Poetry Series

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

- poems -

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Juanita Nena RudonBeeke (00/00/00)

Born in Belize Formerly British Honduras) now residing in the United Kingdom. Graduate of PHS, Belize. Married with 2 sons. Enjoys singing, reading, writing and travelling to foreign parts. Most of my poems are based on actual facts and events. I find myself being pulled to the atrocities in the modern world and feel I must put pen to paper to bring awareness of these happenings to the fore. If my poems can but change people's attitude to life and somehow bring awareness to peace.....then it will all be very worthwhile.

100 Years On

In eighteen thirty two
Poverty was the game
History has made it known
In the workhouse - was your name

In nineteen forty two
A harsh war was fought
Every man, woman, and child
A service they were caught

In twenty twenty two
There’s talk of cars flying
Will we respect or eradicate
Is this the year of the new making

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10th September

Impatient with plans to defend a land
A public meeting is declared
A vote was called as reports came in
Of the size of a Spanish fleet

2 large frigates and 1 armed brig
2 sloops with 100 pounders
4 gunboats and 2 schooners
All heading for this land

The Spanish tried to force their way
But was blocked by the land defenders
The military commanders Moss and Barrow
Set the stage for 10th of September

At 1pm that afternoon
The Spanish and British lined up
A battle was engaged in a foracious fight
That ended in a Spanish defeat.....

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2012

Here we are again
A new year’s just begun
What’s in store for me I ask
I ponder at the thought

As I look back at eleven
And things I did not do
Resolutions made but failed to do
It always is the same

So 2012....
This year you’ll find me thus
I’ll choose my way and what to achieve
And take action when I can

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A Broken Promise

A beautiful red rose - a promise he made
For each year we spent as our love we shared
The roses I kept and each time I prayed
Our love for each other will never be betrayed

The years they passed, no red rose came my way
It was replaced by those grown on the way
And each new year my red rose I think
And dreamed of it’s petals all scattered in the wind

And now in return my life is upside down
Our love for each other seemed all but gone
No rose or daffodil can mend this broken heart
And a promise made that was taken apart

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A Child's Christmas Gift

Are we controlled - are we of guilt
In this new meaning of Christmas
Where toys of war and violence
Are the joys we bring to our kids

The sounds in the stores are all of bangs
And rat-at-tat-tats of guns
And lipsticks and cream to your four year old
And high heels fit for a queen

And then we say - no - not we
And yet we do but buy
No matter the cost and yet we find
And still to our kids we give

I raise my hand and accept this guilt
To my children this I did teach
For this they know and this they'll share
To their own kids - this I do believe

So parents beware and dispel this thought
Before it becomes too late
Think what you buy for your child this time
Or look forward to a life of guilt

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A Child's Face

A child’s face is an image
A picture to behold
There’s joy and elation
There’s pleasure and emotion

When they look you in the eye
It reaches your soul
And when they laugh with you
You hug them even more

An innocence is captured
A priceless definition
This can only be patent
On the face of an infant

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A Child's Fear

Night time has come to bed she'll go
Her head she will lay down
Her eyes are open but will not close
She knows what's about to come

Her hands she clasp as in prayer
For a night without fear
For when her eyes are shut she knows
Something evil will appear

This face as it looks down at her
With eyes so striking red
Her eyes still are open wide
Her body so fixed to the bed

She tries to scream - no sound she'll make
She tries to stir - no movement came
And all this time it stares at her
This presence here - an ungodly fear

It's now half five and the church bells ring
She knows now she can rise
The sun is out - the sky's are blue
And sounds now she can make

Her hands in prayer she offer thanks
For now she'll close her eyes
For tonight she knows she must be prepared
For again it will appear.....

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A Christmas Thought

Christmas songs are playing
All of us are singing
What a happy, happy, feeling
This wonderful Christmas season

One side snow is falling
Frost is on the ground
One side sun is shining
On an isle of sea and sand

People on their sleighs
Some on water beds
Their cheeks all aglow
Enjoying this festive time

All over the world it seems
There's hustle and a bustle
And all the trees they glisten
With lights of different colours

The time for Bliss the time for love
The time for Joy and Peace
The time for Worship the time for Prayer
This special time for Yuletide cheer....

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A Christmas Tremble

This cold and very silent night
I find myself just trembling
Of the heralding news of Jesus' birth
And the reason He's sent on earth

A tale that's told of this baby's life
And a journey took on a bitter path
To save us from sin and to die on a cross
How strong is his love - his worth to prove

I then think of you people on earth
And of all your christmas thoughts today
This advent season I see you cheer
But what's your meaning - I do but fear

I see allegation - I see rejection
I see hunger and then thirst
I see refusal - I see denial
But taken, there's no action

Houses are covered with twinkling lights
Trees all shimmer with gold
Dancing music and drinks just flow
The intent - but to put on a show

Think back my people I beg of you
Of the true meaning of Christmas
Where peace and love was the game
And the reason our Saviour was born

My heart it aches with sorrow and woe
And the message today we're portraying
Think of the babe and the message sent
Stop his heart from crying

Come you believers - one and all
Pay homage to Christ Our King
Veer from this vindictive path
For Peace and Love we bring

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A Christmas Wish

The sea is wild - the distance far
We pass each other like birds when they fly
But this Christmas time with you in mind
I wish to be with no other

So clear the sound and hear my voice
As you hear your name call out
Judy, Derek, Vince, and Shirley
Jo Jo, Fran, and even Sally

Shut your eyes and join our hands
Think back the times that we once had
The fun and laughter at each others cost
Specially round Christmas time

For being without you my friends.....
Is like April without showers

That I cannot bide....

Your picture will always be in mind
And your voice I'll hear when the skylark sings

So to you and yours
A Christmas Prayer I send
God keep you safe and keep you well
As we get old - my dearest friends

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A Father's Sin

Four years old and fast in slumber
You’d think she is but safe
Then came along one she knew
And tucked himself beside her

His hands he lay on her little body
But this she does not mind
After all him that’s lying there
Is no other than her Pa

What happens next is beyond contemplation
Of what is about to happen
Her little body is completely smothered
As he covers her with his own

O please dear God let him stop
Why is my good Pa bad
Why is he hurting me so very hard
O God please let him stop

This four year old is now disturbed
And really quite confused
The show of fear and crying she makes
Whenever she sees her Da

She does not eat she cannot sleep
She always turns away
This matter she cannot speak of
For no one will believe in her

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A Means To No End

Where is he when you are down
He’s always around but not to be found
This person you gave your whole life to
This one you’ll defend through right or wrong

The tears you’ve shed - your body it aches
There’s the hurt and the pain and a means to no end
But when the time comes and he is in need
He expects you to be there - through right and through wrong

Oh for the strength and oh for the courage
For one day he will call
He’ll see for himself - just how he will fare
For I will not be there…….

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A Mother's Tears

Many a tear is shed
From the eyes of a loving mother
But no one knows why she does
And no one never will

When asked by a child
As to why their mother cry
The answer is so easy
They cry they say for nought is why

But that you see is where they are wrong
For mothers are really strong
They are very rather special
With shoulders there to cry on

An inner strength when giving birth
To rejection when her child grows up
She carries on when others submits
And tries not to show her hurt

Through illness and in health you'll find
Her care for you is special
To comfort and protect her bairn
And this without condescension

These tears of love that she cries
Her means of staying power
This is her only weakness
To shed when she is truly called for

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A November Salute

Soldiers, Sailors, Wing Men too
All dead men of WWII
Courage and honour they have shown
Around the world for their nation

Soldiers, Sailors, Wing Men too
All brave women that follow you
Support they've given to their fallen men
Around the world for their nation

Soldiers, Sailors, Wing Men too
The sacrifice, strength, and fortitude
We honour you this November morn
As around the world we all shall mourn

Children, teens and adults salute
Bow your heads and pay tribute
To the men and women alike
Their lives laid down for their nation

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A Place That Was - A Place Now Is

Strikingly beautiful this coral isle
That sits her there in a warm green sea
With skies of blue and sandy beaches
An array of colours quite a display

Flora, fauna, and a coral reef
Palm trees sway in a gentle breeze
Tropical climes and blue lagoons
Stars they dance as they partner the moon

Sounds can be heard in the early morn
Where rhythm and drums is of the norm
As the dawn breaks - the people are one
In this beautiful islet that sits in the sun

A place that was - a place now is
She still sits there in her emerald seas
Where it’s flora, fauna, and coral reef
Are just being pilfered for economic greed

A place that was - a place now is
Where the rhythm stays - but you just can’t sway
For now it’s people that were once one
Now live in fear from daggers and guns

A place that was - but still now is
This beautiful place I once called mine
A paradise then - but now is gone
A paradise lost - it now has become

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A Senseless Act

O Lord forgive them that’s killing us all
As we fathom to realise their reasons why
But even though I ask this of thee
The pain and the ache of the victims I see

And yet O Lord as the killers walk free
The victim’s children they walk in fear
The surviving parent is so anxious
A burden now placed on her small shoulders

How do we console in a moment like this
What words to say when a loved one’s amiss
Do we just sit and contemplate
On a senseless act that was commit

Show us the way we ask of you
To see the right of the wrong done
Give them the strength to carry on
Cause Lord they’re really broken

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A Soldier's Tale

Into the army I must go
To fight for man and country
A tender age of just eighteen
Untrained for armed combat

Guns are issued - bullets too
Orders given -what to do
Drums are beating - men start marching
In the unknown - I must go

Weapons ready - bugles blowing
The oath of loyalty steps in
I must defend one’s flag and country
And fight for my fellowmen

With a rat tat tat and bang, bang, bang
Trumpet sounds and men all shouting
The roar of Jet engines screams overhead
How many of us will soon lay dead

A ping and a hit from a sniper’s gun
The young man reeled and fell……
Up he gets as he tries to stand tall…..
But falls back down as he bled

As he lay there dying, gun in his arms
His sister’s face he sees
I’m one man lost in a fight to be free
So sister do not weep

To the many men to battle gone
For a country united and free
The life you lay down for man and nation
Will be honoured and never forgotton

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Abbey-Claire

I want you to know that since you were born
You were loved by us from day one
You do not know us but we know you
And we have never forgotten your face

With curly blonde hair and your daddy’s semblance
You’re a beautiful child - our gift from God
But born out of wedlock - this caused such a fuss
Between two people who should love you the most

A decade’s now passed and wonder how you are
Your ma and pa you see - did not see eye to eye
He does take care of you tho’ but this you do not know
And everyday he talks to you as you sit there on the wall

The lies and deceit told that made our absence clear
We could not fight dear - so we stayed away
You’ll soon be of age tho’ and hope you’ll find a way
To your blood family lost - that was taken away

And when you start to look dear
You’ll find us waiting here
These missing years of love you’ve lost
We’ll pretend they were not there

A welcome with but open arms
And all the love that was amiss
To see your face - to hear your voice
Our sweet child Abbey-Claire

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Again and Again

A thought occurred to me
How very hard to do
Something of dependability
Something of reliability

When life throws things our way
How do we react
Do we take it all in stride
Or push it to one side

When life throws things our way
There are things that can be done
Sit down and prioritise all of these
And you'll find yourself at ease

So take control of your actions
Your life you'll find it change
It's not what we do just now and then
But what we do again and again

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'Aloneness'

Because I don’t go outside
Because I prefer to stay
Perhaps because I get blamed
When things don’t go my way

Because I pay no attention
For reasons I can’t comprehend
Because I cringe at the four-letter word
Whenever I hear it spoken

Is this the cause of my loneliness
The expression of my emotions
This attitude of foolishness
The nature of my 'aloneness'

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Am I Losing You

You hold him so tenderly
Your eyes so tightly shut
Your head you gently lay
Upon his manly chest

The song that is playing
Is just a gentle waltz
But as he dance you round the floor
I see your teardrops fall

Am I losing you - a thought to my head
As I sip my wine and smoke a cigarette
Am I really blind I just can’t see
That you’re no longer meant for me

I need to know if your love’s still true
Is it for me or a new found beau
If I ask will you tell me true
Am I losing you…..

I look at the gold band on my hand
And think of the day you were mine
You're still as beautiful as you were then
And your love for me I hope has not died

Our special song is now playing
You dance it in another's arms
This I ask of you my darling
Come back to your husband’s arms

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Aspiring Dreams

When I was young
Many a dream I had
Nothing much to regret
Most of them forgot

But when I think of the past
A smile it crosses my face…..
Slowly turns into a frown
And then a point - of no going back

It’s all to do with memories you see
Some you can’t erase
For years and years of festering
Within my living soul

A bit of reflection of horrors past
This path I must dispel
I will not ride with forgotten dreams
Nor the devil to take my soul

Sad memories are a bad thing
It eats at your very being
So talk out loud - shout it out
Those who are still dreaming

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Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves they just keep falling
A beautiful show of red and gold
And when they do I think of you
And the day they bore you away

I see your face - I kiss your lips
I feel your warmth - the touch of your hair
But as I sit in this old rocking chair
I think of you - but you’re not here

Oh autumn leaves you keep falling
I wish you can hear my plea
For when the winter’s song is in
Please whisked me to my darling

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Babes Of The Street

</>They live on the streets
They live in alley ways
They live inside the sewer
And live on rubbish tips

They’re frozen with the cold
They’re even petrified
They’re often well beaten
Some abused and even killed

The tales they tell are quite unnerving
Of a mental mother as she goes prostituting
At the age of six - the young boy sells
Sweets to the passing - to make ends well

Another his age is living on the edge
His home is down in the sewer deep
He’ll leave solely to find food to eat
A pocket he'll pick and hope not to get beat

For another the price is quite high
He allows himself to be abused
For him to survive he must do this
His payment - a small plate of food

As night time arrives they gather together
With plastic bags in their hands
The glue inside they will inhale
As they get a means of solace

These little mites are shown the door
By those who could not keep
And as they sleep - a blissful sleep
In their new home - the street

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Beguiled

In the magic of the still dark night
My soul I will let go and rise
I'll search for joys not of this earth
And forget earth's pains and ire

When dawn approaches and is no longer still
I'll be called back down like the whip-poor-will
To once more experience earth's little things
But my thoughts will be with my runaway things

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Belize My Native Land

Belize my native land
A letter by your daughter’s hand
For a legacy from my peers long gone
For this I thank thee

This land of lush green forests
The bush lands of Belize
The rivers and creeks where waters flow
For this I thank thee

The morning mist that rises at dawn
From this land of sea and sand
A message told that we are one
For this I thank thee

For the brightly coloured birds you gave to me
Tip-toeing in the lowlands, some flying high
Of natures hurray - you can hear them sing
For this I thank thee

Your tropical breezes whispers to me
This land we must protect
This place where man and beast are one
For this I thank thee

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Betrayal

Behind the rules laid out for us
Are needs to help and protect
But when these needs are not complete
There’s signs of lies and deceit

This tale is of two people
Who made each other smile
They had so much in common
They liked each other’s style

We’ll call one Jay the other May
As close as close can be
The trust they placed in one another
Is forever and have no end

Then one day May did a deed
That made Jay rather sad
She abused the trust placed in her
By her nearest and dearest pal

It then became quite clear
That May cannot be trusted
She broke the faith that was placed in her
And found herself then hated

It's hard to think what’s happened now
Two friends their separate ways parted
Jay knew she lost her dearest friend
The day her trust was thwarted

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Bible In Her Hand

Mother in her rocker
Bible in her hand
Baby laying in a cradle
Made of wood and sand

Meagre fire burning
Little peat or coal
A shawl but to keep her warm
In this her wintry home

The cold winds blowing hard
The snow keeps coming down
Mother keeps on rocking
Still - Bible in her hand

Baby's now awake
And silent is the day
The only sound keeps coming
Is the crying that he makes.....

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Blue Jelly Fish

You’re beautiful you blue jelly fish
And so regal in the water
But those who come in contact with you
Avoid you ever after

You’re armed with long tentacles
That delivers a painful sting
And those who have received it
Will run but they won’t sing

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Burning Love

Miles and miles between us
But I was compelled to go
I pray for the sunrise of the new morn
When I'll wing my way home to you

I'm over here and you are there
The moon and dark nights between us
I vision your face and feel a thousand pains
And tears are shed like the heavens when it rains

I miss the feel of your tender touch
The softness of your voice
I long for the taste of your sweet lips
And to feel the heat of your soul

But until then my dearest one
My love I'll pour out and send with the wind
And when I hear the wind does howl
My name I know you are calling out

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By The Riverside

I sit here so quietly - by the riverside
The only sounds to be heard - the noises of the night
The creaking of a branch - the rustling of the leaves
Limbs falling to the ground - and sounds of a beast

I sit here so quietly - by the riverside
New shadows they appear - along with dancing lights
As I lift my head - the shadows cross my face
Made by the trees - and the soft moonlight

I sit here so quietly - by the riverside
The smell of the plants and bushes of the forest
Nature’s aroma - a perfume of it’s own
Join me and share - the pleasures of this zone

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By-Gone Memories

Oh to be on that dusty gravel road
With the sounds and the clatter of the old horse cart
The hot steamy tropic air but a gentle breeze
The fragrance of the forest green, monkeys climbing trees

Kids off to school so neatly uniformed
Some hitch a lift on rickety pushbikes
An acute sense of balance they all show off
Yet arriving at school immaculately clad

The sounds of chatter and of laughter
And sounds of music of different culture
Smells of dukuno and cuk-nut pie
All lovingly baked in a forest fire hearth

Where’s this dusty road you ask yourself
That leads to these wondrous sounds and smells
A tiny little isle in the carib sea
A place I know that’s called Belize

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Bystanders

Why do you find the one's that suffer
Are always the good Samaritans
These do-gooders who give their all
With no concern of their own

These people who get mugged and stabbed
And left to their demise
While others look and they just stare
But did not interfere

Why when the victim's pronounced dead
A flurry of questions arises
Then people wondered about the situation
And if it could have been prevented

Are we a callous, cold-hearted nation
And people of no concern
There's no need for strangeness, or belligerence
Or fear of the unknown

When you do find yourself in need
From a passing total stranger
Please lend a hand and just consider
You may prevent a disaster

This may seem rather obvious
And easier said than done
But lets stop being bystanders
And show that we can respond

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Cancer

These tiny cells within us
That grow at a quickened pace
Cells we're not aware of
Until a pain is felt

And when we're diagnosed
Of this disease on board
An imminent fear of disbelief
A fear of the unknown

When once we were strong
And now we are weak
The road we now face
A road we must prolong

The chemo and radiation
A challenge of it's own
But the worst one of all
The expression on one's face

The changes that occurs
Denial some will go
Others will not cope
And rejection some will show

Do not be afraid of this path you take
Know they mean well and prepare they must be
For this - your reaction - they will but see
Is not from you but from the medication

With this in mind.....
A quote - if I may....
Cancer is not a sentence
But a phase in one's existence

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Choices

One day I'll be called upon
For decisions of my own
I'll use this gift that I was granted
The gift of 'making choices'

I will but use self control
When I feel alarmed
I'll turn my mind to peace and charm
And I'll find myself being calm

When I find myself in anger
I'll think of love and joy
And when I think of judging
I'll turn to understanding

I'll not be pulled by delusions
I will stay wide awake
I will replace these illusions
With the knowledge of realization

I will not judge nor will I laugh
I will not scold nor will I fault
I will but listen and console
The choice is mine and mine alone

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Christmas In A Foreign Land

In a foreign land across the seas
Christmas begins in the month of Dec
A festival takes place known as the 'Lodgings'
A nine day novena - a Hispanic tradition

Statues of Saints are taken to homes
A statue of Joseph - a statue of Mary
In a regal parade they march through the streets
To a display of music, candles and praying

A home they reached and found the door locked
Through their songs and music the door is unlocked
The owners of the home have invited them in
And they placed the statues somewhere within

In a foreign land across the seas
A vigil takes place in the month of Dec
A five night gala of 'The Maya Deer Dance'
Where food is offered as the costumes are sanct

A maiden, a joker, soldiers, and dogs
A jaguar, a hunter, and six sacred deers
A extinct tradition - played by man and beast
The meaning of the dance is yet to be released

In this foreign land across the seas
Christmas is a joy to behold
Where a magic is cast with the gifts that are given
As Feliz Navidad can be heard in their singing

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Christmas Reflections

Whatever happened to the spiritual Christmas
The one we knew and loved
Where the preparation and anticipation
For the coming of ‘Christ’ is made

We no more take time to be aware
Of the true meaning of Advent
We prepare ourselves for worldly things
A faint memory - ‘no room at the inn’ is there

Whatever happened to the hanging of stockings
At the edge of your baby’s bed
All filled with sweets and smelly things
And the joys that Christmas brings

Instead we hear the children say
At Christmas time - I want
And we the parents go out and get
For fear not to disappoint

Whatever happened to the very connection
Between memory, goodness, and emotion
The purpose of the Advent season
To reflect on hope and alteration

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Come Sacred Spirit

Come Sacred Spirit of fire and love
Come Sacred Spirit - anoint us from above
Your holy gifts on us bestow
The Father and The Son they know

Come Sacred Spirit - our souls you rest
In our hearts I beg you stay
Your grace to us I ask you give
For a holy life on earth to live

To all you three be glory given
As you drive our enemy from within
With you by side and as our guide
Our path is secured in heaven

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Come Walk With Him

Come walk with Him in His holy grace
Come walk and share in His blessings
By turning and living by His trust
We'll walk this path of life

This Lenten time we look to restore
Our friendship with The Almighty
This forty days of our testing
May the Holy Spirit He guide us

Bless us this Lent with your power O Lord
Help us to be true and strong
Our own temptations to face in your name
And all that we do.....Amen

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Conned

All these years of toil and stress
For a better way of life
Every brick that’s carried and plenty of sacks
The memories come flooding back

Briefcase in hand a stranger came
With a proposal and a plan
A spiel she gave of purchasing my home
The seed was planted for a better one

Now I’m a person of no education
But this home of mine I’m proud of
This lady she painted a picture so real
I found myself so trilled

With pen in hand she made me sign
A document that sounds worthy
Next I knew I sold my land
A cheque in hand for thirty

I sit here with my head in hand
Pondering my next move
The bank just told me - I’ve been conned
I should have got one thirty

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Crazy

The word ‘crazy’ what does it mean
This word that’s used in so many ways
A word that is highly offensive
A word that can be abusive

Am I crazy when I go shopping
Am I crazy when I say I love you
Am I crazy when I lash out
Am I crazy when I speak out loud

You should see me when I’m crazy
It’s better to be crazy than an idiot
I must be crazy to be in a place like this
Hey, Hey - what the hell - maybe I am crazy….

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Dance Of The Fireflies

You'r known as a fly
But you really are a bug
Your colours are so varied
Some yellow, green, or red

Your home is in the marshes
And the wetlands too
With one pair of wings
You fly but very low

You light up in the dark
And a spectacle you make
A dance of unison
A glow worm composition

Your light portrays a message
A means of warning sign
The one I love best though
Is a call to your lover’s nest

I sit here on a quiet night
Reflections in the dark
Enjoying this performance
The dance of the fireflies

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Destitute Christmas

All day long and weeks on end
No food to eat - no bed to sleep
No blanket to keep my body warm
This fate of mine it seems must keep

Wasn’t born this way but now I’m here
Perhaps a making of my own
Then the thought of how I was neglected
When I used to live at home

I’m outside here in the freezing cold
And my tears they seem so frozen
As I look in the sky at the morning star
My one wish but to join her there

To feel the magic this Christmas night
To forget the needs and woes
To feel the touch of a saintly hand
Upon my fevered brow

I sit here alone and wait my demise
I think of the birth we cheer this night
Our saviour Our Lord Jesus Christ
And his journey as he fled Egypt

And as this thought it comes to mind
I get the feel of an immediate peace
He was a destitute just like me
And for us like me I ask you believe

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Did You Call

While I rest my head and go to sleep
My thoughts they turn to you
Your voice I hear
Your face I see
I wonder ‘did you call’

Much transpires while I sleep
I wonder if I do
For as I lay there in a dream
I still can hear you

I’ll toss and turn and even mutter
While I’m breathing slumber
And when I rise and wide awake
Your call to me I’ll ponder

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Dream On

When we were young and love was sweet
A pledge we made to each other
We knew love and what sweet love
There could have been no other

The years have gone the kids have flown
And all we do is sit here alone
Our hairs all white - can scarcely walk
And wish the clock would turn back

Now my years are less - I dream of packing my things
You'd never see me again……...
We once had love but now it's gone
Cannot stay where loves not wanted

Two strangers under this roof
This is what we've become
The wish to spread my wings and fly
But in this state - dream on…..

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Echoes Of Hell

They are on the streets again;
Why they do - we do not know
Their intent but to kill
To scatter blood and bone

They care not whom they hurt
Be it woman, man nor child
With minds full of fury
A sickness that’s gone wild

A country plagued with violence
Is but their intent
Terror is their method
And to paint the streets with red

It’s not about you
It’s not about me
It’s about the person we cannot see
Who’s ready to pounce at any time
For whatever means he feels

Who knows how long
Must we live on the edge
In this land that is betrayed
By the governance of it’s officials
Who lives at ease it seems

At this point in time we can affect
The chance we have right now
To right the wrong that is but done
And escape these echoes of hell

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Face In The Flame

As I sit here by the fire mulling over my thoughts
I find myself looking - deep at your face
And as my thoughts they turn to you
My tears - they start falling

As I watch the colours in the brilliance of the flames
I see your smile and autumn leaves
And as it performs a plasmatic dance
I feel your hold and the passion inside

Spellbound I am as I look in the fire
But your face I no longer see
The flames they speak of my uncalled horror
While I sit here and ponder my aching sorrow

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Fat or Thin

Why do we find things to say
About people who’s fat or thin
Comments made that cause heartache
Or drives people insane

If you are fat you hate my guts
Just because I’m thin
You say we get all the boys
And you don’t get a look-in

You then remark about my breasts
And suggest I get implants
You say I think I have sexy legs
In fact you call them twigs

And then there’s you with rounded breasts
That looks like huge big meloons
I guess the boys they look at you
But are afraid of bursting your balloons

My pant size must be an ’S ’you say
Well what about your own
I may be a small but I can swing in yours
Reminds me of the hammock at home

Big breasts - small breast - hammocks or pants
We show them all with pride
Let’s strut our stuff and wiggle that butt
Two friends who are fat and thin

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Fight For Freedom

Step down Mr Prime Minister step down
Get down from that position
Give your people some hope
And save us from this situation

Step down Mr Prime Minister step down
Get down and give us a chance
Don’t make our hopes be dashed
Or there'll be cause of variance

Step down Mr Prime Minister step down
Step down and right the wrong
The rights you took from your fellowmen
Will give us cause to fight

Step down Mr Prime Minister step down
Get down and hear us out
We don’t want your oppression
Democracy’s our right

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Fire & Rain

A place I know when a fire rages
It’s people are drawn like bees to honey
No thought is given for one’s own safety
Just the need to witness the burning

A place I know when the rain pours down
It’s people to cover they run
No thought is given if one gets delayed
It’s important they don’t get sodden

A place I know where there’s fire and rain
And it’s people grasps of these elements
Where danger is presented in the burning of a flame
And safety is depicted by the pouring of the rain

A place I know where there’s fire and rain
A smile it brings to my face
An expression to mind from the locals themselves
‘We run to ‘fire - but we run from ‘rain’

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Fly - Fly Away

How far have you flown my feathered winged friend
As your chest heave high and low
I bet you have come from so very far
And thousand of miles I'm sure

Over the distance you migrate
To get away from the cold
And all through the air you'll sing your song
As this journey you take on

And now you've come this far my friend
I hope you've found your cause
For this means of survival you must but take
For your species to live on…….

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

For What

This way of life - this way of strife
Is it all very worthwhile
The blood that’s shed - the sweat and tears
‘War’ - for what

The way to thrive - to stay alive
‘A must’ I ask myself
The many men their lives they lost
For what - for what

Blood, sweat, tears they gave
For conflicts of man’s own making
Peace they say - not war - not war
Yet war don’t lead to peace

At the end of war what do we see
Men alive with question eyes
Back with memories that will remain
For what - for what

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Get It Right

Absolute nonsense! !
Where did this come from
The beginning of scare mongering
Is all that you’re good for

You must listen to the facts
Before you make your grievance
Instead of inciting others
To a cause for disturbance

We should but walk forward
Not take a step backward
We don't need players like you
In this game of governance

So please get it right
Before you make a suggestion
Make an issue right
Instead of making it wrong

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Ghosts

Many and varied the ghosts that are supposed
That haunt our country’s shores
It may be a street or a silent lane
Or even an open field

They appear on the land or even the sea
And places that are neglected
Whilst others frequent busy sites
Like even a super market

A sensation of coldness is always around
A portrayal of a ghostly presence
So watch how you go for you never know
Who is standing there in attendance

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Gifts From On High

The sun is shining
The moon all aglow
The stars all twinkling
Seas hug the shore

The breeze all whistle
The birds all sing
The trees all rustle
The bells all ring

A hustle and a bustle
People carry on
A honking and a tootin
Vehicles move on

The sweet smelling rose
Knowledge to be gained
Colours of the rainbow
Pitter patter rain

Snow drops keep falling
A fire well lit
Soft music playing
Angel voice singing

These gifts we must remember
Are handed down to us
From God our Redeemer
All praises - Aleluia

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Grasp Of The Unknown

Here one minute then am not
A feel of emptiness.....
The many faces that I see.....
But then I know them not

Where am I going - I ask myself
I've absolutely no idea.....
How long have I been experiencing this
This sort of nothingness.....

I’m disoriented - I'm so confused
I feel I’ve woken up
I look around - I'm in a daze
I can’t believe this madness

This awareness of ignorance
Is not so amusing no more
It’s rather scary - actually
This grasp of the unknown

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Happiness

Happiness is a smile
Whenever I see your face
I feel your love, I feel your warmth
When I'm in your embrace

Happiness is our children
When I hear them laugh
To see the muck upon their face
To wipe away their tears

Happiness is our lives
And all the positive things
The music and the songs we sing
And everything you bring.....
And heaven when people sing.....

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Heaven

What words are there but to describe
Heaven’s beauty to be seen and know
Are there colours, angels, prayers, and songs
Or the magic of a double rainbow

What words are there but to describe
Heaven’s beauty as we know it
The look on the faces of little children
Of joy, delight, and elation

The faces of people - and a glowing light
A show of immense pleasure
The trees, the meadows, the clouds, and skies
To earth can we compare

For heaven there is a price to pay
And this was shown to us
He that died on the cross for men
And from the dead he rose

Heaven is worth waiting for
And when you’re there - you’ll see
So put your trust in the Creator’s love
And live in the fullness of He

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Hells Bells

I drove up this road one day
My eyes they did but see
Amid the bushes there I spy
A poor little boy he lies

Why do you hide my little one
And why do you cower so
'Please sir' said he 'please don't tell'
I must not hear that bell

My father he does but drink all day
And I live a life of hell
His message to me is when he needs
He'll always ring that bell

I make his tea, I fetch his drink
I even wash his face
I do these things and even more
That I'm beginning to abhor

And while he drinks - I will not sleep
For sure that bell he'll ring
I just can't do this anymore……
You see he'll call for more

So run away I must and go
For fear of what I know
If I stay sir I will be dead
For that I am but sure

And as I stare and looked at him
I can but feel his horror
For in his eyes - there I see
Are little tears of sorrow

I thank you for your kindness sir
But pray you did not see me
I must be bound and a new life found
And escape the likes of he

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Highway To Perdition

My young friend she walks the streets
Her clothes all ragged and torn
With eyes that stares as in a trance
A wistful and pitiful expression

A tale she’ll tell of wretchedness
A tale full of glumness
A life she led from an early age
A life full of sadness

Her parents are drug users
And always on a high
They’ll send her out late at nights
To pay for their obsession

Her body’s used so many times
She feels so impaired
If bruises were an extra skin
This coat she'll surely wear

Her head she'll not hold high
Her face she'll keep well hidden
To veil the beatings she received
To feed her parents addiction

How long must she continue
On this ungodly road
Where love and respect pass her by
On this highway of perdition

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

How Long

I lie here in bed
A gun shot to my chest
A means not of my making
An explanation not worth taking

Recovery is a dream
As I lay here paralyzed
You see my condition
Is slowly deteriorating

Sometimes I do well
Sometimes I do bad
But this time I'm down
And there's no going back

My body it's like in pieces
All broken up like glass
I'm to stay in one position
As I take in the situation

I pray to the father and ask his help
For the good things I have done
I ask the father to forgive me
And that is keeping me strong

How long you ask will I lie here
How long is a piece of string
This condition I wish you not
But 'Hope' is my best answer

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

How Low Is Low

In the heat of the day they walk and trudge
So sure of themselves - so shamelessly smug
The look on their face - don’t mess with me
Beware my appearance - or you go through me

A modern teen world of our young men
With pants hanging low - a modern trend
It does not matter the disturbance cause
While the younger generation point and pause

Agitated parents ponder in shock
They tell the law but they don’t react
The answers they say to the reason why
Will make you cringe and want to cry

If you’re bold enough and talk about it
They look at you and laugh out loud
And actions then taken to show the lot
It’s cool they say - try to dress this way

If only they knew of their ridiculous look
With pants hanging low below their butt
A positive show of complete self-worth
Is the message sent - that is coming forth

It’s indecent, immoral, offensive and lewd
It’s wrong, improper, and so uncouth
A bad example of ‘how low is low’
This message sent out to our innocent youths

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

I Sing A Song

I sing a song for you to listen
And hope you don’t fly away
Softly a melody that wings through the air
I sing - I sing just for you

I look at you and all I see
Sweet summers kiss and a taste of wine
Your angel’s eyes and strawberry lips
Your mine - my angel delight

My song is sung and now you’re gone
I watch you fly in the bright summers sun
I make a plea to the light of the day
To keep you safe until you return

I sing a song for you to listen
I sing but you do not hear
That day you flew into the summers sun
You gave no sign - was that the time

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

I'll Find You

We used to play our silly games
And don’t care what they think
The fun and laughter we used to have
We always dressed in pink

And then that day you sailed away
Across to foreign lands
I was left here all alone
While the other half of me was gone

You've never left my thoughts
You'r always in my head
I talk to you each night
Before I go to bed

I’m older now and so are you
A way to you I'll discover
I'll search and search and navigate
The path to you I'll uncover

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

In The Stillness Of The Night

In the stillness of the night I watched you dance
As you sing to a haunted tune
The pain in your eyes - the sorrow of your heart
The song for a love that’s gone

In the stillness of the night I keep watching you
My only thought - but to comfort you
But as I near you - you fade away
Like the mist disappearing at dawn

In the stillness of the night I will return
My one hope but to find you
Again to watch this silent act
In the quiet of the night you do

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Isla Marisol

There’s an island in the sun where the sky kiss the sea
Magic is displayed through the wind and the breeze
The palm trees they sway as in a sensuous dance
Music can be heard of a sheer hypnotic trance

When the magic happens on this isle of paradise
You can hear the sounds of the waves through the reef
This tropical isle of Isla Marisol
Where tales are told of enchantment indeed

There’s an island in the sun where the moon kiss the sea
Magic is displayed through the wind and the breeze
While two lovers sit as they watch the starried sky
Two stars fell as a kiss was stole that night

Two wishes made with hopes to come through
On this coral isle with a blue lagoon
Where the sun and the moon their magic they cast
On this beautiful isle of Isla Marisol

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Jake & Kailey

A young sheepdog by the name of Jake
Abandoned and lost –is this his wake
A master found – in the old dog pound
Jake wanted to please him on all account

So the left paw up –and that's a shake
The right paw up – and giving five
He then lies down – a piece of cake
I'm now sitting down – treats all round?

The master left him for a while
On his return Jake smugly looks up
Aside of him was a lovely pup
Look master he says – a present for you
My beautiful daughter – what say you?

His master looked down with love in his eyes
And whisper to Jake so softly
And what shall we call her Jakey-boy
How about the name of Kailey

So the left paw up –and that's a shake
The right paw up – and giving five
He then lies down – a piece of cake
I'm now sitting down – treats all round?

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Jesus' Birth

The night is cold and jingle bells ring
Around the tree we all will sing
The candles are lit our hands are joined
This blessed night - this clear midnight

O Silent Night - O Holy Night
O Come All Ye Faithful
Christians awake - salute this morn
The birthday of our Saviour born

O Little Town of Bethlehem
Your different now than then
Where war and strife has played their part
And peace on earth is not

To all good people of this earth
I beg of you consider
He that came and died for us
And heed the message sent

Rejoice you people Rejoice
Sing out and raise your voice
Throughout the turmoil’s of this world
Remember Him that saves

A vow we make this silent night
And the reason of his birth
To raise us all of this earth
And to give us a second birth

So sing my people sing
Like the herald angels sang
Peace and good will this Christmas time
Sing praises to our King

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Jungle Rape

They enter our country like spirits of the night
An illegal invasion not of our delight
Their one intent our heritage to take
For a better way of life - they say - to make

A country so small - yet so tall
It’s woodland of trees - mahogany and all
Where wildlife they live - of all different kinds
The scarlet macaws exotic of all

But then they come with machetes and guns
Our trees they hacked till they all fall down
Our scarlet macaw is now deteriorating
As they feast on our bird with very much liking

Our country’s mahogany - our cherished hardwood
Our birds and beast and all that’s preserved
Our artefacts from the Mayan’s gone
Pilfered and stolen with no concern

Like jaguars they creep and rape in the night
Our forests and jungle as we sleep
So come on people - let’s defend and fight
Them that’s destroying our heritage rights

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Lady D & D

A story to be told
A perfect fairytale
A marriage of two lovers
A Lady and her Prince

A marriage of grandeur
A marriage of splendour
A marriage full of joy
But one destined for sorrow

A broken accordance
Of betrayal unbound
A marriage separation
And a Lady’s depression

Then a new love she found
The old one is forgotten
But not by those out there
For their constant attention

Then one dark night
The hand of fate stepped in
The Lady and her new love
In heaven a life begin

The memories of these two
Will always come to mind
As true love they have found
But always they were hound

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Little Bird

A little bird he came one day
And to my window he flew
He tapped on the window pane
And said 'how do you do'

And as I rose to go near him
To have a shake of his little wing
With a nod of his head he looked at me
Then shook his tail and start to sing

This pretty little bird as he sang and dance
A song so beautifully song
A delightful dance so gracefully performed
For me - his honoured audience

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Look Him In The Eye

Who can look death in the eye
And say it is all right
When our deepest fears we see
Who can look death in the eye
And say it is all right
When our greatest fears are nigh

My body I find is lying still
As weird thoughts plays their part
I'm in a maze in a very dark space
Can't find my way to the start

Is this the path we all must take
As we make way for the new
And as this chill bears over me
This door I'll close and.....

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Looking For Me

You conspire against others
You cheat and you connive
Yet when challenged with this matter
You’re always full of flatter

Your walk is of a proud stance
Your voice so silky smooth
Your smile full of charisma
No cheat would look like you

To know you as a charlatan
To know you as a fraud
The skills you profess you have
But these you do not have

You hide behind these traits
These wonderful values of life
Why don’t you just be yourself
But this you can’t complete

Take time to find yourself
Find out what you can do
You had your cause for all these flaws
Now allow yourself your merit

People will like you and some people won’t
It really does'nt matter, if they do or don’t
Just listen to your inner self, boost your self esteem
For when these qualities you have find
A nicer person he.....

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Lost Love

The first time I saw your face
Something inside me stopped
Your look, your smile, your eyes said it all
I had to answer your silent call

You took my hand and then we dance
I felt I was floating on air
I felt so safe, I felt so warm
When I was in your arms

And then as quick as you came to me
Just as quickly you were gone
A touch of the hands, a parting kiss
And I was left here alone

The years have passed, decades since
But your face I see so often
I'm married now, and so are you
But you were always the one

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Love Is

Love is a roller coaster
It’s filled with excitement

Love is like a clown
It always make you laugh

Love is like a pendulum
It swings back and forth

Love is like a dragon
It smells and breathes of fire

Love is like a dream
I see you in my sleep

Love is like a quake
It bursts with madness

Love is like a waterfall
You shed a lot of tears

Love is like magic
It casts a spell on you

Love is a power
It makes things happen

Love is a blessing
Of patience and understanding

Love is…….

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Love is Good

When I'm down and lonely
You come knocking at my door
But I don't care
You can't hurt me anymore

You can find someone else
And their foolish heart to ache
But I don't care
For my mind you will not break

Rain you keep on raining
All through the night
But when the morning comes
The sun will shine again

A new love I've found
And it took the rain away
Love made the sun shine through
On this my wedding day

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Malicious Being

You called me - you called me
But why did you call me
You never liked me
You hated me
Now you call me

You want to be my friend you say
Why now - why now
I've put up with your jibes and jeers
And kept on my merry way

You tell them I'm your best pal
Although it's costing me
Whenever we go out together
The bills they come my way

I know I'm idiotic and sometimes thick
But why should the likes of you
My fallibility use....
For your self satisfaction - with your nasty tricks

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Many A Bridge

Many a bridge I have to cross
As my spirit’s down - and I can’t go on
I can’t understand - I’m at a lost
Oh - but to be found

Many a bridge I have to cross
To save this soul of mine
For years I chose a path to dread
And times I wish me dead

Many a bridge I have to cross
To find this Saviour of mine
For him to show the way to me
And experience his love divine

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Many Facets of Love

</>How many times is the word ‘love’ used
And in what situation
‘Love for one’s country’ for example
How is that being shown

We talk about love for our profession
But what are we really implying
Then there’s the love for our parents
And the love for one’s companion

There’s love for one’s child
A sure kind of significance
And the love for one’s God
Perhaps depicting assurance

Love between man and woman
Where body and soul are joined
A feeling of pure sensation
A feeling of obsession

But the word ‘love’ at the end of the day
Has it got a single representation
Can this one symbolic meaning
Be applied to realities wide-ranging

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Meaning of Christmas

The ‘Holly’ - the crown of thorns - the blood that was shed for us

The ‘Fir Tree’ - it's colour ‘green’ - a symbol of hope for us all

The ‘Bright Star’ - but a symbol of promise - One was sent to save us

The ‘Candle’ - the ‘light of the world’ - Jesus Christ

The ‘Christmas Wreathe’ - a sign of love - It never dies

The ‘Three Wise Men’ - represents the giving of gifts

The ‘Sugar Cane’ - we see the crook of the shepherd

The ‘Bells’ - their beautiful sounds to guide us home

The ‘Angels’ - They sang about the birth of Jesus

I vaguely remember hearing this but it always come to mind round Christmas time. I want to share it with you all the best way I know how.

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Memories So Dark

No matter where or why
No matter what the season
It always seems so very dark
And always without good reason

It’s been so many years ago
A prisoner of war I was
I thank the Lord that I’m alive
But some did not survive

And as I sit here all alone
A frail old man of ninety-two
I see myself at twenty-two
With a pick and shovel in hand

That path in life I did not tell
Of the torment and horrors felt
And then the memories they start come back
Of a young man’s torture in an old man’s head

An angry man, a bitter man
A man who can’t forget
Just sitting old and all forlorn
With his memories and the dark

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Messages On A Tree

Etched in the bark of an ageing tree
Many a message to examine
A tree that became a secret friend
In the glimpse of one’s own legend

The messages tell of yearning for love
With pictures of faces and beasts
Pictures of hearts and carved initials
And pictures of someone’s needs

A depiction of love and loneliness
Or maybe a cry of help...
These messages that’s written on a tree
For those who find to see

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Mine Without Lights

Just turned twelve and sent to the mines
An underground job destined
In pits that is sunk in the valley floors
To work the seams of the coal lying low

Ten long hours and bending low
His back is sore - as he can’t stand high
The deafening noise of the picking of the wall
Around his feet water's cold as ice

The valley echoes with the sounds of machines
That hauls the cages up from ravines
Where for little and less the children work
The hardship suffered for the benefit of others

The owners of the mine they clearly were thriving
And the safety of the workforce - was found lacking
If a minor fell dead he can always be replaced
There’s always another - to take his place

Such is the sacrifice that was paid
By the little children whe worked in the night
Scared as they were - they had to go
To that lonely place - the mine without lights

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Mirror Of Vanity

I look in the mirror and what do I see
A picture of you looking back at me
I stare at your face - a beautiful face…
I talk to you - and you talk back

I look in the mirror and what do I behold
A beautiful maiden just 16 years old
A show of passion in her expression
With pouting red lips and hands on rounded hips

My household mirror my much-loved friend
You tell me what I need to know to the bitter end
They may think I'm vain - but then that's my game
For the fairest of all - you see - is my name

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Monkey See - Monkey Do

Children are so lovely
In expressing their views
Things that comes naturally
In everything they do

A fact to behold
A sort of adulation
They latch on to something
A cat, a tree, a person

A show they'll put on
Of mimicry and joy
A walk in mom's heels
A sight to consider

It's time now for dinner
And her manners she forgot
As head over plate
She's eating like the cat

I can go on and tell
Of her impish deeds and dos
A very true example of
'Monkey see' - 'monkey do'

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

My Brother

As I sit here and wander
My thoughts they turn to you
The games we played
And that song you sang - my brother

And all the fighting and in betweens
And disagreements in our teens
The tales you told and the jokes you played
And you just laughed - my brother

You made me laugh you made me cry
You even helped to make me lie
But when I ache and I am hurting
You're always there - my brother

We've all grown up and there you go
Our sisters homes you'll visit
A daily routine this you do
A must in your daily list

Across the seas I think of no other
And all these years of missing you
A special love I have for you
My one and only brother

(This is dedicated to my only brother 'John' with fondest love)

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

My Butterfly

Your black and brown, green and blue
With wings so beautifully coloured
You flutter and dance so daintily
A ballet of exquisite pleasure

You kiss the flowers
You smell the grass
You quiver through the air
No noise you make while you portray
A beautiful silent sonata

You are a vision my winged flutter by
A prayer I whisper to you
To take with you as you fly through the air
My handsome butterfly

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

My Guiding Light

</>Twinkle twinkle little star
Way up high and so afar
With your light you guide so bright
This dark path throughout the night

Twinkle twinkle little star
My life, my joy, my child so fair
Your laugh, your smile, your gently cry
To you I'll sing a lull-a-bye

Twinkle twinkle little star
You're my friend I know you are
There are times I don't see you
But I know your always there

Twinkle twinkle little star
You're around and your so rare
Keep continue shining bright
And I'll find you my guiding light

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

My Heart

You fill with blood before you beat
Then you contract and send it along
You do this all day and all night long
You truly are a very hard worker

You are like a pump maybe two it seems
Where the right side of you accepts
Then the left side of you - you pump it out
You really are rather special

You are a muscle for what you do
You provide the essence of life
I need to train and healthy eat
In order to keep you strong

This organ of mine you deserve to be loved
For the work that you are doing
You started beating before I was born
And you still continue pumping ……

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

My Mother's Tree - The Flamboyant Tree

When I was young and quite naïve
A tree my mother planted
A tree she nursed so tenderly
A tree she loved so fondly

She always sits under its shade
A look of peace upon her face
Who would think a love would find
Between a tree and human kind

The day then came - she passed away
Her beautiful tree it pined and wasted
To tend it’s branches - no one cared
No one could be seem to bother

The day came for a new home scheme
The flamboyant tree is in the way
A whirr of the saw and down it came
To make way for another

But I don’t care that this has happened
For a new flamboyant is up and growing
Albeit in another place.....
For my lovely, lovely, mother

(Dedicated to my mother Stella Ayuso Rudon)

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

My Ring

A thousand ways to love
A thousand songs to sing
This my love I say to you
Will you wear my ring

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

My Rose

A single rose you placed in my hand
A symbol of love untainted
It’s scent a fragrance so bitter sweet
A subtle shade of deep blood red

My rose and I we tell each day
Of this special love so right
A vow we make our love will last
And never to expire

And then one day my beautiful rose
It’s thorns drew blood of mine
I watched it wilt, wither, and die
And wonder has my true love died.....

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

My Son

It does not seem so long ago
Since you were my little boy
You who filled my life so much
With so, so, many joys

Now here you are my little grown man
And I ask you to remember
Be fair and share and always care
And realise who you are

You’re kind, you’re sweet, you’re a gentle man
You always put others first
I found that in you as I watched you grow
And so very proud - my son

And now you’re off to pastures new
As you leave I’ll try not to cry
Just once more son - I’d like to say
You will always be my boy

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

My Valentine

I don’t need to go to the moon
Or dance amongst the stars
I just need to be with you
For I love you as you are

We’ve been together quite a while
The wind beneath our wings
My love you’ve been all this time
My darling 'Valentine’

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

No Matter What

I sit there and watch amongst all the chatter
Each other speaking in a loud frenzied manner
They laugh and converse at the same time
A nonchalant mannerism but all is just the same

A comment is made from one in the group
A firm sense of falseness distinguished in the voice
A look of annoyance is seen on one’s face
A sarcastic remark will then escalate

The start of an argument this is for sure
As all intervenes as sides they procure
Where stands are taken be it right or wrong
All in defence of the opted one

A manner taken - a show of stance
A deliberate show to the impeding one
A message read just keep your distance
You may be blood - but one of us not

Is this an end to family ties
Where love should be strong to the bitter end
No sides should be taken - no matter as to reasons
A bond that's broken through false allegations

I stare at the faces in this picture of mine
The urge to lash out - I feel I must shout
The emotion felt from an unfinished time
With anger and rage just waiting to come out

I’ve distant myself but I can turn this around
An advocate I’ll be for misunderstandings felt
An achievement on my own with the one’s I know best
And a completion I feel as I lay this to rest

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Nosy Busy Bodies

You can’t let others be - can you
You always have to gossip
Why must you always interfere
Are you that fed up - REALLY

Why not go out and get a job
Instead of making conflict
If you’re that old find a hobby
Or go and do some gardening

What people do with their lives
Is - but - their -own
There’s no reason for you to intrude
Just get on with your own

You nosy busy bodies
You got nought better to do
Stop prying on my situation
Just go and work on your own

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Not yet

Not yet - not yet
It’s always - not yet
Why are we so negative
Why can’t we be positive

Whenever asking a question
It’s always ‘not yet’
When will it be ‘yet’
It’s always in the waiting

These words of ‘not yet’ you’ll find
Can be a cry of plea
For when one's in the passing
You’ll hear ‘not yet’ - 'not yet’

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

O Glorious Belize

O GLORIOUS BELIZE

O glorious Belize, land of sea and sun
A vow I make to thee
Your people will stand steadfast and strong
To build a nation united and free

Grant us your blessings O God and King
On this land of hope and glory
To honour and defend, far and wide
The name of my country ‘Belize’

The flag we fly so proud so high
Our Coat of Arms so right
Tyrants and despots shall fear the wrought
Of this country’s power and might

March on for freedom O people of Belize
Through storm, fire, and prayer
With help from St Michael from heaven above
The road to freedom lies there

God bless this nation one and all
A legacy from a battle fought
This coral land with blue lagoons
Belize O glorious Belize

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

O My Mama

I would not be here if not for her
I would not be at all
I am so glad I'm of her genes
My beautiful mama - Stella

The pictures I see of her in mind
As she sits and stitch our garments
The care she takes while she makes
And all the time she sings

Her voice is of an angel choir
So beautifully sang a song
No other has a voice like this
She's like a coloratura

Another picture comes to mind
Is that of her in the yard grounds
With rake in hand she will make smart
And produce a heavenly garden

And every Thursday there's a treat
As that 's the day she gets paid
We always have that 'arctic roll'
Somehow she thinks we deserved it

But Christmas is the best of all
As she replaces the old with the new
And all these things she made herself
Then gives the old to the poor

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

One Day

One day he will go to school
One day he will marry
One day he'll have kids of his own
One day.....

One day a wish for pleasure
One day a wish for laughter
One day a wish for long life
One day.....

Whatever happened to my hopes and dreams
I once had for my child
Where faith has dealt me a deadly blow
One day…...

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Prayer For My Country

</>O God my country needs your help
Please do not ignore my plea
Young people are dying by the gun
The old - well some by their own

Parents are abusing their kin
Some as old as five or six
Leaving their children alone
Till the wee wee hours of dawn

O God your people are hungry
And there’s nothing I can do
Like scavengers they’re at the garbage dump
Foraging for means of food

Home invasion is the norm
The invaders they all walk free
The victims - they are but judged
For a crime they did not commit

Your people are judged by the proper means
But then O God are set free
Again to do what they have done
And once more to cause us grief

Laws are implemented
But seems only to be abused
It does not matter what I do
It’s like walking the road of doom

Your people are crying out sweet Lord
For your grace and intervention
To grant the peace that they deserve
Through their belief in you

Lead us O Lord into the path of your choice
And grant us the patience to follow
You are the fountain of hope and goodness
We know your will is best

So make my country a better place
For us to all abide
Faith is not believing that you can O Lord
It’s knowing that you’ll provide

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Que Sera Sera

Times when you think you can
You find yourself go wrong
No truer words describes it all
As - Que Sera - Sera

Times when you want to please
For you to be recognized
But then you lose that recognition
Again - Que Sera - Sera

You try so hard - you try to please
You’ve always got to succeed
It does not matter - fail or achieve
Que Sera - Sera

Times like these a lesson to learn
Don’t expect something in return
Live your life - just for yourself
Que Sera - Sera

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

R E D

We see it but a colour - it‘s uses are of many
The blush of an elegant rose, the shade of a cold - your nose
A method of expression, of anger and of passion
Words to always dread, when one says ‘I see red’

A show of power known when laying the ‘red’ carpet
For royal and formal occasions, and those of heads of state
Of happiness a meaning, of joy and elation
Decors of ‘red’ for some a means of fortune

Warnings are important in the show of signs of ‘red’
As notice is drawn, to crisis and those of threat
One I like best of all the colour of my Heart
The colour of my blood as it pumps in and out

So when you see ‘red’ in any shape or form
Think of it’s significance and the joy it represents
Enjoy in it’s beauty and in all our surrounds
And heed her in her warnings when the colour ‘red’ is shown

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Redemption Time

Belize my wonderful Belize
You once were a beautiful land
But now my tears I shed
For you I do but cry

The horror that bleeds us dry
The unease that runs in our blood
Where freedom once is now but gone
O Belize I do but cry

People of no protection are we
We now reside in fear
How did we become this way
O Belize I ask you why

You don’t hear me when I call you out
My cries they go unheard
Your children hunt each other down
Like beasts out in the wild

Belize my beautiful Belize
Pain is all I feel
O for you to rise again
My sweet dear mother nation

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Reflections

Why do we destroy
What we must protect

When we look in the mirror
What do we see reflected

When we sleep at night
What images do we see

When we make a promise
Why do we not keep

Why is there not the need
To live upright and strong

Why do we not consider
The right and the wrong

Do we not know there is one
That we must all account to

Wake up and stand people
Listen with your eyes

Wake up and stand people
See with your ears

Wake up and stand people
Feel with your hands

Look around you people
What do you see

Look around you people
Lets put the world right

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Remember Peace & Love

Remember the 1960's
A decade to remember
A time of peace a time of war
A memorable age to consider

A time two countries race for space
For fear of the red takeover
A time for show of civil rights
And a time for Vietnam

A time where skirts were way up high
And then they were way down low
A time where man walked on the moon
And a time for rock-n-roll

There's MLK 'I have a Dream'
And people on the picket line
Music, fashion, movies, hippies
There's changes everywhere

The Beatles group they reigned supreme
Their rock fest just drew millions
The hippies with their LSD
And a show of revival response

And still our doors were left unlocked
And our children played unhurt
The 60s was a time of change
A time of liberation

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Road Of Barrenness

The most unfortunate road a woman could walk
Is the road of barrenness
A cruel road of whys and tears
A road of loneliness

She’ll have her times of sobbing
When others are expecting
She’ll often hold her hands in woe
All this behind closed dwelling

She’ll raged at God of how unfair
She cannot have a child
He is the creator of life after all
So why not did in her

This love for being a mother
This means beyond compare
She’ll tell how others can
And they don’t even care

And when that special time arrives
The eventful ’Mother’s Day’
She’ll watch all beaming mothers
A member of this league she's nay

It’s hard to imagine what she’s feeling
It's all about understanding
God’s gift of children is not where or why
It’s about how He gives His blessings

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Sadden Heart

Sadden Heart, O sadden heart
Please, please stop crying
I didn’t want to love him
No I didn’t want to love him

It was you that made me do it
It was you that wanted to
You always knew you loved him
You always knew

Sadden heart, O sadden heart
You always make me happy
You always make me glad
But sometimes you make me sad
And then I feel so bad

Please don’t cry my sorry heart
For a love that’s taken apart
They say time changes all sorts
I hope it’ll change this hurt

He’ll always be your true love
He’ll always be the one
O heart you must find a way
In time you will forget

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Santa's Bells

On Santa’s sleigh there are silver bells
Each one is there for a reason
And the story goes if one is amiss
There will not be a Christmas

Each Yuletide season a tale is told
To all the children of the world
Of one young lad who went to bed
And how he saved their Christmas

On Christmas eve as he retired
He’s so excited - he could not sleep
All of a sudden there was a soft clang
He listened so - could it be St Nick

Up he rose and out of bed
He decide to investigate
And on the ground there was a glint
And then he saw the bell

He picked it up and was amaze
It must have come from Santa’s sleigh
‘Oh no’ said he as he looked above
And rang this bell did he

And as he rang - a bright light shone
And then the bell was gone
But on the tree that Christmas morn
A note was found from dear St Nick

Don’t worry son - the bell you found
Was me with my gift for you
You rang that bell so loud so clear
Thanks, but I always carry a spare

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Searching

Why does it not shine no more
Why is it always dark
Why do I keep searching
Why look in the past

What am I looking for
And what have I lost
Why do I search for the high
And then I look for the low

I wonder if I'll find it
Or be it in disguise
I ask where to go
But no one wants to know

And then a day I decided
I will not search no more
And lo and behold out it came
The sun - it brightly shone

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Seasons Greetings

Hope this greeting
Will somehow show
That through this season
You're thought about

From me to you
I send this greet
A holy special Christmas
With lots of good treats

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

She

Early in the morning
As the clock strikes four
You'll hear her singing
As she starts her daily chores

A fire she'll start burning
Made of wood and sticks
Then the bread she'll start kneading
While the others lay sleeping

Early in the morning
When the clock strikes six
One chore is done
And another has begun

At her tender age of old
She carries her pail
As water she'll fetch
From the watering hole

While the others eat
She'll rest her weary feet
Before she gets going
The start of 'clothes washing'

Her hands full of corns
Her legs a picture of veins
Her years this life of keeping
And still she keeps on singing

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

She Devil

Standing on the shore - a vision I see
A woman of beauty and love
Her hair just wafting in the breeze
A goddess - I do believe

Slowly she walked - towards me she came
Transfixed was I - I feel so insane
And then a voice - a heavenly voice
And then she spoke her name

Her voice is as an angel cry
Her smell is of a rose
Her laugh is delicate as a song
I can but whisper her name

With this she devil I will walk
As she lures me with her song
Of the treasures, the powers of the sea itself
This She Devil - my woman.....

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Should I - Must I

When I find myself in difficulty
Do I lie down in demise
When I find myself in difficulty
Should I not get up and rise

When I find myself become ill
Do I just stay exhausted
When I find myself become ill
Must I not get up and fight it

When I find myself in an accident
Do I say ’it’s a stroke of bad luck’
When I find myself in an accident
Must I not accept it as ‘providence’

When I find myself unhappy
Do I carry on being despondent
When I find myself unhappy
Should I not show ‘contentment’

When I have money issues
Do I plead pitiable
When I have money issues
Must I not be ‘humble’

When I’m in emotional pain
Do I display wretchedness
When I’m in emotional pain
Do I not welcome happiness

When struggling with relationship
Do I just walk away
When struggling with relationship
Must I not rise above it

All these things I’ve written above
Must we not attention be paid to
All these things I’ve written above
Should we not ponder and deal with

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Sister Dear

</>When we were small sister dear
We both had shared a bed
With arms entwined so very tight
Of the dark we were afraid

When we were young sister dear
What loving fun we had
The games we made and was played
The laughs as one we had

When I fell down my knees I grazed
You got down by my side
You sang a song as you held my hand
And then my crying died

We've now grown up you and I
Our different ways we've gone
Oh sister dear where are you now
I'm sad and so forlorn…….....

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Snowflakes

How silently you fall
No sound you make
You come drifting down
Like soft feather down

I think the beauty of you
The havoc you sometimes bring
I find myself marvelling
You could do such a thing

Yet we wish for you….
Always speak of you
And hope you'll come
When it's Christmas Tide

Yes - havoc you may cause
As you settle on the ground
But the merriment we create
As we hold hands and we frolic

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

So Sorry Dad

How long has it been since I left you
How long - how long
My defender in shining armour
My guardian - my Dad

How long has it been since I saw your face
Too long - too long
A face I knew that once was smooth
I believe now riddled with lines

The years spent with my new found folk
The years forgot of my own blood folk
And now because they've left the nest
The thoughts to you they rest

I so regret it's taken this long
And I wonder how you are
I'm winging my way back to you
To once more be in your arms

How long has it been since I left I ask
It seems forever long
Cause now I'm back but you're not there
I'm just too late - so sorry Dad

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Sometime Gal

This girl I like and care about
Has a quality of her own
She is unique in a sort of way
But keeps us men at bay

She is well-bred and well-to-do
And it shows in all she do
When ask of her queries of mine
Her one response is ‘sometimes’

Do you like to date - sometimes
Do you like to dance - sometimes
Do you like men that party a lot
All the time - it’s sometimes

Have you ever cheated - sometime
Ever been in trouble - sometime
Do you wear pyjamas when you sleep
All the time - it’s sometimes

This sometime gal I will pursue
More questions I will her ask
And then the day will arrive
Her answer to me…….

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Sweet Dreams

I dream a dream
A wonderful dream
I held you in my arms
I felt all your charms

I dream a dream
A wonderful dream
We fly and fly
Way up to the sky

I dream a dream
A wonderful dream
Emotions we feel
But I know they’re not real

I dream a dream
Such sweet dreams
If only they were real
If only they were real

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Tears of Our Lady

O blessed Mother Mary - hear my cry
Help me to please understand
The actions of your children on earth
And as to their reasons why

O Blessed Lady I see you cry
And I can feel your pain
The tears you shed for your son Jesus
And now for us you ache

O Blessed Madonna show us the way
Make us stop this fighting
Teach us the way of the truth and the light
And stop your tears from falling

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The 4 Chaplains

</>Young and fearful they board the ship
This luxury liner - now a battle cruiser
Out to defend the land of their birth
Across the seas - until it’s over

The many dangers there lie ahead
The perils of the sea alone
Where raging waters and ice flows fast
And the force of strong gale winds

Crammed head to toe below the deck
A human sea of fear and doubt
Men in need of a shoulder to lead on
Men in need of hope

But on that ship there’s four special men
All - men of the ‘Cloth’
And as they look at the faces of fear
The need for their ‘Chaplains’ they saw

No care was paid to their title given
Whether Rabbi, Jew, RC, or Reverend
As all knelt with a hymn and a prayer
And a moment of strength was given

Another cold and windy night
And a new day now approaching
But in the distance the arm of a U-boat
And a command was given - ‘Fire’

The face of death reached out at the men
On the decks of the battle cruiser
A blinding explosion - a massive destruction
And the cries of pain - the reaction

In the chaos that followed these four special men
Their voices of ‘calm’ could be heard
To bring peace and hope to panic and unease
As the cruiser start creeping - beneath the sea

In less than an hour water flowed on the deck
As the Chaplains they worked against time
But time ran out for these four special men
The last of the life jackets - gone

The ship’s demise - almost complete
But at the railings was seen
Four special men their arms they linked
As their watery grave they meet

These four individual men of the ‘Cloth
All of different opinions

The strength they found in their beliefs
The nearest thing to heaven

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Alpha & The Omega

The Alpha the First - The Omega the Last
A title that’s applied both to God and Christ
Some will evaluate and some will speculate
Whether in fact they're the beginning or the end

The Alpha the First - The Omega the Last
Two letters of the Greek Alphabet
A symbol to remind us that God’s all eternal
An appearance in Roman Cathedrals

To know the Alpha - to know the Omega
You must understand God’s work
His plan on earth but to save us all
A plan He’ll see to the end

The Alpha and The Omega.....
A great mystery to us all
God does not expect us to comprehend
But your trust in him I commend

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Apple Tree

Deep down in the valley is a place so beautiful
A place of enchantment, a place so peaceful

Everything is so quiet, everything is so green
All you can hear is the waft of the breeze

Sometimes you may hear the song of a thrush
Or singing to itself is the stream and it's rush

In the shade of the apple tree I sit and reflect
The exquisiteness' of the many fruit trees

As the insects pollinate their place of abode
I'm lulled in a dream with the wind and their drone

A man of my dreams he sat beside me
And a song so gently he sang to me

He told of his love so gentle and sweet
As I held his hand our lips then meet

The warmth of his love then fades away
As the chill of the air sets down upon me

I'll leave this place but only for now
My apple tree my secret he'll keep

When tomorrow comes my lover I'll meet
When I dream once more under the apple tree

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Autumn Tree

You’ve never looked so vibrant
Than when you dress for autumn
The colours you choose is beyond belief
In red, yellow, orange and gold

For a time you’ll put on a show
And we’ll stop and look in amazement
At your elegance, your poise - and your panache
And await next year’s display

O beautiful autumn tree
I marvel at your hues and shades
Your brilliance is a pleasure to observe
This time when you are most superb

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Carving

I saw you in the store
You’re just suspended there
Your 6 foot by 3 foot
And - you’re made of wood

I keep looking at you
And you look down at me
I keep wonder about you
And why you hang there

I keep visiting you
And think I must have you
I take you home and sit you there
But still - it’s not right

And then it came - the answer
The church you must go
You’re now displayed for all to see
This carving of the ‘Virgin Mary’

You are home now - this is where you belong
Here for us all to revere
Now and forever more we pray
Amen - Amen - Amen

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Crystal Maiden

18 years of age
A young maiden of old
You were chosen from them all
For a sacrifice to behold

I wonder of your beauty
I wonder of your fears
When you walked up to that altar
Did any cries you make

And when that deed was done
They threw you to the ground
For what purpose I need to know
To please the will of your Gods?

A thousand years have since passed
Your home we have now discovered
A majestic cave so distantly far
Destined you were to be found

And there inside we find you rest
In the light you sparkle and shone
While on your bed you but lay
On a bed of rock and limestone

A homage pay I must to you
For what you have been through
I still don’t grasp the reason why
For your unholy end

History says you’re of a people great
And that - you should be proud
For now you are here, you can tell us all
Was your 'Sacrifice' - worthwhile?

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Cyclist

All cyclists’ out to compete
Their attributes they’ll have
The skills they have acquired
Shows triumphs and defeats

Whatever their motivation
A state of focused power
A form of ’being on high’ perhaps
A personal best to hunt for…..

Totally absorb they’ll give their all
For that is all that matters
It’s just amazing the race they’ll ride
There'll be no means for errors

Their bodies’ hurts - their lungs will too
They’re breathing hard as they can
Where nothing stops and get in their way
This battle to the finished line

The race is over and ‘glory’ is claimed
For a race that was fought and won
And tribute is paid to all passed the post
For the pain endured to the end ……..

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Devil's Domain

The fires - the fires - the fires of hell
A place where some of us will go
For the evil deeds that we have done
And ‘repent’ - did not want to know

The smells - the smells - the aroma of hell
Where the devil he feasts on our souls
Repent - repent - and avoid this domain
And the devil - he'll feed no more

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Disable Able

James body is all twisted
His speech is sort of droll
Some people tend to laugh at him
The result of an accident roll

Sue has a slight impairment
She applied for government aid
An investigation is on going
She's a 'fraudster' - they say

David's face is covered
To hide the scars he bear
He was a victim of an acid attack
And carries the name of 'Mask Man'

Pete has no legs and sit all day
On a plank of wood with wheels
They got blown off while he fought a war
His hands are now his feet

Your sneers and jeers they want you to know
Are all but classed as mindless
They all were able once you know
Who knows you could end up like them….

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Elusive Happy Event

To pen a poem I was asked
Depicting a happy event
I wracked my brains and fathom it out
But nothing comes to mind

I looked back at the start of eleven
And what did I ascertain…..
News to the fore that gets your attention
And wonder to the reason main

War and strife, politics and strikes
What's there to be happy about
Rape and looting, rioting including
Families evicted through lack of earnings

Hurricanes, tornados, floods and famine
Natural disasters that causes mayhem
Soldiers dying in foreign nations
Leaving young loved ones behind

Tsunami's, earthquakes, mines detonating
Machine guns blazing, bombs exploding
People dying - for what reason
For what - I ask myself

Our children alone can't walk the streets
For sure they'll be attack
We're prisoners in our own environment
In this world of our own making

So what have I found to be happy about
Nothing I'm afraid and that's a fact
We need to change the way we live
And stop living in the devil's domain

So teach our children right from wrong
Teach them of respect
Teach them of family values and worth
Then 'happiness' will come about

With this in mind - I may locate
The illusive happy thought
That has evaded us this time
But is there for our young one's to find

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Engagement Ring

You surely are the fairest
You really are the rarest
A beauty to behold
And you’re made of gold

You are elegantly round
And you wear a crown
You are so refine
You just sparkle and shine

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Eyes But See

You make me see the light
You make me see to write
You’re there to shed my tears
When I’m down and all forlorn

From the moment I wake
You start to operate
And you stay that way
Till I take on sleep

You take in all around you
Being colours, shapes, and sizes
You simply are amazing
This job - so awe inspiring

This brilliant world of ours
Through you it comes to us
The beauty that you show
The colours of your eyes

Without you I wonder
What would I see
Will my mind I have to use
And see when I sleep

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Feather

If by you a feather falls
Catch it if you can
A sign of new beginnings
Is sent into your hands

If by you a feather falls
Catch it if you can
This is but a sign of hope
To send away your qualms

If by you a feather falls
Catch it if you can
You are sent good fortune
And this is not per chance

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Forgotton Wings

They fly as high as any man
And were called for a ‘special role’
To free male pilots for combat duty
In the conflict of World War II

Hundreds of women applied to join
As they took the oath for love of country
Each were issued a pilot’s license
All trained and passed and ready for duty

Their mission is but to fly aircrafts
From factories to military stations
Some were allowed other flying duties
To free male pilots for war obligations

Another undertaking is of cargo conveyance
While targets were towed for live armed training
All this was done without instrument reading
As they solely relied on their written annotations

Many of them their lives they lost
During services rendered to the war
Through accidents while training on active duty
In an endeavour to support their country

There’s many a heroine who goes unnoticed
And many have been forgotten
And such is the case of the many women
Who gave their all for their nation

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Jewel

On high the sweet birds sing
The ripples of the streams below
The whispers of the trees as the wind blows through
The rays of the sun cast a rainbow below

So dare I love this land of dreams
Of blue lakes and of coral reefs
Of silver seas and tropical breeze
A fine-looking isle of exotic trees

Cry my much loved jewel - cry for you and me
For now the love I had for you I now seem to hate
My spirit is now broken and now I ask your pardon
For it cannot be mended as my country’s robbed and beaten

We have no time to talk but only time to dread
As all our laws are broken and many abroad have fled
I cry for my people and of the customs gone
But I’ll just keep on hoping - when all of us are one

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Lenten Season

The day of the ashes - the beginning of Lent
An invite to the altar we're called
The ashes the priest he place on our brow
The shape of the cross he marks

And as he does these words he spoke
'For dust you are and dust you'll return'
A symbol of death and transience
A symbol of grief and atonement

The day of the ashes - the beginning of lent
A time of prayer and penitence
By our Saviour Lord for us to be cleanse
An undertaking let us do our best

Yea Lord teach us to complete this fast
Of warding off sin and indulging in repast
But make us enjoy the abstinence made
And partake in the hope of obtaining grace

And through these Lenten days my Lord
I think of your agony and pain
The passion of the cross that journey made
When you died and made us free

And when this season draws to an end
I rejoice at the thought of your resurrection
To once again partake in your rising
On that blessed Easter Morning

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Letter 'A'

</>In days of yore in puritan times
The sin of adultery is a serious offence
If a woman finds herself in this state
A punishment she'll endur only by death

Such a lady of ore she faced the court
While cradling the bairn she did birth
She walked so tall and so headstrong
A sort of elegance she did but show

The glaring and the staring - this she tolerates
As she gently caresses her love child
The secret of her lover she'll keep to herself
But this child is hers and her love forever

The court took pity - a price she'll pay
A penance she must endure
The placing of the letter 'A' on her bosom
The show of a woman made 'impure

Time passes by - her child she raised
Supporting herself with needle and mend
The glaring and the staring - it is no more
For respect is found in that 'A' she wore

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Little One's Tell

There’s a tiny little church
In a little village town
The people gather round
For the Christmas songs

In the lone dark night
With just their candle light
The drums start beat
For the start of the Christmas treat

The little tiny kids dressed as biblical people
And the dog take the stage as the donkey
What cheer they bring as they all start sing
As gifts to the little King they bring

What joy is shared from these little one’s
This most precious time of the year
Where the mamas and the papas and the little one’s too
Show us the true meaning of Xmas

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Mighty & The Weak

Power is a desire of man’s own craving
The ability to achieve one’s own yearning
Some will sell their souls just to get control
As the devil himself for the power and his goals

But true power we know belongs to God alone
The only true strength is His and His alone
And this is shown in the world creation
And will remain through the acts of salvation

Some will reject the existence of belief
The lack of understanding - a means of relief
The absence of not knowing - the reason for not caring
Be a sign of weakness - of man’s own making

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Mist

As we go on our quest
Along the low lying road
That was visible at first
And then it was gone

We found ourselves engulfed
By a low flying cloud
Thats made of drops of water
So very very fine

You are in the air
And near the terrain
You float and you fall
Like a very light rain

As we look through you
Nothing can be seen
You'r obscure and you hinder
One’s vision it seems

As the dawn turns to day
You rise and disappear
And once more the road
Is then made clear

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Nailing & The Rising

I look at my world today, compared it to the past
We are no different now than it was of then
Tales that are told and how they deal with an offence
Stories that today is of no consequence

The price one will pay for speaking your mind
The price one will pay for freedom of speech
The price that was paid for trying to educate
One man did such and his life was the rate

Today is not so different though
We speak our minds so harshly
This is shown through other ways
While hurt and maim is the game

Bottles are thrown, bricks are flung
Cars are set on fire
And as we speak, the innocent get killed
And they didn’t even speak

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Northern Lights

A spectacle to behold on a clear dark night
Are the Northern Lights that are all aglow
A natural phenomena of green white and red
An observable fact indeed is said

This splendid array of colours and light
That just captivates and fascinates
This force of energy that silently cries
And spans the distance of the northern skies

With draping curtains and brightness of light
An act is portrayed to a silent song
A regal display of a dance composition
I watched this show in fascination

This wondrous sight a show of force
Sometimes portrayed as a sign from God
As evil demons or a heavenly battle
This beautiful performance of a laser recital

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Old Ballroom

I hear a band a-playing
The sounds they are of old
I closed my eyes and listened
To the symphony music played

Then there before me this I see
A handsome stranger stands
With a bow and a smile he stretched his hand
Then took me in his arms

Not a word was spoke - not even a sigh
As he danced me round - I was on a high
The graceful movements so elegantly done
The sounds of the waltz the band played on

One last turn - and then he was gone
The sounds of the music it then died down
My eyes they opened and I looked around
At the derelict ballroom I just danced round

The phantom dancer - the phantom band
This old dance hall - a taste of the glam
Of days gone by and charms of olde
It still tells a tale this ballroom old

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Old Bowler

What’s that on your head - I was asked
As mocking remarks are made
I touched my bowler and caress it softly
As tales start flooding back

Tales I was told of how it was made
The shape and the reason why
And the many heads that it protected
From obstacles while out riding

Tales I was told of who wore them
And of how it won the West
Where lawmen and outlaws all alike
The ‘Old Bowler’ - on their heads

Royalty, Ministers, and Comedians
Private Detectives and all
This on their head with the walking cane
A feeling of dominance given

This old ‘Bowler’ - an icon of the past
And a history that it possess
So proud of it - to be wearing it
This eminent British likeness

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Old Sycamore

A sycamore tree preserved of old
A secret place where two lovers meet
But one such meeting in the shadows of the night
Was destined to be their final plight

As she arrived for the appointed meet
Her lover somehow was but keep
She knew exactly where to find him
And so set out for the village inn

They both set out to the sycamore tree
While they shared a heated discussion
The dispute took a frightening turn
As she took his sword and his side it plunge

She ran for her life but eventually was found
Her death was met by the hang mans noose
And when you pass that sycamore tree
The bloody old sword her waving you'll see

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Old 'Workhouse'

Each time I hear stories of old
I tremble at the thought of the old ‘workhouse’
Of all the people who enters there
And the tales of horror and despair

For the poor this public institution
Is one’s worst fear of all
For once you’re in - it’s hard to get out
A fate worse than being in detention

The young, the old, the mentally impaired
The residents of the old workhouse
Where the work they did would draw blood
For a plate of food and a bed

So when you’re sitting comfortably
In the warmth of your own sweet home
Think back to the days and the ‘old workhouse’
And ponder where you come from

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Reason Why

Why do you sing so sad so sweet
Like a nightingale in the night
Why shed tears so silently you
From those eyes so radiantly blue

My son he’s off to war he’s gone
My boy of twenty-one
To fight for a nation not of his kind
This thought it comes to mind

With guns, and drums, and hand grenades
I saw him off with his brigade
And then you ask me why I cry
That sir is the reason why

My tears I’ll shed till he comes back
My songs I’ll sing so sad
For when he’s back - alive not dead
They’ll never take him again

No gun he’ll carry - no drum he’ll beat
No grenade again he’ll throw
No tears to shed - no songs to sing
For to war he’ll go no more

So until then I’ll be this way
While my poor boy’s away
These songs I’ll sing these tears I cry
Until I see him again

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Red White and Blue

A land governed By England
Under the red, white, and blue
A King as our monarch
For a country with a view

An English speaking country
And proud of it indeed
If not for these distant roots
Our heritage - disputed

Self-governed we became
A new flag was raised
A Queen now as head of state
Belize – our new name

A new name conveyed
The old one decayed
The love for my old country
Will never be betrayed

That’s where I started out
This is where I am
My roots not to be forgot
Under the red – white and Blue

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Reef

You divide your land from mile deep seas
You’re home to an array of sea life
Your ocean floor a coralized carpet
An underwater illustration

Beyond you lies tiny little isles
That dots your shallowy waters
Where all small crafts they travel safe
Behind your coral walls

Rainforest of the sea you are but known
Your waters of different hues
So clear, so warm, so sunny and blue
As you safeguard your shores

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Rosary

You come in all shape and sizes
Be it plastic, glass, or wood
But what is your meaning
But to aid in prayer and reflection

We use you in recital
And hold you in our hands
You're made up of a cross and beads
Attached to a piece of yarn

We hold the cross and say ‘The Creed’
And then the ‘Our Father’
To the Blessed Mother ten ‘Hail Mary's’
Recited to the end

Each decade of you whilst we pray
A meditation of redemption
Of He who suffered and died for us
And for those in need of compassion

This blessed rosary will always be
A call for prayer and song
A comfort region to be in
She’ll never let you down

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Rose That Cried

I smell your fragrance
A pure sweet perfume
I follow this scent
And it brought me to you

Your beautiful and charming
Then I see your thorns
You may be a rose
But you're sometimes unappealing

I stare in fascination
The raindrops on your coat
Slowly they fall
Like teardrops from the heart

I watch in amazement
At the picture I see
The rose that is crying
Solely for me

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Seven Sins

Gluttony, Anger, Greed and Lust
Sloth, Pride, and Envy
These vices we are warned against
So why do we practice them

The desire to consume more than we need
While others starve and malnourished
The yearning to possess wealth and power
To show and keep for oneself

The hunger for the pleasures of the body
With no concern for diseases
And then there's 'anger' not well liked
But we'll pay the price for the outrage

The wish to have what others has
And the jealously that's expressed
Yet we idle ourselves and neglect to do
That something that needs to be addressed

And then we come to the worst of all
That's 'Pride' in all it's glory
Love for oneself - disdain for the other
Why do we practice them

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

The Storm

The night is so dark
The atmosphere perplexing
Everything is so still
It's really quite confusing

Then out the darkness a crackling sound
That lit up the skies and all beyond
Then the booming sound of the clapping thunder
Like the devil himself riding his charger

The wind starts howling a requiem song
That seems to get stronger as it travels along
The heavens then throw down a deluge of rain
A punishment of some kind it seems to portray

The sea then begins this frenzy dance
And seems she wants to invite us all
While in turmoil it races and impacts the shore
As it rises over ridge and all in her trail

The storms now passed and into blue skies
A picture of destruction is left to spy
The price we pay for natural disasters
When residing where was once paradise

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Those To Heaven Sing

Those that never doubt or fear
Those that know of death and tears
But underneath that cross they bear
Those to heaven they sing

An all the pains they have endured
And as the sun sets end of day
Underneath that cross they bear
Those to heaven they sing

Their time has come and this they know
And in their minds they pray
For underneath that cross they bear
The road to heaven they sing

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Thunder Thunder

You’re violent and you’re fleeting
And go with sister lightening
You’re often very hostile
And dance with rain and hail

You can be beneficial
You can cause devastation
Either way - a storm
Of high definition

Thunder Thunder mighty thunder
Hostile you’re in passing
Along with sister lightening
A dance with hail and rain

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Time

Time is an observer
Time is a bystander
Time is a dimension
Time is an expression

Time is a moment
Time is an instant
Time is an occasion
Time is an illusion

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Time Without End

What is time
What is End
What is time without End

Is it a growing perception
A cessation or conclusion
Or compared to endless realization

Where did we come from
And where are we going
There is no beginning
And there is no end

What is time
What is End
What is time without End

An ultimate answer - is there to it all

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

To Watch Your Son Die

As I trudged that road to Calvary
I reached out to hold your hand
And try I did but could not reach
As they pushed and shoved you away

As I trudged that road to Calvary
I watched your son as he fell
He did three times as he carried that cross
And each time they mock and jeer

As I trudged that road to Calvary
I hear you call his name
Your hands outstretched - you tried to reach
But all of this - in vain

As we reached the road to Calvary
I see you grimace in pain
Your eyes are shut but your tears streamed down
And a silent cry as the hammer hits down

I stood there on this Calvary road
And I watched as you look at your son
A painful message you sent to him
‘We knew this time would come’

And as they took him from the cross
And laid him in your arms....
You took the crown of thorns from his head
And you washed his wounds with your tears

I watched as you cradle him neath that cross
Your tears I see - your pain I feel
And there at the end of Calvary road
Your words I hear - 'it’s done - my Son'

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Troubled Mind

Why do you sit there - in the dark
Whit your head - hanging low
That look on your face - one of pain
And the lines - the lines they show

Who are you that sits in the dark
Your eyes they open wide
That constantly probes the shadowy night
What do you see - I wonder

Your voice - your voice - as you mumble to yourself
A discussion with whom I question
Your hands - your hands you keep wringing them
And a message - frantic for attention

How is it you have ended up here
For sure you were not there
For once you were sane and now insane
And trapped in your own state of mind

(For 'Henry')

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Twilight

</>The daylight it fades
New shadows they fall
The tiniest of lights
They twinkle in the night

I’m walking so silent
I‘m breathing so soft
As I search with my eyes
And I listen with my ears

In the calm of the eve
Just the sigh of the breeze
No noise I can hear
No sounds in the air

This in-depth observation
It stimulates my brain
But all to be heard
Is my own beating heart

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Untainted

I come to you untainted
For you who I love best
I am but a new white rose
My sparkling white blossoms I give to you to keep

I come to you untainted
I kept myself so pure
I knew this day would arrive
When you would come and place me by your heart

I come to you untainted
And I'll dance just for you
I am like the pure snowflakes
I'll caress your face with a kiss as I gently fall around you

I come to you untainted
I'm there just for you
I am like the pure mountain water
That flows down hills and vales and wash your cares away

To you my love I give myself
I am all of these things
Innocent, virtuous, pure, and sweet
Untainted - that's my name

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Valentine's 14th

Valentine’s 14th is now here
My love I must declare
As we were told like long ago
These words I write to you

I bless the day that I met you
I bless the night when I lay by you
And as I wake this February morn
My thanks I give for the day you were born

Yours eyes of green an emerald sheen
Your lips I kiss - each time a wish
Your hair the colour of a sunset’s eve
My love for you - a lasting bliss

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Virtual Being

</>We're born in this world with flesh, bone, and organs
A head, neck, torso, two legs and two arms
Our organs are many - some of high worth
They're the lungs, brain, kidney, liver and heart

The 'brain' the control system, our means of survival
The 'heart' the pump, for transmitting blood
The 'lungs' our breathing device, for taking in air
While the 'kidneys' and 'the liver' both of many functions

'One processes wastes - while the other rids toxins'

As we journey through life parts of our bodies tend to collapse
A process fixed medically through surgery and implants

A 'plastic heart' will function as our own 'human heart'
A 'metal hip' replaces our human 'bone hip'
A 'prosthetic' limb are now our hands and feet
'Plastic surgery' reconstruction - we'll have a new face

The saving of our bodies and the born of the new
Will our world be over occupied
With the unification of flesh and machine
How will we now be identified

We enter this world with flesh and bones
But how will we go out
Is it as a 'human being' as we were born
Or perhaps a 'humanoid'

In this world of ours and the know of 'high tech'
We're able to function as when we were whole
Are these medical 'miracles' - or attack of the human soul
Or the start of man's creation - to the road of a 'virtual being'

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Weep For A Child

Weep For a Child

A child conceived beyond a dream
A journey of expected bliss
A beautiful babe with a cry so sweet
A world she enters of wickedness

The first few years of cuddles and kisses
A mother’s arms there to protect
A rock to and fro and a song so sweet
She soon falls gently in a deep safe sleep

Off to school she will then go
To learn the ways of a brand new world
But on this road she will but meet
An army of anarchist out to compete

The next ten years of this her life
A volume of schooling she'll absorb
Where ‘right’ beats ‘wrong‘, for life’s not a song
In this ugly world she now belongs

Her teen life she’ll find is non-existent
But this she does not know…..
For the meaning of a true teen queen
Is spent most of her time indoors

Her life’s about to change though
As rebellion now steps in.....
She's found the chance to have some fun
And escape the refuge and love within

A taste of wine and mixed cocktails
She finds quite attractive
A new self belief is in the making
And a strong risk just worth taking

She’s gone one further and found something new
A cocktail of drugs - that travel they say
It makes you forget - hurting and all
Her senses now - are all disarrayed

And now she’s lost and nowhere to be found
An impending search has now begun
A mother weeps as she rocks back and forth
For a child she borne but now is gone

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

Were You

Where were you when he carried that cross
This cross so heavy it weighted him down
Were you one of them that egged him on
Were you - were you

When he looked at you blood gushing from his face
From the crown of thorns that was place on his head
Did you jeer and laugh with the mocking crowed
Did you - did you

Now he hangs there crucified a painful executing
A death so slow, and so agonising
And when it was over they all ran in fear
Were you one of them - were you

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

What's In Your Name O Lord

What’s in your name O Lord
You who are so holy
The Bible tells us of your birth
Who came to save us from folly

The angel of the Lord he did appeared
And a message he delivered
A child will be born this blessed night
And his name - his name is ‘Jesus’

Another told but in a dream
The virgin will be with child
Birth will be given to a baby boy
‘Immanuel’ his name shall be

You’re sent to us from heaven O Lord
To rescue man from sin
You are known as our ‘Redeemer’
And also our ‘Saviour’

‘The Light of the World - ‘The Lamb of God’
You’re ‘Jesus Christ The Lord’
You’re ‘The Messiah’ - The Mediator’
‘The Way’ - The Truth’ and ‘The Life’

I give you thanks O precious Lord
For what you have done for me
Without you my life is nothing
You are my Saviour - My King

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

When Love Is Gone

So in love - you and I
No cares in the world had we
When I looked at you and you and me
All we saw was each other

When we made love we fly so high
We bathe in each others sweat
A lover’s experience only shared
When two hearts beat as one

Then you left - another you met
A new heart beat with yours
You did not tell but I can tell
My heart you’ve torn to pieces

You don’t realise the guilt you placed
On me through your own on doings
You make me feel I‘m in the wrong
And you do it with such hard feelings

I now have found and now I know
There’s no such thing as perfect love
Trust in love - I beg to think
Before your poor heart sin

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

When The Devil Rides

Heroine, LSD, Crack, and Cocaine
These are the drugs that can cause you pain
The Devil aides that makes you his
A bizarre trip of a state of bliss

This journey one takes with the devil himself
Where pain, hunger, and grief, and fear
Where the chill of the cold cannot be felt
And even the lost of self-respect

A presence is created when he’s around
And right and wrong is not unknown
When the devil himself is at the helm
And takes control of all your souls

When the devil stops and asks for a ride
Be strong enough and turn him down
For if you do your soul you’ll find
Is one more captured for all time

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

When The Dog Means More

A gift from God the richness of all blessings
Are the children you bear from a joint union
Where love is bestowed whether right or wrong
And the father and mother are all in one

But when the new arrivals they join our home
And all the excitement is all but done
The dogs he said are man's friend best
He never mentioned the extent of 'how'

Where the kids concerned - there's no look in
But the dogs were always in
His attitude as if he birth the dogs
And not his own true kin

The dogs on the bed and under your feet
The dogs get brushed and push you around
The dogs - the dogs - the b_____y dogs
Obey none - but him

There must be a law on man's attitude
Between his dogs and his kin
They are man's friend I am but sure
But to live like this - I just abhor

Juanita Nena RudonBeeke

When The Skylark Sings

When dusk meets dawn and the gentle breeze float
And the morning sky with it‘s blush of many coats
The sounds can be heard so very, very, clear
Of the dawn birds singing - their songs so rare

My mind comes awake and I listen with enchantment
My eyes kept shut at the know of pure enjoyment
But one clear sound that the wind does bring
Is that special song that the skylark sings

As the thoughts fill my head her sweet sounds I hear
I will speak to her and my soul I’ll bear
Not to stop singing for joy to me she brings
Each time I listen when the skylark sings

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When The Snow Begins To Fall

Where are you my tranquil moon
I wish for you to appear
Will you not turn your face to mine
As I look for you who is so divine

I need to wash the dirt of this earth
In the radiance of your light
Before my entry to the unknown
So present yourself this night

I find the days are getting cold
My bones they are so old
My hair’s all white and I barely walk
And my eyes can’t see in the dark

Won’t you come and see my loneliness
I’m someone of no existence
And when the snow begins to fall
My spirit float free in your brilliance

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Where Are You My Lovely

Where are you my lovely
My lovely where are you
Why did you leave - what did I do
I'm so in love with you

You may have gone
But search I will - until I find you
I must find out what made you leave
And justify this guilt

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Where Sleeping Bones Lie

Way, way down in the underground
A city of the dead there lie
With miles and miles of snaking tunnels
And bones that once carried souls

This resting place of many a mortal
Be it child, woman, or man
Martyr, murderers, thieves, and saints
A place they all have gone

Many a story have been told
And as to the reasons why
It is but yours to believe
The learning's of the past to life

But in these tunnels you will find
A language you'll speak silent
Where pictures of life you will see
In a place of perpetual night

A sacred place - an evil place
I know which to believe
For as I exit this soundless place
A sanctuary of peace I feel

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While Bethlehem Sleeps

While Bethlehem sleeps so silently
A baby child was born
Out in a stable one cold night
And lay in a crib of stone

His mother and father Mary and Joseph
A watchful eye they keep
On this young child through the night
For a reason he was destined

A choir of angels they did sing
Of the birth of this new born king
Glory, glory, glory on high
A message of peace they bring

Three wise men they had appeared
And reverence to him they paid
Laid down their gifts of gold, myrrh
And frankincence as he lay there

This special season of advent time
Our thanks we give for his birth
The joys to know he came to save us
And to know the hope of heaven

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While Mary Sings

I hear a baby crying
Sweet sounds I hear this night
And the voice of an angel singing
A song so calm - so right

This song that’s sung, so sweet, so low
These words of a lull-a-bye
Tu-ra-lu-ley - Tu-ra-lu-ley
Hush now and don’t you cry

Close your eyes - my little one
Let sleep just kiss your eyes
So hush my babe and do not cry
As I sing you a lull-a-bye

Mary and Joseph - a vigil keep
This blessed holy night
Over the little infant there
And the star - it shone so bright

While the baby sleeps - Joseph he watch
And Mary - she just sings
Jesus is born - hail the glad morn
For Our Saviour, Christ the King

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Who Would But Dare

Who in their right mind would execute
An act of intense horror
Who in their mind - this to complete
Only those - who would - but dare

Who in their right mind would initiate
A deed of ruthless terror
Who in their mind - this to stimulate
Only those - who would - but dare

Who in their right mind war to declare
Against these deeds of aggression
Who in their mind - these to defend
Only those - who would - but dare

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Who's There

They live in shacks - the ground is their bed
The little one’s lie - not a pillow for their heads
A fire will burn - it’s light will protect
A means to cook on - a means to keep warm

Hardships there lie and no comforts of life
A way of existence from a country afar
Where children are seen as beasts of burden
As water they carry for miles and miles

Who’s there for these people when disease hits them by
Who’s there for these people when they lay down and die
The look in their eyes as the flies settled down
As their feeble arms tries - to swipe them by

Who’s there - who’s there - is anyone there
As this structure of life - is revealed to us
Where people they live - alone and ashamed
Who’s there - who’s there - are you…….

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Why

You run around your faces covered
The cowards that you are
You rape and plunder at any hour
The cause of all your horror

It doesn’t matter your life you think
Is useless and of no worth
You embrace knives, bullets and guns
And you don’t care who gets hurt

The pleasure and high - all this you feel
When an evil deed is done
And a mother weeps when her child’s gunned down
As tears wash the blood from her fallen son

And then you have the nerve it seems
As mercy is plead for the crime you've done
What thoughts were in your head she begged
When you pulled the gun and found her son

Who gave you the power where the wicked rule
Whilst you relish the sounds of the painful cries
Of all your victims that was wasted in the night
By your abysmal portrayal of power and might

And as this woman buries her son
Wouldn’t be surprised you'r presence not there
As you raise a bottle to the one gunned down
Whilst already preparing to load your gun……

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Why Mary Cry

Ave Maria - I call on you
And ask you your opinion
This blessed night - your son was born
To save all people from sin

But then O Mother - why those tears
Your breast they heave with sadness
Is it because your son he died
For a people whose guilt just rides

Now on the entrance of man’s domain
Lies signs of love and pain
Where drugs and guns are all the game
And his message seems all in vain

O Ave Maria - Madre de Dios
My eyes are full and dim
Pray for us sinners now and forever
That we find the message in Him

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Why Won't They Listen

When my child I give advise
Please show me how to do
For when I do I cause such a rift
For that they don’t want to know

I think of the past when they call
Whenever they are in need
I wipe their tears and soothe their woes
And make them well again

They’re older now and all have gone
A new home they have found
I watch and see them make mistakes
Just as I did when I was young

The problem here is this you see
The error of their ways
The retaliation in their eyes
How dare I question why

They make me feel - I’ve stepped out of line
A message not to get involved
I am now the kid once more
The way my child has spoke

I get the feeling to leave them be
To find the error of their ways
But I’m afraid it is too late
They’re constantly asking aid

Do I refuse and keep at bay
And leave them to their demise
A parent’s guilt will then be aware
An ache so hard to bear

So tell me please - I need to know
As to why they just won’t listen
I should be their in their time of need
But what if they don’t pay heed?

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Wish I Was You

To tell me that he loves me
To know that he loves you
As we walk down the isle
Whilst he wish I was you

A smile on his face
As happiness is portrayed
And all the time
He wish I was you

Time has gone by
And my life’s all forlorn
For his true meaning of love
Is wishing I was you

If I could make him happy
To know my loves worth
How can I compete
When he wish I was you…….

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You Ocean Wave

You ocean wave - you demolish
You ocean wave - you ravage
And when you do it’s so surprising
You come without a warning

You are accountable for many lives loss
You wipe out homes and constructions
How something so calm and beautiful
Can cause so much destruction

You ocean wave you’re so serene
With colours of different hues
Then out the blue you rise in a wrath
And may God aid all in your path

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You're Not There

The battle calls and you will go
May the good Lord hold you in the palm of his hands
You’re leaving me - it’s not what I like
Tis a fond farewell - to a special friend

The time has gone but I think of you
And suddenly the feel of the cold bitter air
I look outside at the dead autumn leaves
And my tears start falling
For I know you’re not there….

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Yours

When I think of you
My heart begins to sing
The glory of my love is yours
This message to you I bring

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