up on me,
even when I gave up on God.
When my life tumbled down
it was your hands and your heart
and your prayers
that did lie me down
at the feet of Jesus.

We have been friends for years
and did carry burdens
like sacks of salt
but we did know
that God in His wisdom
will always melt it away.

I will always treasure your memories,
your beautiful soul,
the things that you did say and do
and I will miss you the most on Facebook
and the words of wisdom and comfort
that you did say.

Like me you always had your game-face on
and God was the only one

who did really know you.

The angels had carried your tears
and your prayers up to Him.

Wanda, remember our promise
to meet at the feet of Jesus
when the circle of life is completed
on the day when He comes.
but until then do rest in peace.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Grandmother’s gallery

You will always find her on the porch
with her grey head bended,
her glasses shifted just right
and with her embroidery on her lap.

With love she did embroid every stitch
and figured out every pattern
that she could find
and all her work was fit
for a royal palace.

Candlewick and cross-stitch
and ribbon embroidery
was done by her,
intricately she did wove
stitches into beautiful pieces of art
of her own gallery

and she did use pure cotton and silk
made lacy borders and frills
and her art works were
almost far too beautiful to behold
and on every couch and bed
in the house there was
scattered cushions
but no one dared to touch them.

Lilies and roses, girls with umbrellas
and boys on bicycles, Victorian ladies,
birds of all kinds was stitched in needlepoint
and in grandmother’s gallery for her descendants
all of her work was masterpieces

but her hands are resting now.

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

Growing Up

The sun was barely up in mornings
and we were already up and living.
Every moment was precious.
Growing up fifty years ago
was so much easier than today.

There was no pressure
and life was still fun.
We had time to play
and getting up to mischief.

Neither the cold
nor the scorching sun
could keep us indoors.

We did pinch the neighbour’s fruit
although our trees were hanging full,
just for the excitement of it.

Once a month they played a cowboy movie
at the school hall
and for days after that
we would play cowboys and crooks
and climb into the trees
and swim in the muddy dam
and play clay-stick.

The house was a place
that we did only visited at meals.
Our inner thighs were raw
from riding horses and donkeys bareback.

Feeding the orphan lambs
and going to the field with grandpa
to pick walnuts
so that grandma could make pies
were some of the highlights of our days.

In summer we would roam the hillocks
for treasured wild-fruit
and the soles of our feet was hard
from continuously walking barefoot
as shoes were only to be worn
to school and church

but we had our chores that had to be done
and we knew the consequences that would follow
if we did not follow through.

At night we listened to the radio
and we associated with the characters.
In some way I think that we were a little wild

and the general store was something
that we would visit once a month
and we would be taken there
on the back of our pickup truck
as a jolly joyride.

When the provisions were bought
we were very happy
to get a hand full of Wilson toffees
and small things had great value to us.

Today I wonder if my grandchildren
would have survived growing up like us?
I do think that we would not fit in,
growing up like kids do today.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Growing up [1]

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Daleen Enslinstrydom

Hand In Hand

Hand in hand we walk in starlight
living in the dreams that we do create
with the promises of the silver moon
where we catch the secrets of the night
in word accords of old love songs
that leaves a melody in my hart
which echoes from your lips,

bringing with it a longing for things past
and then we philosophise
on the tomorrow that is still to come
and the injustices of life
while we hope for a better day
where dreams do still come true
beyond the rising horizon
and my head finds its resting place in your arms.

Then I see a different side of you
when you do show a little more vulnerability
and my love grows deeper
when your soul lays bear in front of me.

We do reflect on the past,
reminisce on a better new year
and then I do want to believe you
when you tell me that love
will make our dreams come true
and that the sun will shine
brighter on every new tomorrow

and when you take my hand into yours
where it belongs,
the day cannot wait but the future still can
while we walk into the morning,
into the yellow sun
that is now much brighter
than the moons of any yesterday.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Happiness is a new tomorrow

Happiness is a moment in time,
a memory to go back to in stormy times,
it’s something to pursue,
to continually seek for.

Happiness is like the eyes of a new mother
looking at the innocence of a new-born baby.
It’s like the laughter of a baby that fills the house
in all of its empty places
and it mends broken hearts
and redeem the fallen soul.

Love and joy brings back
the songs of the birds.
In every waking hour
life becomes special
and it’s like the spring
and a beautiful rosebud
that opens in the sun

and when you are happy
your days seem not to be so long.
It’s like a child swinging free
with her hair in the wind.

Love and happiness
is but a moment in time,
like water falling through your hands,
it’s the hope of tomorrow,
the brightness of today
and a moment to go back to
when you are old and frail

and it puts a smile back on your face,
it opens the heart and let love come in
and true happiness comes from the Lord.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Happy birthday to the best mom in the world

Mom, on this day I want to dedicate a pledge to you.
In the years that I have known you,
your eyes showed love without any boundaries
and you had an understanding
in all of the things that I have done.

You have never judged
and never grew tired
of the endless stories that we had to tell.

You are a constant reminder of the woman
That I do admire and that I want to be
and there is something special
in the way that you do experience life

as if every day is a new blossom,
a gift of hope
and a evolution of the person
that you want me to be.

I do embrace all the things that you are.
Your philosophy and ideals
of the Bible is precious to me
and we both made a promise
to meet each other at the Advent.

You are to me a reincarnation
of all positive energies
and a devotee to all that is good
and a guru in whose footsteps
I try to follow
and you are the most precious gem to me.

You are our guiding light
and long after your journey has ended
we will still be reminded
of your light that shines in our hearts
but most of all you are a mother to me
and a very dear friend
and I do love you with all of my heart.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Have you

Did you lay early in the morning on the dewed grass
just to see the drops clinging like honey-dew
to a spider’s web?

Have you buried your nose in a rose bud
to preserve the smell in your heart,
when the smell reminds you about someone very special
who trusts you in love?

Have you smelled oats ready to be harvested,
how couch-grass smells after been cut by a sickle
and have you held the blue flowers in your hand?

Have you lost your heart in the bush-veldt
when the earth smells of the sun and heat
and life leaves deep tracks in your heart,
when you find yourself in the kingdom of thorn trees
and try to remember it later.

Have you lost your heart in a gardenia
or did go and greet a marigold
when its small head turns to the sun.
It’s where I find myself
in my calling to silence
in the hour where I meet the Lord;
it is what I want to retain.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

He is the owner of a farm

He walks into the pub
in his best suit with his fedora on his head
and with a loud voice very politely
greets everybody and takes his place
on a bar stool.

He is almost comical and small
but with a drink in his hand
he becomes as tall as a giant
and with his hand in the air
he toasts his good fortune
and draws attention to himself

and soon he has got a following
and curious they listen to his joyful story
as he brags about the dozen cows
that he had bought at the action today

and that he had just received
payment for last year's maize harvest
and has just bought tractors and farming implements
for his farm that is just over the hill.

He rolls up his sleeves
and boast about the corn cups
as large as the distance
from his hand to his elbow

and his pumpkins was the largest in the country
and he has just won first prize for their size
and he tells everybody about his mansion on the hill
and brags about his racing horses,
his sheep in the field,
about his champion Brahman bull
that he hires out on stud

and he talks about the hill
and the river and waterfall
on his property

but in life he has only got one great problem
and would have shown everybody everything
but his wife is the most terrible and terrifying
person that have ever existed
and she runs the farm with an iron hand
and that is why he is finding some comfort
right there in the tavern.

On the way home he makes sure
that no one is noticing him
and in the darkness
he finds his way back

to the house that he rents
from the mine

and he takes off his suit and fedora
and dresses in his overalls
before he makes his way to the bed
where his wife is sleeping
and he thinks to himself
that he was a great farmer today,
even though it only was in the bar.

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

How Different The World Would Be

if we could only know
what tomorrow holds
and if we could measure the next tomorrow.

Early in the morning
when the sun appears
we want to question life
and we want to put life into us.

Let us delve deeper into today,
work harder on the miracle of life
that God gives to us.

Let us complain less, trust and hope more
as change starts with each one of us.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

How Long Before I Loose It All?

Like the waves memories
of you roll back to me.

I have written your name
on the sands of my mind
and like the rushing waves
my tears wash it all away.

How long will I be able
to keep your memory alive?

In words I have tried to capture
your soul, your being
but I have totally failed all of the time

and like a hourglass
your time is running out

and like the wind blowing back in my face
it’s only the sorrow that remains
although I do not want to forget you

as you have left a mark on my soul
and in my dreams I call out your name,

I look for you in many faces all around me
but many years have gone by
and only memories remain

and I wonder if that is all that is left of us:
dreams and loneliness

but I still do write your name
on the sands of my mind
and the waves of sorrow still washes it away

and I wonder how long will it be
before I loose it all?

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 Do Hate My Job

and I have seen so much sorrow
in these past few years
and when I get out of my car
in front of a rundown house
my heart wants to break.

The yard is bare
and two children are playing in the dirt.
Their hair is a mess
and their clothes are dirty
and they make a sorrowful picture
with their running noses and big eyes
and they look up and I am noticed by them

and with a sleeve one of them
rubs off his nose and sniffs
while the other child just stares
and a underfed dog
runs between me and the children
and barks fiercely.

From the porch a woman looks up at me
and seems heavy laden, grief struck
with her dull hair hanging loose over her shoulders
and there is a bewildered look in her eyes
and with a hoarse voice she asks
if she can help me
and a cigarette looks
as if it’s mounted to her mouth.

“Madam, I am from the debt collecting agency”
I say and try to be polite
and it’s as if I am the grim reaper
and she walks up to her children
and pick them up,
leaving the dangling gate open
and just walks away.

Her very thin body looks broken
when she turns back to me
and it’s as if she is talking to the universe.

“My husband committed suicide yesterday.
The bank is busy foreclosing on this house
and the car has been repossessed
and I am left with only them”
she says and points at the children.

“Our lives did fall apart
a few years ago
and my husband had been jobless
for many years.

Take whatever you want
and leave us in peace.”

Daleen Enslinstrydom

I Do Love You

How does the time fly by, my love,
and days are replaced by each other
and months fade away
like darkness in the light of the sun

and years pass almost
like a single breath
and I am amazed and astonished
that a year has already gone by
since we were married

and during this time
you did open my eyes
to the wonders of love

and you did spread the rainbow open
over the days
and coloured my nights.

With words and softness
you opened my life to better things
and you intrigued me with
the depths of your soul

and through your eyes
I saw the sparkle of the sun
on the dew in the mornings
and to you I bloom
like the Karoo
after the seasonal rain
and I saw paradise through your eyes.

May the years that follow
be a continuum of the past
and may our road ahead be smooth
and our journey be pleasant
and our love always does meet us halfway
until we will see our saviour
coming from heavenly places
and until then I do love you.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

I had travelled

I had travelled the waters of the oceans,
I had seen many a starting sun,
I had climbed the highest mountains
and walked a thousand miles,
I had seen the faces of people
and smiled and laughed and cried.

I soured with eagles
high above the plains,
savannah swamps and desert lands,
I had met all kinds of horrors
and saw blossoms on millions of trees,
had faith, had experienced all kinds of wars
and saw how people died
and I had held a newborn baby
with innocence in his eyes.

I saw the pain of anger
naming the senses and broken heart
and I had lived through the anguish of loss
that breaks any heart.

I had experienced love,
the only thing that no one
can live without:
It opens the galaxies and stars inside
so that heaven can be seen
in the eyes of your loved one.

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 have waited so long

You came from a distant past,
out of my dreams
and you came to me
long before I did even know you

and came to me singing songs
that echoed through my mind.
Like the wind you whispered
in my ear with words that only I could hear.

You came to me while the stars
were still glistening in the night sky
and you came like a phantom
taking control of my dreams

and when the sun waked the earth
and I did wake up
the longing was still there.

I call to you,
I call to you,
I call to you
in the distance of my future:

Come to me,
come to me,
come to me.

I do not want you to be part
of my dreams.
I want you to be part
of my today.

Come to me,
come to me,
come to me.
when the morning breaks
and the dawn awakes all of my senses.

I have waited so long
and you have been a part of my dreams
and I have waited so long
but now I do know you.

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 thought that it might be a weed

Early one morning
as I walked along the tar road
in front of my house
I realised that there are lots of cracks in the tar
and without really looking
I noticed the small plant growing in a crack.

I thought that it might be a weed
as they are so resilient
and will grow everywhere
and my days were busy
and broken into weeks

and on one morning
when I passed the crack again
the sun was shining bright
and I was so astonished
to notice that the weed
had become a flower
that was blooming

and what a beautiful sight it was
to behold a bright red poppy
against the black tar road

and I thought about my life
and I remembered the blood that was poured out
onto the tar road where I have been
and in a small crack
God showed me the flower
that I could be.

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

If words were glass that could splinter and break

If words were glass that could splinter and break
hearts would have been wounded and torn into pieces
but sometimes words do just that.

If words were a all consuming fire
that burns everything to ashes
and they are blown away by the wind
then we all would have blisters on our souls
but sometimes words do just that.

If words were a two-edged sword
they would cut through flesh and bone
and go right into the heart
but words do only remain words
and I wonder why we I do bleed?

If words could stop a war,
why don’t they?
To me words did become my enemy
and they tormented my soul
and words make the hope that remains in me
to fade away.

If words could heal
why don’t they?
To you my soul lies bare
and still words only do remain as words,
but why do they hurt so much?

Daleen Enslinstrydom

If You Leave, My Heart Goes Along

Every time that you do want to leave,
want to break away, want to pull out,
want to tear you away from me
pieces are jerked from my soul,

then a word comes to my thoughts
a walkway-man,
my thoughts want to hold you back,
my walk-about-man.

When streets and words lay between us
my heart wants to the walk paths to you
as expectation remains aimless in me
and my trust in you has been violated.

You did jerk the door of my heart open,
did leave it unlocked,
did leave me naked against the world
and then I want you to go away
but I also want to go along with you.

If you do stay
we are together and we do hurt
and when you leave I am alone
and its then that fear like a hungry animal
comes and gnaws on my love

as I do know that your body has stayed
but your heart did go
and then words come back to me
without meaning, without any comprehension
and in my mind I want to reason things out
while you are divided into two

but still my heart is melted into yours
and I want to drown in tears of sorrow,
want to ask you to take me along
and if I stay I am alone,
are forever without my heart
and my soul dies in loveless anguish.

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

In A Moment Of Prayer

while the sun sets
through the bareness of the winter trees
I take your hands in mine
for comfort and a little bit of warmth.

When the colours spectacularly break
and the sky looks as if it has been lit from inside
it’s a beautiful sight to behold
and at that moment
you pull me into your sheltering arms

and I bow my head
to say a prayer to the Lord
and I thank Him for this day
as it was good
and I thank Him for tomorrow,
although tomorrow is still wrapped
in the promises that are to come.

One thing that I am certain of
is that all my days are counted
and in His wisdom
He holds back
the knowledge of things that is to come.

When I open my eyes
there are tears in yours
and at that moment
I do love you even more.

Your explanation to the tears
are that you saw me talking to the Lord
and that they are tears of happiness.

While the sun disappears
you hold me closer to you
and I know that although
we are in our winter-years
we will find comfort in each other
and God will lead the way.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

In a silent expectation

With each day life awakes
in a silent expectoration after the night
when it is dark from the hours of yesterday,
when every day becomes the criterion
for time that has not been lived yet

and when the day comes to its end
we do know that it’s a day that is counting
and every new morning
is the canvas of the future
that has not yet been lived
and there is still emptiness for today.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

In search of tranquillity

Sometimes life is a war
against the whole world and time
and in this war we do face
words, deeds and death,

we are caught
in a race against the hourglass
while daily we do become older
and even if we do everything in our power
to pretend that we do understand,
nobody is immune against callousness
and the remorse in ourselves.

When destiny does play its last game
we all do take cover
and we are ready with self-defence
with words and deeds until death.

Like the sun we are prisoners
to the darkness
and we are caught
by things and money

and still our lives and self
are exhibition pieces of our own gain,
in a mad rush that gains nothing
we are disappointed
by our own expectations

and the day and hours make us prisoners
of our own desires
and we do drive unlimited miles
in search of rest and peace,
towards mercy and recognition of our own value
just to return home disappointed
as peace is not a place
but a state of the mind.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

In the middle of the night

In the middle of the night
you came to me
like a dream like a fairy tale coming true.

In your arms I find comfort and shelter
and I become a meadow
that flowers in blossoms.

In the pale moon light I see your face
and I love you more than words can say.
You become the centre of my world
and I drink from your fountains
while your hands connect me to the stars.

You are my own glorious sunrise
and in your eyes I am the rainbow
after the rains of life.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

It’s a privileged to love you

My husband, getting to know you
is to love you
but to understand you
is a total different thing.

To me you are sometimes very complex
and at other times very secretive
and almost like a pearl
and I need to peal away the layers
to find the hidden treasures of your heart.

You are pure mathematical
with everything worked out to the very core
and all things have got to make sense to you
and at times you are almost mechanical
with wheels and gears
that runs only in one direction.

You are geometrical
with everything in their place
and sometime you are terribly complicated
with your humanity being almost unsolvable
and you are condensed, set in your convictions
but through all of this
I do know that you do love me.

You are my soul-mate, my best friend,
and my confidant
and if I do think of it
everything is crystal clear

as love is the answer
and you are my lucky-charm,
my inspiration
and I realise that I do not need
to understand you
and it’s my privilege to love you.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Jackal in hide

Taking on a different persona
like a jackal in the hen’s coop
I perfected this kind of hiding
when I was only just a child

and I had too much responsibility
and had to act as a mother
long before my time.

I got up early in the morning
to do all of my chores
and to get my smaller brothers and sisters
ready for school

but when it was my turn
to get ready for school,
I changed back
into the skin of a child

and I untangled the curlers in my hair
and made high ponytails
with the long curly hair

and I only possessed one school uniform
but it was ironed and tidy
and my shirt and socks
was always washed pure white

and I walked behind them
until they got to school
and that was when my responsibilities
ended for that part of the day

and I became somebody else
and did not know them at all
as I was of a higher class
and I was the teacher’s pet
and my grades was the highest
in the class
and I studied to be noticed

but at home everything
was falling apart
and I experienced this
in every inch of my being

and at school I could hide
in plain sight
and for a few hours
could become somebody else
and fit in and did matter
and could play and laugh

and the problems at home
could stay there for a while.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Jewel of my childhood

There was a time in my life
when I was just a child
and we lived in a small community
in the mountains of the Marico district
in the Northern Transvaal.

It was a small isolated village
with decent people
and the school master
was a person that we had
a lot of respect for.

We were only fifty children in the school
but he made us all feel special
and in the afternoons
he played cricket
with all of the children
in the community
on his own back lawn

and this was a God fearing community
and the local church
was always full on a Sunday
and all the surrounding farmers
came together on a Friday night
for prayer meeting

and uncle Sakkie Deisel played his guitar
with his one stiff leg lifted upon a chair
and we sang gospel songs
and there was a small farmer’s shop
where you could buy
almost anything that you needed
and fresh bread was available daily
if you came early

and there was fuel, paraffin, diesoline
and lamp oil available
and liquorice and all kinds of sweets
behind the glass counter
and clothes and jam
and fruit and potatoes
and maize and maize seed
and cattle feed

and your mail
and all of this
you could buy on credit
to be paid
at the end of the month

and there was a mill at the stream

and all of the houses were painted white
and had red tin roofs
and their gardens were lovely
and everybody acted so neighbourly

but with time the hourglass ran out
and that little community did die
and the school and the church
did close their doors
and the mill stopped milling
and the houses are now empty
and dilapidated
and the gardens are overgrown with weed

and all of the water wells did dry up
and the roads are covered with grass
and the old folks are buried
and the young ones did move away
and only those with courage did stay

and I look at the mill at the cliff
and a longing came into my heart
and I look back forty years
and see us playing as children
in the stream
that made the wheel of the mill turn

but now the wheel of time has stopped
and I do wonder why?

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

Karla’s sleeping place against the wall

Self-sufficient and smug-faced she lays
watching her world.
Today she had been a naughty dog
but she only wanted to help
and is in trouble again.

The geranium was in her way
and on the place where she used to take her afternoon nap.
Why did her owner put the flowerpot right there?

When her owner does leave for work
she has got a plan
to move the flowerpot herself
but it’s much too heavy.
She asks Jackie to help her
but he is not willing
as he does not want to get in trouble too.

Then she gets a bright idea
that had worked before
and decides to pull out the dreaded flower,
to dig the soil out,
just to leave it right there to be found
and to make her owner angry enough
to take the flowerpot away.

She bites and pulls
and stems break and leaves bend
but eventually the geranium is out
and the backyard is a mess with soil everywhere.

Now she only has got to wait
until her owner comes home

“Oh no! Not again, ” she hears her owner crying out.
“Karla, why did you break my flowers again? ”

She looks out off the corner off her eye,
notices that her owner is carrying the flowerbox away
and she crawls back to her sleeping place against the wall.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Knitting Frustration

Her blond hair is sweaty
and her tong in the corner of her mouth,
and her fingers feel numb
while the wool pulls and chafes.

Frustration has scribbled
a deep frown on her forehead.
How will she get it right?
Her teacher said
that they should all learn how to knit,
mom said it was easy to knit
but to her it is much too difficult
and the only thing that she knows about knitting
is making holes.

She shivers when the wool pulls
and is annoyed
but she will not give up
as to everything there is an answer.

At school she will pretend to knit
but will ask grandmother to help.
Her grandmother knows how to do everything
and knits far better than mother.

After school she takes the knitting home
but granny is far too wise
and has the wisdom to know what went wrong,

the wool is too chunky and the needles too thin
and with love and lots of patience
grandmother teaches her to knit

and after just a week she knits better
than all the children in her class

and holidays becomes there special time
in front off the window in the sun
and the only sound
is the clicking of their knitting needles.

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

Letters to the postman

I

Dear mister postman,
the teacher asked me today
to write a letter to you.

I am not very good at writing letters
and my spelling is bad,
you see sir,
we move around a lot
and most of my schoolwork is behind.

Sir, life is not easy
and we struggle to get along.
My dad is jobless
and we live on welfare and food coupons.

Mom, is pregnant again
and the other children are still small.
People talk behind our backs
and say that Dad is lazy
and do not want to work

but the truth is
that he helps around the house
to keep everything decent
and are constantly searching for work.

At school I do not have any friends
and children tease me and make fun of me,
my clothes are old and washed out
but at least I do still go to school

and for once in my life
I want to be treated like Becky.
Her dad is the mayor of the town, you know
and she is dropped off at school
in a Mercedes Benz,
her hair is so shiny
and her ribbons are crisp and clean,
her dresses are frilly and pink
and she always lifts her head
and turns her eyes away
when she notices me

and she has got a lot of friends
but she does not associate with people like me
as for her we are in a lower class

but mister postman, I will not stay small forever
and I want to grow up and become
a welfare worker

to lift poor people up,
I want to have a house and a warm bed
but most of all
I want people to accept me for who I am.

I have got to say goodbye now.

Thanks for reading my letter.

Dorothy.

II

Dear mister postman

If it wasn't for the assignment that we got
from out teacher, Mrs Brown
I would have never written you this letter.

Mister postman, I do write this letter
in contentment
but as an assignment I have got to do it.

I am the class prefect
and I am the captain of the netball team
and you do know
that my father is the mayor of our town
and he is important
and for that reason I am import too.

We life on a farm outside of town
where we do breed the best racing horses
in the whole country.

My mother is the socialite of our town
and the chairwoman of every charity
and I do not know
how she manages this.

I do not associate with those poor
and low class people.
In our class there is such a girl
and I do not even know her name.

She lives in the downtown across the railway line
and they do not even have a car.
Mother says that they have got
a lot of snot nosed children.

Her hair is so dull that it never shines,

she always wears the same old clothes
and has got no kind of fashion sense
and she eats her lunch out of a brown bag
and nobody likes her
and she has got no friends at all.

When I grow up
I am going to be very famous
as a movie star
or the most beautiful model in the world
and I want to forget people that are poor,
jobless and always pregnant
as to me they do not really matter in life.

Sincerely yours

Becky Richmond

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

Life’s canvass

Don’t we all paint
With the paintbrush of life
On our own canvasses every day?

Sometimes we paint beautiful landscapes
With wonderful colours that break
Into lovely sunsets
And at times we paint stormy seas
With dark greys and patches of pitch black

And with emotions that are empty
We do all leave prints of our lives
For everybody to see
As if we do make duplicates
Of all that we do experience and behold.

Colours are mixed with emotions
And fear and disarray.
Sometimes we dip our brushes
Into open wounds that do not heal
And we paint everything
In a scarlet red

And our lives become
Very dreary and macabre
And then when the sun breaks through
The days of darkness
We paint happiness, stars
And pretty butterflies
And we paint our children’s faces
On our hearts

And the world becomes
A still-life
And every day we leave
Our portraits everywhere.

Sometimes we do just leave them
To gather dust
As at times we do just give up on life.

Every day is a new challenge
And every person does get to pick up
His or her paintbrush yet again
And try to paint something
With an everlasting memory.

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

Longing For The Sea

The days are sultry and hot and everything is scorched
and alone I pray for a bit of rain
while intensely I long for the sea,
long for somewhere where waves roar,
where seagulls screech in the sky,
where the salt burns your nose
and its wherefore my soul is longing.

I want to place my feet in rocky ponds
and feel the cool water rushing over them,
I want to search for the beautiful things of life,
experience tranquillity as only God can give it
and then until late sit and watch
at the sun colouring the horizon,
while I drink in the carbuncle blue with my eyes
and there I want to count the ships sailing to far away.

I want to climb up to the lighthouse and spy the world,
feed the rock-rabbits at Mosselbay
and on the beach I want to walk hours long,
with you my darling celebrate the days and nights,
between the dunes at the sea.

I want to pick up seashells and feel the sand between my toes,
I want to live as if tomorrow I am going to die,
eat and drink without worrying about increasing weight
and laugh for the pleasure of it
until my stomach is hurting from laughing

and when it rains softly outside
I do pretend that I smell the sea
when the drops dance with joy upon the roof
like in my heart.

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 Does Conquer All

In a yellow chest in the attic
I found my grandmother's wedding dress,
an old wedding photograph
and a bundle of love letters addressed to her

and carefully I untangled the pink ribbon
and read the yellow stained letters one by one
and the love that stood the test of time
made my heart tremble

and tears ran down my cheeks
as I thought about the love
of my grandfather for her
and they were so very young
when the war broke out in Europe

and he had to go to fight in it
and their love carried him through
the agonies of war
and her picture faded out
all of the ugly things
that he did experience and see.

The warmth in his heart
could not be extinguished
by the fierce winter
and he was kept alive
by her promise to marry him
on his return

and not even the ocean
could separate the love
that they did feel for each other
and when he was wounded
he was desperate to get well
to return home.

I fold the letters close
and put them back
out of respect
for their eternal love

and I looked back
to memories of all the years
and realise that after sixty five years
they were still happily married and in love
and I know that love does conquer all.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Love Does Conquer All [2]

In a yellow chest in the attic
I found my grandmother's wedding dress,
an old wedding photograph
and a bundle of love letters addressed to her

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and I looked back
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and I know that love does conquer all.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Love is medicine

Love is medicine for the heart
that can make despair disappear
and cause a knight to appear.

Love is the answer
for so much unhappiness
as a heart that is receptive
gets new hope.

Love is an elastoplast
for the hurt of every day
and a answer for trying again
although some pain does still remain.

Love brings new hope
that everyone will find love,
to be united
with each one that had been unloved before.

If I have got to describe love
I will call it a doctor
that can heal hearts
that brings joy, peace and nobility.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Love is medicine for the heart

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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

Love medicine

Love is medicine for the heart
that can make despair disappear
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that can heal hearts
that brings joy, peace and nobility.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Morning star (Dawnica)

(written in memory of their lost)

You came like the beaming light
of the morning star
but goodbye is so difficult
when I never got to say hello.

In a moment in time
you came into our lives
and news of your existing
brightened up our days
and with hope
you broke through in cheerfulness.

Wonderfully happy
we were all eager to meet you
but you were far too precious
for this world.

God in his infinite wisdom
did hold you back
and now we do not understand
why we have got to go
through all of this pain
but pain will at a time go away
and we will never let you go.

We did not even have time
to hold you in our hands
and see your beautiful face
and no matter what gender you were
we already did love you.

On the ct-scans we did see you
and your mother heard you heartbeat
and although you did not yet have a name
grandma will call you starlight
as you did come like the beams
of the morning star
from somewhere far away
to light up our lives
and we are thankful that you did come
and will always remember you in our hearts
and although you are now gone
you will always be a part of our memories
that lives on in our hearts.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Mother’s butterfly

In every little girl potential is stored
and like in a piece of modelling clay
she is shapeless without form

but if you do look closer at her
you will see she is just dormant
like a blossom
that only waits
to grow and open up

and she is beautiful,
soft and lovely like a baby chick
and at this time you want to hold on to her,
pamper and cuddle her
and almost desperately want her to remain a child.

When she approaches her teenage years
and the hormones take over
she at times becomes a little monster
and then you want to tell her
that this is only a passing phase
to what she will become
and that one day she will understand
that everything have got to change
before maturity does come

but as a mother in silence you do observe
without uttering a word.

When her brothers notice the changes in her
they become curious
and you smile secretly,
as you do know
that this change is an essential part
of the growing process

and in front of your eyes
she undergoes a metamorphosis,
transforming from a fat little worm
into a lovely butterfly

and you say a prayer and hope
that the innocent child lingers a little longer
and that she does not grow up too soon,
as growing up can be painful

and like the mature butterfly
you do hope that she will be spectacular.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Motherly Love

A mother’s love is like an ocean
that protects and provides;
and like a garden
it’s full of beauty and strength

and like the northern wind
it is impossible to stop
and it’s like a rock
that stands against the waves of life.

Her love is like a giant pillar
that stands upright for all to see
and it’s like the sands
that covers the whole Sahara
although sometimes tears do overwhelm it,
it always comes back in passion and empathy.

Her love is like a candle in a window
that guides the weary pilgrim home
and her knees are always bending
and her words do mend a broken soul.

Her love gives more than what she should
and although mothers do grow old and weak
their love never changes
and it grows from strength to strength

and when the lives of mothers on earth is over
they will be waiting with the angels
to welcome the children in their arms
in hope that life have washed them out
on the shores of heaven.

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

Mussel-bay

The sand and the sea and the sun
are things that heal the soul
and with the long drive from Gauteng now behind us
we sit on a bench drinking something cold
and are overlooking the tranquil bay.

The wind is playful through our hair,
the sky is almost scarlet-blue
and we take in the panoramic view
of the lighthouse on a hillock
overlooking the sea
and the view is picture perfect.

The waves crush against rocks
where they break on the shore
while we sit and watch some seagulls
as they are scavenging
and everywhere tourists are to be seen
in their colourful clothes and bathing suits.

In a moment almost a hundred rock rabbits appear
out of their shelters in the rocks
when a man tosses out some lettuce
and children try to catch them
while cameras flash.

We take the rocky footpath up to the lighthouse
and look down at dad sitting on a bench
where he looks so very happy
while he is feeding his last chips to the seagulls.

From the top of the lighthouse
we are exhausted from the climb
but the bay lies open in front us,
the town and surrounded arias
looks tiny but beautiful
and on the horizon we see ships passing by.

Our days pass far too quickly
and soon our holiday is over.
On our last day
just as the first
we sit on a bench overlooking the bay
and are eating ice-cream
that drip from our hands.

We pick up some shells
and are like children
but there is a kind of silence between us
and although we do not talk
we do all have the same thought:

when will we have an opportunity
to come back again?

Daleen Enslinstrydom

My dad made it

Today I want to brag
like the children on the playground
and tell each and everyone
that my dad can do anything
and there are things
that he can do best
and my dad is a carpenter.

When you look at his hands
you will notice
his working time
engraved into them
and calluses show
the endless hours
as does the marks and cuts
and his fingernails tell their own story

and sometimes his hands reminds you
of the sandpaper that he works with
and I do remember him
from my childhood days
with his working belt around his waist
and his back bended
and his eyes focussed
on the work-piece in his hands

and in my mind
I cans still hear the cry of the electric saw
as it did cut through
numberless pieces of wood
and dust and sweat mingled on his face
and how I did laugh
when he took off his glasses
and his face was so dirty

and every day he took God’s own masterpieces
and recreated mahogany and pine
and wood from the butter-spoon tree
and yellowwood and Rhodesian teak
and made showpieces
that is fit for a king

and with great craftsmanship
he turned knobs and legs
for tables and chairs
and today I stand back
and look at one of his pieces
and I am so proud
to know that my dad made it.

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

My word wizard

You got out of bed,
opened the curtains to let the sun come through
and turned back to me with a smile saying:

“Darling, please write a poem.”

With the rays of sunlight falling over me
the words came into my head
and I put them to paper
to write a poem for you
and I thought about all of the poems
that you have written just for me

and the world around us
became a beautiful place
and I am infatuated
as I know that you do love me

and I thought about your poems
and I see your heart in them
and I am caught up in the words
on the paper
that was written just for me

and I am enchanted by you, my word wizard

and right here I am trying
to describe the way that you make me feel

and you are my sun and my sunbeam
that breaks through the darkness of my life,
you are my reason for living
and my heart still stops
when I see your naked body
but you are much more
than just a physical attraction.

You are my soul-mate,
my inspiration
and like my garden
I was once a barren land

but with care and all of your love
you did plant lovely flowers in me
and I did transform
into a paradise just for you.

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

Old aunty Anna's illnesses

When the horse and carriage enters the farmstead
the old farmer stands anxiously in the blazing sun
to greet the doctor
and with his hat in his hand
he looks discourage.

"Thank you doctor for coming all of this way
and you know that my wife has
prescribed bed rest for herself
for many years
due to the vapours, whims, caprices
sham-fever and the trembles
but now I am afraid that she is really ill."

In the darkened bedroom the doctor
is astonished by all the small bottles
full of home remedies
and all of the Lennon medicines that is available
and he smells the odour of Vicks
that hangs in the air
and she looks pale and worried at him
and carefully and concerned
he asks about her health.

With her hand touching her head
and then her stomach
old Aunt Anna tells trembling
of her severe suffering
but after the examination
the doctor does find nothing wrong with her
and he prescribes exercise
and getting some fresh air and sunlight.

Old aunty Anna starts to cry terribly
as what does a new young doctor really know
about an old mother's suffering,
worries and sorrow?

When the doctor is gone
old aunty Anna says loudly to herself:
"Does that man have no respect
for someone that is deadly ill? "

With his hat in his hand
the old farmer waits
until the doctor gets back on his cart.
"Doctor, you know that my old Anna's grave
has been dug many years now."

After greeting the farmer
the doctor shakes his head
and realises that the grave

will have to wait for many more years.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

On The Donkey Cart

It was very early in the morning
when old Jafta waked me and Mieta up
as we did ask to travel with him
to the milk depot.

We sat together on the donkey cart
with our shoulder pressing against each other's
under the sheepskin blanket
while the milk cans were bumping and knocking
against each other
and we were glad that we came
on this trip

and the twilight was still grey
and we could not really see the road
that was meandering through the hillocks
on a slope down to the railway depot

and we held tightly onto the milk cans
and giggled and talked so much
that Jafta had to ask us
to have a little respect for his old ears.

In joyfulness like only children can experience
we carried the heavy milk-cans to the depot
while Jafta was still sitting on the donkey-cart
and we drew circles on the cement
and played hop-scotch
until the sun was rising in the east

and old Jafta called us
to come and have some of the breakfast
that grandma had packed in
and we took hands
while Jafta said a prayer
and in silence we ate vetkoek
and had some tea from the flask

and I observed that Jafta was growing old
and the crow-tracks under Jafta's eyes were deeper
and the lines around his mouth was set
and his hair had turned to grey
and I wondered if he had grown old
by all of the waiting on the milk-train?

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

Our country is broken

Our country is broken
without hands that can really heal it.
In the past fifty years
I have seen a lot of things change
and a few call it progress
and social upliftment
but so many things have been lost.

Our people have lost their faith
and their identity,
their voices are now silent
and where relationships
had been important at a time
and families were close
and people did value each other
and opportunities did exist for everybody
and fifty years ago most people
did belong to a church
and I wonder if my descendants
will understand
how it feels to give everything in love and hope
for what you do believe in?

We now life in houses with palisades
that is cordoned off like prisons
and you cannot even ask the neighbour
for a piece of bread
and we life in a new society
where everybody lives
only for him or her self.

In the fifty years that have past,
I have been a part of the changing,
conscious or unconscious
it was like a timeless wheel
that took lives with it
and that had left people behind.

Are we Afrikaners now measured
by a board around the neck
on the corner of a street
where we are begging
for some kind of hope
or are we living in a life of cluttered gold
where we have lost our very souls?

What has happened to freedom and hope?
We are like scarecrows without any life
and unable to change we plod along
as people without any future.

We were people with a vision

and dreams of green wheat fields
and of the beaches of Natal
and we did barefoot cross
over the Drakensberg Mountains.

Our technology astonished the world
but where we did gain a lot
we have lost our heart
and we have become people without honour
that at a time had believed:

“we for you South Africa”
but what do we believe now?

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

Rain

When the heaven cries outside
and are taking pleasure
in songs of joy and pain

and comforting feelings
are replacing my hurt

and when the heaven outside pours down
then the earth brings forth new life
after the pain of winter;
when the heaven cries softly.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Raped

Isolated, deceived, abused,
penetrated as a torture,
torn, stripped, bended, shattered,
wounded, blunted,
left hopeless in self-contempt
she looks with lifeless eyes
and she is naked with torn clothes
and even with people around her
she is left orphaned

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Rose Of My Heart

Your dreams are still full of expectations
and in your whole being you are still a peach blossom:
pink soft and so fragile.

Winds can strip you and tear your leaves off
but still you are stronger than you seem,
and your pollen stems are somewhat hidden,
are waiting on a bee to pollinate them.
.
Everyone that comes your way
leaves in your humanity impressions like parcels of gifts
which you are going to open throughout your life
and in your eyes innocence and expectation are mixed.

With small puffy hands you catch
butterfly light days with your smile,
while your eyes still glitter with diamonds from heaven’s store.

You are pure and clean like narcissus that are flowering,
your soul still unbound like an eagle in flight,
your heart is uncontaminated and your thoughts not influenced.

Rose of my heart, may the winds treat you gently,
until you reach full maturity.

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

Sadness We Do Carry Alone

“When you laugh the world laughs with you, ”
I hear my dad say
“but when you cry, you cry alone.”

How much truth these few word do carry,
how much pain and how much reproach
are locked into them?
These were the word that taught me
that when you are hurt you are alone.

You have got to put a mask on
as the outside world
does not experience your pain.

We do carry masks of joy
but never one of heartache
as we do carry heartache alone in our hearts.

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

She Dances For The Rain

While the moon hangs low
as if it’s dripped in blood
and the roar of thunder
echo through the air
and competes with the roar of a lion

the fires burn with the glow
of amber and scarlet red
and golden tones flicker in the blue
while she dances hypnotically
with the rhythm of Africa caught in her body
while se sways like a twig in the wind

and her bare feet stamp out a primitive rhythm
and her skirt flashes to and fro
while sweat runs down her naked breasts
and her eyes are almost in a feverish glow.

There is a kind of magic
while everybody in the village takes part
and clap their hands and stamp their feet
while they sing along
and an owl watches from a tree
where it is a spectator of the scene

and suddenly there is silence
when she stops her dancing
and she heaves her body back
and she lifts her arms up
as if she is reaching for the stars

and in a moment a cloud
moves in front of the moon
and the night is pitch black
while in the distance a hyena laughs
and the owl with its glowing eyes calls out

and she shivers and falls down to her knees
with the first drops of rain
and it’s as if the magic is gone
while silence lingers for long moments
and the thunder flashes nearer and nearer
and the tribe is glad as the rain has come.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

She looks like an angel

With the sun’s golden rays
shining through the window
she is still asleep
with her blonde curly hair spread like a fan
over the pillow
and her face is almost covered
and she looks like an angel out of heaven
and I wonder what life holds for her.

There is a silent prayer in my heart
that God may lead her all of her life
and that He will protect her
against all of the bad things that life hold
and that the angels will guard over her.

When she wakes up she opens her eyes
and there is a naked kind of innocence
that is caught up in them
and I pray that it will stay there for a while
and that she won’t experience
the bad things of life yet.

She reaches out to me
to be picked up
and she makes me feel as if I am
the most important person in the world
and I pray that I will never disappoint her
as she at this moment
is an extension of myself.

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

Soft Green Leaves Appear On Each Tree

Soft green leaves appear on each tree
with the promise
that spring is coming again.

Clouds gather
for the first spring rain
to let drops fall
for seeds to sprout
with beautiful flowers.

Softly the drops fall on the ground
full of the promise of new life,
with the excitement
of the season that is changing.

Butterflies flutter from flower to flower
as if they know that spring is in the air,
and peach blossom confirm
what the universe has know for a long time.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Sometimes life is but a time

Sometimes life is but a time between events
that leads up to another place and time in space
and sometimes it feels as if time is running out
and the hourglass and the mirror betrays you
while youth is a runaway train
and it's during these times
that I want to cling to you.

In these times I want to feel
your naked body next to mine
and make love to you
until the sun rises in the morning
and all my doubts and insecurities are gone.

In these times I want to feel your lips
melting into mine,
I want to drink from your cup
before the time of youthfulness runs out
and virility is just a thing of the past.

Sometimes I just want to sit next to you
and tell you about all my secrets,
all of my dreams and my thoughts.

In this time I want to look truthfully at you
and want to see your whole being,
your mind, spirit and body
and without holding back
I want to drown in the blue of your eyes.

Sometimes I want you
to call out my name
as there is a special way
that you do pronounce it.

I want to play the game of life
without any regrets,
before the time of rest comes
and we both do find comfort
in whatever tomorrow may bring.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Sorry-Sam

From the street to parliament
everybody knows a person like this
and their knowledge about everything
is a real pain in the bud.

Professor know it all
is a real chauvinistic pig
and he walks around
in a don’t care mode
and are always lurking and watching.

His office is in disarray
and his work is late
and leftovers from takeaways
are everywhere.

His screensaver is a naked lady
with voluptuous flesh pouring out everywhere
and over his skew glasses
he winks at all of the girls at work
and with his hand wiping over his gelled hair
he thinks that he is a Don Guan.

He lives on an overdraft
and shows his fake Rolex to everyone,
his sleeves are rolled up
and his denims are far too tight
and he curses so much
that the devil himself is taking notes.

He drives an old sports car
and blames everyone else
for taking his parking
and making him late.

He knows something
about everyone in the office block
and he is a tell tale to the boss.

His colleagues hate him,
his wife despises him,
his children ignore him

and his outlook on politics
can cost Zuma his throne,
his voice is the only one that can be heard
and he laughs like a clown

but at home he is a real sorry-Sam
and he is disgruntled and dismayed
with everything in life
and sorry for himself

but at work he is the bosses pet.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Spitting Cobra

As if killed, turned on its own back,
the serpent lies motionless, as if asleep
while something in the black eyes glow

while its measuring spitting, striking distance,
waiting as if by chance, brooding its hidden evil
as it comes alive as a deadly hissing, spitting thing

and kill it certainly will, when movement returns to it
and the white ring around its neck is bright
while it is ready to strike, to deadly hit.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Spring

I fold the leaves open
that still does cover me,
push through the layer of ground
where I have been comfortable.

I stretch myself to the outside,
to reach for the sun again,
I breathe in the air
that I have missed for so long

and now I grow on stored power,
reaching out again
and reach towards the sun once more
to feel every ray of it.

I see the morning
that I have hoped for
and when the leaves of winter
finally lets me go
I am free to live again.

When it rains softly around me,
the drops fall on my soul
causing spring and flowers to bud from me,
to later grow to full maturity.

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

That Snake Was A Venomous Thing (Rondine)

I saw it whispering, suddenly hissing,
with its waving big head drawn somewhat back
it was looking deadly, ready to attack;
just moments before it was uncoiling,
of it I was very unsuspecting,
there was nothing close by with which to hack,
I saw it whispering,

I waited moments for the killing sting
my breath was away, its skin was black,
the sheer killing courage I did not lack
and now that snake was a venomous thing;
I saw it whispering…

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 awakening

The morning breaks through
the winter mist that hangs low
over the escarpment.

The sun is dim and lukewarm
and there is a chilly wind
that cuts through flesh and bone
and it drops the temperature outside
to much colder

And I long for the summer
and I wish that spring was already here
and I look at the pansies
that tries to give a bit of colour
to a grey background
and I feel almost sorry for them.

Everything around me is dull and dreary
and the emptiness
makes me feel sad
and everything smells of dust
and the air is stuffy

And I have got to remind myself
that winter is only a passing season
and spring will be back
in all of its joyful colours

And as my eye catches a cloud
that dances on the wind
I realise that I do miss the rain
and the smell of it

And the gardenia that flowers
in the front yard
and the smell of jasmine
in the early mornings
and late evenings

And I think of the seeds
that I have planted
and of how they will grow
after the first drops
of spring rain that falls

And these thoughts change my mood
from heavy to light and from dreary to hope
as I know that the winter will pass
when I notice a weaver
whose feathers have already changed
into his colourful spring coat

And now I know
that the time of the awakening has begun.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The big brown toad

In a hole under a big oak tree
the toad awakes out of his winter sleep,
he smells the rain
and knows that spring has just begun.

A feast awaits and he can barely wait.
He thinks of all the crickets,
worms and bees that he now can eat.

This thought wants to make him leave
his place of slumbering.
and he leaps into the wetness of the rain.

The rain revives more than just his skin,
it gives him hope and joy
and his first meal of the season
when he eats a wet honey-bee
that tastes like spring itself.

Everywhere the flowers bloom,
the veldt is full of loveliness.
The dreariness of winter has passed
and spring is in the air.

Wherever he looks there is an awakening of life
but life can be too short.
A stalk can wait upon me
just around the corner, he thinks,
and I will live every moment
as if it could be my last.

In thankfulness he bellows out his happiness
and join in the song of the new-born spring.

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 dance of the Cape Robin

For days now the rain wants to fall,
clouds hang heavy and sombre in the sky
and there is a feeling of humidity and expectation.

At dusk the swallows dive and turn
through the grey air
and the rain-lilies are flowering
as a promise of the coming rain.

When the thunder rattles in the distance
we do observe a display of flashing lightning
and it is as if it’s a background
to the concert of the Cape Robin
where he is dancing on the telephone line
and shakes and vibrates his body
with the first drops that comes splashing down

and dozens of speckled sparrows and yellow weavers
gather twittering on the grass
to peck up seeds and small bugs
while small fountains
are forming everywhere

and the bolts of lightning are coming closer and closer
and the rain starts to pour down with intensity
when all of the birds fly up to find shelter
while drops of rain rattle like drums
on the sink roof

and millions of small balls of hail
pour down from the sky
and hurried by the wind
drops run through the new leaves
of the old oak tree
and they drip like nectar to the ground.

When the clouds dissipate
the smell of rain
hangs refreshing in the air
and all the small birds are pecking
in the back-yard
as if they still have been right there

and the buds of flowers hang heavy
and some are partly shattered
but they rise again
with the first rays of the sun
and waving they dance
along with the Cape Robin
that is ending his rain dance.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The Earth Prays For Rain

The scarlet moon hangs low
over the dust-drenched Africa,
the wind blows strong
and people and animals choke.

The air is dense,
the atmosphere is heavy and pressing,
dust cakes around the mouths of animals
and the earth prays for rain.

Out of the distance the thunders rushes nearer
like a angry buffalo,
wraps the moon in a dark caross
and when the flashes thunder glowing
like the eyes of a wild cat
then the earth answers like a wounded animal,
deep out of her yearning
and there is thunder and flashes light up the sky’s canopy.

Then the rain pours down clattering
like the water of the great Zambezi,
the earth is drenched
and when the clouds dissipate
the air smells sweet of freshly cut grass and watermelon
and the moon once again appears white and pale

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The Empty Sky

The scarlet rosy moon hangs over the escarpment
of the purple rinsed mountains
as if it was painted in the sky
and over the villa the stars glisten and glimmer
as if they are diamond dust.

The night is filled with expectation.
Jasmine perfumed air rushes through the window
and the night is warm and destined for something great.

Amber light flickers from the candle
in the big lounge of the villa.
An acoustic guitar is playing
and a flamingo dancer is dancing
in the corner of the room.

The scarlet dress lifts high up
and folds and falls between her legs
as the rhythm of the castanets mingle
with the sound of the guitar

and with her feet she stamps out the rhythm,
her black hair sways around her
and while the music transforms the atmosphere
she becomes the night.

Her perfume fills the room like jasmine and roses,
her eyes glisten like the amber of the candle light
while the scarlet moon and scarlet dress becomes one,
interwoven with the rhythm of the night

and nobody notices that the sky is empty
while the only thing that is heard
is the rhythm of the castanets and the guitar,
the feet dancing on the floor.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The Eyes Of My Mother

How well I know the eyes of my mother,
her eyes, my mother's eyes
are eyes that talk without words,
are eyes that look deep into your soul,
are eyes without blame, are eyes without accusation,
are the eyes of someone that understands,
they are beautiful eyes that fit her
and in the wrinkles are written
the story of love and sorrow.

I understand the nakedness that sometimes lies wide in them
like the blue of the ocean
and like the plains of the Free State.
Her eyes sometimes asks for understanding, for love and mercy,
she is getting old this mother of mine

but she sees more than what she is meant to
and at that time her eyes close in prayer
to Him that sees much more than she does,
then there are tears in the eyes of my mother
and when she talks to God
she tells her worries to Him.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The Face In The Mirror

I have known you all of my life
and when I look back
I see your childhood face
with you long blonde hair and freckles
and hope caught up in your whole being.

I remember you as a teenager
when you experimented with your first make-up
and I do recall when you became a mother
and there was radiance about you.

I have known you all of my life
and you have changed a lot
and there are times
that I do not even recognize you

as life and the cares of it
has run out like sand in a hourglass
and the lines around your eyes
came from laughter
as you used to smile a lot

but now your mouth
are almost rundown
and the lines are pinned down
with the pen of life
from the time
when grief did struck you hard
and loneliness took an own toll.

Your eyes used to sparkle like amber
in the face of a freckled young child
but these days there is a frown between them
and they do not light up anymore.

Your curly blonde hair used to be stubborn
and difficult to keep in place
but now the grey leaps through
between the coloured hair
and I do wander
what have happened to you?

You had a kind of innocence
and you do still wear your make-up perfectly
with every hair in its place
and nobody can really see
what I do see every morning
and you have lost your hope
and I do know the truth
as I am you.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The fox in the hen coop

The moon hangs low over the valley
and the stars flicker in the distance
while the night is cold and foggy
and this is the time
that the jackal is on the hunt

and he sneaks around the chicken coop
with a lowered back and ears risen
and wide open to catch any sound
while his coat glistens
in the silver moonlight
and his eyes glow yellow in the dark
while from his fangs
saliva drips and he is hungry
while food is scarce.

He burrows into the hen coop
and pushes his snout and body through the hole
while all of the hens are sleeping
and with severe hunger he jump for the first one,
and in frenzy he kills the chickens
when the abundance of food drives him insane
and fanatic the jackal is almost in a rage
as a bloodthirsty beast
and tries to silence the cackling of the chickens
that rings through the night

and when the farmer comes to investigate
the fox has left the coop
and there are blood and feathers everywhere
with no hen left alive

and the moon hangs low over the valley
while in the mist the jackal vanishes into the night
and the stars flicker like the last glimmer of his eyes.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The garden king

In grandpa’s garden everything grows
with love that overflows.

There are flowers in various assortments,
they grow higher than I have ever seen
and butterflies and bees are everywhere.

This is a garden where fairies may hide.
it bounds you, it bewitches you,
it makes you believe
that you do see gnomes and fairies
dancing around the toad stools.

His vegetables grow so big
that they must have been the ones
that was used in the fairy tales.

These are the kind of pumpkins
that was transformed into Cinderella’s coach
and I have seen a few mousses eating on tomatoes
and grandpa said that he does not care,
as he has got enough to share.

His spinach will make you as strong as Popeye
and he plants a few chillies just for the bite.

The birds do love grandpa’s garden
as he do always put some extra tomatoes out for them
and if you look you will find
grandpa helping the gnomes to keep the garden clean
and that is why the birds and the bees,
the flowers and the trees,
the gnomes and the fairies
and the bugs and everything
that lives in his garden,
even the mice,
have crowned my grandfather
the garden king.

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 House Between The Mountains

The big removal lorry has been packed,
the nine children are on the back of the pickup-truck
and are going with grandpa and grandma to the farm,
the two-wheel track to the gate is overgrown,
beyond branches and trees the old farmhouse is hidden,
the orchard is badly neglected
but still cherries and plums
hang on the branches
and the hungry children
pick some of the juicy sweet peaches
that hangs trees full.

The yard is in disarray,
khaki-weed and couch-grass grows knee-high
and it looks as if the store and shed
is totally overgrown,
the small house is empty and dusty
and this is no place
for decent people.

Grandpa Mac takes grandma Helen's hand in his
and whispers softly:
"Helen, are you willing to live here? "

The house and yard is badly ruined
.but to live here is free of charge.
: His words hang heavy:
"There is so much that has got to be done here."

"John will come and help, "
she replies without hesitation.
"Old Mac, you know there is nothing
that soap, water and a bit of paint
cannot clean."

Wordlessly she gives out sickles,
to cut the road open
as here between the Waterberg Mountains
we are going to live
and to turn back is impossible.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The House Of My Heart

is a place where nasturtiums
grow up the wall,
in colours of yellow and gold

with small build-out windows
that opens to let my dreams in;
where every wanderer is also at home.

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 Joy Of Spring

When we went to sleep last night
as the darkness covered everything
the moon was full
and outside
the silver light did shimmer

and through the open windows
the stars peeped in
and the night was beautiful
and the fragrance of a orange tree blossoming
was caught on the breeze

and the sounds of the night
was present everywhere
and there was a joyful happiness in our hearts
as the spring did begin
and the chills of winter
was finally over

and this morning when I opened my eyes
the moon had disappeared
while clouds covered the sky
with the first spring rain
splashing down on the dry earth

and all of my sense did awake
to the lingering joy of spring.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The king of its domain

Where the mountain and the canopy of the sky meets
high above the horizon
in the heavens near to the sun,
where the waterfalls rush to the earth,

high up in the sky where the air is still clean
and unpolluted,
is where the eagle is free in the blue
and with wings spanned open
it glides on the breeze
as a king in its domain
and is only a black and white speck
in the sky.

Its mating call can be heard
over the veldt, the valleys and mountain tops.
Out of sight on a rock-face
the eagle builds its nest
and raises a family.

The eyes of the eagle are always alert,
focussed and fixed on the escarpment below
which is its hunting ground.

Swift and accurate with overwhelming speed
the eagle dives to overcomes its prey
and almost unseen
it becomes a part of the blue again.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The knight

Just before the night pulls
its veil over the earth.
and darkness conquers the day
and the sun does disappear
you came out of the twilight
like a shadow belonging to the night
and like a knight in shining armour
you came on your iron-horse,
like a hero of old you came
into my life
to answer the call of love,
to carry me away.

Just before the night pulls
its veil over the earth.
and darkness conquers the day
and the sun does disappear
you came out of the twilight
and there and then I fell in love,
I became your blushing bride
and I was saved by you
and there and then I opened my castle’s door
to let you come in
as I wanted you to be the one
who answers the call of my love.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The Knysna tauraco (or Lory)

After the rain flying like Icarus to the sun
the tauraco competes with the splendour of the rainbow
and so seldom one is seen
as they live in the canopy of the Knysna forest.

High above the coastline the trees
rise up above the escarpment
and the splendour of the thundering sea
where the sun is reflected on the upper leaves
of the forest and bird-life flourishes
while the yellowwood trees provide
nesting places high above a natural paradise.

Between the cedar-wood trees the tauraco
finds its mate and it climbs around the stinkwood trees
looking for something to eat.

Its one of the most brilliant of the Lory species
in a splendour of colours of scarlet, green
and blue plumage
and it’s well adopted for a life in the forest

and at times one can hear its screaming cries
cutting through the air
where the wild orchids bloom
and the ferns grow tall
and streams of water rush to the sea
is this birds domain
and with its colours like a rainbow
it’s almost like a flower in flight.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The life of my dad

Dad, you worked very hard
first on the farm
and later you had to go to the mines.

While everybody were still asleep
and it was dark outside
you were already on the bus
and on your way to work.

You were always proud
that you were able to provide
and I remember how your shoes did shine.

In the afternoons I waited
on you to return
and the last tea in your flask
was always mine

and there was always a piece of bread
from your lunch
that you had spared for me
as you was thinking of me
throughout the day.

I was always happy to help you
carry your bag home
while we talked and shared the day
and for those moments
you were only my dad.

Dad, I have learnt so much from you.
as a guardian you were the best.
You have taught me that the worth
of a person lies in who you are
and not in way that people see you
and that you do determine
the way that other people act
but always remember
that people cannot see into your heart.

Dad, today I want to thank you
for the days that you had offered up to work
in the sand and the gravel at the mines
without ever complaining,
not even when you were tired.

Most of all I want to thank you
for those hands that always fold in prayer
and even today
I do know that when the sun rises
you do pray for us.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The Lonely Sentinel

Like a lonely sentinel
the windmill towers over the flat escarpment
of the northern Free State,
drawing water deep out of the earth
and here the kopje's and the hillocks
rise out of the earth
as if from thin air

while thunder clouds gather
over the looming Muluti Mountains of Lesotho
and give a beautiful backdrop
to a herd of blesbok roaming across the savannah.

The rainbow causes oceans of colour
that fills the sky above the mountaintops
while water flows down into the streams
that fills the dams
and nourished by the rain
plants that have been dormant start to bloom.

This is a place where hope is young
and numbers of zebra's, hartebeest
and springbuck graze on the grassland
while a flock of wild gees fly past
and there is something breathtaking
in this landscape
that seems to be arid and barren.

When the sun blazes down
the horizon shimmers in a haze
that is a theatrical display
in moods that reflect in time and space.

Clusters of clouds dance over the escarpment
and over the orange coloured hills and hillocks
and the wind blows softly
over the shrubs and grass
where flocks of sheep flourish
after the rain storms

and blue swallows are swept up in the wind
where they catch insects in their abundance
and it's as if they are grateful
while the sentinel still is watching
over the plains of Africa
where the sun-ripened wheat fields
are waving in the wind
and sunflowers turn their heads to the sun.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The melody of my heart

If I would try to put words to paper
and try to describe love I would fell short.
If I would ask a million musicians to write a melody
even they would not be able to get it right,
as love is something difficult to describe.

Even if I could pluck all of the stars from heaven
and string them up as pearls
to give them as a gift of love,
I would have given nothing.

If I could empty the sea
and make it a paradise for you,
even that action would not describe
the depths of love.

You have woven my thoughts
like a spider web
and even every moment
that I make is felt by you.

You have become my universe
and I wear your love like a turban
around my heart.

You have brought my childhood longings
back into my thoughts
and a longing to belong to somebody.

It is difficult to express how much
I do love you
but love itself becomes the melody
that sets words to paper.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The ones that are left behind

When the car stops in the driveway
I am tired, hot and sweaty
and my feet are killing me.

I hoot to get the attention
of the occupants of the small tattered house
that is situated in a middle-class neighbourhood.

It seem like it takes forever
for the old pensioner to come out of the house
and at the locked gate
he leans forward and are bended and skew
and looks like a broken reed.

His face looks tired, lifeless and drained,
his voice is husky and grating
when he displaces his dogs
to stop barking.

With trembling hands and thankfulness
he takes the plate of food from me
and there are tears in his eyes.

"Thank you my child, " he says
and looks at me as if I am a angel
that has descended from heaven.

When last have somebody called me child, I wonder.
When he turns back with his bended body
to his tattered house
I want to comfort him,
I want to protect him
but he is but a stranger to me
and somebody to whom I do only deliver food.

When the Meals on Wheels car drives off
with me behind the steering wheel
I am aware of the wretchedness
of the older generation
that society has left behind
while the world still does continue.

In my own simplicity
I bend my head and pray
that I may be called child,
even if only
in the eyes of the ones that are left behind.

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 race of life

On some days I want to rise
against the giants on the path of life,
on other days I want to hide
and cover myself and disappear.

On some days I want to be full of courage
and talk about everything that bothers,
want to cause a word-storm
but on days like today I am speechless.

Some days I can move mountains
and have got a lot of power to start again
but at other times I feel paralysed
from head to toes.

On some days I want to change lives
and want to tell people how to live
but then I look at myself
and seem miserable
and just want to die.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The school fair

The time of year had come again
when our school was having a fair.
Letters that beg and plea
for helping hands,
and things from the pantry,
the garage and grandma’s showcase
was on the list

and things like butter and syrup,
cinnamon, jams, wheat-flower and jelly
and almost everything under the sun
was asked for.

Impatiently mum signed the letter
that she will give her time
to help bake crépes at the school.

The day of the fair finally came
and balloons and streamers
decorated the school walls
and old and young came
to join in the fun.

People lined up to take part in the games
and tried to win something from the raffle tables.
The jaffles and crépes and sausage-rolls
literally flew out of the hands
of the ladies that was preparing the food

but to me a school fair
would not be a school fair
without the pudding table.

The colourful jellies,
baked puddings and homemade custard
was the most enjoyable food of the day.

The local band
was playing folk music on the porch
and some people were dancing on the lawn.

At four o’clock
the highlight of the day started
and all of the boys
and men in the neighbourhood
did take part

and I was the only girl
that entered
as I wanted to show
little Johnny
that girls and boys are even in life.

That night I could not fall asleep
as my thoughts was still at the fair
and it had been the best fair of them all
because I had caught the piglet.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The Sea Wind

High upon a rock
I sit and look out over the sea
while the sun colours the horizon
and the sea wind brings back
the longing of being a child

and it’s difficult
to hold the dress around my knees
and the wind blows my hat
away to the rocky pools

and I think back to my childhood
and a life of being free
without emotions had been rubbed raw
like the seashells on the rocks

and in my thoughts I see myself again
as a innocent child
playing in the rocky pools
and looking at the world with big eyes

while catching some starfish
and holding them in my hand,
scooping up small fish with the net
to put them back again
as I was afraid
that I could hurt them.

I notice a small girl
standing at a rocky pond
when I climb down to fetch my hat
and I bend down
to pick up a starfish
that I put in her hand

and I realize
that her world lies open
and I hope that her emotions
will be saved from times of hurt

as being alone is difficult
even though the world around you is beautiful.

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 tikoloshe

Out of legends it comes to reality
and in the darkest night
it brings the greatest fear
when in the full moon it lurks
with eyes glowing red
and a awkward bended broken body
with a sneer on its monstrous face.

it hides itself under a bed
and waits upon its victim
and it feeds on innocence
leaving only death, fear and doubt
and the blood trail of its perversion

and after dealing out death
the almost manlike figure dances
in the light of the full moon
with blood and saliva
dripping from its fangs
and when it howls it calls
upon the spirits of pain an woe

and through the ages
the tikoloshe has been feared
and beds in rural houses
have been elevated
to leave no hiding place for it.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

The Waterberg Mountains of my youth

Far and as wide as the eye can see
lays the valleys, between the acacia trees,
the rock faces and the hillocks
of the Waterberg Mountains
where the aloes bloom like blazes of fire
and this is the place that my heart longs for,

where there is space for the leopard
to hide itself in the cracks of the rocks,
and where the Crocodile River flows
into small lakes where wildlife flourishes
and the sky is turned pink
when a flock of flamingos decent
to forage in the water
and the call of the fish eagle is heard
for many miles

and an array of animals does gather
around the waterhole,
and even a flock of guinea fowl
and the springbok yearlings jump and frolic
when they smell the rain
that is falling in the distance
and the sun lowers itself
beneath the escarpment
and the blazing colours are reflected on the water

and baboons roam everywhere
with the sentinel on its post
where it looks out for any danger
and the giraffe peeks through the camel-thorn tree
and a grey touraco calls out of the wild plum tree
and in the distance you can hear a jackal crying
and a hippopotamus wags its short tail
and spreads its dung to mark off its territory
and somewhat hidden a kudu bull coughs
while everywhere small groups of ostriches gather
while the males triple and parade in courtship

and a flock of egrets come to rest on a dried out tree
with both the sun and the moon appearing as their backdrop
and the twilight sets as a kind of miracle
while the day ends
and becomes a kind of survival

and when the sun disappears the moment is almost sacred
while the silence linger for moments
before a night-owl cries out
and the lights of the fireflies flicker
and I long to go back
to the Waterberg Mountains of my childhood days.

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

The Yearning Of A Heart

People say that love
is but a simple thing
but to me it’s the yearning of the heart
that needs fulfilment
from the day that I came into this world.

From the arms of a mother
to the arms of a loved one
we are destined to meet
the love of our lives
and are on the lookout
for a companion,

like a predator on the hunt
and we answer to the silent call of destiny,
looking though the windows of our hearts,
prowling to see if we do not find
the right soul-mate
that fit into the criteria of life

and it’s a longing for fulfilment,
for someone to grow old with,
someone who will love you unconditionally

and although they are galaxies apart
soul-mates will find each other
through the loop of time
and there is a dreamer
that will look for you
in circumstances that is simply unexplainable.

When two hands meet and sparks fly
it’s what is written in the book of times
and is what people talk about
as a moment in time,
as a space in destiny,
as a lifecycle to complete
when love does find a way
to end the journey to the heart.

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

Tomorrow

Everyone is waiting expectantly on tomorrow
and on the hours of a new morning
like a star shining in the daylight
that is unreachable far.

Why do we tarry,
why do we wait
as yesterday's tomorrow
is already beginning today.

We do move our lives on
and do not use today
as everything is waiting on tomorrow
and what if tomorrow never comes,
what about today?

Awake with the realization
that tomorrow is still far,
yesterday already starts today
and live for today
as tomorrow can wait.

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 oranges

Written big on a rusted board
the words yell in your head
when you read them:

"Stay out of here! Private property! "
Scary-eyed we look around us,
the nearest road to school goes far around.

Bravely we do dare
after evaluating the danger
as everybody says
that uncle Van Rooyen has got a big rifle
and he shoots without warning.

The other road goes through the cliff,
over the hillock and a water ditch.
The weather is cold and the fog hangs low,
our jerseys are thin, our feet are bear
and the school is just on the other side
of Uncle Van Rooyen's maize field.

"Lord, protect us today, " we pray
and our hands are tightly in each others.
Scared and big-eyed we run
to quickly pass this piece of land.

Just about halfway a big old man stops us.
Our tears flow without end.
"Please, uncle, just for today..."

His eyes are blue, his body is old
and his face burnt by the sun.
In his hand there is no rifle.
He just holds out two oranges.

"No, " he says without hesitation
and we are both terrified.

"No, tomorrow and every other day
you can take the road
through my maize acre."

He is alone and the other road
that runs to the school
goes over the cliff and the hillock
and a water ditch.

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

Under the shade of the big old oak tree

Under the shade of the old oak tree Jafta sit
and his mind wanders back as he reflects on his life
while the sun sets in the west.
He is overcome with sorrow to braking point,
he knows his time is running out and that the sun
of his own life is also setting
and that there is no return.

Life was so much easier
when he was stile younger,
yesterday is gone
and it will never return.

His eyes are weary and he looks downhearted,
he does not even see his beloved grassland
and does wonder why life does have to hurt so much?
He gazes into the setting sun and finds an answer
in the rainbow that appears after the storm.

His face is old and wrinkled
and his steps are much slower now.
He is begging for life and at this moment
his hand is stretched out
like the hand of a beggar
and he knows God and he belongs to Him
and He is his provider
like the vast plains of Africa feeds numerous animals
and since his childhood he has depended on God
like the old oak tree.

He started his life under the oak tree,
under the leave blanket he was born,
under the oak tree he grew up,
played and worked and served his King
and like the oak he was assured that God does exist.
At this place he asked Mita to marry
and the oak was the first to meet his only son.
His parents are buried near by
and now his wife is also resting here.

"Old oak tree, " he asked the tree: "How long does one mourn?
How long will my heart be broken? "

and as if it could hear leaves fell to the ground
as if the tree itself did grieve

Jafta closed his eyes and in this heart he did know
that some day he will be laying in the shade of his beloved oak tree
while the antelope will still roam the plains of Africa.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Unknown life-journey

Joy and sadness goes hand in hand
on life’s journey to somewhere,

promises and fulfilment
also shares this journey,

hope, love and trust
are fitting partners for the way,

faith is the bond
that binds everything here

but fear is the persecutor
that bars the way,

power and games are also part
of this journey

but everyone follow a road map
on an own life-journey.

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

What happiness means

Happiness is so different
to each and everyone
and to you it’s probably
all the things that money can buy,
the things that you can hold
and the things that your heart desires.

To some people happiness is the toss of the coin,
the roll of the dice
and the spin of the wheel
in the hand of fate.

To another it’s finding the love of his life,
making love until the sun rises
but to me it’s a moment in time,
when your eyes catch mine
and leave a smile.

Happiness is the pursuit of something
or someone to hold
but most of all happiness is
peace that surpass all understanding,
a piece of something that stays in your heart,
the ability to trust somebody else with your life

but sometimes happiness lasts only a moment
like a thousand red balloons in the sky
and happiness to me
is sitting next to somebody
without even having to speak,
a soft hug and a kind word,
the laughter of a child,
holding a new baby for the first time,

an unexpected rosebud on the pillow,
a gesture of kindness
and sometimes it’s just a moment of silence,
like the rainbow after the rain,
like a swallow gliding on the breeze,
like a spring garden filled with new life,
a grey head bowing in prayer

but to me its peace that lingers
and in peace there is hope,
hope for a happier tomorrow.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

What Is In A Name?

A person's whole being
can be captured in a name.
Without even knowing
your whole personality
could be written out
in the frames of a name.

Her name predicted
all the promise of a new breaking day,
to those who have witnessed
something far greater
than we have expected,
in a acknowledgement
that the Creator does exist
in a sunrise through the darkest clouds
of yesterday's sorrow
when pain did become joy
as something pure in that moment.

It was a moment so fragile
and the mother was so tired
with the newborn
being so very tiny

and without thinking I was counting
the fingers and the toes
and saw her as a gift from God.

There was a kind of miracle in the air,
while peach blossoms blew in through the windows
as if the angels came to say hello,
cobalt-blue skies of hope was reborn
and streams of love poured out
from deep within my heart

and the child and mother's journey
did just begin
on their radiant new morning
while she was resting
in the arms of her mom
as our bringer of love

and she was beautiful
like a ray of sunshine
that was lent to us from God
(our own Lucienné.)

Daleen Enslinstrydom

What Will I Call You

when the mourning breaks
through the vale of the night?

Shall I wake you up and call you darling
while in your arms I am laying,,
when the sun breaks through the curtain
and the sunlight over your face
gives you almost a halo;
I want to call you my angel
and the thought of waking you up
with thousands of kisses
come into my mind.

While your are sleeping
like a gentle baby
shall I get up and make you coffee
and let the aroma of the coffee wake you up,
or shall I just lie next to you
and listen to the beating of your heart,
or shall I call you sweetheart
and wake you up
just to tell you how much I do adore you?

With the sunlight on your face,
I will call you angel
on every mourning.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

When at times I hear the sad songs of life

She always said that life is a song
and sometimes it’s a sad song
but most of the time sometimes it’s a glad song.

She did always see to it
that we went to church on Sundays,
rarely or ever had the hart
she did go to church
but I do believe that she did believe
and on the occasions that she did drink past herself
she did go and sit in the back of the church
and I knew that she was there.

The tears of regret did stain her dress
and her sobs went right through the church
but then I was ashamed of her
and I wanted her to go home

and when she got to her feet and stumbled to the front
in an answer to the invitation for prayer,
I did turn my face away in shame,
as she was my embarrassment,
as tomorrow the world would despise us again
and I wanted to deny that I do know her.

Today, almost forty years later
I do understand people like her
and I regret the way that I did feel
as I now know life itself can be the enemy
and it do right its own private songs
only matters to the one that hears it.

Hers life was such a sad song
at time she could only hear the sad in it
sometimes when I do hear the sad songs of life
I do want to shed a tear of sorrow for both of us
when my mind wanders back
to the lady in the back of the church,
the one that came to ask for mercy

but when I fall into melancholy
I know that she knew
that the only defence against life’s troubles
is giving them over to the Lord.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

When I look into your blue eyes

Darling, when I look into your blue eyes
I want to find love in them
and I want to tell you
that you are much more than my friend,
you are the one that fits into my heart.

My darling, when I look into your blue eyes,
I want to tell you that you are everything and more.
You are my Bar One, my twenty four hours.

Darling, when I look into your blue eyes
I want to tell you that you make me laugh
and sometimes also make me cry
but without you my heart will stop beating;
you are the blood rushing through me.

My darling, when I look into your blue eyes,
I will tell you that I can endure anything.
You are definitely my reality, my honesty
and the one where I want to hide
as you do tolerate me,
even when I cannot tolerate myself.

My darling, when I look into your blue eyes
I do want to know
if you also do love me as much?

Daleen Enslinstrydom

When The Morning Breaks

When the day begins
with the silence of the morning
and the sun is still asleep
I lay warm in your arms
and I wonder what this day may hold for us

and my mind takes me
to beautiful places where worries do not exist,
where we can sit next to tranquil waters
and watch a hummingbird
as it hovers over a protea flower

and all the other birds
do sing in harmony
while we sit in the shade
of a old sycamore tree

and the butterflies flutter
from roses to gardenias
and a rainbow
hangs over the waterfall

and it’s a place
where the sun is always warm
and we will never grow old
and all of the children
are happy and gay
while they play and sing

and the lamb and the lion
lies in the shade of a baobab tree
and all the animals around us
graze in peace and are free

and when the morning sun
shines through the window
I look at you and I am grateful
that I am still alive

and when your eyes meet mine
I see the wonders of love in them
as this is a day that God have made
and I think to myself
that the hours can keep their secrets
for just a while more

and the birds sing a song of praise
and I experience a small piece of paradise
when the morning breaks.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

When The Night Comes

When the night comes I am afraid
but not afraid of the dark
but of the secrets
that the night holds in its long hours.

The night betrays me
it makes me vulnerable,
reveals my inner weaknesses
and am I unable to control it,

it transforms and changes
and in my mind and imagination
turns into an enemy
carving images out of my nightmares
and it brings a life to them.

Like a child I want to find comfort
in the neon angels next to my bed
and hope that the light
will reach the darkest part of my weary soul.

In my tormented struggle to fall asleep
the sheets become wrinkled and sweaty
and cling to me while I keep turning.

In my mind time becomes a ghost
that prosecutes me
while the clock on the wall
beats out the rhythms of my heart
into the early hours of the morning

and when the day finally does break
it brings a kind of peace of mind
and I am comfortable in the arms of sleep
when sleep itself becomes my lover
and I cling to him
until the sun colours the horizon
and light itself reigns again.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

When the red roses starts flowering

When the red roses starts flowering
at the window of my bedroom
and the heat of the sun
lets the fragrance spread through the air
then it always do remind me of you

and it lets me long
to your arms around me
and when bees take the sweet nectar
deep from the flower cups

then I do think of your lips
and thousands of kisses covering my body.

When the red roses starts flowering
and the fragrance on the wings of the wind
wakes me from my sleep
then I know that love does cover all things

and I think about the rose
in the winter time
and know that our love
will once more be victorious

and just as the rose
will again flower in the spring
and in the sun it will come to its full glory.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

When the stars play hide and seek

When the stars play hide and seek
between the branches of the big old oak tree
and the moon peeps into the bedroom window
will you then come and pick stars with me
and throw them into heart buckets
till they overflow with promises
and fulfilment and joy
when like a child I keenly scoop up
the happy moments of being together,
you are mine the wind whispers along with you
and in the twilight your arms fold around me
while my heart beats in my inner ear.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

When You Did Come Back To Me

When you did come back to me it was raining,
the water streamed down from you,
your eyelashes were dripping wet, your eyes veiled,
your clothes were drenched and they did cling to your body.

No storm could keep you away,
the thunder did roar and the lightning bolts were flashing down
and still you did come through the overflowing ford,
you did face the stormy weather.

Your wet hair were muddled,
your eyes did tell stories of things that you have seen,
your hands were cold and your lips were warm
and feelings in my heart
did rumble like the far off thunder.

I did long for your arms, your body
and much more than rain did fall.
Time came to a halt
and when the clouds disappeared and the sun made its appearance
words were superfluous.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Where have all the roses gone?

Where have all the roses gone
that you had given frequently
when giving gifts came so naturally?

We walked hand in hand
for hours on the beach
without uttering a word

and I wonder where all your poems had gone,
they are gone in the wind,
your eyes have lost their sparkle
and now only sadness remains.

Where has the smile on your lips gone?
Had I drown it out with tears
that now comes so very easily?

Where have our fire gone to
that did ignite between us so easily,
is our love also lost
like the blossoms on the tree?

I wish that I knew how to fix us,
I wish I had something to say
and this is why I give you a rose today....

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

Will somebody pleas take me?

She sits on the porch
early in the morning
just as the sun breaks through some clouds
after a stormy night
and her thoughts wander off
to what people are saying about her.

You are far too old to still be adopted.
People do like babies
as they are cuddly and cute.

There are so many clouds in her heart
and the children at the orphanage say:
"you are far too pale and to ordinary
and there is nothing special about you.

It's almost as if it rains in her heart
and there is a deep longing to belong to somebody
and her hazel eyes are now flooding.
She tangles her hands around herself
as if in an embrace.

"I will be good
and will always remember to say thank you.
I will be polite
and will always leave a seat for older people on the bus
and I will ask to be excused,
and I will go to school and do my homework.
Please, won't somebody just take me."

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

Winds, chilliness brings a feeling

Winds, chilliness brings a feeling
that I do not like.
When the silence of winter
comes and lie audible
then I want to flee away, not from a place
but from desolation;
that mindset that winter brings.

When the trees stand leafless around me
then a feeling of vulnerability takes over
and then my soul yearns for heating,
for someone to embrace me
when I can feel thoughts
like a baby
that finds comfort
in its mother’s arms.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Winter

Stripped of your leaves
you stand here alone
with the cold
penetrating each grain,
with your humanity exposed
shivering and fallen down
opened by the night
and there is no fire for change,
no sun breaking through
on your sad day.

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

With The Breaking Dawn

When the winds of change blow
and the year turns its face away
then destiny challenges us
and nobody knows what tomorrow may bring

while all of the things of the pass linger
and things still to come.

When the tears of the past fall like rain
with calmness and blessings
then the mill turns with water out of yesterday's rain
and feelings are fragile as if time has failed them

but in our hearts there is still gratefulness
for the blessings that God has bestowed.

As if the clock has struck,
time is lost and is no more to be found
and the hours have grown wings and have flown away
when the new year is like a meadow
after the rain green and fresh

but still our fears do remain
for that which is unknown.

When the clock strikes at midnight
we are split in thoughts and feelings
with our hearts still on the other side
but now the new year awakes
like seed that is only sprouting now
with hope and lots of expectation

and like children we want to open every tomorrow
as if it's a new gift from the hand of God.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Words written on paper

Before you came into my life
the candle of love had burnt out
a long time ago
and I was left hard and cold.

I was left destitute by love and lovers
but you came into my life
and did change me,
you opened my eyes

and I found a deeper meaning to love
by words written in ink on paper
and with you,
you did bring the sun back
you lit up my life
with moonlight and starry nights

and you did woo me with verses of poetry
and with Shakespeare you did draw me
into you arms and I melted
and with you sonnets
you did convince me
to give love a second chance

and with your motorbike
you broke through the barriers of my heart
and you became my teacher and master
and you taught me about
rhythm and rhyme
and I became your protégée

and your poems were like bundles of roses,
like ointment that soothe the soul
and you did intrigue me and entangled me
and I was baffled and stunned by your knowledge

and you are my maker of words,
my word cavalier
and I was transformed, reborn
and my heart opened
and I was in love

and my knowledge increased
and you taught me
to look deeper than rhythm
and words on paper
and to see the poet’s heart.

You introduced me to your old friends:
your books on the shelves
and we watched the biography
of Ted Hughes and Sylvia Platt

and we could relate to them
in many ways.

My world did expand
and my mind did evolve
and I fell in love
with stories and images
that was written on paper

and you did recite
some beautiful poems to me
and did draw me into
another kind of world
and I fell in love with you
when I saw your poetic heart
and today I do know
that I do love you so.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

Yesterday’s old comfortable coat

When the mind looses its grip on tomorrow
and goes back in the meadows of yesterday,
far wide and open as the small Karoo
and when today is only a moment
that you want to forget

when loneliness comes and lies in me
like the cold frost,
then it’s easier
to slide back into yesterday.

like a old duffel coat
from my childhood days
and it fits so cosy and perfectly

and the smells of it is so well known
and it’s so comfortable in every seam
without having to make any adjustments
or adaptations
it’s a perfect fit.

Every experience
is burned into
the hard drive of the mind

and no effort is necessary
to relive them again,
to dig them up, to dust them off
and to dream
about those lived moments again.

Like previously taped DVD’s
every movement is so well-known,
worked out and already lived

and like a old comfortable coat
with cosy warm embracing
I go back into the past without any expectations
and the ghosts from yesterday,
I know from face to face

and they are engraved,
programmed to wipe out
all of my expectations of my tomorrows
and the shadow of yesterday
slide right into me.
like a old well-known friend

and now I am no friend of tomorrow
while yesterday remains clinging to me.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

You Are More

You are more than just words on paper
that can blow away in the wind.
You are more than just s a thought
that can leave your mind at any time.
You are more than sex and earthly fulfilment
and in your arms I am myself.

You are you
and that is the reason
that I do love you so

You are more than just an answer
to a question that is unknown,
and you are like the roses
that you give
that lingers with a sweet fragrance.

You are more than a wish.
You are the fulfilment of it
and you do understand my heart.

You are you
and that is the reason
that I do love you so

You are more than just the sparkle
in my eyes
and you let me see the galaxies through yours
and in your words I find perfection.

You are more than the words
that you do write on paper
and you are the rhythm of my heart.

You are you
and that is the reason
that I do love you so

You are more than deeds
and you are more than words.
You are my reason for living
because I believe
that you do love me too.

Daleen Enslinstrydom

You are my resting place

You are my morning sun
and I want to grow old with you
and I want to share
every next morning in my life with you
and I want to see the love in your eyes
when you look at me
and I want to feel your caress
like a warm fuzzy blanket.

I want you to whisper my name in your dreams
as you are in all of my dreams
and I want to hear your heartbeat
as my heart does beat only for you
and I want to grow old with you.

You are the rainbow
after the storms of my life
and I want to see the silver
in your hair one day
and I want to be in your arms
for many sunsets
and I want to count the days
and celebrate a lot of nights
and I want you to want me
as I do want you
and I want to see you smile
over a cup of hot coffee in the mornings
and I want to know if all your kisses are real
and I want to see the silver
in your hair one day.

You are my valley and my resting place
and a shelter from myself
and I want to love you
forever and a day
but most of all
I want you to love me too.

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

Your Eyes

In the alley your eyes look out of a dumpster at me.
Your eyes look deep into my soul
and they ask more of me
than I can give.

Your eyes asks for love,
overflow with tears of sorrow,
hunger and despair
without a single sound.

Those eyes still had to see
the beauty of life
but now they only see the dark side,
the filth and the back alleys.

You eyes scavenge for food
and they are back into your face,
are skeleton eyes,
hollow eyes like from a ghost of the past.

Your eyes beg at me
for forgiveness for the mistakes
of the whole world.

You eyes make me feel
as if I am full of iniquity
where my soul lays bare in front of them.

They burrow into me
when your are begging
and asking for some compassion.

I want to turn my eyes away
and walk away and forget
that I have seen you,
with your pale street face,
your tattered washed-out clothes,
your sunburnt skin
but you make an impression on my soul
when you look at me
with those dark pools.

Daleen Enslinstrydom