Poetry Series

Daleen Enslinstrydom

- 243 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

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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.

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.

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.

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.

A Grandma Is

A grandma is a mom without children to bother her and she is too old to worry how she looks because she knows that beauty comes from the heart.

She may be a little fat but her plump cheeks know how to smile. A grandma does not need to be clever she just needs to know some answers and the reasons for things little ones do not understand: like if the chicken or egg came first

Her body can release her teeth and her gums without any pain

She is a laugh a minute and more fun than moms ever can be. Grandma can tie shoes and show you how to do it on your own and she can count and sing.

She knows the bible and lots of stories by the heart but does forget where she did park her car and she bakes and cooks better than mother and can even do sowing.

She sleeps during the day and stays awake at night and do not fear the dark but waits on the angels when they come

and grandma's love is dear to us.

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.

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?

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.

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.

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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?

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.

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.

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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.

A place in the sun

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

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

A 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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."

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.

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.

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.

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? "

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.

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.

Answer Me In Rainbow Coloured Dreams

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

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

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

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

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

Arabic Nights

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

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

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

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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.

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.

Autumn

The morning light is dim grey and the sun struggles to break through, the streetlight is still shining as if the night does not want to go, a turtle dove sings praises to the morning sun

and I lay in the comfort of your loving arms while I listen to the sounds around me, autumn is here and the weather is changing the leaves of the trees wear the colours of the morning sun and I look at them falling to the ground.

Moments between us are photo perfect when your fingers tickle walk over my naked body and I remember why I do love you more every day as you are the one that my soul is bound to forever

and while the autumn leaves fall I know that the late harvest will bear bountiful after the summer rains and that I do not need to fear the changes that live may bring.

Autumn is but a season but love is for a lifetime.

Behind The Lace Curtains

When the game of life is played out and it leaves you ruined and your shutters hang broken and blown off in the wind your windows is open so that the preying eyes can see into your private spaces, into your secrets and your heart until there is no hiding place left.

When everybody you love leaves you all alone and move out and pull away from you it is in these times that your fire is burnt out and your soul is left cold and full of the ash of yesterday's sorrow then life owns you an answer to why all things needs to end and the reasons they do.

When tears overwhelm you and your screams cannot be heard and all hope is lost, when your gate is open wide and broken the story of your life is written on the pages of your face and in all the lines and wrinkles sorrow creeps in, brokenness is portrayed in the form of your body and in these times not even make up can hide your inner feelings, then your words become death in every syllable.

When it is better to be silent and your words are wiped out like words on a black board, when you do not have something good to say it is almost as if you have become barren when you have nobody to talk to and everything you do know is in vain and like the grasses in the wind we die off and like a field without water we become a dessert.

When the game that we play is played out and the storms have subsided we are left without a roof, are washed out and wet are mouldy without the sun to warm us, inside there is no life but the irony off life is a fact, while life do continue and we are left behind.

The birds will be singing and the sun will come up but we will be left out in sorrow and pain and it's in these times that we pray to God that the lace curtains do cover all of our windows to the world.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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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.

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.

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.

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?



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.

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.

Dreams do come true

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

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

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

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

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

Eli eli lama sabagtani

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Eli eli lama sabagtani."

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.

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.

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.

Eyes do not lie

Eyes do not lie they tell a story, they tell the story of life they are the windows to the soul and there is no place to hide the broken pieces.

Your arms use too be my shelter, the resting place of my weary soul where I could hide when life failed me.

Your lips had smoothed away the sorrow lines, with drops like honey nourished my emptiness and I drank gladly from your cup.

I just looked in your blue eyes to find my own reflection reflecting back at me, to see myself in the way that I am revered in my true form.

Eyes do not lie and when tears do fall, when words fall short.

I know that time does heal a broken heart and that the pain will go away one day

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.

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.

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.]

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Going to Canaan

In the dark of the night the shame is veiled and pain cuts through her like her like a scorching knife and she pulls the blanket over her to keep out the winter chill.

She stands alone at the fire and her mind is made up. The fog hangs low around her and she cannot see a thing through it.

A shiver runs down her spine and she needs to get away from this place for her and her child's sake.

She cannot sustain a life here and it's as if God has forsaken her. No prayer has been answered and the land around her has become a barren mother and violence has grown to gigantic proportions consuming everything and life has got no meaning.

She bends down and picks up the sleeping child. Hope lies a thousand kilometer away and crossing the savannahs of Africa she hopes to enter the Promised Land.

When the shotgun fires her body stretches out and she sees Jordan in the distance covering her lifeless child and she does not notice the heat of the rising sun covering her face.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

How Long

How long will it be before the storms sets in? How long will we be able to stand against the raging storm? How long?

When the wind blows fear is breaking down my barriers and in the silence between us lies so much pain. How long will the walls be sufficient?

Please hear me when my heart do call out your name, before stormy waters wash us to the sea and love is lost forever. The lightning can already be seen in the distance and in my heart I cry against the howling wind.

How long before a heart breaks forever and words spoken in haste cannot be undone and forgiven? How long?

The writing is on the wall and somewhere a clock is ticking off the hours, the storm is coming in full rage how will we be able to stop the destruction?

The doors of the heart will be forced open, tears will fall like rain, eyes will be cold as snow in the winter season, we will be emotionally barren torn apart how lonely will life then be

when it is too late to turn time back, when the storm is at the gate?

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?

I Did Not Even Know Your Name

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

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

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

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

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

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

I do believe that life changes us

I do believe that life changes us when all the darkness that life brings come and lie in your soul.

The darkness leaves you barren and brings a brokenness that creeps up into your mind until you feel nothing.

The only place where I can forget is in your loving embrace when love carries me away to a place where honesty has got no boundaries

and being in love is no sin, where the rat race of life is blocked out the moment experienced overwhelms the thoughts.

When tranquilly comes in the fullness of the morning I can turn away from the sorrows of yesterday and fall asleep.

I Do Depend Upon Your Love

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

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

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

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

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

I 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 www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive 100

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.

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.

I have told you many stories

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I 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.

I Pledge Allegiance To Your Soul

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I pledge allegiance to your soul [1]

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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.

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.

I wish I knew what tomorrow holds

I wish I knew what tomorrow holds, where its secrets are stored but to me the safe and door is locked and the unknown of tomorrow still hidden.

Even if my plans are laid out for the hours of the day that does follow then nobody does gain from it as tomorrow lies far between sleep and arising.

Like a pearl in the deepest sea not discovered but waiting and I have got to dive deep into the unknown before it opens like the lovely rose of daybreak

and still I do have the yearning to meet tomorrow while being in today as time waits for nobody (or so I hear) but tomorrow lies hours away while sleeps waits for me.

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.

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?

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 confident 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.

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 www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive 120

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

Letters to the postman

Ι

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.

ΙΙ

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Love Does Conquer All [2]

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Love has its own language

When words sometimes fail to say what you mean and all of the things that the heart yearns for and even the physical cannot reach out

its almost as if everything is part of a play and it's as if the mind wanders off, as if it wants to walk away.

If hope do not want to prevail what can a single soul do and we were not created to be alone.

When I look into your eyes I want to get lost in the passages to your heart and into the depths of longing of your words and I want to find hope in us again to cross over into the valleys where hearts beat together as one.

When your arms stretch out through the thorny bushes of my heart I want to pull you closer but at the same time do just want to push you away and do not want you to crush the blossoms that is still remaining of our love.

When life and winter comes nearer with the cold and the frost I still want to be in your arms as we do grow older while our hearts are still yearning for mercy and love has a language of its own that crosses over the boundaries of our sorrow and still does find a way to heal the heart.

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.

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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.

Love medicine

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Mom

When the shadows of life corner me I find myself in the same spot in the yard every time looking at the setting sun and I drink up the inviting warm colours into my cold heart.

I am reminded of you and when tears fall like seasonal rain I know that I can cling to memories of you.

The wind blows colourful leaves from the trees and a deep sorrow is left in me and like the falling leaves you did also fall before the coming winter of life

and my heart yearns for you.

When I close my eyes I can still hear your laughter and mother, you did live emotionally.

In the late afternoon I smell the gardenia and it reminds me of your perfume but the marble flask is empty and all that do remain are my memories.

I try to remember your face but it's in vain like rose petals that is blown away in the wind

but your essence still remains in my heart.

With a gardenia blossom in my hand I smell your perfume and mom, you will always be in my heart.

Mom, you are more than just a mother's day mother

Mom, you are more than just a mother's day mother, you are the one that really do understand all of the things that goes on in a child's heart as you were a child too with questions without any answers.

Mom, you do give more than just yourself. You give love that surpasses any understanding as you had a mother giving you love and a person that anchored you to God.

You do sometimes stand back when we do fall but are the net that catches us on the wings of your prayers when we are alone.

Mom, sometimes you do not have words to comfort us but you have got arms that holds us dear to your heart.

Today I want to thank you for the wonderful grandmother that you are and the mother that you are and the wife and companion to our dad.

Mom, in words I do fall short and I want to go to the wise men of the bible like Solomon and the psalmist David to be able to write something wise and beautiful about you

but I can only think of the words of Jesus to love one another as the first commandment.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 tranguil 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 www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive 150

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.

My Darling

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

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

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

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

My 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.

My Desert Rose

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My Guardian Angel

I do want to believe that each and every one of us do have a guardian angel.

When I glance at the moon through my window I want to believe that I can see a face in the moon and sometimes she hides her face from me behind the clouds.

I believe that she is a shy and sometimes just peep at me. I do admire her beauty and to me she is the angel of the night that hangs from heaven on a tread.

Oh, wonderful moon you have also got your own dilemma to let your light shine and it's as if the clouds can keep your light hostage

and there are times that my heart yearn to see you and I want to take a net and catch you from the sky to let you shimmer and drive away the darkness of my life.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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	
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On a June night

Winter creeps into the room like a gigantic personality, foggy vapor rises from the warm breaths around me and blot out the windows.

The log fire in the distance brings a atmosphere of tranquility and the burning fire crackles with sparks jumping like fireflies.

On the big sofa in the corner you are almost dwarflike and are bending over your guitar while you are playing a melancholic tune.

The raindrops falling on the tin roof are bring a own rhythm to the sad song and under the blanket your toes wiggle as if you are trying to keep to the beat.

My fingers draw hearts on one of the windows as a outward action for a inward feeling and there are thousands of unsaid words between the walls but they are completely unnecessary while your hands say exactly what I want to hear.

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?

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?

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?

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.

Predators on the hunt

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

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

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

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

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

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

Radiant like a bride

(to my husband Gert Strydom)

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

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

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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 quilty 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."

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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...

The Autumn Blanket

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

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

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

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

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

The 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.

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.

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."

The broken temple [1]

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The can-can of the sea

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The 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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

The jewel of the mountain

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

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

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

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

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

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

The 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.

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.

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.

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.

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

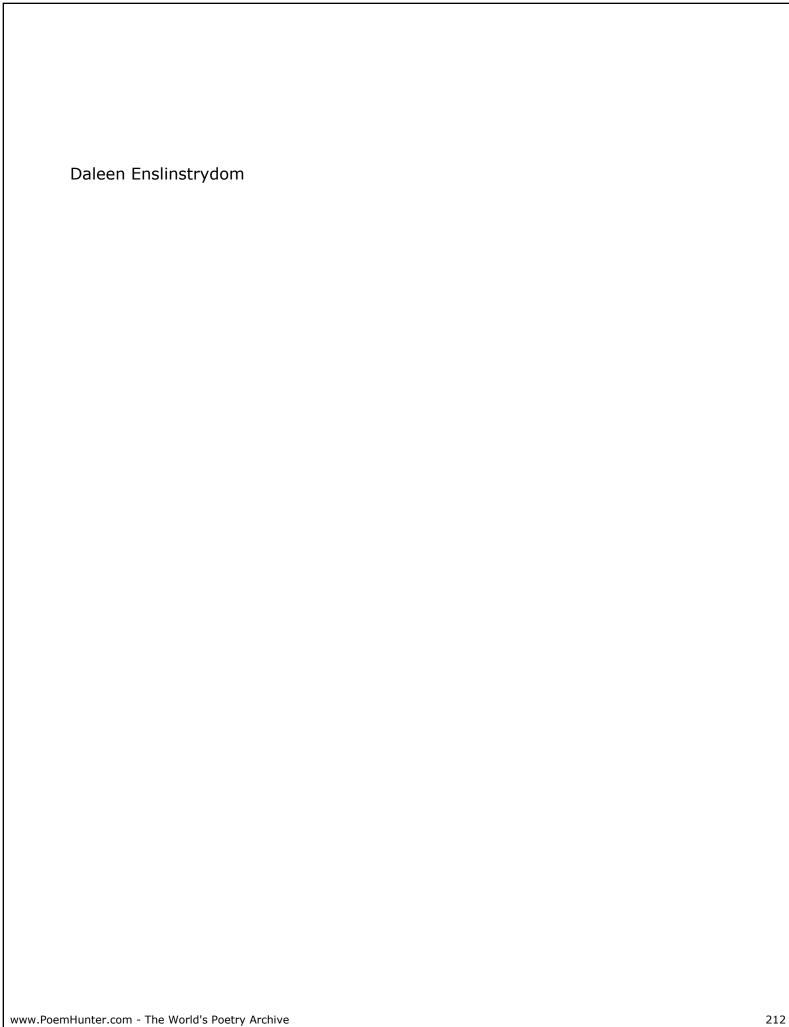
and there was always a piece of bread from your lunch that you had spared for me as you was thinking of me throughout the day.

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.



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.

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.

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.

The Place Where My Heart Belongs

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

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

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

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

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

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

The prodigal son

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

	he was lost but has been found."	
	Daleen Enslinstrydom	
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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.

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.

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.

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.

The sun

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

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

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

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

The 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.

The Veil Of The Night

The night has veiled him from her sight, her eyes desperately want to pierce thru but in vain and he remains but a shadow that has become the empty space in her soul. Will he ever return to her, will their lives ever be the same she wonders?

The veil thickens and the night air has a bite in it, her arms fold around her as if to comfort herself, to keep the cold from entering into her heart. where she had lost him without ever knowing him.

There had been too much against them, the night had taken her lover and life had stolen their happiness. She knows that two broken pieces do not make a whole vessel and that she will forever hold him dear in her heart but now she has to let him slip in to the veil of the night.

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,

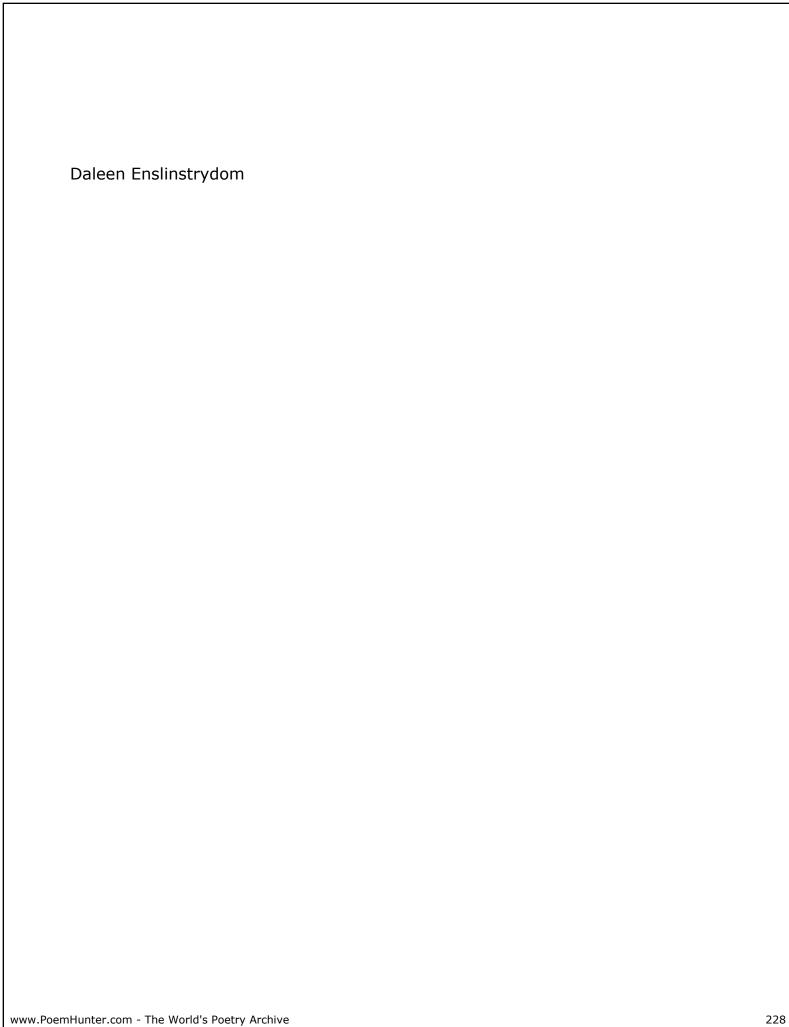
where there is space for the leopard to hide itself in the cracks of the rocks, and where the Crocodile River flows into small lakes where wildlife flourishes and the sky is turned pink when a flock of flamingos decent to forage in the water and the call of the fish eagle is heard for many miles

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.



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.

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.

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.

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.

Twilight

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

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

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

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

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

Two 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.)

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.

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.

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?

When Jacaranda Flowers Fall

When the purple rain of Jacaranda flowers fall on the streets in Pretoria they stain the world and like my heart bleeds and it's in this time that I miss you so much.

When the monster of loneliness eats away at my sun filled days and when the wild cosmos flowers sway in the wind I pick bunches full of memories of our picnics that we spent together during autumn.

I would trade the world to see your face again and to look into your beautiful blue eyes.

When Mozart, Verdi and Strauss fill my empty room they remind me even more of you and I want to drown you out of my heart but are trying in vain.

When tears fall like dew on the peach blossoms of my cheeks I do remember you even more and the notes do carry me back to you and I take you out of my memory chest but I will never be in your arms again

and when the gardenias are flowering their fragrance fills the room and I entangle myself in the sheets and cling to the pillow as if it is you

and my dreams bring you back into my life but like the fragrances of the night you do fade away and when the morning comes I return you to my memories.

When the last roses flower in May

She awakes when the summer sun dims, her eyes glow like radiant gold and copper and bronze shimmer over her whole body.

Her lips glisten red like pomegranate seeds in the sun and as she rises up she stretches out her hands to reach the most distant corners of the land in an embrace.

She rides on the wings of the wind with her locks of hair fluttering like flowers that are bound in an amber coloured wreathe.

She is free and boundless and almost reckless while she changes the veldt in the highland and meadows with one single swoop.

She drapes the trees in the colours of the dawn and when the flowering cosmos welcome her she does frolic like a child and scatters her magic everywhere catching all of nature in her transformation.

Red poppies bloom in the golden grass fields and there is a wonderful surprise in each aloe bursting out in colour while she hastens to complete her task.

She dances through the popular forest and when the silver leaves fall the trees are left bare and white as a reminder of the coming sleep.

She cloaks all of the earth with the last rays of her mantle of the sun and light-footed she moves between the vineyards, kissing the fruit and leaves with her lips

and with the last falling leaves she draws back her arms and cries with the winter rain and says goodbye without a single word when the last roses flower in May.

[Poet's Note: "The seasons in the Southern hemisphere are opposite to those in the Northern hemisphere."]

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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....

Where the butcher-bird observes everything

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

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

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

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

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

White Painted Houses

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why do words not come easy to me?

Why do words not come easy to me? When I try to explain the difficulties of life I do get stuck with a pen on paper and life lies empty in front of me.

Why do I have to rise up to plummet into the depths of despair? From a place like that it's even difficult to grasp some air.

Why does life sometimes asks more than living from you? Why are there always more questions than answers?

The more you grow as a person the less you become involved in life when the world around you becomes hostile and like a car trapped in a traffic-jam there is nowhere to go and the pure light in your heart becomes artificial.

Why can't life just be life and words bear no reason? Why do we need to hurt and feel pain?

Why can't I find the right words to express the guilt and sorrow when all things around me do fail and the spoken word has broken all of my relationships?

I do not comprehend why things cannot stay the same.

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."

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.

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.

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.

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.'

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.