

Poetry Series

Patricia Kelley

- 53 poems -

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Patricia Kelley (March 11 1957)

I am married to my soul mate. We run a family business together at <http://medicinewomansoap.com>

We foster children and prepare them for adoption to eventually be adopted by a loving family.

I am also a published author, poet and writer. My favorite things to write are feelings about love, spiritual and fantasy.

I have a huge imagination which I've learned to include boundaries.

Works:

Madam Shakespeare's The Man with Rainbow Eyes

All eyes are on Us

Oh, kiss me in January in the summer heat of Australia and whisper coolly with your breath that you'll always love me.
Let the five virgins envy me more. That's it, kiss me on the cheek. Kiss me on the lips with your manly hand on my hip.
Let the five virgins embarrassingly turn their heads.
I'll loudly and proudly, yell out.
I'll shout!
Look what my lover does to me. He kisses me more beneath the mango tree.
I'll spread the blanket for our lunch, while the curious virgins watch. We'll sit beneath the mango tree where the mangos are still waiting to be kissed by the sun.
We'll have some fun!
The virgins hate to watch me kiss a fellow.
They turn yellow.
We'll show them just how much you love me!
I'll yell out he loves me more!
He thinks I'm no bore.
But, I'm no whore.
The curly redheaded freckled virgin will envy me more.
The long blonde hair virgin kissed by the sun will shyly turn her rosy cheek.
The dark brunette virgin, with fair skin will stare, with her accusing eyes; while wanting you all the more.
While the dimpled twins will gaily smile and peek through their fingers.
You'll cup my cheeks with your hands and press your lips against mine, and we'll forget about the watchful eyes that are staring at us. Will kiss, and kiss until the virgins go away!

Patricia Kelley

Alzheimer's The Slow Death

The human brain,
Is like a tree upside down.
Branches spreading out,
From limb to limb,
First the limbs go,
Then gradually, the branches die.
Breaking off
Leaving no signal to the brain,
The light turns off.
With no memory,
With no mobility,
No motion,
Slowly,
The body fades, and gradually dies.

They're now saying coconut oil and fish oil are reversing signs of early Alzheimer's Disease

Patricia Kelley

America there's a curse against our Children

America there's a war against our children.
You said it was okay to murder unborn babies.
Today babies are still dying, and young innocent girls are taken from their families and friends for Human Trafficking.
Now, it's just not babies being taken by single ladies.
We have cursed our own American children.
By deciding what color their eyes should be.
By deciding what sex they should be.
Our young innocent daughters are possibly facing a fate of being nothing more than a man's pleasure.
Our borders are no longer protected.
Our daughters have become a drug dealer's treasure.
They look for the young and innocent, the unprotected.
We now have over eleven million illegal immigrants for politicians' votes.
Drug Trafficking is now entertained by Human Trafficking.
Politicians' act like dumb goats!
Please, I pray, protect our borders, protect our children.
I am scared for the fate of American Children.

By: Patricia Kelley

Patricia Kelley

Beware of the Vicious Woman

Beware of trusting a vicious woman.
If she's mean to others, she'll be mean to you.
She's not a noblewoman.
She's judgmental.
She'll try to trick you, playing with your heart.
Be on the alert.
Of the vicious woman,
She's mental.
She uses words as swords, tearing you a part.
As soon as you see her, you'll run to depart.
She tries to set your mind up in a state of confusion.
It's proven
She'll make up lies; believing her own lies.
She doesn't have many allies.
That run too her defense,
Because they all know, she's a vicious woman.
She could be your sister, or sister in-law,
If she's your sister, she'll try to steal your inheritance.
Because of her own arrogance,
She thinks; she's above the law.
She could be your neighbor, or someone that you thought you could trust; opening up
your heart.
If she's your neighbor, she'll steal your cats and dog.
She has no more sense than a wild hog.
Beware of the vicious woman.

Patricia Kelley

Butterfly Trapped In a Jar

I once had a dream that there was a beautiful blue butterfly locked in a jar that couldn't fly.
She felt her life passing by!
She would try to fly around and around, spinning hitting the thick glass jar.
Sadly looking out as far as her eyes would take her.
Feeling her life, as a quick blur!
She would sadly sigh!
All out of breath,
She felt death.
Close by.
Wondering why!
She always looked pass the jar.
Feeling life!
One day, she awoke and the lid was finally off.
With her little ones' tucked underneath her, she flew and flew, until she could no longer see the jar that kept her, from feeling life.

Patricia Kelley

Decorated Memories

She lies quiet and content curled
in Angels' wings as if a bird cradled in its own private nest.
Her limp long body longs to rest.
Her long grey hair matted and swirled.
She has spent life's test.
Lying there with her body all twisted.
Her telephone now unlisted,
She no longer lives at home.
Her limbs can no longer roam.
She lies there as a snail unable to move.
Unapproved,
Her life is now, nearly over,
She's spent better days in sweet white clover.
Now, she's securely locked in a room.
She no longer has her tall handsome groom.
Beautiful pictures fill her wall.
Like autumn's crisp amber red leaves, getting ready to fall.
I ask, myself, what will, I say.
I think she's had better days.
She quickly paves my way.
She slowly squirms struggling to move,
Then quickly opens her weak eyes, and softly speaks.
"Live your life that you will one day have pictures of decorated memories to fill your
walls."
She smiles with discolored cheeks.
Raised,
I stand there amazed.
She while dying is teaching me about life, and how to live...

Patricia Kelley

Divine Purpose

Divine Purpose

You came to this world with a Divine purpose,
Living amongst, the lost and weathered rose.
You taught us with God's Almighty breath, the slumber rose will arise again.
You set an example, for all of us to follow.
Teaching us unconditional love, agape love,
Teaching us forgiveness,
Teaching us how too, heal one another.
You left, the Living Dove.
Your gift, the Holy Spirit,
To all of your living children!
You taught us that we're all, sisters and brothers.
Teaching us there is no division in color.
You awoke all the spirits of men and women alike.
Loving us all, with all of your heart, before we even met you.
You knew.
Knowing what we would face in life.
You sacrificed your life.
Knowing what they would do to you, in the darkest night.
You didn't fight.
Warning us all, you spoke that the path to Heaven was narrow,
Even though God's protective hand is on the sparrow.
We walk this earth not knowing, what's going to happen to us tomorrow.
But, we know by faith, if God will protect the smallest black-sparrow.
His love and mercy will follow us, whenever, we are sent to walk through the dark shadows.
Where God sends us tomorrow, pointed by the straight arrow, I will follow.
It runs deeply through my bone marrow.
It's my Divine Purpose.

A message spoken by our missions of love and faith that guides you.

Patricia Kelley

Dreaming of Heaven

I often close my eyes and dream of Heaven.
I think of our lucky number seven.
The month, day and year, you were born.
Then it hits me the day you were taken, and I felt so torn.
I felt shaken and fell to the floor.
I know I would have not made it, if Jesus hadn't showed up when he did and walked through that door.
He reassured me that you were in Heaven watching over, all the little ones.
You were now with all the winners that won.
I know it's not good for me to beat myself over the head.
After all, you aren't really dead.
I got the beautiful bouquet that you sent me.
It had all your favorite colors; pink and purple.
You were right the colors were so vibrant and beautiful; each bloom set off a perfect fireworks display arrived in a bubble.
I will never forget the times we shared.
And, the last gift we were both given, we each knew that the other one cared.
If I could erase all your hurts, I would.
But, we both know that Jesus has already done that in Heaven.

Patricia Kelley

Eternity's Roses

I wonder if there are roses in Heaven.
And when they bloom, they bloom forever.
Only God could be so clever.
They're never affected by the weather.
That's why I'm so strong in believe in.
I refuse to waver.
I bet they won't even have thorns that prickle.
My hand when picked.
They'll smell sweeter than summer's long lasting honeysuckle.
That fills the sweet air.
I wonder if the scent will tickle my little nose.
I bet that I have to step on my lean tiptoes.
Or be lifted by an angel's wings.
Too, even reach such a rose.
The scent and beauty that attracts songbirds and humming birds that sings.
I bet roses in Heaven are as tall as a tree.
Where Heaven's angels swing!
I bet their scent is probably seven times stronger.
Lasting longer,
With petals that never close.
Only God could create, Eternity's Roses.
Patricia Kelley

Fable about Old Mable

Once upon a time there was a woman named Mable.
She worked in the horse stable.
This is an old fable.
About old Mable,
She not only worked the stable,
But she knew how to shoot a Smith and Wesson gun.
Now, there was this drunken old fellow that fell into the stable, with Mable.
He tried to grab Mable, and she quickly reached for her gun.
Well she shot the old feller in places I'd better not mention.
Let's just say, he felt eternity's detention.
It weren't Heaven.
He lost his lucky seven.
He should have never messed with, quick gun Mable.
Now Mable had the label.
Of being unstable,
Until a posse came searching for the deranged fellow,
Their faces turned yellow.
When, they heard about quick gun Mable.
Taking down the most notorious outlaw,
They fell by the chair, hitting the table.
And soon as Mable figured out, they weren't no, posse.
They all found out Mable wasn't a fable.

Patricia Kelley

Foster Kids deserve a Chance

Foster kids need a chance.
It's not like they're invited to the school dance.
After all, what would they wear?
Life hasn't always been fair.
The other kids would just stare,
Standing there in a trance,
But, what if you could take a child that never had anything?
And give her something.
Like a real home where she felt loved.
Instead of feeling unloved,
Because her parents made bad choices,
What if we raised our voices?
And said, give this child a second chance.
Maybe, other kids would take a second glance.
And the foster child would be invited to the school dance,
Dressed in a new dress colored pink,
She'd make everyone blink.
She'd be like a beautiful discovered jewel.
Not suffering from the cruel.
She'd have to follow the Golden Rule.
Love, live and laugh a lot

Patricia Kelley

Heaven

There are all ages of people in Heaven,
so I've been told.
There are young ones, and old ones,
and some American heroes that have even been bold.
There are pretty young girls that worked
the dark streets that were sold.
There are murdered babies that
have yet to even be born.
There are young girls and boys saved
from going down the wrong path; a life torn.
There are beautiful maidens, and gentlemen
that never walked the aisle to have their hearts sworn.
Then there are those that lived a life blessed
coming in and out; that never had to worry about being cold.
Then there are those longing to be in Heaven
with their two hands in a fold.
There are family gatherings in Heaven,
so I've been told.

Patricia Kelley

Hello, Dollie!

When bright lights and stages
is what a gal sought for fame.
She spun her sewing-wheel kicking up her heels.
She wore her flashy Hollywood gowns,
hoping there wouldn't be any frowns.
This was the era and time of "Hello Dollie"
She'd get on that bright lighted propelled stage, being center stage.
and do her tricks, onstage
She lived for her kicks.
The crowd loved her; the women envied her,
for her beautiful attire.
She never wanted to retire.
Everyone wanted to be Dollie.
Golly, Miss Mollie
It's now been many days,
Since Dollie has been able to win her ways.
She'll admit today that the stage spoiled her.
Even now that her eyesight is a blur.

She still remembers her younger days when she owned the stage.
She even remembers her first few dollars wage.
Now her clothes are all gathered in a dusty ole wooden trunk.
I can still hear the sharp clunk.
Of her red high heeled shoes.
And smell the old perfume.
When she walked by she lit the fumes.

Dollie is now ready to take center stage again, roll the camera, action.
Dollie just went to Heaven

Action!
You're looking, swell, Dollie!
It's so nice to have you back where you belong! Dollie

Dollie wanted me to know that she loved to cook and would often spend many nights
up all night cooking for her Hollywood friends.

Patricia Kelley

His Eyes' Speak Alzheimer's

He lies in his bed with his eyes closed, looking like an over grown infant.
Ambulant
Only in his dreams.
He loudly screams.
He's like a frightened child.
That has turned wild.

I want to cuddle him in my arms.
Promising him no harms.
Like a lioness that has found her lost cub.
I gently rub his head.
He lies there in bed.

He tenderly looks at me, while clutching his diaper.
As if I'm a Candy Striper.

He hears the sound of my voice and opens his eyes'.
He gets, and eager rise.
By surprise!

He tries to speak with no sound coming from his lips. He's forgotten how to speak
struggling inside, he cries.
He moans about the stage two, open bedsores on his hips.

Pain is on his shaky lips.
He points to his hips.

Patricia Kelley

I Love America

When I travel overseas, I think about the beautiful America in which I will return.
I think about America's majestic mountains that almost reach to the pearly white gates of Heaven.
I think about America's beautiful oceans, where the deep blue waters rush to kiss the land of the free.
I think about the open lands of sand and trees, hills and valleys that stretch out to the blue skies, feeling winter's icy breeze, or summer's sudden hot flash, or fall's fresh breath.
I think about fields of all different vivid colors of beautiful wildflowers that stretch out as far as I can see.
I think about the birds' that hear God's voice and head south to escape winter's icy sneeze.
I think about men and women that dress in uniform to protect our land.
I think of the sacrifices that they make leaving their sons' and daughters', not knowing if they'll ever return.
My heart starts to burn.
And, I feel like it's my turn.
To raise my voice to the Heavens, thanking God for creating America.
Where, my heart always returns.

Patricia Kelley

I want to show you how much I love You

I just want to get on my knees and kneel down beside you, and wash your feet with my tears, and dry them with my long golden blonde hair.

I don't need any water; I can wash each foot with my stream of tears streaming down from my soft green eyes.

I don't need a towel. I can dry your feet with my long blonde hair.

I just want to love you and show you how much that I care.

You were there with me when my life seemed so unfair.

Just like you shed your blood for me, I shed my tears for you.

You filled my empty life with love.

You arrived with love on the wings of a dove.

How can I ever stop loving you?

I cannot repress this love that I have for you.

Every sin I had, you washed it away.

Every fear I felt, you calmed the storm inside.

I'm like a gushing waterfall falling in your hands.

Each time, I feel you; I fall in love all over, and over, again!

I just want to get on my knees and kneel down beside you, and wash your feet with my tears, and dry them with my long golden blonde hair.

I just want you to know how much I love you, that you will always live inside me.

You're every breath that I breathe.

You're every song that I sing.

My love for you goes stronger and deeper, than any river that flows.

This love is stronger than any love I've ever known.

I just want to get on my knees and kneel down beside you, and wash your feet with my tears, and dry them with my long golden blonde hair.

Patricia Kelley

I'll love you Forever

I'll Love you Forever
I looked out the window today.
I thought I saw you in the hammock.
I could see your long blonde hair swaying in the wind.
Then I remembered as a child how you would stretch your
Little arms out as far as you could reach.
Momma, you would say, I love you this much.
Oh, how my heart and mind long to hear those words again.
I can still smell your sweet scent.
My beautiful little daughter, how, I loved to comb your long blonde hair,
getting a smell of your sweet scent.
Baby fresh is how you smelled.
Now all I have are flashes of memories that hit me
over and over, again!
The many times I braided your hair.
The times you helped me cook with flair.
My little girl is now in Heaven swinging on the highest swing.
And sometimes when I look in the mirror, I see her all over again.
Because she lives forever inside of me,
I'll always love her through eternity.
I know with certainty.
We will see each other again.
Oh, how my heart will sing.
When I look into your face and see my eyes in you, again!
I'll say, I'll love you forever,
I told you we would be together again, someday!

Patricia Kelley

I'm thinking Heaven

I'm Thinking Heaven
I cannot help but think about Heaven.
It seems these days go by so fast.
Then before I know it another has past.
Then there are those friends that come real close.
I cannot stick up my nose.
Thinking that it couldn't happen to me, because it could,
What if I got sick with the flu, I could!
What if I got a horrible infection, I could!
What if someone was real mean to me, and did, what! They could!
Oh, no, then I would die.
This is no lie.
I could go to Heaven.
It's better than a lucky seven.
There aren't people there waiting to get even.
Wait, Heaven...
I'm thinking Heaven!

Patricia Kelley

In Memory of Mother

Mother's a soft delicate creature, with loving arms always ready to catch me; in Angel's wings.
Never letting me fall,
She hears my call.
Soothing my soul with sweet lullabies, mother sings.
Mother holds me when I cry, making my world so much better.
Mother is always so clever.
She knows when I'm happy, sad or broke.
She's like a faithful oak.
She tries to heal my brokenness,
Offering cookies and hope,
She disciplines me, when I'm bad.
Leading me towards right direction,
Giving me correction,
She's the sweetest and fairest among, all mothers.
Mother's the one that became my first companion and friend.
Mother's the one that became my first teacher.
Teaching me to read and how to do math,
Mother bought the best books.
She had the prettiest looks.
Mother's the one that painted the prettiest pictures decorating our home.
Her colorful pictures of landscapes and flowers, and animals took me places sitting at home.
Mother's the one that became my first coach, coaching me to take that first step.
Stepping until I learned how to run,
Running to catch me in her warm loving arms,
Arms as soft as pillowing clouds:
Clouds where sweet lullabies were sung,
Sung with a voice that sounds like gentle raindrops falling from a soft breeze, gently landing on swaying bluebonnets; dancing beneath the peeping sunrays.
Sunrays that filled my young heart with joy and gladness:
Gladness feeling the sun from all sides of a Mother's love,
Loveliness that taught me that beauty was so much more than skin deep,
And taught me how to love and be loved.

I love you mom!

In Memory of Jeanne Kriegel

Patricia Kelley

In the stillness of the Soul

In the stillness of the soul where hearts turn bitter cold,
and women no longer fold their hands to pray,
where laughter turns to tears, and fears to shame,
and a Godless country is to blame.

Patricia Kelley

Israel the Apple of God's Eye

Israel you're watched by God's protective eyes.
Even though your country isn't so wise,
You still wait for the coming of your Messiah.
Israel, He has already arrived.
You refused to believe in the true Messiah.
Now your country pays the ultimate price.
You were first warned by the prophet Isaiah.
You were warned again, by the weeping prophet Jeremiah.
Your country is protected, by your own, military concertina wire.
The ancient prophets grow tired.
Your ancient olive trees stand admired.
Your traveled roads, by Christian tourist, we, so admire.
But, Heaven's Angels' try cutting through with blazing swords, through strong
concertina wire to reach you.
They stand frustrated and delayed.
By unbelief!
Heaven's Angels' cry, if only, Israel believed.
In the true Messiah, your lands would not only flourish, but you would live in peace.
The Messiah cries out with His embedded thorns still bleeding.
Pleading,
Israel, I still love you, I wait for the day when I ride through the sealed Golden Gate to
Damascus.
You will then see your true Messiah, my face.
Humbly ask us.
Is it too late to believe, no, I will say, you won the finished race!
Israel has always been, the Apple of God's eyes!

Patricia Kelley

Jesus Is Coming

The truth is Jesus is coming through the clouds of fire.

He may come today or tomorrow or next week.

When He comes, He will raise the weak.

He will heal the sick.

He will select, His elect pick.

The earth will go up in flames in a giant wick.

And we will see our New Jerusalem formed in Heaven.

Then we will be new spiritual habitants in Heaven.

We will be raised higher than the Angels.

All wickedness will drop with Satan's dark-angels.

And those that were tossed to and fro, we will see their anguished faces.

They will cry out in their fiery places.

There will be no more uncertainty.

We will live in peace and love for all eternity.

Patricia Kelley

Kids out of Control

All of these shootings in schools; have nothing to do with lack of gun control.
Kids have simply gotten out of control.
There's drugs and sex in schools.
Kids that refuse to obey rules.
Until these kids are taught the Golden Rules.
They will find new weapons and tools.
It could be, knives or scissors or even a hammer.
Our kids are in danger.
And, it's just not by a stranger.
The problem is schools are more concerned about the grammar.
We need to teach kids how to deescalate.
When, they or a friend starts to escalate.
We need to educate and teach kids how to control their anger.
Before it affects the other kids, and we see a domino effect.
Kids are not perfect.
But, they need to be checked.
It's fair to everyone.
I think all suspected problem kids should go through a psychological evaluation.
Including bullies, depressed loners, known gang members and druggies,
So, we get a revelation.
Why all the violence and shootings are happening in schools.
So, we get kids back under control.

Patricia Kelley

Learning How to Forgive

The poison of un-forgiveness, that travels quickly through veins.
Too, only Increase life's strains.
The poison that causes jitters throughout the night,
and breaks the will to fight.
You only feel up tight.
When caught in the path of un-forgiveness.
You lose your laugh and wittiness.
You weren't taught forgiveness.
When your heart is broken,
You feel unspoken.
The only feeling you feel is brokenness.
Your heart hardens.
You feel no pardons.
Life has hurt you.
No one understands, because they haven't walked in your shoe.
If only they knew,
How deep you hurt inside.
There might be someone, in which you could confide,
That would run to your side.
But, you hold the bitterness
In making you sicker each day,
Losing a week's pay,
Until, you finally let it go,
And, you realize it's only hurting you,
The one, or ones' that hurt you; are still going on with their lives,
Why shouldn't you?
Then, you finally learn to forgive, and find the love and laughter back in your own life,
and wonder why, you ever chose un-forgiveness.

Patricia Kelley

Love Pants for Water

Love Pants for Water

You cannot arise or awaken love until it so desires.

Even a newborn fawn waits to have its eyes open.

Your eyes have to be open when love arrives, or it

Can pass you by, like a soft breeze in the night passing,

Leaving you with a sigh!

You cannot arouse or awaken love until it so desires,

The desire has to be reaching into two hearts.

Even though the desire burns in you, like the deer pants for water.

Your soul pants for love, leaving you thirsty.

Love moves in its own direction looking for correction, love moves freely

Touching all that it touches, like a stream of water it flows, following direction as the streams

Of water move its course, you wait for the collision of two bodies to meet. When love meets, there is no stopping the collision course; two souls collide with waves of emotion hitting both sides. You are not left alone panting for water when true love arrives.

Patricia Kelley

Love sees All

Love with its tempered wings you spy on me like someone hungry.
Waiting with their hand open for ripe fruit to drop from its branches,
You cannot lie.
I see it in the sparkle of your eyes.
Your eyes speak hunger.
You reach up with such eagerness that the limb bows.
You think that I am so weak that I don't see.
Love sees all!

Patricia Kelley

Love surrenders All

When I am with him all the fruit rushes to the lowest branch making the weight of the limb bow down to him to the ground. He reaches up pulling the ripest juiciest peach down. I can feel the juices bursting from the skin with the touch of his mere hand. He lifts me high off of the ground.
Love surrenders all.

Patricia Kelley

Love's Feast

If His lips be mine,
I have no greater love than His wine.
I shall spend my time picking from His long wiry vine.
If love shall be dished out upon my plate,
I shall dine.
I shall not wait.
But, I shall partake of the feast.
And eat from the bread, with risen yeast.
With it growing and spreading from limb to limb,
Nothing but God's fiery words upon my breath,
I shall not taste of eternal death.
I invite you to the feast of Living Waters.
Don't hesitate to bring your sons' and daughters'.
You will taste the food of Angels' upon your lips.
That satisfies your whole being.
And come to grips.
There is no greater love.
Than to be served, by my Beloved.

Patricia Kelley

Love's Renewing Wings

When you make a wish to find true love a star falls from the sky and lands in two lover's eyes.
Love sparkling from words and rhymes.
Anticipation builds up inside one's lines.
Bringing two people from far and distant places showing the world two hearts shine.
Love is poured like wine from a wedding into two fluted crystal glasses.
Making them feel lightheaded and drunk beneath the vine.
Fireflies are dancing flying in the lucent twilight night, while dragonflies acrobatically perform in the moonlit sky. Moonlight shadows dancing beneath dreams that float circling above their heads, like halos above angels.
Halos reflecting like mirrors that never end, bouncing against dark calm rippling waters as an elegant white swan glides across mirrored channels of water on Love's Renewing Wings.

Patricia Kelley

Love's Vine

Here, I lay out my table before your eyes.
It is a feast for all eyes'.
The black-eyed Susan spreads revealing, the center of her eye.
Suddenly, I feel so, unwise.
Vulnerable,
Searchable,
Your living vine, slowly circles around me, engulfing me.
No, I'm not on my knees.
You change me instantly, taking over in my sleep.
Sweeping your fiery hand over me, not touching me,
I feel suddenly changed.
Rearranged,
In God's perfect timing, prearranged,
I awaken.
Renewed,
Revived,
Life has new meaning.
Love has arrived.
I smile.
I laugh.
I sing.
The silent songbird sings.

Patricia Kelley

My Acrobat of the Sky

I was standing in the backyard minding my own business, when a flirty little blue dragonfly with delicate iridescent wings appeared.

I knew right then, that he must have been the same one that had entertained the thoughts of kings.

Just when I thought he was finished with his flips, he reappeared.

Here he was acting as an acrobat sailing high through the ocean blue sky with his accurate spins.

Oh, how I loved to watch him fly!

I just stood there frozen with a sigh.

Then just when I thought he disappeared,

He surprised me by landing on my left sun-kissed arm.

I looked at him, and said no worry, I bid the no harm.

I took my forefinger from my right hand and stroked lightly on his delicate back.

He raised his back, what and act.

I knew then that I had me a new winged friend.

I just stood there and stared.

Patricia Kelley

My Daughter

My daughter is like a valley of sun-kissed flowers of May.
She's like the sun shining on a bright sunny day.
Her hair is golden wheat spun by angels cascading down her long lean back.
By no accident does she lack.
Her lips are like young cherry blossoms that have never been kissed.
So, I've wished.
Her eyes are blue green, looking through the innocence of Heaven.
No, she's not seven or eleven.
She's twelve.
I'm teaching her to put her young heart on a private shelf.
Her body is lean like a young tree sprouting its new branches.
She gracefully, liquidly dances.
Her voice is like a song that arrives on the white wings of Angels, she sings.
She's all the beauty of spring's flowers starting to bud.
Through her heart runs warm blood.
She truly cares about others'.
To her, all are; her sisters' and brothers'.
She has flexibility like no other.
When I introduce her, I'm so proud to be her mother.

Patricia Kelley

My thoughts on Salvation

My life would feel incomplete if I could not speak what I thought.

I have to give my thoughts a longshot.

What if, I thought something that could change just one person?

Things couldn't worsen.

After all, it isn't like I am there in person.

I cannot sit still like a silent person.

Who is like a mime with no voice, it's by their choice.

If I could only save one soul, I'd rejoice.

I think about how many souls are broken.

And, I become outspoken.

I want to tell everyone about my sweet Savior.

Who doesn't care about your past behavior!

I am his messenger.

You can escape being hell's private passenger.

I want you to know about Jesus Christ.

His love is not priced.

He already paid the price.

He wants me to tell you that he loves you!

And that you don't have to run to the nearest pew!

All you have to do is accept him as your Lord and Savior.

He will not judge you against your misbehavior.

He did not come into the world to condemn.

He came and died so that you would be saved.

The road to salvation is already paved.

Patricia Kelley

Oklahoma's Forgotten Children

Drugs are causing a rippling effect.

Some children that their mothers' used drugs when pregnant, are born, with a brain defect.

They're put on psychotropic drugs to control their burst of anger, mood swings, depression, anxiety, personality disorders.

They're mostly diagnosed with ODD oppositional defiant disorder, refusing to take orders.

We see beautiful children in Oklahoma thrown away.

I pray for these children every day.

There needs to be some kind of way.

That we can stop, the drug trafficking in Oklahoma.

I don't know what else to say.

The drugs in Oklahoma are worse than carcinoma.

Society as no place for these drug affected, forgotten children.

First they're thrown into the foster care system.

By blind wisdom!

Then, the foster parents reach reality that they can't handle these forgotten children.

Then, they're destined to spend their days and lives in hospitals and institutions.

Can we not make the parents feel their own wrath with, steeper laws of prosecutions?

Women that take illegal drugs while pregnant should be prosecuted.

If not executed!

They're killing their own children, and the laws are letting them walk away with only feeling their own persecution.

There is no absolution.

We need to find or reach some kind of solution for Oklahoma's forgotten children.

I can only think that God's heart is broken for the forgotten children.

Patricia Kelley

Once upon a Time there Lived a Nurse Tiffani

Once upon a time there was a maiden, who was a nurse named Tiffani, she wore her heart for many.
She was a beautiful young woman with shiny curly golden hair flowing cascading down to her tiny slim waist.
Her eyes sparkling blue green.
Her young silhouette body lean, she was never mean.
With her young enthusiastic heart, given too plenty,
She raced through the long, sometimes hot waxed, narrow halls.
Hearing her loud patient calls.
Giving whatever, she had to any.
She saw her patients daily.
She had her special patients that adored her.
Putting lotion on dry skin which was scaly,
Miss Tiffani always saw to her patients.
Running by the nurses stations',
Her patients always came first.
She knew exactly when they had a built up thirst.
The doctors that knew her always requested her first.
She had a good reputation with the doctors.
Even though some acted like actors.
Her hard work was always reinforced.
By the love and care, that she showed too many.
All the patients adored pretty Nurse Tiffani.
She would take time out in the day to take them on a stroll.
Making them feel like they were on a roll.
Then one day, Tiffani opened her heart to a stranger.
Not knowing she was in danger.

She brought a homeless, nurses aid, home with her, named Natalie.
The old gal full of demons slipped her and evil pill.
Lying to her, telling her it wouldn't hurt her.
She had fallen hurting her back.
Falling backwards, crushing her back.
The young evil witch lied.
Saying she would feel no pain.
Tiffani naïve thought she could trust her.
What was the witches gain?
Was it because, she was fairer, than she?
It was almost an instant kill.
She did it,
By getting a thrill!
Time stopped.
Her fading heart stopped.
With, me, her mother holding her for the last time, she was gone.
I cried.
All of the, Angels' in Heaven cried, It was a full war against evil Satan.
Michael the Archangel came, showing up wearing a blue sapphire in his crown.
Satan, he said, she doesn't belong to you.
She's a citizen of Heaven, her name written in the book of life.
She died never becoming anyone's wife.
It was a sad day on earth.
I remembered back to the day I gave birth.

I felt the same labor pains all over, again!
It was a physical and spiritual separation taking place.

She lay in her tomb lifeless.
Dressed as a beautiful sleeping princess.
Breathless,
The family left speechless.
Taken by surprise,
But in Heaven it was a full celebration with pink, and purple flowers blooming going off
like fireworks that lit the Heavenly skies.
Even though her family was left on earth that cries,
The beautiful princess rises.
Taking eternity's sweet breath!
She lives on today immortal on paper, immortal in song, my beautiful daughter, Tiffani
lives on.....
There isn't a day that passes that I don't remember her smile, her laughter, her warm
fading heart that suddenly stopped in her mother's loving arms.

So, when you read this think about my beautiful daughter Tiffani and how her young
life was wasted. And how that evil Natalie took her away from her family.....

The family quietly waiting for the day, they see, Beautiful Tiffani, again!

Patricia Kelley

Only he can calm Her

She lies there like an unsettled feline waiting for her true love with built up anticipation, the eagerness that crawls through her skin, every hour she gazes at her watch counting the hours, a quiet madness rushes through her mind, giving her chills.

Her dark merlot wine spills.

She's not mad at him; no, she just longs to be with him to feel his breath upon her flesh to feel his heart next to hers, she has an uncontrollable hunger that only he knows how to satisfy. She can already taste him on her lips. She lies there flipping through the pages of her mind the last time they were together, remembering his satisfying kiss...

She can already feel the excitement building up inside.
She can feel him touching her...
She starts to purr.

Soon daylight succumbs to darkness; the moon dancing against the walls.
She hears the howling night calls.
Her eyes focus on the silver fox fur,
Laying across her chair,

She lies there hearing the howling winds that only stir the madness and sadness inside of her longing to be with him one more time...
She hears the hour chime.
That annoys her more hitting to the bone.
Waiting anxiously for the sound of the phone

She hears a noise outside her upstairs window with her heart beating faster she races towards the open window, where the cascading curtains blow freely with the hard wind blowing them towards her.
She freezes to a blur.

She quickly looks out the window to see that it was only a horse that had gotten loose...

Her heart stops....

And, just as she is ready to give up, she hears a sound at her bedroom door and sees the brass knob turning, hearing the sound brings quickness to her heart...
The chained key drops.

She holds her breath taking a deep breath, and exhales letting all of her emotions go...
She looks at him, taking him all in, taking a deep breath, breathing in his woody scent... feeling completeness...as he wraps his strong muscular arms around her, she gently purrs... with the wildness in her calmed...

Only he can calm her...She purrs

Patricia Kelley

Our First American President

America have you quickly forgotten our Forefathers?
They taught us the meaning of being sisters and brothers.
Let's start with our first American President George Washington who led us to victory.
Who showed us how to care about others!
He's the one that wrote the Us Constitution.
So future presidents would understand their position,
Understanding that there were restrictions.
He handed down a legacy of strength, integrity and national purpose.
Without caring about the political frictions,
George Washington was a man of faith and principles.
He led tossed immigrants towards a dream,
By giving them, new directions,
He became and American President that would eventually become invincible.
He became the first American President that fought for Liberty and justice for all.
He gave us the US Constitution so America would never fall.
Now, what I see happening to America is inconceivable.
We are now becoming unable,
To protect our country, our sons and daughters,
Because there are people in America that don't understand what our Constitution
stands for.
Now, I wait to see who knocks at my door.
I will defend my forefathers and what they stood for.

Patricia Kelley

P.O.W. World War 11

He was a P.O.W. of World War 11.
He was a fighter pilot that crash landed.
Landing on the enemy's territory, too be taken prisoner.
Forced to live in the enemy's crowded barracks; a prisoner's stay.
Forced to eat potato rations; a prisoner's wage.
Forced to lose ninety pounds; a prisoner's labor.
He quietly sits back waiting for sweet freedom's day.
Imprisoned by fate, that soon became; one of America's Heroes.
Now, he lives with his wife, with uncovered windows.
So, he'll never be taken prisoner.
Imprisoned in life's insecurities,
A victim of war crimes, of Germany,
Feeling the love of America's charities,
He's been able to live a nice lifestyle.
In the American Dream,
Where the hero's light beams.

Now he's laid to rest in peace, at Arlington Cemetery, with other American Heroes.

Patricia Kelley

Songs of the Sea

I am the one who longs for the songs of the sea. My emerald green eyes dance across the rushing waves into the soul of my being. It's here, when I hear their echo beckoning me. Sweet songs of the sea!
This is where I long to be.

Where, I feel the presence of God's through His beautiful creation all around embracing the water's edge.
I take a deep breath making my heart's pledge.

I am the one who longs for the songs of the sea to swim with my friends the dolphins as they thrush me deeper and deeper into the mysteries of the sea.
This is where I long to be.

To hear songs come alive, as I swim across the sandy bottom of the surface gently grazing long polished pink nails.

Quick, I hear the snails.
I'll follow the dark grey humpback whales.

The symphony of the sea comes alive playing a song in harmony, with the sun revealing the mysteries of the sea.

The 2ft starfish dances in the deep depths of the sea, teasing me.
This is where I long to be.

To search for old treasures of sunken ships that emerge enough, to just get a glimpse from the sunrays that dance across clear sparkling iridescent waters.
This is where the mermaids' daughters,
Come to look for hidden jewels.

Every time, I come here it takes me back to another time, when orchestras played, and sailors waved farewell to their wives.

And mermaids paid their visits toting fresh fish in hand waving with their long proud flirty blue tails, on a hot sunny day!

Not feeling the sun's ray.
I am the one who longs for the songs of the sea. Please, let me close my eyes one more time, and hear the tranquility of the rushing waves, beckoning me.

This is where I truly long to be.

I so long to see the mermaids one last time, waving their long flirty polished blue tails, splashing as high as they can, reaching to the bright blue sky!
If I never make it back, I'll surely cry.

I am the one who longs for the songs of the sea; just take one look into my emerald green eyes. And look into the heart of the sea reflecting from my thoughts, with waves begging me to ride one more time. Can you not see; that the sea belongs to me?
I am the one who longs for, the songs of the sea

Patricia Kelley

Strawberry Shortcake

Um, smells so good! Strawberry shortcake; I love rich layers of strawberry shortcake.
I can't wait to bite into this delicious mouth- watering cake.
Um, whip cream!
I feel, like I'm in a dream!

Just smelling those large organic succulent strawberries that they're ready to burst
from their skins, spilling out all their sweet red fruity juice, on my chin.
Large juicy sun ripened strawberries exploding in their skin.
Hurry, get out the napkins, get out the forks, get out the plates,
No need to worry about your weights.

I made a special cake for her birthday!
Oh, it's not your Birthday!
We can start celebrating early.

Girlie!
Did you bring the drinks!
You pour!
While, I get the door.

Um, strawberry shortcake with layers of cake
Smothered homemade whip cream!

Just the way grandma use to make!
Homemade cake.
You made it all by yourself.
It's there on the shelf.
You cut it.
No, I'll cut it!

The anticipation of that first bite.

So, good!

So, good!

So, moist!

I'm in love.
By choice.

Look, you've got it on your chin.
So, you've got it on your lip!
Look at her, she's wearing it on her hip.
She must have brushed the side.
No, worry, you can wash it out with tide.

I hope you're enjoying this cake!
It took a while to make.

Be careful and don't eat too much!

I feel so full!
Here, I'll put it away!
We'll have to save it for another day!

Ought oh! It's all gone!

Kids must have sneaked in and eaten the whole cake, it all disappeared!
Wait, you don't have any kids.

But, no fear, I have more strawberries on the way!

For another day!

Patricia Kelley

Sudden Death

You get that dreaded call.
You shake.
Racing to her arms,
Feelings of helplessness,
Overwhelms you,
You pray.
Bargaining for just one more day,
To say, I love you!
Just to find that it's too late.
You cry.
And cry more.
Looking for answers, you search your mind.
Going through the files of your last words,
Then it comes.
You realize.
It was the last time you saw her.
Your last conversation,
You had closure.
Knowing that she loved you,
Your time together a gift from Heaven.
Whether long or short,
You realize how precious life is, wanting to hold on a little longer.
You fight against the clock.
As you go into shock.
The clock goes tick tock.
Wanting one more breath,
Never wishing her to taste death,
Your will is for her to live longer than you.
You think.
This can't be happening.
I just saw her.
Then suddenly, she's taken like a roaring violent wind in the night.
Her heart stops.
The doctor walks out, and says, he did all he could.
Your heart pauses.
You find.
You're no longer a mother.
Her life taken,
Suddenly,
You die with her, not feeling life.
You become numb as a wife.
Not understanding what gets you through the days, weeks and months turn into years.
You just went through sudden death

Patricia Kelley

Taste of Heaven

When I think about Heaven, I think about the tallest mountain that I can reach.
I think about the biggest star that I can search.
I think about a white horse with wings.
I'm holding on tight riding through eternity's magical fiery rings.
Pegasus swings.
Pegasus has been waiting just for me.
I think about musical angels that sing.
I think of death with no sting.
I think about all my loved ones that have passed.
I think about all of those that I will see at last
I think about galaxies that I'll be able to lass.
I think about no more worries about tomorrow.
I think about no more feelings of sorrow.
I think about no more aches and pain.
I'll just let it rain.
And lick every drop that falls from Heaven that I can reach.
I'll sing.
Ride Pegasus, ride!

Patricia Kelley

The American Girl

She walks in darkness like an alert eagle, with light feet sent to the darkest corners of the earth.

Born in America in which her mother gave birth.

Her weapon tightly gripped in her hand, with her finger on the trigger.

She's an American girl.

She can't remember her long last hot bath.

She can only feel the enemy's hot wrath.

She's an American girl.

Peering around the darkest corners of the earth, there's no hesitation in pulling the trigger.

With all concentration on her finger,

She's the hitter.

Hitting her target to the ground,

She does it with a loud round.

She's an American girl.

With her only possession being her Bible tucked in her pocket.

She's living, moving action.

Never knowing where she's going to rest.

Her life a constant test,

She does her best.

She's an American girl.

With all prayers upon her to outwit the enemy,

She needs better weaponry.

Guarding Angels' sent from Heaven to protect the American girl!

Patricia Kelley

The Apple of His Eye

She sits in Heaven's golden swing, swinging.
She has perfect little features, and curly blonde hair.
With Heaven's angels all around singing,
She sits there swinging, with her green eyes clear.
I can see her with her long curly golden hair swaying.
With some angels knelt praying.
While some sing and play, the golden harp,
Next to them is a purple healing herb.
It looks just like lavender.
In a garden filled with a peaceful, tranquil atmosphere.
She's just behind the pearly white gates of Heaven.
She's a perfect touch for Heaven.
She's only seven.
There next to her looks to be a child of eleven.
There sitting next to her in a little golden chair smiling; is a chubby, cherub.
It looks like they're all playing.
There are many angels flying all around them singing praises.
They sing aloud with their voices that grace.
All of those around, and around!
Their echo rings sounds.
Of gladness!
There is no more sadness.
No more innocence turned to ashes.
They're all singing Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna in the Highest!
Praising the God of all Creation!
They're dressed in white robes of innocence for decoration.

By them standing is the radiant Son of God, of all Creation.
His omnipotence reflects, all that fills Heaven.
His voice speaks aloud that children's faces are in the eyes of angels.
They're the apple of His eye the angels sing.

And, whomever, hurts one of these, will surely feel death's sting.

Patricia Kelley

The Beauty of a Woman

The Beauty of a Woman isn't measured by her size.
Tis measured by how wise.
The Beauty of a woman isn't measured by the color of her eyes.
Tis measured by giving sound advice.
The Beauty of a woman isn't measured by the length of her hair.
Tis measured by how many she can pull from despair.
The Beauty of a woman isn't based on skin color.
Tis measured by her giving a tenth to every dollar.
The Beauty of a woman isn't measured by her height.
Tis measured by her might.
The Beauty of a woman isn't measured by her weight.
Tis measured by her fate.
The Beauty of a woman isn't measured by her lips.
Tis measured by how softly she grips.
The Beauty of a woman isn't measure by the size of her ears.
Tis measured by the size of her heart, hearing the voice of God.
The Beauty of a woman isn't measured by outward Beauty.
Tis measured by her inner-Beauty.
The Beauty of a woman is a bright Light House in darkness.
The Beauty of a woman is God at work.

1 Peter 3: 4 Your Beauty should not come from outward adornment, such as elaborate hairstyles and the wearing of gold jewelry or fine clothes. Rather it should be that of your inner self, the unfading beauty of a gentle and quiet spirit, which is of great worth in God's sight.

Patricia Kelley

The Names of God Most High

My Lord is EL ELYON: He is The God Most High.

My Lord is ELOHIM: He is the God of Power, who speaks creation with words.

My Lord is called Jehovah: He is the God, who breathes air into life.

My Lord is Jehovah SHAMMAH: He lives inside of me.

My Lord is Jehovah JIREH: He meets all of my needs.

My Lord is EL SHADDAI: He pours the blessings of life upon me, giving me favor.

My Lord is Jehovah ROHI: He is my teacher, since my rebirth.

My Lord is Jehovah MAKKEH: He is the Lord that corrects me, when I am wrong.

My Lord is Jehovah MKAADESH: He separates me from the world, setting me apart.

My Lord is Jehovah TSIDKEN: He teaches me, right from wrong. He corrects me, when I'm wrong.

My Lord is Jehovah ROHI: He shines a light that guides my footsteps in life, directing my path.

My Lord is Jehovah ROPHE: He can heal all sickness within me.

My Lord is Jehovah NISSI: He is my banner, and artillery in war. He comes to my defense against my enemies.

My Lord is Jehovah ELOHEENU: He is my rescuer when I am in trouble.

Oh, My Lord is Jehovah GMOLAH: He's my debt collector, who takes from those, who rob me.

My Lord is Jehovah TSEBAOTH: He's the Lord of Hosts who moves the stars to prepare for war and who opens the mouth of the Red Sea, and moves the wind to reveal land mines. He's the one who gives orders to the angels for miracles to take place.

My Lord is Jehovah Shalom: He is the peacemaker, who calls an end to war.

My Lord is ADONAI: He is the Master and Lord of Lords of all Creation.

My Lord is Jehovah EL ELHOE: He is the God of Israel, the Apple of His Eye.

My Lord is Jesus Christ, the second of the Holy Trinity: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

He's the one that died for me, so that all of my sins would be forgiven, so I could have eternal life.

My Lord is the Holy Spirit. He's my Accountant. He's my Author. He's my Banker. He's my Boss. He's my Comforter. He's my Mighty Counselor. He's my Editor. He's my finisher. He's my Healer. He's the deposit of the living God, living inside of me.

When you face life's trials run to the all Mighty Son of God. Know His names. He has many names, and be prepared to see miracles and changes in your life.

Sheh Hashem yivarech otach

(May God Bless you!)

Patricia Kelley

The population of Heaven Is growing each Day

I know that the population of Heaven is growing each day.

There was another funeral today.

And, I know there was one yesterday.

You would think with all the people dying.

Some people would give up all their lying.

They know that one day death is going to come their way.

I say.

After all, who can escape the Grim Reaper?

Only the Christian will take their last breath and inhale from the Devine Keeper.

Yes, we may taste death for a second, but as soon as we do, Jesus comes to our rescue.

Is that your cue?

Can you say! Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah!

Let's pray.

Praise the Lord each day!

Sing a song.

Your day can't go wrong.

When Jesus is number one!

You have already won!

Can you say! Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah!

Patricia Kelley

Trapped

She's in a life with no escape; planning her escape.
She stands in the enemies trenches.
She can see it, in her mind.
It's time to unwind.
She nervously wrenches.
Growing tighter, by the minute,
She doesn't know how to relax.
She acts.
What, she would give to have another woman's freedom.
But, she fears no escape,
Bound, as if, with Duct Tape,
Her emotions all twisted up.
She's about to give-up!
The only emotion, she feels, is fear.
Her sad lifeless eyes tear.
She once dreamed of being someone's wife.
But, he constantly cuts her with his verbal knife.
Trapped to be someone's wife, she doesn't love.
Feeling unloved.
As a mouse with its head caught in a noose,
She only wants to be loose.

She once had a life full of dreams.
Now, all she has are shattered dreams.
The windows of her eyes are hollow from yesterday's sorrow.
She fights within herself to borrow time for tomorrow, only sad days follow.
Growing ill in her marrow, she keeps saying to herself, I'll leave tomorrow.

Patricia Kelley

We believe In the American Dream

Politicians' say take their guns, they don't need their guns.
When the truth is America's turning back into the wild, wild, west.
We're not at our best.
Most Americans lack any morals.
We're divided by a country that quarrels.
We've closed the Bible putting God to rest.
We think of ourselves as immortals.
We've said and accepted, no morality putting our God to the test.
America needs to wake-up from your somber sleep.
And loudly protest.
We will not sit back and let you take our guns.
We will defend our sons and daughters, for generations to come.
You refused to protect our borders, so you could usher in the votes.
You leave us no alternative but to get out our guns.
We're not going to sit back as a nervous child that sucks their thumb.
While you, march with your private army into our homestead doors taking our guns.
Our fathers' and forefathers' fought for rights.
This isn't about color, blacks against whites.
This is simply about freedom that rings.
In which past wars were won, and a heroes' song was sung.
I'm proud to be and American. I am proud to be free. If it wasn't for America's guns, I
would have no song to sing.
My forefather's would have felt Britain's sting, and we would have been ruled by a
Britain's evil king.
And Paul Revere riding through loudly yelling, "The British are coming" would have
been America's last dream.
I'm proud to be and American, my heart so does sing.
I wear my heart on my sleeve.
I refuse to grieve.
To my lost American dream,
I believe.
That God searches into the heart of America and sees and grieves for America's sweet
dream.
He will lead new grandfathers and fathers, and sons and daughters towards the
American dream.
We're not a violent people.
We just want to put America back on that steeple.
That sings were proud to be American. We believe in the American dream.

Patricia Kelley

What value do we put on Life

What Value Do We Put On a Life?
How is it that we can put possessions before life?

And live a life of strife.

Hypnotized drunk by the vine.

Without any sip of fermented wine,

We live in a cesspool with swine.

Struggling in a lifeless vine with no meaning for life!

Are we no better than the rich?

That stores their possessions for their private itch.

Always wanting more never satisfied with cravings like a wicked witch.

When are we going to step up say, that there's more to this life?

My success in life isn't about who has the most.

It isn't about being on a list of the favorite poets post.

My life is about saving the lost.

No matter what the cost.

What value do we put on a life?

Patricia Kelley

White Lightning

She found the wolf in the cemetery when he was just a pup.
He was like a gentle cub.
The wolf was a sign of protection to protect her from harm.
He would become her guardian angel and right arm.

He was so small the only remaining survivor of the litter
She felt so sorry for the lonely critter.

She named him White Lightning.
He had a special likening.
He had trails of white streaks that ran through his coarse hair.
She could hear his loud bark in the air.
Wherever she went he followed.
He became her second shadow,
White Lightning was his name.
He was tame now and no longer part of the wild game.
When she went to sleep at night he laid right beside her.
His ears would go up when he heard sounds on the floor.
She knew that he would protect her from unwelcomed visitors coming through the door.
He guarded the sounds on the floor.

Then one night she was awoken by a loud noise, the wolf barked and growled.
It was a prowler. Her took one look at White Lightning and shut the door and ran.
White Lightning proved to be her protector.

Her angel of the night, she needed no reflector.

To him, she was his savior.

White Lightning proved to be her protector.

Patricia Kelley

Woman with Spirit

I still remember her voice; each time I would visit.
She would be sitting in her recliner.
It was always right before dinner.
She had (C.O.P.D.) chronic obstruction pulmonary disease.
Her spirit was always at ease.
She would always call me honey.
She always seemed so sunny.
She always had to be near, her oxygen.
She loved for me to read Songs of Solomon.
She had no fears of dying.
She had more fear about living.
She always loved to talk.
She would tell me about taking a long walk.
On her hundreds of acres,
I would set there carefully watching the clock, because I could get lost in our long talks.
She talked about her life, when she was young, and all of her stocks.
She was once a very wealthy lady, she smiled, and said.
Her hired hands' were well paid.
She talked about riding and breaking wild horses.
She fought against all of the forces.
No one thought she could do it, because she was a woman.
She said, proudly. Her husband was a real man.
He taught her everything, and how to be a real businesswoman.
He had died several years before her, leaving her a huge estate.
She had lived great!
He left her with everything, including a ranch.
She had so much wisdom for a solid oak branch.
She set there in her recliner, neatly tucked, snuggled in her heavy woven socks.
I was called in the day, she was dying.
She had been in a coma unresponsive now for several days.
I started crying.
I gently whispered in her ear everything was going to be okay, she opened her eyes,
and looked at me.
She quietly squeaked. Honey, get me a drink. She took a sip, and turned her head.
With her last words, and all eyes on her son, she said. I'll always love you!
Then suddenly, she was gone, like the end to a beautiful song.
She was able to say good bye to her son. She showed me even though she was in a coma. She knew, what was going on in her room.

She slowly started fading away, as a flower that closes its petals. Then with one last breath, one last rise, she was gone.

Patricia Kelley