

Poetry Series

DENNIS TAYLOR

- poems -

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A Few Words of Wisdom

Never believe all the stories
Trust only in your heart
Never try to finish something
That you didn't even start

For the years are quick to pass
And I beg to differ the rules
For a good man is hard to last
When surrounded by a group of fools

A truth is hard to tell
When a lie has taken it's place
But the inside of a man
Can be seen right on his face

So a few words of wisdom
From the mouth of a fool
If you believe in the lie
The lie will be true

If you believe in the truth
You're on solid ground

But if you think your fooling somebody
You're the only fool around

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A Soldiers Story

We start out to climb life's mountains
With no fear we march boldly on
We fight and fight and fight again
Until all our fight is gone

Our arms as hard as iron
Our wills as strong as stone
But we are tricked and deceived by this enemy
Until we find ourselves alone

Our hearts once filled with spirit
Our souls once prepared to last
But we are beaten down, into the ground
Until our souls are dying fast

We once walked proudly into battle
We stood tall, so all could see
But through it all, they watched us fall
At the feet of this enemy

But this war it's not yet over
Even though were tired and weak
We must battle on until all is gone
And our ears hear Jesus speak

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Battle Cry!

I'm not talking about giving up
And i'm not talking about defeat
And i'm not fearing any man
Cause theres a battle in these streets

With your eyes you best see
With your ears you best hear
Don't try to whisper out these words
You must live them loud and clear

They'll be no prime time bulletin
No internet dot com
They'll be no quiet perfect bliss
No calm before this storm

No CNN ESPN
no local channel news
It's the ultimate battle for your heart and soul
And you can not afford to lose

So pray your instinct for survival
protect yourself spare not the rod
And render unto Cesar
What is Cesars
And to God what is Gods

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Casualties of War

I've lived a life of many twists
Of turns that went astray.
Down darkened corridors where shadows lurked
To haunt me along the way.

a constant battle with many foes.
A wounded soldier, oh yes am I
A heart pierced badly from blows.
And a faith, that must not die.

a suit of armor battle worn,
dented and missing parts.
a sword of steel dulled by war.
and holes of doubt cut in my heart.

Oh yes I am a fallen man.
Beaten down by the constant attack.
It's difficult to lift my arms.

Dear God,
You got my back?

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It's Time

It's time to say what you've come here to say
and time to do what you must

It's time to ask the questions of faith
that will shake the foundation of trust.

It's time to look deep inside yourself
not outside of every one else.

To reach out to others with a gentle hand
and give back to someone, some help.

It's time to expect the answers to come
to the prayers we've been praying for years

to open our eyes to the heavens above
and release a fountain of tears

to walk through life searching
the depths of our mind.

all though we walk through life seeing
we still walk through it blind.

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My Prayer

For God is my strength and my redeemer
Let Him hear my cries for help

Let him reach down from Heaven and touch
my heart
In a way I've never felt

Let Him forgive me for my failures
And may he bless me for my faith

For God will guide my every step
My every step I take

Let the evil pass without harm
And let the sun warm up the day

Let God my savior take my arm
And walk with me the way

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NO MORE?

No more sorrow no more tears
No more worries no more fears
No more doubts no more stress
No more lying no more test
No more shadows no more fate
No more hunger no more hate
No more anger no more screams
No more hiding no more dreams
No more evil no more sin
No more losing no more win
No more poison no more pain
No more sadness no more shame
No more disease no more crime
No more crippled no more blind
No more envy no more pride
No more Jeckel no more Hyde
No more homeless no more harm
No more wars and no more bombs
No more deaf and no more dumb
No more bad for anyone

For His kingdom.....has finally come!

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Power

The power of truth is in the belief
The power of love in the heart

The power of faith is felt in the mind
With every member of your being a part

Yet the power of change is hard to adjust
Because temptation is so hopelessly strong

While the power of right is substantially hard
You must overcome the power of wrong

But the power in you is much greater than all
In you his power is born

So when the unfairness of life takes your power away
Remember to whom the power belongs...

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The best thing in life is life itself

The Best thing in life is life itself.
How we live it determines our role.

The Good the bad and the indifferent.
Even a sure thing Becomes I don't know.

The Hopes the Dreams The nightmares
They're all important parts of the game.

The only rule is there are no rules.
And every one of us is to blame.

So a bit of advice I give to you.
On your journey through the looking glass,

Leave the future to the future.
And the Past to the Past

Believe in yourself. Believe in God.
And make an effort to do it right

For tomorrow is promised to no one.
And this just may be you're last night.

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To the Moon I say

It's past midnight
And a strange silence fills the air
A haunting feeling of desperation
Surrounds the element of time.

The imperfections and doubt-filled
Disappointments must be filtered out
Before our crossover

To the moon I say
Through tear-filled eyes I speak
perplexed in thought.
humbled in heart.
anticipating in mind.

To the moon I say
feeling it's invigorating rejuvenating life force.
seeking the mysteries and hidden secrets
created long before me

To the moon I say
watching as it changes the tides of the mighty oceans
and pulls a psychological and unexplainable somewhat supernatural
believe it or not type reaction, that seems to effect the behavior of man.

To the moon I say
glorified in all its radiance.
a doorway to the myths of werewolves vampires and spirits of time

To the moon I say
I have walked through the corridors of hell and seen the distorted and
desolate battlefield filled with fallen saints and sinners alike

To the moon I say
I have stood at the footsteps of heaven and heard the voice of god
shout out to his mighty angels

To the moon I say
as I look up into the heavens and see you are the reminder of a glorious creator,
designed to overpower our imagination and direct
our conscious to the ultimate truth that we are not alone

To the moon I say
I have touched the hand of god

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