Poetry Series

Rik Bertrand

- poems -

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Rik Bertrand (18 April 1959)

i was born, i grew up, i got a job, i got married, i had kids, i wrote poems, and i died, just kidding on the last part. To all of you who take the time to read this, beware. i believe in what i write, i have seen evil and it has seen me, i have seen love and lost, but i am happy. Good will always wins out in the end, have faith in who you are and what you will become. You are the fingers of god, what you touch, touches others, and believe me, we all make a difference in this world, all of us. REB

9/11 TRIBUTE 2011

Bless those that lost their lives, and those that survived.
Bless all that remember the fallen, and the rise of our Nation.
We hold in our hearts the blood of our patriots, our Family.
We stay strong so that we can remember nine eleven.

We shall never forget, we shall never falter, for we are true.
And we will never let waiver the Red, White and Blue.
Ground Zero untouched, unscathed, a holy ground,
Let no man alter what should be bound.

God Bless the fallen, the lost, the loved, and the Heroes
God Bless the families for their strength and their courage.
We have not lost, we are not scared, we do not back down.
We remember, we remember, we remember the wrong.

A moment of silence for nine eleven, and for a little peace of mind.
Let's bow our heads, and say prayer, and remember this sad time.
Never, never ever forget that we are America strong,
And we will, whatever it takes, Right this cowardly wrong.

Dedicated to all the nine eleven families and friends. We shall prevail.

REB 11 Sept 2011

Rik Bertrand

A Candle In The Night

Life has its moments, and I have my dreams.
And sometimes all we have is not what it seems.
We all have our fantasies, the ones we keep inside,
The ones that keep us warm at night, our evenings tide

I have a way that gets me by, it keeps my future bright
It's so very simple, and it feels so very right.
It gives me hope, it gives me faith, and it burns so very bright.
It is the magic in my life, this Candle in the Night.

I lie down and watch it glow, and I see the dreams aflame.
And I give each little magic thought, a very magic name.
I see my life and fortune in every flame that flickers
I love the thoughts that come to my mind I wish they would come quicker.

A Candle in the Night, glowing oh so very bright,
A Candle in the night, it’s such a beautiful sight.
This candle is my window, to the magic that hides inside.
It is journey to a special place that should never be denied.

REB (JAN 2012) inspired by Photo by *ROSALIAN

Rik Bertrand

A Fools Heart

I am a fool, who plays at having a heart.
I am a fool, and now my life is falling apart.
I meant no harm in my caring ways,
I meant not to deceive you in these trying days.

I am crying inside, for I have made mistakes,
And for this my wounded heart aches.
Tragic is life when you hurt those you care for.
Tragic is life when you feel the love no more.

Life is full of pain; it’s full of disappointments,
And for these, there are no pills or ointments.
Just the pain of loss, with no love or forgiveness,
Just the bitter cold heart, and forever loneliness.

I have tried to be helpful and have made some mistakes,
And now for this my heart will always ache.
Understand that I do not regret my decisions,
But I must live with what I have done without revisions.

REB (FEB 2012)

Rik Bertrand

A KISS IN THE NIGHT

I was a lonely soul, traveling through time,
I was walking on a very fine line.
Love had abandoned me, I was all alone.
I had no real place I could call home.

Then came a bump in the night,
And a kiss ever so slight.
My heart jumped, and lit a fire,
And I felt a hot passionate desire

A kiss from the unknown realms,
Like a scene from forgotten films
A kiss that came blindly in the night
And gave new meaning to life's fight

I sense that you are close by,
Of this you cannot deny.
Your kiss has left your scent
And this feeling I have I cannot relent.

Come to me and kiss me true,
Know that I will never be blue.
Bump me in the night again,
Kiss me so our love can blend.

It was just one bump and kiss in the night.
But our souls mated and it felt so right.
It is onetime moments, that will last forever
Life's little nudges can be so clever.

Come and bump me again, kiss and love me.
Devour me, take me, and set the decree.
Wrap your arms around my heart.
And with that, a new life we will start.

REB (MARCH 2012) because I felt a kiss in the night

Rik Bertrand

A NEW FREEDOMS START

I come from a family of the Law,
I am the savior of the weak at heart,
I fulfill the needs of those forsaken
I carry the sword of freedoms start.

My armor of silver is a symbol of righteousness,
It has righted the wrongs of many of men.
I cower to no one, for I am a warrior of peace.
I fight for freedoms start, and I shall win.

I carry a my soul on my sleeve,
It reminds me of the love of my family.
I pray that someday this will all end,
And we will all be united and free.

I fight for a new Freedoms start,
A life without the evil or the devils heart.
I fight, and defend the laws of our land,
So that our lives are not torn apart.

My armor is silver with the might of the Lord
It has been blessed by those of the land,
Do not challenge my righteous soul,
For I will bury you with this sword in my hand.

I am the Law the peace maker of the times,
I ride alone, yet, I have an army by my side.
Soon we will see a new Freedom start,
And behind this armor I will no longer hide.

REB (APRIL 2012) because Regina just looks like she would be a great cop

Rik Bertrand

A TRACE OF LOVE

The thoughts that come to my mind,
Are embedded in me for all time,
I cannot explain where love comes from,
But I know it's not perfect for everyone.

I have a Trace of love in me,
And that Trace of love has set me free.
I cherish it with all my heart,
It has given my life a brand new start.

Oh, Trace of love, filling me full of light
Trace of love making my heart glow bright
You are my savior and my emotions, you set a fire.
I feel you in my blood; you are my life's desire.

I cannot control how I feel, how the words flow out,
I want to stand up and tell the world, I want to shout.
I know it's only me and my thoughts are not shared,
But I it doesn't really matter, for my love I have declared.

I have found a Trace of love and its embedded in my soul,
And I am happy with life now, if all be truthfully told.
My spirit smiles and spreads the richness of my inner light,
Knowing that this Trace of Love will keep me warm at night.

My love is but a Trace, but it's a love that will hold together,
And although it's only a Trace of love, it's a love that will last forever.
For a Trace is all that I will ever need, there will never be a need for more
For with this tiny bit of love, to the heavens I will soar….

REB (MARCH 2012) because just a little love can go far

Rik Bertrand

Alone Today

I was alone today, walking in a park full of love.
Couples together, friends holding hands, and a dove.
I was alone today, and I felt it in my heart
The pain, the hurt, I was falling apart.

It was warm today, but I felt a chill in my body.
The sun was bleeding heat, I saw rhapsody.
It was warm today, and there was love all around
Yet, for me, a friend could not be found.

The world is strange in so many ways,
and my life is numbered with limited days.
I just felt so alone today, and I really needed a friend
but I knew that today would not be the end.

Nice, but not perfect is this life I live
Love and friendship is all I have to give.
Sometimes it hard, but I do understand,
that I am only one, and but a grain of sand.

REB 3 Oct 2010
Rik Bertrand

An Angel in Boots

What I saw was all in my head,
A vision all blurred, in the color red.
Passion filled with all that is right,
Love based options throughout the night

I keep seeing boots in my vision red,
I keep hearing words that are not really said.
My eyes distracted by the beauty before me,
Enhanced feelings of love devour me.

Lady lay waiting on a floating bed,
wearing only cowboy boots of the color red.
A vision of beauty, of love, and of peace,
A vision of an angel, heaven released.

Red cowboy boots and an angle of love,
sent from the heavens so far above.
Cleary a sign that I am lonely and blue,
and that I need someone who will love me true.

Rik Bertrand

Angel in Distress

I have been abandend and my heart drips,
Like the pedals from a dying rose.
My Reason for existing is fading fast,
For my love has lost his passion for living.

I am weakend by his failure to understand love,
His failure to realize that love is not a possession.
Love is a commitment to a life of pleasure,
With that one person that undrestands you intirely.

I am a fallen angel with a bleeding heart,
And can only pray that my ma soon comes to understand.
That he soon looks into his soul and sees that I am his Angel,
I am the one that cherisches his every move in life.

Never give up on what your heart tells you is right,
Others know not your inner feelings or your gifts.
Oh man of mine, with your heart so full of my love,
Come back to me and I shall wrap my wings around you.

I shall comfort you and show you true love.
We shall intertwine our thoughts and visions.
We shall understand the worlds wants and comings.
we will become one with each other and we will survive.

Rik Bertrand

ANGEL OF FIRE

I am the Angel of Fire,
And it is time for me to truthful,
And tell what I Desire.

Time has set me a flame,
I have been devoured by love
And there is no one to blame.

I am angel of God, a delivered favor.
But I feel for the beauty of one
And I have become her savior.

My faults were awarded with wings of fire,
And now I cannot touch the heart.
I walk tenderly and carefully on loves wire.

I am the Angel of Fire
And I may never have my Desire
But I, from afar, my beauty still admire.

I am sorry my dear for loving you
For taking you into my heart.
Be brave, and we shall never be apart.

She approached me and hugged me tight,
The fire had no effect,
True love conquers all fears,
and brings all love to light.

I am the Angel of Fire,
And I love my beauty one
And today we are together,
Watching the rising sun..

REB (MARCH 2012) because I am set afire by the beauty of one.

Rik Bertrand

Angel Wings of Black

I kneel before you, with your just deserves,
My Wings withered, on my last reserves.
I present to you this violin true,
So you can bring the angels out of the blue.

Some have lost the rhythm within
Some would call this a mortal sin.
Are feathers fall from loss of song
Only you can right this wrong.

Dressed in black, with black wings spread,
The loss of music we all dread.
Save us so that we may fly
Know that without our music we will die.

Rebecca Tribe, will you give us your soul,
Bring us out of this black hole.
Take this violin true, Play it with your heart,
Cast a spell of beautiful music, protect us from the dark.

I kneel before you with this gift in hand,
Hoping that you will rock the band.
So you can put us back on track
And save the angels whose wings are black.

REB (FEB 2012) Because all angels deserve the gift of Music, inspirational photo from Rebecca Tribe. Thanks.

Rik Bertrand

ANIMALS CRY

In the forest the animals cry,
as they watch their close friends die.
the humans take their homes away
and all they can do is hopelessy pray.

they come with machines., powerful and strong
and destroy their home while they sing a song.
They clear the land of all their food,
and fill it with their animal blood.

A humans heart is as dark as the night,
when will they ever see the light?
They destory the beauty of life itself,
thinking only of fulfilling themselves.

In the forest the animals cry,
as they watch their good friends die.
the humans come again today,
to take their land and homes away.

REB

Rik Bertrand

ARE YOU DREAMING

I have followed you into the dusk
Wanting to know your ways,
You are beautiful and mysterious
And I want to know your days.

You stand motionless in the night,
Looking up through the trees
Your thoughts seem far away
Your hair flows with the gentle breeze.

Are you dreaming my love?
Is that what you do here?
Do you dream of sweet love,
And the one you hold dear.

There are birds in the trees,
They carry a tune
To match your sweet swaying
As you gaze at the moon.

So lovely you are,
As you wish on that star,
So beautiful the night is
As you dream from afar.

Are you dreaming my love?
Is that what you do here?
Do you dream of sweet love,
And the one you hold dear.

REB (MARCH 2012) because she's dreaming of love (artwork by Nina Lipkin Art)

Rik Bertrand

BAD TO THE BONE (BlackJack)

It was a cold dark night
But the time felt right,
To hit the tables hard.

It was a black jack game
And it wasn't so tame,
But I hit on every card.

The jack and the ace of spades,
Were dealt to me like drinks
These Cards just kept coming down.

Black jack fun
Can keep you on the run,
When the owner starts to frown.

I'm a gambling man
A Kenny Rogers fan
And I live by his song.

I am Bad to the Bone
And my futures sewn,
For in cards I can do no wrong

Bad to the bone
But a king on a throne
When the cards are going my way.

Bad to the bone
I hear the owner moan,
I guess I should be on my way.

REB (MARCH 2012) because when you keep getting dealt blackjacks, some is not going to like it.

Rik Bertrand

Bake Your Life

BAKE YOUR LIFE

Capture the essence of ones soul,
Stir it up in a lifeless bowl.
Add the wisdom of life’s mistakes
And watch it closely as it bakes.

Taste the moments as they pass,
As true life molds are made at last.
Catch the scent of future plights,
And watch it closely in future nights.

Careful, for what you think.
Daytime, nighttime, do not blink.
Careful, for what you are,
Do not wish up on a star.

Life’s desires are made like this,
From what you want and what you wish.
They’re baked inside your heart and soul.
They’re bright as day or dark as Coal.

REB

Rik Bertrand

BEAUTIFUL SPRITES

Standing on my front porch, it is late into the night,
Standing here looking out, it is such a wonderful sight.
I know that I am not alone, I see the little sprites,
I see you flying all around, you are such sweet delights.

Are you here to comfort my soul, and put me in a mood?
I could really use an uplift, and a full order of soul food.
You are always here as needed, to catch my fallen tears,
And wipe away all my sorrow and take away my fears.

My beautiful little sprites, my loving and adoring friends,
You stay here and comfort me, until my pain descends.
Your perfume scent devours me, and caresses my heart,
The essence of your beauty is of a supernatural sort.

I am standing on my front porch, in the presence of the spirits,
And by all accounts and all accords I love their little visits.
They are always here to lift my hopes and all my inspirations,
Oh, how I love these sprites, one of Gods Heavenly creations.

REB (FEB 2012) Inspiration from Carolyn King as she stands on her porch late at night.

Rik Bertrand

Bending Time

We are oceans away,
Your day is my night.
We are never the same,
Your darkness is my light.

I want to bend time in half
So that we may touch.
Bend time in half,
That’s not asking for much.

Just take the time I have here,
And push and bend it there.
I think that it will work,
I think it’s only fair.

You are always sleeping,
While I am waking.
This life we have together
Is so forsaking.

I want to bend time in half,
I want to touch your hand.
I want to be there with you,
Walking in the sand.

Our love is reaching,
Our spirits are seeking.
I want to be close to you
Face to face speaking.

I want to bend time in half
So that we may hug as one
I want bend here and there
So we are together in the sun

Rik Bertrand

CHARCOAL BRIDE

I have found beauty, in a sketch old and forgotten,
Its charcoal prism, has taken hold of my soul.
There is a spirit within the stokes of this artistry
And it has captured my heart and won't let go.

This maiden, this queen, this princess in waiting,
Has me spooled in thought and my heart debating.
I look at this drawing and it looks back.
The mystery is alluring, the shadowing attracts.

The lines and the shadows turn me to stone,
When I hold this drawing I am so not alone.
The spirit within, the touch, the compassion
The brush strokes must have been made,
With love and sweet passion

The model for this portrait must be truly amazing,
I am sure she would start my heart just a blazing.
Would you thing a self portrait, this drawing could be,
I know if I could find her our love would agree.

This charcoal drawing of beauty and grace.
With its spiritual aura, that sets my heart a race.
I treasure these feeling deep down in side
And dream of this beauty as my long lost bride.

REB (MARCH 2012) because this drawing touches my soul

Rik Bertrand

CHOSEN TO LIVE

What is this all about? Why do I feel this way?
I am amazed at life and the gifts it supplies me.
I sometimes don't understand why I am chosen,
Why I have been given repeated chances in life.

There have many occasions where I have seen the light.
I have drifted towards the peace and tranquility of forever,
Just to return to a more bright and wondrous life.
I Love living and I thank god above for the realization.

I ponder, yes I said it, I ponder my life's purpose,
my reason for existing, in this time of turmoil.
I can only say that I am needed, I have been chosen.
I am a tool in god's plan; I am a messenger of his love.

I love my family, I love my friends, and I love peaceful thoughts.
I love the rain, the mist, and the sun as it shines down on creation.
I love the thought of setting the example for all to follow, and being chosen.
I love the fact that I am living when I should be resting in peace.

THANK YOU LORD.

REB JULY 2011

Rik Bertrand

Create My World

CREATE MY WORLD

Create a world of your own desires,
where all the heroes are all the liars.
Feel it full of empty visions,
idle love and indecisions.

Create a time where there’s no hope,
where life hangs by a rope.
Feel it full of empty dreams,
Where nothing is what it seems.

Create a space where you can run,
where sadness lingers in the sun.
Where hope has vanished needlessly,
where feeling love can never be.

Create a life with emotions lost,
where with every decision you pay a cost.
Where crying is the better way,
and the blues is with you everyday.

Create this world and you will see,
Through the eyes of lonely me.

REB

Rik Bertrand

Dark Eyes

DARK EYES

I LOOK UPON THE DARKENED SKIES,
ALL I SEE IS HIS DARK EYES.
I KNOW HE WILL BE COMING SOON,
AS I SIT IN THIS COLD DARK ROOM.

EVERY NIGHT I WISH FOR LIGHT,
AS I LOOK FOR THE COURAGE TO FIGHT.
EVERY NIGHT I SEE THOSE EYES,
COMING FROM THE DARK DARK SKIES.

IT'S SO COLD HERE IN THE DARK,
FAR OFF A DOG DOES BARK.
A SHRIEK, A CRY, DEATH DOES COME,
ONLY I KNOW WHERE IT COMES FROM.

I LOOK OUT AND SEE THOSE EYES,
WAY UP IN THOSE DARKENED SKIES.
AS THEY LOOK UPON MY SOUL,
MY LIFE IS DRAINED INTO A BOWL.

DEATH RIDES WITH THOSE EVIL EYES,
AND ALL THAT SEE THEM, SURLY DIES.
YOU MUST FIGHT, AND YOU MUST NOW FAIL,
YOU MUST SEND THOSE EYES BACK TO HELL.

REB

Rik Bertrand

DARK OF LIGHT

CATCH AND HOLD THE NIGHT IN HAND,
FEEL THE DARKNESS, OH HOW BLAND.
THE MIND SEES ALL THAT'S RIGHT,
BUT ONLY ON THE DARKEST NIGHT.

GRASP THE CONCEPT OF NOTHINGNESS,
FILL THE HEART WITH LONELINESS.
TOUCH REALITY AS YOU NEVER WOULD,
LIVE IN DARKNESS AS NO ONE SHOULD.

LIFE CAN BE LIGHT IN THE DARK,
DEPENDING ON THE PATH YOU EMBARK.
IT MATTERS NOT WHICH WAY YOU GO,
IT ONLY MATTERS WHAT YOU KNOW.

HAVE FAITH IN THE DARK OF LIGHT,
AND YOU WILL WIN THE FIGHT.
CARE NOT FOR WHO YOU ARE,
AND YOUR LIFE WILL CARRY FAR.

REB

Rik Bertrand

DARK POEMS

Dark poems are everywhere,
floating in the midnight air.
Listen, listen, you have no choice,
the evil words, the devils voice.

Where the world falls apart,
there lies a dark poem of the heart.
Dark poems tell the devils lies,
they make you hear the evil cries.

Hold onto your ravaged soul,
don’t let life take its toll.
Dark poems are everywhere,
read them, read them, if you dare.

REB

Rik Bertrand

DESTINY

We are born on a road of Faith;
moving down the path of the straight and narrow.
Throughout our life we will sway and waiver
and our path will bend as if a broken arrow.

There is a saying that "it is our Destiny"
In the end it is what awaits us all.
My Destiny is not yours, and yours is not mine,
Unless we were meant and Destiny calls.

Choices made can be good or bad,
They can change the here and now
Choices made do not change the end
They only change the when and how.

Destiny is the end for all; it is what is supposed to be.
Destiny is the end of the book, the final chapter, the End.
So if you want to see many more days,
Your Destiny you must extend.

Destiny, it's our Destiny; it is what it is supposed to be.
Life's little pick me ups, the tears, and the cheers.
Don't fret, do NOT regret, let life be as it is.
Destiny is Destiny, throw away the fears.

Like the song said, so, so long ago
"What will be will be"
So live life free and be open to all,
Be happy, be lively, what will be will be.

REB to my daughter (NikkiI) JUL 2011

Rik Bertrand

DEVILS CURTAIN CALL

SAVAGE SOULS CRY IN PAIN
BITTER HAVOC IN THE RAIN
ALL IS LOST, ALL INSANE.
DEVIL CLASSIC, SO MUNDANE.

TEARS OF FIRE CROSS THY FACE,
CREATURES STIR AND QUICKEN PACE.
HEARTS OF STONE WE EMBRACE,
ONE LAST NIGHT, THE HUMAN RACE.

MIRRORED IMAGES OF THE MOON TO BE,
BLACKENED BY THE MIDNIGHT SEA.
THUNDER SHATTERS, THE LIGHTING'S FREE,
THE NIGHT IS FRIGHTENING, WE ALL AGREE.

PANIC STRICKEN, AND WITH DISPAIR,
WE CRAWL OUT IN THE DARK COLD AIR.
AND AS WE WATCH WHAT WE CAN'T BARE,
THE DEVIL LAUGHS IN HIS LAIR.

EVIL LURKS, WITHIN US ALL,
WAITING FOR THE GOOD TO TAKE A FALL.
WITH GREEDY HASTE IT STANDS UP TALL,
AND TAKES THE DEVIL'S CURTAIN CALL.

REB

Rik Bertrand

DEVOUR ME

My life has be short lived, but involved,
So many dilemmas I have come across and solved.
Pain and suffering has stricken my soul,
And it has finally begun to take its toll.

Surrounded by blood thirsty revengeful wolves,
That were hiding on the darkened roofs.
I am their prey on this wicked and sinful night,
And I have no more strength or will to fight.

I stand defenseless along the river of death,
I cover my face and breathe in my last breath.
I have feared this ending for ohh so long,
For I must pay for all that I have done wrong.

Take me now; I will feel no pain or sorrow,
I do not deserve to see rest of this day, or any tomorrows.
I am a young soul that has dampened the world's core,
And this is something that I must truly pay for.

Devour me, so that I may begin a new,
Do this for me, do this for you.
I am worthless to this world, as I am now.
Devour me, so that I may, to my Lord; Bow.

The Devilish Wolves looked curiously on,
As if they were confused with what should be done.
They were not sent to devour my sins,
They were protectors of life and guardians of men.

They huddled around me and surrounded my being,
They showed me their world, and what I should be seeing.
My mission in life is not clear or set true,
But I have been chosen to complete it, and this I must do.

I am a child of God and a to savior man,
I am this, and I am that, I am who I am.
You will see me through time, I will sacrifice all
I am the sacrificial lamb; I will not let you fall.

REB (MARCH 2012) because Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me

Rik Bertrand

DO YOU KNOW THE WAY?

Tell me, do you know the way
to this place that they call heaven?
I hear that it's a better place
than this place that we now live in.

Today is another day, different from the last,
but yet my thoughts do wonder to the distant past.

When life was full of thunder,
and love was all around
when the girls were full of laughter,
and they never brought you down.

But, today is yet another day,
different from the last.
And things will never be the same
as they were in the past.

Like, when love caught you by suprise,
and life was but a game.
when rose were red and violets blue,
and no one was the same.

So, tell me do you know the way
to this place that they call heaven?
I hear that it's a better place
then this place that we now live in.

I hear that you can live in peace,
with love and tender caring.
And they say that you can have it all,
and it's everyones for the sharing.

I hear that you never cry,
and that love is never ending.
and the dreams that you dream
do come true, there is no pretending.

So, Tell me do you know the way
to this place that they call heaven?
I hear that it's a better place,
a place i want to be in.

REB

Rik Bertrand

DO YOU NOT SEE ME?

You are not alone in your time of need,
I am here for you; I am the mist in the air.
Do not bow down and give up your faith,
Do not cry, do not despair.

You are strong, yet you have your doubts
And although you may think you are alone in pain,
That is furthest from the truth.
I am here with you in the mist and in the rain.

Look up see my outline in the clouds,
See your miracle that is with you.
Take heart and be a part of your on solution
Have faith, have hope and be true.

You are never alone in times of distress,
I am here for you; all you need is to believe.
You need to know that you will succeed,
And the Lords support you will receive.

REB (MARCH) because it's obvious - he is right there

Rik Bertrand

DREAM ANGEL

Are you drifting, are your eyes closing down?
Are you floating, are you dreamland bound?
I am waiting to blow you your dreams of love,
For I know that is what you are thinking of.

I am here; I am your angel of the night,
I look down on you threw the clear moonlight.
I am the provider of all the dreams that you dream,
I am here above, waiting for your nightly theme.

Your thoughts come to me through spirit prose,
And into dreams, your thoughts I transpose.
Feel free to drift into a life of pure pleasure,
And experience all the love without any measure.

I blow you your dreams as I would blow you a kiss,
And not one word or thought will I ever miss.
I am here for you, for you are my mission,
So sleep my sweet one and see true loves vision.

I am here; I am your angel of the night,
I look down on you threw the clear moonlight.
I am the provider of all the dreams that you dream,
I am here above, waiting for your nightly theme.

REB (MARCH 2012) because someone is manipulating my dreams

Rik Bertrand

Dustined for Happiness (no it's not misspelled)

Beautiful couple, Forever After,
With forever love and Laughter.
With the Grace of God and the love of heart,
Two beautiful people, a new life they start.

High School sweethearts,
Life time full of Love,
Forever together
Blessed by God above

Dustin and Hannah
Are forever together.
Through good times and bad times,
And life's foul weather.

They are happy, and free
With Love on Fire
Their Hearts are so strong.
They have THE forever desire

Wrapped and eternally entwined,
Together they can do no wrong.
Their love has so much rhythm,
Their life is a song.

This couple is made in Heaven,
Dustined for Happiness.
Time is of no concern,
Hannah is Dustin's for-everness.

REB (FEB 2012) For Dustin and Hannah, Newlyweds

Rik Bertrand

ELECTRIFIED

It all started with tingling in my toes and fingers,
A feeling to this day that seems to linger.
The first touch, as I brushed by you in the hall,
Sent static electricity through me, and I felt the call.

Every gentle touch or nudge, electrified my senses,
And I would walk by and bump her under false pretenses.
It was a drug, I was addicted; she was luring temptation
But, with my shy heart there was no true relation,

Years go by, and loss of memory overrides all,
But every once in a while I felt an electrical call.
Feelings will rage in side my newly charged heart
And I would feel a love that was torn apart.

And then, as if spirits we sensing my loss,
The electrical charge is sparked and love is embossed.
With the massive static, and my viens filled with fuel,
I found myself, in an electrical duel.

But love overcomes and the charge is reversed,
And no longer is this true love cursed.
I still feel the spark, and I my toes still do tingle,
But now with my true love, I can forever intermingle

REB (MARCH 2012) depending on the volts, it can hurt, but if you get use to it, its heaven.

Rik Bertrand

ELVIRA (An Angel in disguise)

I see a vision of beauty, gothic in all detail,
I see eyes of darkness, they devour and derail.
Dressed in seductive black, and alluring to all
And when she speaks her magic, Ohhh, my skin does crawl.

Elvira, Elvira, you are the Mistress of the Dark,
I am now on a darkened path, which I cannot disembark
Your beauty and your lustfulness has an entrancing effect,
But there is no evil in your heart that I can truly detect.

You're loving and adoring, your soul is bright and clear,
You my love are wearing a mask, this is so very clear.
And though you represent darkness in all that you do
Your soul defends the good lord and the good life you pursue.

Elvira, Elvira, you are the Mistress of the Dark,
You are the Gothic Queen and you have made your mark.
Your rein of the darkness has made for a better fight,
If only the world could see you in a different light.

I understand the life you lead, I love the scary nights.
I completely agree with you on all your sexy bites.
For I know the true blue you, which is more civilized,
You're a savior of the lost an Angel in disguise.

REB (MARCH 2012) because I have always liked Elvira (an angel in disguise)

Rik Bertrand

EVERYTHING WILL BE "OK"

I have lost all that I that have cared for,
I have endured the wrath of evil
My past has be vanquished by destruction
And I sit here and look out upon the unknown

Even though my future is uncertain,
I choose to brace the unknown and have faith that
Everything will be "ok".

Chaos has struck the world,
The winds of time have changed direction.
I am alone yet I feel the comfort of God,
I feel the warmth of his body holding me close.

And even though my future is uncertain
I choose to brace the unknown and have faith that
Everything will be "ok".

We all deal with loss and deceit in life,
We all struggle to understand why there is pain.
Why do we destroy ourselves and kill each other.
Why has hell risen and taken hold of our lives.

I see all this and I know that:
Even though my future is uncertain,
I choose to brace the unknown and have faith that
Everything will be "ok".

I am a survivor, a true Patriot of living life,
I shall be strong and carry on my heritage.
I will guide you, if you would like,
And show you the way to a better understanding

For, even though my future is uncertain,
I choose to brace the unknown and have faith that
Everything will be "ok".

REB (FEB 2012) I don't know who wrote the words - "even though my future is uncertain, I choose to brace the unknown and have faith that everything will be "ok"." But I felt they needed clarification.

Rik Bertrand

EVIL SOUL

Set me afire, watch me burn,
cast my ashes from an urn.
Watch my soul dissipate,
while my life I recreate.

bury me deep within the earth,
destroy all record of my birth.
Pretend that i don't exist,
while i make a new death list.

Try as you may to destroy my heart,
i will appear again in the dark.
To deliver evil to all mankind
to destroy all good that i can find.

REB

Rik Bertrand

Expression of Love

There are no words for how much i care,
no words to express, and that not fair.
She is everything and then much more,
and the love she gives is an open door.

She's heaven in a silver liner,
there's no women in this world that's finer.
she can laugh and cry and love with passion,
and there is only one of her in this creation.

To tell her i love her is only a start,
i cannot express all that is in my heart.
there is more to her than life and love,
she is heaven sent from god above.

To look at her, is to look at a picture,
created for all to look at leisure.
to touch her and hold her tight,
makes my world full of light.

If i could only express to her how i feel,
if i could find the words, so our hearts could seal.
If i could express in words that its more than love,
then i could rest my heart with the angels above.

REB

Rik Bertrand

FAITHFUL CALL

Cry the cry of a tormented soul,
Enter the realms of hell.
Feel the pain of living death,
But never, never tell.

Touch the darkness of the day,
Touch the mother earth.
Listen for the phantom sounds,
of the devil giving birth.

Call out to those who care,
And watch them turn their backs.
Watch the world turn to dust,
As the good ones die on racks.

Only one chance to change your mind,
And watch the devil fall.
Pray to the lord above,
and wait for his faithful call.

REB

Rik Bertrand

Fake

Why is it that you're not real?
What is it that I really feel?
You look at me and say you're true,
But I know deep down I have been played a fool.

Why are there so many fakes and liars?
Why am I the one to always stamp out the fires?
You are a fake, thin skinned and basically a fraud,

And trust me my friend that is nothing to applaud.
Finding the one that steals your heart,

It can seem hopeless from the very start.
But we all have our lives, and we all have our story,
And when all is done we will have our glory.
The Fakes and the liars, they are nothing but fires,

To be stamped out and thrown out with our desires.
Their reason for being is not really clear,
But it is nothing that we need to really fear.
I am strong and my faith stays with me,

And I know that I still have my family.
Truth be known most my friends are true,
And when I get one that is not real, I know what to do.

REB (AUG 2011

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Rik Bertrand

Fallen Angel

I have fallen from the heavens,
The lord has blessed me with life.
I have been given a reprieve,
I shall be true to him and never deceive

The purple majestic skies; with the holy light,
Shines bright down on me; and I take it in.
The glow radiates on the rocks and the water,
And I shall live now as heavens daughter.

I have be graced with beauty and spirit,
I shall bring smiles and laughter to all that I touch.
I shall sing and bring musical note
And through time, my words they will quote.

I am a fallen angel, from the purple majestic skies,
I have become one with the rhythm of life,
My wings once large are now disappearing
I will be an instrument of life, long and endearing.

I have been given the beauty of heaven,
So that I can set the world a glow.
I see the reflection in the waters below,
I see the spirit inside me, and know I know.

Angel no more; mortal being of earth,
Miracle of life; born from the heavens
Behold the beauty of what is to come
As I wait for this new worlds rising sun.

REB (MARCH 2012)

Rik Bertrand

FEELING IN NOTE

There are times when my life is run down,
When good thoughts and smiles can't be found
Its times like these that I need it the most,
The music inside of me that I hold so close.

I cannot fully express the emotions I feel,
When the music takes hold, my heart turns to steel
My emotions turn musical, I see lyrical quote,
And my whole body is literally "Feeling In Note"

Holding on dear to my musical piece,
Gives my whole body rhythm and tensions release.
When sadness develops and I have nowhere to turn,
I pick up my passion and I hold it so firm.

I cannot fully express the emotions I feel,
When the music takes hold, my heart turns to steel
My emotions turn musical, I see lyrical quote,
And my whole body is literally "Feeling In Note"

There is so much sorrow, that we see in the land,
It could be overcome easily with what's in my hand.
I could play a simple note, a rhythm or beat.
And the sadness and sorrow would retreat in defeat.

I cannot fully express the emotions I feel,
When the music takes hold, my heart turns to steel
My emotions turn musical, I see lyrical quote,
And my whole body is literally "Feeling In Note"

Life is so simple when music plays a part,
It soothes the mortal soul and wraps round your heart.
I must tell you this now, to keep my feeling afloat,
And get you to try "Feeling in Note"

REB (MARCH 2012) because if you don't feel the music you are not living.

Rik Bertrand

FIND HOPE

Time collapses, new time expands,
life continues on the open lands.
Flowers bloom, yet love decays,
as we all look forward to better days.

Winds blow, they bring a change,
and all our lifes, we rearrange.
Send a message, for life and love,
tell the world what your thinking of.

Turn from disgust, and from despair,
bring to life what's in the air.
Thoughts of hope, thoughts of peace,
find what's lost in the inner crease.

Light a fire, make it bright,
show that we can win the fight.
Use the strength of the lord above,
create a world of peace and love

REB

Rik Bertrand

FLIGHT OF THE ANGELS

FLIGHT OF THE ANGELS

I have past in to the light, my life was thought over.
My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of Angels.
I have been blessed with the miraculous site of what is to be
And, I fear no more my passing into the light of Love.

I have flown with the Angels of God and I felt the gift.
I have seen the Kingdom of Heaven in my sights.
My life has more meaning; my love for this world is ignited.
This vision of truth is to be passed to the living for comfort.

I have flown with the Angels, Their flight is their mission.
They are the guardians and escorts to our saviors Palace.
The Flight of the Angels is a journey in passing, a final path in life.
They are the Angels of life, Angels of Mercy, Awaiting your final flight.

My flight with the Angels was a test run, a test in my faith.
For when I landed and my vision cleared I was back at home.
My Faith is true now, I know my path. I know the way of love.
I am at peace, I am free, and I truly have faith in God above.

Believe in the Truth of God, Believe in yourself. Love always

REB (Jan 2012) Dedicated to Tracy Berry

Rik Bertrand

FLIRTING WITH IRELAND

My love, my dear faithful friend,
You have nurtured me from Birth.
I am in debt to you for my passions,
You are Gods green, green earth.

I had to leave to fulfill my goals,
To bring music the all the worlds souls.
To play my songs with Gaelic voice,
This calling was not of choice.

I have been away from you for so very long
And now I sing of you in all my song.
I kiss you goodnight as I lay down my pillow
And I dream of you, the wind and willow.

I kiss you when I wake from the night's sleep,
And when I am missing you I silently weep
Yes, I have cried a tear or two, or three,
For my heart yearns for your Irish sea.

I want to come back to you, come back home,
I want to caress and kiss the Blarney stone
I want to walk upon the cliffs of the western shores
And play my music under the Irish stars.

REB (MARCH 2012) because I know Rebekah is homesick

Rik Bertrand

Fly Bird Fly

We met, we talked, and danced all night.
She looked so beautiful in all that light.
we met again, a week gone by,
she did not remember, fly bird fly.

A rose was bought, and placed in hand,
we walked awhile hand in hand.
the kiss came later, heart on fire.
my spirits lifted higher and higher.

I looked at her, my stare intense,
my thoughts of her she could not sense.
the time grew late, we said good bye,
she left the rose, fly bird fly.

spirits broken, lost love again.
was the rose forgotten, or was it a sign of the end?
hold on to thoughts of love, and don't ask why.
go with your faithful heart, and fly bird fly.

REB

Rik Bertrand

Fools Love

I see you with him all the time, playing the lovers game.
Playing the game with a married man, always ends the same.
Listen to your heart my dear, do what you feel is best,
but in the end you know that it will end like all the rest.

A married man will look for love, and take it when its there,
he will wrap it up, treat it right, then leave it in despair.
So think of your life, and all the love you still have to give,
think of all the things you feel inside, and how you want to live.

I see the pain you feel inside everyime i look at you,
I see all the love you hold inside, oh what will you do?
Tell me that you won't play the fool, as i have in my life,
think about this man of yours, think about his wife.

I know what your feeling, for i have done the same,
i fell in love with a married woman, and i lost the game.
I understand that life's not fair, and love can be so cruel,
but take time out, love yourself, and don't play the lovers fool.

REB

Rik Bertrand

FOR YOU I CRY

You have become my life's desire,
my love for you will never tire.
Growing love that will never die,
it is for you, my love, that i cry.

Your beauty thickens within my blood,
if i could love you more, i surely would.
My heart is swollen with your love inside,
flowing through me like an endless tide.

It seems at times you don't understand,
that forever, my love, I am you man.
It seems at times, you think i lie,
and it is then, for you, that i cry.

Your essence is with me wherever i go,
and i love you from beautiful head to toe.
your are my life, my soul, and loving wife,
and we shall be together for the rest of our life.

Sometimes you may think that i am not fair,
that sometimes i do not really care.
but, i love you babe and that's no lie,
and if you do not believe, then its for you i cry.

Please love me for who i am,
take me for your loving, truthful, caring man.
My honesty is within my heart,
believe in me and are life will start.

REB

Rik Bertrand

FORGIVENESS

I can't do it anymore
I have nothing left to give.
I am tired of it all
I have nothing left for to live.

With all that I have done
The pain is intense,
There is no way I can win
And my life makes no sense.

Help me my Lord
Give my heart the will.
I need the love of God
I need my life to be real.

Forgiveness is all that I ask
I am sorry that I have failed
I cry, for what I have not done
My life has been derailed.

Forgiveness, Forgiveness,
I say I am sorry to you all.
Forgiveness, Forgiveness,
May you all stand tall.

I have lived this torturous life,
To serve you all in kind.
I have given all I have to give.
Now I leave it all behind
Forgive me for leaving you
It is not my life's decision
I would stay if I really could
But the lord has me on other missions.

Forgiveness, Forgiveness,
I say I am sorry to you all.
Forgiveness, Forgiveness,
May you never ever fall.

I take my leave now,
I wish you all well.
May god be always with you,
May you please, my stories tell.

REB (FEB 2012) I sometimes just want to give up (but I won't, I love life too much.)
Forgive me for writing this.

Rik Bertrand

Forgiving Spirit

We all have our secrets, and our tales untold,
We have days of destruction where are hearts run cold.
We all wear a mask at one time or another,
If only to give us time for our emotions to recover.

Life hits us all with tragedy and despair,
And sometimes we thing that this can't be fair,
But life makes us strong when it works out this way,
It turns us to God as we kneel and we pray.

Do you ever wonder why we are who we are?
And why some things we do are totally bizarre?
Do you wander what fate is, and if it applies
to all of our truths and all of our lies?

We all have our secrets and I'll tell you mine
I have been here since way before time.
I am the spirit of all that is living,
I am the spirit in charge of all the forgiving.

REB (MARCH 2012) because you should know who I really am

Rik Bertrand

FOUND HEART

I was travelling down a lonely path,
Next to a fast moving stream.
I was looking at the water,
And kept seeing a bright red gleam.

I was intrigued by the waters play
Its movements… did not match the day.
The water was brisk and wavy,
As if its existence had a lively soul.

My fingers brushed the water's surface,
And its reaction was in kind.
The water wrapped around my hand,
And it held it there in time

Suddenly a heart appeared
It was the bright red gleam I kept seeing,
It floated right up into my had;
This bright red heart was beating.

I found a heart; it was all by itself,
It was warm and full of blood
It was looking for a loving home
In place of the waters flood.

I placed the heart against my chest,
And it melted into my soul.
It fell right into its place,
Where I had an empty hole.
It's funny that I should find this heart
For, mine I had recently lost
I now feel love and compassion again,
And will protect this one at all cost.

REB (MARCH 2012) because I keep losing my heart

Rik Bertrand

FREEDOM OF FUN (EUGENE, OREGON)

Awww, the days of joy and Glory,
The days when we all had a story,
Driving and playing, always on the run.
The days of Freedom, the days of fun

Driving the gut, was our natural right,
We never missed that Friday night fight.
Hitting the drive-in when we all got board,
Or outback the stadium on our own accord.

Remember that big Air Balloon indoor track that they had,
That was some fun times that weren't so bad.
Mac court was a riot, in a unique kind of way,
I will remember it all till my last dying day.

Times have all changed, our freedom arranged,
Most of our friends are lost or estranged.
The Gut is all cluttered with trash and police
Nowhere to stop and converse, oh jeeezzzz.

I wonder if you know how life is no more,
How we have been herded and corralled to the core.
How we are watched on every move we make,
How we have lost all the fun in tyrannies sake.

Get up and get out, retake your freedom,
Go out and do something totally Random,
Come on now let's go have some fun,
Let's Show the world were not quite done.

REB (FEB 2012) thanks Gaye Lee Russell and Eugene, Oregon

Rik Bertrand

Friends (dedicated to Arleta Grade School friends)

There are those that say,
and those that do.
There are those that pray,
and those that stew.

there are all kinds of people,
there is all kinds of love.
There are all kinds of laughter,
and there is god above.

there are those that care
and those that dare.
There are those that want
and those with need.

there are the ones that bleed
and the ones that mend.
There are those that die
and those that live.

And with all that said;

It's not the talk, it's not the walk,
it's not the cuddling at the end of the day.
Its not the love, and its not the peace,
Its YOU in every way.

Thank you my friends for being there
thank you for being here
you have made my life happier and fun,
forever my heart, you have won.

REB
Rik Bertrand

Frozen Tears

I cry, I am not sorry, I cry, for I have lost love.
The bitter cold life I lead, I Pray to god above.
I have sorrow in my heart, and I miss a warm touch,
I need love to surround me, is that asking too much.

The air is so brisk and my life has grown cold,
My body is freezing, I need someone to hold
I am so very alone here, and I am aging in years
And it gets harder to wipe away these frozen tears.

Lost, is the true love that held me together.
That kept me going through all kinds of weather
Lost is the caressing warmth that melted the tears
That has kept me going through out all these years.

Frozen tears, frozen years, lay on this face of mine,
They are frozen to remind me of true love lost in time.
I continue to cry, I am not sorry, for I have lost love,
And I continue Pray for forgiveness to my god above.

REB (Jan 2012)

Rik Bertrand

FUN IN DEATH

BURIED ALIVE WITHIN A TOMB,
BURIED IN A COLD DARK ROOM.
ALIVE AND BREATHING DIRTY AIR,
AND YET STILL, I DON' CARE.

IN THE NIGHT, THEY THOUGHT ME DEAD,
AS I LAY SLEEPING IN MY BED.
THEY LAID ME OUT FOR ALL TO SEE,
AND IN MY MIND I DRANK TEA.

I LAID THERE AS THEY ALL CRIED,
AND LISTENED AS THEY ALL LIED.
THEY SAID THEY LOVE ME THROUGH AND THROUGH,
BUT I KNEW THOSE WHO SPOKE TRUE.

REVENGE IS ROLLING THROUGH MY MIND,
AND IN REVENGE I WILL NOT BE KIND.
I WILL STEAL THE SOULS OF EACH AND EVERYONE,
AND I DARE SAY, IT WILL BE FUN.

REB.

Rik Bertrand

GLOBAL MESSAGE

I raise my glass to the real voices of freedom,
To those that have the spirit and the wisdom.
For those that are one with all the worlds music,
I raise my glass to all who are virtuosic.

We must stand as one; we must raise our voice,
We must make a decision on our life's choice.
We can change the world to a better place,
And save what is left of our human race.

Stand up, Stand up, Stand up and be heard.
We must globalize are actions, we must spread the word.
Our life's are in danger, our land is in ruin,
We are not safe now, who are we fooling.

I cry out for you to gather as one,
Make sacrifices; make change, and maybe some fun.
Old ways were better, way back and when,
But now we destroy earth, again and again.

Ring in the peace, abolish the wars
So again we can have love knocking at our doors.
I believe there is hope to change all our ways,
So that our children will see life in better days.

I believe, I believe, I believe in you all,
I know that you don't want are great earth to fall.
I believe, I believe, I believe in my calling,
We must all act now, and stop the forestalling.

REB (MARCH 2012) because Gaye Lee Russel believes

Rik Bertrand

God Forsaken Hole

Don't put me upon a pedestal; I am but just a man.
I walk this earth like all the rest, I have no just plan.
Time crawls with me and sometime I must drag it along,
Life is fast, sometimes slow, but it's never never wrong.

As a man that is just, I have no power over you,
I have no feelings, no caring, but I am just in what I do.
Do not judge me for more than what this wicked life has made me.
Yet, do not take for granite what your eyes truly see.

I praise you for who you are and what you have tried to do,
But this world is falling deep into an abyss and it's basically through.
There is nothing more that I can do with my mortal hand,
For I am now just an ordinary, earthbound; mortal man.

When times were going well, and life was free and gay,
We all had a chance for a future and to live in a better day.
But it's been all thrown away, discarded, and man has torn the earth,
And God has come to claim, that, for which he had given birth.

I am a Man, a just man of God; put here to give you all hope,
I tried with all my heart to change you, I threw you a brand new rope.
I gave my all, for I had a trust in you; I gave up my immortal soul.
And now I will rot with the rest of you in this God forsaken hole.

REB (MARCH 2012) because no one cares about our Earth anymore.

Rik Bertrand

Gods Hands

I look up and I see clouds in the sky,
I look down I ask the mighty lord why?
I look up and see the hand of god reaching out,
To a hand in more need, there is no doubt.

I have learned a lesson that I hold to heart,
That my problems are but a part.
There are others in more need than me,
But I am not forgotten for he can see.

God reaches out for all in kind,
His hands are there for all in time.
Look deep within your heart,
Look closely as the clouds do part.

See the Hands of god close in,
And feel the love deep within.
Have faith and patience in GOD
For he has patience with you.

REB (feb 2012)

Rik Bertrand

Going Home

He came upon me while I was alone,
He told me it was time that I came home.
I recongnized him from the holy book,
and i wondered if I was off the hook.

I came down here to do some good,
and I haven't done as well as I could.
Peace is the last thing on anyone's mind,
and love and caring was a very rare find.

He told me that it wasn't my fault,
that life must be taken with a grain of salt
that love is there down deep inside,
and that for what i have done I should have pride.

I did my best to show the world some love,
and there were some that i was so proud of.
but the masses only wanted spoils and riches,
and that left me walking in the dirtied dithes.

He looked at me and he smiled his smile,
and said what I did was well worthwhile.
I touched those that need to be touched,
and they will touch others ever so much.

So I took his hand and we left for home,
and I wondered where next I would roam.
The lord looked down and grinned his grin,
he said 'son your home, so just say Amen'.

REB (JUN 2010)

Rik Bertrand

Gorgeous Blue Eyes (the Eyes of Maiden Mary)

I was walking, and as I passed I was mesmerized,
I was taken in by those bright and gorgeous blue eyes
I know that staring at beauty is not always wise,
But, it was as if her eyes had the power to hypnotize.

They say that the eyes are the windows to the soul,
This lovely ladies eyes were much more to behold.
I was taken, I was embodied, and I was smothered in lust,
And to speak to her beauty my heart I could not trust.

I am lost now, for I have seen the eyes of a goddess,
I am consumed by her, And her beauty I failed to confess
Gorgeous Blue eyes, radiating beauty, you have Captured my heart
But, without your acceptance I am falling apart.

You had me at first glance, I felt hot with desire,
Your eyes saw right through me and set my soul on fire
Your eyes, your bright blue gorgeous eyes of beauty,
Your bright blue gorgeous eyes of beauty, so beautiful.

REB (APRIL 2012) gorgeous blue eyes, Lady Mary.

Rik Bertrand

HERO OF THE HEART

I am not a special man, nor am I not.
I do not live to love; I love so I may live.
Life is what it; it is what it is not.
So believe in what is not, and be ready to give.

I am brave to love, and I have courage of light,
I am a Hero of the heart.
I fight with all my strength and might,
So we will never be a part.

I have no special powers, my weapons are few,
My strength lies within my heart, and my feeling for you.
I struggle with all that's wrong, and I turn it to the right
Using all my love for you, I can win the fight.

They call me the Hero, "The Hero of the heart",
I call myself a foolish man, hit by cupids dart.
But be as it may, my love is will not stray
I will be your Hero always, home and away.

REB JULY 2011

Rik Bertrand

I Want to be Loved

I WANT TO BE LOVED

DON’T KNOW WHAT IS WRONG WITH MY LIVE OR WHY NO ONE CAN REALLY LOVE ME FOR WHO I AM.
I CANT COMPREHEND WHY EVERYIME I OPEN MY MOUTH I SAY SOMETHING NO ONE UNDERSTANDS

I HATE BEING THE ONE THAT NEVER DOES ANYTHING RIGHT
I AM THE LAST ONE WHO WOULD EVER WANT TO FIGHT.
I LOVE YOU MORE THAN LIFE ITSELF AND WOULD DIE FOR YOUR SINS
BUT THE WAY YOU TREAT ME, IT MAY BE SOONER THAN THEN.

WHY CAN’T YOU LOVE ME AND MAKE ME FEEL THE LOVE OF LIFE
WHY CANT YOU TOUCH ME? DO YOU HAVE ANOTHER LIFE
DOES MY HEALTH GIVE YOU REASON, DO YOU DOUBT WHO I AM
OR AM I JUST ANOTHER PAYCHECK FOR YOU TO SPEND IN THE END.

I JUST WANT TO BE LOVED BY YOU, I WANT TO FEEL IT IN MY HEART
I JUST WANT TO BE HELD BY YOU SO I DON’T FALL APART.
I HAVE NEVER HAD ANTOHER ONE, ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE YOUR DOUBTS
MY LOVE, MY HEART ALL FOR YOU, THAT IS WHAT IT’S ALL ABOUT.

NO, NO, NO, THAT’S NOT TRUE, THAT NOT IT, THIS POEM IS ABOUT ME.
IT’S ABOUT THE LACK OF LOVE, THE LACK OF LIFE, AND ME BEING FREE
NOT FREE FROM YOU OR FREE FROM LIFE BUT FREE TO BE ME
NOT FREE FROM HOME, OR FREE OF GUILT, I JUST WANT TO SEE.

TO SEE HOW IT FEELS TO HAVE SOMEONE REALLY REALLY LOVE YOU.
NOT JUST SAY IT AND GIVE A KISS ON THE CHEEK, THANK YOU
BUT TO WANT TO BE WITH YOU EVERY MINUTE OF THE DAY,
TO WANT TO MAKE LOVE TO ME EVERYTIME I TURN AWAY.

I DON’T WANT TO HEAR HOW TIRED YOU ARE OR HOW YOU HAD A HARD DAY, I DON’T WANT TO HEAR I’M DIRTY, CAN YOU PLEASE STEP A WAY
I WANT TO HEAR KISS ME BABY, TAKE ME I’M YOURS, I WANT TO FEEL FINGERTIPS DIGGING IN MY SKIN, I WANT TO LIE ON HEAVENS SHORES

IT’S ABOUT WANTING TO FEEL THE LOVE THAT I HAVE NEVER REALLY HAD, IT’S ABOUT LIVING LIFE AND LOVING IT, RATHER THAN BEING SAD
IT’S ABOUT WANTING TO STOP THE HURT INSIDE THAT’S TEARING AT MY HEART, IT’S ABOUT KEEPING US TOGETHER, NOT BREAKING US APART

YOU SAY I NEVER CRY FOR YOU, AND THAT MEANS I DON’T HAVE A HEART, I SAY THAT I’D DIE FOR YOU BEFORE A TEAR COULD EVEN START.
I AM VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH YOU, BUT YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND,
LOVE IS A TWO WAY STREET, SO YOU HAVE TO HAVE A HAND.

REB

Rik Bertrand

I AM A BAD MAN

Brandishing that which will never be seen,
I rummage souls that are lost in the dream.
I carry the tools to entice your misgivings
And bury what you thought were loving feelings.

I am the stealer of thoughts, and a very bad man
I am the drummer of life from a very bad band.
I will take all you have, that you thought was good,
And make you feel terribly misunderstood.

I love it and smile when I do you all bad,
I love it and laugh when your smiles turn to sad.
I flourish in wonder and my days turn so bright
When I take all your hope and turn of your lights.

I am a bad one; I am as bad as they come
I will have all your smiles by the time I am done.
Beware of my presence, take heed in my voice.
For you will fall with the rest of them, you will have no choice.

REB (MARCH 2012) because sometimes I feel down right mean.

Rik Bertrand

I AM A PRINCESS IN WAITING

I have suffered the pain of loss of love,
And my sorrow is registered with God above
I have been blessed with a vision of futures Plight
And I know now, that my tears have cleared my sight.

I have been honored with the gift beauty, inside and out,
My heart leaks with passion and wants to shout.
I am favored with the touch that comforts all men,
Yet I have not found the one that will truly let me in.

I have seen the vision of my life to be, my life so free,
I have seen my Prince, My love, my true eternity.
He is on the path that leads to his beloved destiny,
His righteousness, his everlasting love with me.

The lord has splashed my beauty over the sea of passing clouds,
And the rain shall fall from the sky in seamless shrouds.
He has rained my loveliness across all the open lands,
Bless you my lord, for taking me into your strong hands.

I have only to wait and be patient, for my life's dream,
I must be strong in this time, be cautious to the extreme.
Although my heart is heavy with my waiting fate
I so look forward to my Prince and our precious first date.

When he lays his eyes upon me, and sees my life's story,
I only hope that he will be struck by all heavens glory.
I pray that he feels the passion of the great white dove,
And falls into the quivering realm of everlasting love.

REB (MARCH 2012) because Mary's Prince is coming soon

Rik Bertrand

I AM BEAUTIFUL

I am beautiful, I am a princess,
I have a man that can bare witness.
I have been denied my heart
And now I shall make a new start.

No one has ever told me,
No one has ever showed me.
I am beautiful inside and out,
Of this now, I have no doubt.

Life can be cruel and hide its reality
But I have made it through all its insanity.
I have been told that my beauty runs deep
And I have awakened from my dreamless sleep.

I am beautiful, I am a princess,
And you can come and bare witness,
My beauty, inside and out will amaze you,
I am happy now, and will never be blue.

REB (APRIL 2012) because you know your beautiful, just have to say it.

Rik Bertrand

I AM FOREVER

I AM FOREVER

I am forever lost in eternal bliss,
Not a war have I missed
From the beginning of time,
I have loved, I have made rhyme.

I am Forever and you are forever mine

You are the essence of my desires,
You are the one that lights the fires.
My world is wrapped around you,
I am eternity and you are my morning's dew.

I am Forever and you are forever mine

Seasons pass, they never last,
Your beauty radiates the earthly mass,
You change with the changing times.
And with that eternity chimes.

I am Forever and you are forever mine.

In time all will pass, but I will still be here,
Lonely but content, I have all that is dear
I have you in my heart and soul, with one lonely tear.
When I am down, I think of you
And I have nothing to fear.

I am Forever and you are forever mine.

I say you are forever mine,
Throughout life, and throughout time
I say this in a spiritual way,
For I have never met you to this day.

I am Forever and you are forever mine.

You came to me in my thoughts and dreams
You have been with me forever it seams.
You my reason, my season, my spiritual drive,
Your loving heart is what keeps me alive.

I am Forever and you are forever mine.

REB (FEB 2012) Because I am Forever

Rik Bertrand

I am Not

I'm not here to be a Hero, to play an actors role.
I'm not here to be what others want me to be.
I'm not here to selll you tickets or to sell out my soul.
I'm here for what is right, and to watch the starry night.

I'm not here to get rich and leave my friends behind
I'm not her to drive fast cars, and party at all the bars.
I'm not here to watch you gloat, or even to see you high.
I'm here for piece of mind, and to watch the starry night.

Life can be wonderous if you get out from behind the mask.
Life can fill your heart with love, and make emotions flow.
Life can be oh, so much more, if you are only yourself,
dont let life pass you by, by being what your not.

Your not here to impress me, or make me what i'm not.
Your not here to catch me, yet you will never let me fall.
Your not here to take, what i will willingly give to you.
You are here to love, to live, whether me or someone else.

I do not say these words to win you my heart
I do not speak and expect you to listen
but I hope that you hear these words,
in hopes that i will be forgiven

I will not step down to step up to love.

God will not hear my prayers, as he looks from above
I am not a religous man, but I am not without the lord
I am not who you think I am, but I within your accord.

I am here to watch the starrry starry night,
bright light, bright light oh such a starry night.

REB JAN 2011
Rik Bertrand

I am the Man

I have lived a long and lustrous life here,
I do what most young men would not dare.
I was and still am a soldier of my homeland,
I am the Savior that walks the sand, I am the man.

You are protected by what you do not see,
And that protector is old man me.
I am a warrior from days of ole,
You may sleep at night while I leisurely stroll

I may be old but my experience prevails.
I may be tired but my courage never fails.
I am the lighthouse, and I am the leader of the band,
I am the Savior that walks the sand, I am the man.

I say I, but there are many more,
We are the old, we are the sore.
We provide you the love and peace,
We remind you of your future lease.

My home, Pacific City, Pacific Coast,
It's the place I care for the most.
Sitting on the beach, loving my land,
I am the Savior that walks the sand, I am the man

Rik Bertrand

I AM THE SMILE IN THE CENTER OF YOUR LIFE

I am the smile in the center of your life,
Your world surrounds me.
I have envisioned your peace of mind
And your love will be returned in kind.

You, as Jesus was, are the lion and the lamb
You have the power to reign, and the heart to sacrifice.
Your soul is embedded with love
And you have the blessing of God above.

A Planck of wood with a fishers fry,
And Grapes of wrath lie by your side.
Provision needed to survive the land
The simple needs of the mortal man.

Nature and beauty, wild life free.
There is so much more that I do see.
I am surrounded with your life's goals
Your passions, your love, and your highway tolls.

I smile and I see your spiritual nature,
I praise your desire to heal the souls so torn.
You are a master of your own creation.
And from this path, I see no deviation.

I am here and I smile for you, for your life
I see in you more that any will ever see.
Life has brought you forward for a reason,
This is your time, your true blue season.

God Bless you

REB (MARCH 2012)

Rik Bertrand

I am Tired

I walk as if I am about to collapse in a heap,
My eyes are heavy with what I have seen in life.
I am tired, tired of it all, and I want to sleep,
I want to laydown and close my eyes and dream.

I have done what I can to ensure the future,
I have drained my resourses, my blood.
Life has taken it toll on my soul,
and I must retire myself to internal rest.

Its time; don's ask me how i know,
it is just time for me to let go of the rope.
I have climbed as high as it will take me,
and my hands are burnt from hanging on.

Understand life, understand my accomplishments,
I have survived the wrath and deserve a rest.
So i take it now, I lay down my pen, fold my paper,
I am going to close my eyes, I am Tired, I am going sleep now

REB SEP 2011 (dedicated to me) . and NO i am not dying, I'm just tired.

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Rik Bertrand

I ASKED THE LORD TO BLESS ME

I ASKED THE LORD TO BLESS ME

I asked the lord to bless me,
As I prayed throughout the day
To guide me and protect me
As I tried to make my way.

His love is always with me
And I know his promises are true
I know in his hands, that he holds my cares,
And He is here to see me through.

So, while I travel on this difficult road
And I am trying my very best.
I remember to do my praying,
And God will do the rest.

God gives me warmth and comfort,
He is with me every day.
I know that I will survive this fall,
Because he is with me all the way.

REB (AUG 1993)

Rik Bertrand

I CANNOT BE

DECIPHER MY SUBCONSCIOUS MIND,
BE CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU FIND.
EVIL LURKS AND DARKNESS GROWS,
HIDDEN WHERE NO ONE KNOWS.

I CANNOT SEE WHAT I'VE BECOME,
AND I CANNOT SEE WHAT I HAVE DONE.
MY MIND IS LOCKED, THE KEY IS LOST,
AND HUMAN KIND PAYS THE COST.

DECIPHER WHAT I CANNOT FEEL,
TELL ME THAT I'M NOT REAL.
DISCOVER THE HIDDEN LIES,
STOP THE LOST TORMENTED CRIES.

I CANNOT BE WHAT I DREAM I AM,
I CANNOT BE THE DARK SOULED MAN.
FIND THE TRUTH THAT LIES WITHIN,
THEN MAKE ME PAY AGAIN AND AGAIN.

REB

Rik Bertrand

I CONJURE

I have become who I once was in my past,
And the time is now, it has come at last.
This potion I brew will be my just cause,
I will conjure the maiden that I truly was.

I am truly a lady of fine stature and praise,
I have proven favor, in theses so trying days.
But there is something not right, I am not of this time,
I feel so out of place, and I am losing my mind.

The solution is clear; I have my magical ways,
I will revive my dear past, and see the old days.
A witch's delight with potions and brews,
The vision comes clear with, oh, loving news.

My vision is I, in a world not of here,
I am just little me, set in on a magical tier.
The lips of my double speak honest and true,
You know my sweet love, what you must do.

I stepped into the circle, where the magic was strong,
Our hands touched each others, and then we were both gone.
To a world of great wonders, and beauty untold
A world I belong to, where new life will unfold.

It's not so much a Revival but a Renewal of hope,
Like takings new chances and grabbing a rope.
Its not the past that I thought so dear to me,
It a new world entirely that has set me free.

REB (MARCH 2012) because sometimes you're not of this time or place, and you need to get away.

Rik Bertrand

I CRY FOR WHAT I CANNOT HAVE

I cry for what I cannot have
Yet what I cannot have,
Has made me a better man.

I cry for what I have lost in thought
My heart is torn from mourning love
I have become weak with the burden.

I love, I love, I love, and I do not Love,
Why must be dragged through the mud,
What was I thinking of, to think I could love.

My soul is will not rest, it fights.
It struggles to understand the what.
My soul wants me to have what I cannot

Oh, the love that I feel inside,
The passion, the lust for a new life.

I need to escape and grab on to this love.

This love, this deep dark passionate love
It has devoured my core, and filled me with joy.
This Love, is now my life's desire, it is my freedom.

I cry, for I have not the strength to commit,
To break free and become myself.
I cry, for I am a man in love with being loved.

REB (MARCH 2012) because it's there, I just don't have the strength to act on it.

Rik Bertrand

I DIED LAST NIGHT

I died last night while I slept,
And I knew it was coming, as I wept.
There was no feeling of any remorse
No reason for a change of course.

It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be,
I saw my whole life in one, two three.
There was no pain or after thoughts,
No last regrets and no what not's.

The angels came and guided me,
I thought only two but there were three.
They surrounded me with their loving wings
You can only imagine what peace it brings.

I died last night while I slept,
And I knew it was coming, as I wept.
There was no feeling of any remorse
No reason for a change of course

Life has its limits, and I had reached mine.
I knew it was coming, I knew it was time.
And though my leaving makes me sad,
I thank the sweet lord for all I had

Spirits that are with me, thanks for your hands
Thanks for your support to the promised lands.
My transition to my new life is all but done,
And I see happiness, love, and fun in the sun.

I died last night while I slept,
And I knew it was coming, as I wept.
There was no feeling of any remorse
No reason for a change of course

Don't weep for me, or mourn my loss,
Don't wish that it never was.
Life has its cycle, we all have our time.
We all have a destiny and this was mine.

REB (FEB 2012) Everyone has strange Dreams - or was it?

Rik Bertrand

I HAVE BE TRANSFORMED

I have been transformed,
I am not what I use to be.
I have been touched by Aliens
I am no longer me.

I was walking on a trail
Just up the hill from home.
I saw the light before me.
It was outlined like honeycomb.

Oh the power I feel from their touch
The reality of life transcends my mind.
I am more true to my being, than ever before
There is no feeling like this you will ever find.

I have been transformed,
I am a new and utterly different man
I am humble to all mankind's doings,
Time shall tell if I shall survive this plan.

REB (FEB 2012) because my alien friends told me to

Rik Bertrand

I HAVE BEEN DISCARDED

It's as if I am the plague, a virus that is avoided at all cost,
My life has been altered and my true meaning has been lost.
I have been discarded, torn, crumpled, and put out in the cold,
This is not the way I wanted my life to truly unfold.

I am a forgotten part of life that has been thrown to the side of the road.
I am trying to keep my head up and to carry this heavy load,
Life has thrown me out as trash and buried me in the rotten soil,
I cry, not for myself, but for all the others in the same turmoil.

I t is a struggle when you are the outcast of your land
It's a hardship for the strongest and toughest of man.
To fight the might of life is a bitter battle in frustration,
As if the world sees me as a devilish and dangerous creation.

My heart and soul carry the pain of abandonment and sorrow.
I see no change in the cold and blistery tomorrows.
I am outcast now, thrown to the wolves of enlightenment,
And I have accepted that this is what is truly meant.

I cry, not for me, but for those that may be in the same situation,
I cry for life, for it knows not what the final summation is.
I cry for the struggles that have become part of my survival,
I cry because I know that there is no true revival.

REB (MARCH 2012) because I have no one to turn to for love (except God)

Rik Bertrand

I HAVE REACHED THE EDGE

I have traveled through the wrath of time,
I now I have reached the end of the line.
I cannot walk on air, and there is no space,
I have reached the end of life's race.

I have reached the edge, the tip of it all
If I am not careful I am sure that I will fall.
I have traveled world upon world through centuries
I have so many stored and treasured memories.

I sit here and I ponder what I shall do now,
Where I shall go, and what lands I should plow.
I see nothing but time ahead, with nowhere to go.
For I have seen all that the worlds will show.

I sit on the edge of time, I sit here and I wonder,
I sit here and listen to the night air sky and the thunder
The thunder in a cloudless realm, of this I don't understand,
I have reached the edge of life, and I remain a lonely man.

The tip, the edge, the end of it all.
I must be careful that I don't fall.
I must pass on the memories of my lonely journey
So that life can carry on without any worry.

REB (FEB 2012) Because I am closeâ€¦

Rik Bertrand

I Live A Lie

I live a lie; I live a life of unfulfilled dreams.
There is no reality here, there is no one here.
I am alone in this world, yet I say otherwise.
I live a Lie, I am not who I am, I am not that strong man.

I cry, I cry alone in the dark, I cry alone in the light.
I put up a front, I hide from reality, and I lie.
Forgive me for who I am, I do not mean you harm.
Forgive me for pretending that I was a different Man.

I wanted to be strong, I wanted the dream
I wanted to live life with love and warmth in my heart
I wanted to much, I wanted to fast, and I lost sight of reality.
Life hit me hard, and I fell, I fell too far, and I failed life.

Forgive me, I am just as simple lonely Man, forgive me.
I am alone, by myself, hiding from life, hiding from pain.
I cry, I cry, but the tears are no more, Ii am dry from the lie.
Don’t discard my soul, my heart or my love, they still live.

I am so sorry for whom I am, and who I am not, I truly am.
But I lied; I lied about my happiness, and the smiles.
I am low, I am so low, Step on me and let me go.
My life is not what it is, it is not what it was, and it was a lie.

Rik Bertrand

I LOVE YOU

Every morning I wake up and I love you.
Every night I go to bed and I love you.
You are the air I breathe, the beat of my heart,
And I do not want ever to soon depart.

I look up in to the mountains and I love you
I walk barefooted in a stream and I love you.
You are my complete existence, my reason why
And I do not want ever to hear the word goodbye.

The sun shines bright in the day and I love you.
The moon rises full and clear and I love you.
You surround my soul and warm entire body
And I have settled into your nest, in rhapsody

I look into your beautiful eyes and I love you
I smell you sweet scent of life and I love you
You are my reason for living and enduring life's mistakes.
And I will hold you close through all the heartaches.

I love you, I love you, and oh how I love you so.
And it's something that the whole world needs know.
We live life and we sometime hide what is dear,
There is nothing I want more now than the world to hear.
I love you, I love you, and oh how I love you so.

REB (MARCH) because I love you, can't say it any clearer than that. Oh, who do you ask? Well that's a good question, and a fair one, since the last verse talks about me wanting everyone to know. Mother Earth.

Rik Bertrand

I NEVER RIDE FASTER THAN MY ANGEL CAN FLY

I live my days on the wild side,
My Love and life is my wild ride
I travel to and from many lands
I have traveled the hardball and the many sands

I am a true believer in my good Lord
But my bad side can get me literally floored.
I have an Angel that watches my back,
She has all the common sense that I do lack.

So,
I never ride faster than my angel can fly
There is no need telling you all the whys
She holds me and comforts me in my time of need,
And bandages my heart when it starts to bleed.
(repeat)

My angel watches over me, she curbs my behavior
My angel is often been my heavenly savior
My motorcycle flies down the road to redemption
And my Angel keeps me from the lords detention.

So,
I never ride faster than my angel can fly
There is no need telling you all the whys
She holds me and comforts me in my time of need,
And bandages my heart when it starts to bleed.
(repeat)

Motorcyle angel, angel in my heart
Always with me so my life don't fall apart
My heavenly body, my winged delight,
Always has my back in life's wild fight.

So,
I never ride faster than my angel can fly
There is no need telling you all the whys
She holds me and comforts me in my time of need,
And bandages my heart when it starts to bleed.
(repeat)

REB (FEB 2012) Because my angel doesn't fly so fast

Rik Bertrand

I RUN WITH THE WILD

My core is hot with the passion of the night,
This is an emotion that I would rather not fight
I run with the wild, and we fight side by side,
I am the lioness of this jungle pride.

My pulse quickens as I move in the darkness,
My head filled with thoughts that I cannot process.
I am wild to the core and my lust is for blood,
I want to devour but don't know if I should.

Do not attempt to render my lust,
I feel I would rip you and turn you to dust,
Do not think that I'm a delight,
For I am ruthless and deadly as I traverse through the night.

My core is hot with the passion of the night,
I am wild and crazy, and I am a beautiful sight,
I prey on the lustful, and yet I relent to no man,
This is a point that you will soon understand.

I am wild with the night, I am hot with desire
I am danger suppressed, I'm coal driven fire.
I am all of these things, yet none at all,
I am just a woman, with a mating call.

REB (MARCH 2012)

Rik Bertrand

I SEE YOU READING THIS

Are you reading this little poem of mine?
Do you think that it will rhyme?
Are you sitting there all alone tonight?
Are you ready for a fright?

I'm watching you, as you read this,
and I am sort of in a bliss.
its one of my brainy quirks,
and I am not sure how it works.

But I see you as you read my poems,
I see into all your homes.
I see smile and I see frown,
I see your little brother there acting like a clown.

the power is stronger, and I can see more,
I can see way beyond the corner door,
But don't you fright don't be scared,
I'm not a psycho-killer looking for bear.

I am just checking on you checking on me,
Wondering and hoping you can set me free.
By the way you're beautiful in all you do,
if what I see is really you.

The things what're possible by the touch of finger,
It makes you wonder where I can linger.
look around I may be there, or there.
Hell, I could be anywhere.

But the truth be known, I'm right here,
Watching you reading me.

Take care, and beware, I will always be there.

REB

Rik Bertrand

I SHALL DRAG YOU FROM MY DREAMS

I have dreams that play with my imagination
I am a Prince in a world of total frustration.
I am a Knight in shining armor,
I am the strong and hard working farmer.

In every dream that I have; I see you.
I see beauty unimaginable, this is very true.
You are my Princess my love and my light
You are my gift from God, my Angel Delight.

I don't know if I can endure much more,
Awake in this world without your decor.
I need your kisses; I need your loving touch,
I need your breathless whispers, and your lover's crutch.

I guess that there is only one thing that I can really do,
It's the only course of action that I can pursue.
I shall drag you from my dreams tonight
And bring you back with me, into the morning light.

I shall drag you from my dreams, this is a necessity,
Where love and compassion is truly a reality.
I shall drag you from my dreams, but only on your accord,
For losing your love during this move, I surely can't afford.

REB (MARCH 2012) because having you in my dreams isn't enough

Rik Bertrand

I Want To Know Why

Life has a way of turning,
A way of burning.
Life has a way of doing us wrong,
Always playing that very sad song.

Why do the good pay for the bad
Why do we always have to be sad?
Who makes these bad premonitions?
Who is deciding our life's missions?

Love can be so hard to find
But we will find it in time
Sometimes they block the door
But we know life is worth fighting for.

Why is the Devil always so near?
Why is it we have reason to fear?
Who decides if we live or we die?
Who is it that we see, but deny?

We are Strong and we fight hard,
There is no life that we shall discard.
The unfaithful try to take our weak
It is not the love of God they seek.

Why are there so many Bad?
Why are there so many Mad?
Why don't we all just love one another?
Like a Mother loves her new born Daughter.

So many questions, with no relief.
So many answers, with no belief.
So many rights and so many wrongs,
Not enough rightful living, not enough Love songs.

REB (FEB 2012) Because I want to know why

Rik Bertrand

I was a Soldier once

Old, tired, physically worn out,
With every move my muscles shout.
Woodworking, gardening, lazing about,
nothing to do but widdle and pout.

I was a Soldier once, large and strong,
I was a Soldier once, doing no wrong.
I was a Soldier once, fighting your war,
I was a Soldier once, mighty to the core.

I sit behind a desk now, slowly getting fat,
Knowing where I should really be settling my hat.
This civilian life I live, is so deadly to me,
I should, again, be a soldier, a sight to see.

I was a Soldier once, Yes Sir, No Sir, anything you say Sir.
I was a Soldier once; it was the life I preferred.
I was a Soldier once, leading from the saddle.
I was a Soldier once, living in my battle rattle.

Those that have never been one shall never know.
Those that put them down can basically go blow.
In this day and age, Soldiers protect our Freedom
In this day and age, everyone should be one.
I know this because,

I was a Soldier once, protecting you and yours.
I was a Soldier once, with back to back fighting tours.
I was a Soldier once, dying for the American way.
and although I was a Soldier once,
I should be a Soldier Now, fighting for you every day.

Rik Bertrand

I WAS BORN OF MUSIC

I was born of music, with rhythm in my blood.
My tunes are alive, and move like a rivers flood.
I walk down the long path of quivering notes,
And I make music out of legendary quotes.

Music is in my soul, I was born of its power,
It's with me every second, every minute and hour.
It is as if I was created in Cohen's Tower of song
And I feel that if that's so, it's not so wrong.

When I breathe the air that fulfills my life's dreams
What comes out is not all what it truly seems,
I exhale the music from my heart and soul,
And that is what makes my life feel very whole.

I am a river of music that flows through time
I am your love song, your rhythm and your rhyme.
I provide you comfort in your true time of need.
I am the lyrics of all life, for you all to read.

I was born of music, of this I am sure of,
Music, it consumes me, it's my only true love
Put your ear to the ground and listen to the earth
And you will hear and feel where music was birthed

Piano keys of white and black, guitar strings so thin
Drums ready to set the beat, a singer with a grin.
These are all friends of mine, that make my music bright,
These are all friends of mind that make my so life right.

REB (MARCH 2012) God Bless the music of the world, and those that make it.

Rik Bertrand

I'm Alive

Alive; having life not dead or inanimate, still in existence.
Alive; marked by alertness, energy, or briskness.
I am so Happy to be Alive, thriving in animation,
this is by no means any sort of an abberation.

Alive in thought, Alive in motion, Alive with devotion,
there are not many that can match this internal emotion.
Alive with you, with your soul, with all that you are,
I cannot amagine a life where you are so afar.

Alive, so Alive in my, oh so little world of imagination
on a direct path to happiness, with no deviation.
Alive with aspirations of greatness, wellbeing in my soul,
of life with a reason, and a world that is safe and whole.

Alive, breathing, taking all the goodness in, blowing out the bad.
taking life to its external limits, erasing all that is sad.
Alive, so alive, oh so alive and happy, gleeful and content,
So happy with this life of mine, it was time well spent.
REB (JAN 2011)
Rik Bertrand

I'M MISSING YOU

You are not here, and my thoughts do wonder,
What is it I am missing, my mind rightfully ponders.
Life can be a blur when you are not here with me,
And I just look up and I start to daydream of thee.

I see you so clearly and my heart is a fire,
All I can think of is my loving desire.
All that is around me has faded and gone,
No one will pull me out till this daydream is done.

Ahhh the glory I see in this dream world I'm in.
The beauty of you and the new life we begin.
I stare up into the bright sunny day.
Wishing you were with me, so that we could just play

Zach my son, I know how you miss me,
For I miss you terribly too.
I daydream of you every single day,
While you, in your school, learn and play.

See you after school son.

REB (MARCH 2012) because Jessica Marie misses her son when he is at school

Rik Bertrand

IMPRISONED THOUGHTS

Imprisoned in my thoughts,
are my memories of you.
captured for the future,
so that I am never blue.

When I am cold and all alone,
and i feel I can't go on,
I dig into my imprisoned thoughts
and my sorrow's overcome.

the times that we shared in warm embrace,
the softness our you hair, your beautiful face,
are memories I can't erase.

Imprisoned in my thoughts,
our love will never die.
Its locked in tight, so I can fight,
the tears when i cry.

REB

Rik Bertrand

IRISH EYES ARE LIKE FIREFLIES

I have looked into the abyss,
Mystical and true as ones first kiss.
They were the eyes of an Irish queen
And they have taking me into a magical dream

Irish eyes are like Fireflies
Both glow in the midnight skies
They are as lovely as the butterflies
And they are true as they are wise.

Magical dreams, and mystical lights,
Floating through clouds with glorious sights
I was flying through the eyes of Love,
And there was only one thing I was thinking of.

Irish eyes are like Fireflies
Both glow in the midnight skies
They are as lovely as the butterflies
And they are true as they are wise.

Back to reality, I was released from my trance,
I was rocking hard on the floor, trying to somewhat dance.
I turned and looked at the band on stage,
And there was the beauty in a rocking rage.

Irish eyes are like Fireflies
Both glow in the midnight skies
They are as lovely as the butterflies
And they are true as they are wise.

She was truly a queen of hard rock stature,
I wanted to go right on stage and snatch her.
Oh Irish eyes, you have set the world of glow,
You have Irish magic, of this you should know.

Irish eyes are like Fireflies
Both glow in the midnight skies
They are as lovely as the butterflies
And they are true as they are wise.

Play the songs that rock the world
Play so that my life can be unfurled.
Your Irish eyes set me afire,
You are truly a queen for all to desire.

REB (MARCH 2012) because Irish Eyes plays Rock, and I like that…

Rik Bertrand

JUST WORDS

Carry me away,
Bury me deep,
I need everlasting sleep.

File my life,
Store my memories,
Delete my accessories.

Trust in my word,
Read what I write,
I am right.

Do not delay,
Do not bend,
There is no End.

Forgot why this is,
My memory is gone,
I have won.

Goodnight dear friend
Smiles are at hand,
Love on demand.

REB (APRIL 2012) just words, just words, words of just.

Rik Bertrand

KILL THE LOVE

Torture me and feel my pain,
drive me wild with love insane.
Kill my passion i have for you,
See the sorrow and feel me blue.

Crushed within a capsule of love,
rain is crashng on a dying dove.
buried beneath emotions deep,
is the love that we both seek.

Life committed in heart of fire
as you throw away your lifes desire.
you stomp out what could have been
and commit one last mortal sin.

Erase all that you have done to me,
erase the memories, so you don't see.
the life you created withim my soul,
has become the ocean running cold.

Strike me down and slash my heart
kill the pain before you depart.
kill the love that you created,
a dying wish is not debated.

REB

Rik Bertrand

KNEELING ON THE EDGE OF MIDNIGHT

The vision is quite clear with the moon so bright,
Its beauty everlasting, its power filled with light.
I watch over those that sleep through the night,
As I kneel on the edge of midnight.

The lands are vast, but I have the gift,
I see through the moons glimmering rift.
I am the savior of the night, a shimmering light
I am a winged fairy, and evil I shall fight.

Kneeling on the edge of Midnight, waiting.
Kneeling on the edge of Midnight, debating.
I protect those that dream in the night,
I catch those that fall from the light.

I have always been, and I will always be,
And all that I do, you will never see.
Just know that I am there to make things right
Kneeling on the edge of your midnight.

REB (FEB2012) based on picture by Nina Lipkin

Rik Bertrand

LAST CHANCE

Oh, the pain on these sorrowed days,
life give us time to change our ways.
But, we carry on in an immoral trance,
and give up on our last chance.

We watch a nation fall with pride,
and remember how we all lied.
We carry our hearts with dreadful fear,
hoping and praying the ends not near.

look at love, its full of power,
it stands waiting in a crimson tower.
Its there for the taking, for all mankind,
and only love can change our time.

life cries out with a begging verse,
'dont't destroy my futile earth.'
time will tell of truth and faith,
was it all for the better or just a waste.

REB

Rik Bertrand

Laugh It Up

I am a wild and crazy guy, at least that's what I am told.
I am a Steve Martin kind of man, directly from his mold.
I am happy go lucky, a silly ducky, a really happy guy.
I am always free to give advice, and I never tell a lie.

So wild and crazy, that I do not stop to think,
I just hop on the bus each morn, with the kitchen sink
I am such a foolish wacky man, smiling all day long.
And when all is through, I will sing you a merry song.

I can crack you up; I can make you laugh, or even make you cry,
I just have to give you a funny face, or hit you with a pie.
We all want to go a little crazy, and have a little fun,
So let's make some jokes and laugh it up till the night is done.

Life is short and age comes quick, we all have to agree,
So let's just get up off our ass and go on a laughing spree.
Hands up high, voices ready, yell with all your might,
We are all wild and crazy, and our pants are all too tight.

Rik Bertrand

Leen My Love

I see you in the back of my mind,
like I saw you in the beginning of time.
I feel you in my swollen heart,
and it feels like it felt at the start.

My words are not those of a poet,
but I love you and I want you to know it.
From the beginning to the end of my life,
I want you forever as my wife.

Sometimes life can be hard,
life is not always a hallmark card.
But we have made through thick and thin,
and we will do it again and again.

I cherish your thoughts, and my love is true
My heart beats and thrives only for you.
Leen my beauty, my lovely, my wife,
forever, for always, for life.

REB 4 Oct 2010
Rik Bertrand

Life Of Loneliness

I am not who I want to be, I am not True.
I live a life of sadness, forever I am Blue.
Tears swell, emotions dwell, heart feels like stone,
I live a life on loneliness, I am forever alone.

I have no fear anymore; I have lived with too much sorrow.
I know that life won't be any better, when I wake up tomorrow.
I sleep dreamless nights; I struggle with my how I feel,
I have come so close to the Devil and taking his current deal.

With all that I am going through, I hold on to my soul,
But the bleeding on my heart, is taking such a toll.
There is much to my life that many do not know.
I am fighting for my life here; I have reached a new low.

I am stronger than you can imagine, I have fought for many years,
I have the power win this fight, and to dry up all these tears.
Life is not all happiness, it's not always as it seems,
But if we hold our head up high, we can handle the extremes.

Don't cry for me, or feel regret, don't worry for me at all.
I can manage this untruthfulness, if I stand ready and tall.
Wish me the very best, smile, be happy, and be a true friend
it will help to fight this loneliness to the bitter end.

Rik Bertrand

Life, What For?

WAKE UP IN THE MORNING, DRESS YOURSELF FOR FUN.
WALK OUT INTO THE MORNING AIR, LOOK UP TO THE SUN.
THINK OF TOMORROW AND THE JOYS THAT IT MAY BRING.
THEN LAUGH OFF ALL YOUR WORRIES, AND BEGIN TO SING

LIFE AND ALL ITS GLORIES,
TODAY'S LOVE STORIES,
YESTERDAYS ARE FOREVER
TOMORROW MAYBE NEVER.

THE NIGHT BRINGS THE PARYY, THE DANCE AND THE LIGHT.
WE LOOK INTO THE BALLROOM, AND WATCH FROM OUT OF SIGHT.
HAPPY PEOPLE WHO THRIVE ON PERFECTION, NEVER HAVING FUN.
AND WE CRY AS WE WATCH THEM TILL THE NIGHT IS DONE.

THE NIGHT IS A FANTASY
THE MOON IS ALL WAY FANCY
THE DAY BRINGS TOMORROW
AS WE ALL CRY WITH SORROW.

WEEKENDS COME AND THEN THEY GO, LIFE IS AT ITS BEST.
AND ALL WE DO IS WALK AROUND JUST LIKE ALL THE REST.
BUT SOMETIMES A JOYOUS SONG WILL PLAY IN THE EAR,
AND WE WILL ALL SIT QUIETLY, SO THAT WE ALL CAN HEAR.

WEEKENDS BRIGHT,
FULL OF LIGHT,
AND NO ONE SEEMS TO CARE,
FUN ON A SUMMER NIGHT, DO WE EVEN DARE?

TIME TELLS ALL THAT LIFE IS SHORT, TELL ME SOME MORE.
LIFE CAN BE GOOD OR BAD, ITS YOU WHO PICKS THE DOOR.
DAYTIME, NIGHTTIME, WEEKEND, LIFE, LOVE WHAT FOR?
FOR THE HEART THAT SITS INSIDE YOU, FOR YOUR INNER CORE.

REB

Rik Bertrand

Life's Reward

I stand here in the wilderness,
And I pray for you my dear.
Life has become so precious,
And you livelihood is near.

My arms caress you tenderness,
And my heart provides love.
And why I stand here in the wilderness,
I want you to know, it's you I am thinking of.

I bring you out here every night,
To watch the sun set on the horizon.
It's a beautiful sight that you will see,
When your day, does finally come.

I love you sweet, my precious one,
I stand here and praise the lord.
I cannot wait to hold you close,
For you are my life's rewards.

REB (MARCH 2012) because a newborn is life's reward

Rik Bertrand

Little Dresses For Africa

Little dresses for the girls,
And shorts for the boys
Reading stories and smiling
As they play with their new toys.

We don't always see,
What goes on behind the scenes.
Volunteers sewing seams,
Delivering dresses, creating dreams.

I have seen the small children,
The ones that have none,
I have seen them all weeping,
And crying in the sun.

Their story is to sad to tell,
But the ending can be changed,
Little dresses for Africa,
Frowns for smiles exchanged.

The smile or their faces,
The joy in their hearts
The little children of Africa
Their happiness is off the charts.

Thank you for your Dresses
And thank you for the shorts
God Bless all the volunteers
For all their selfless efforts.

Rik Bertrand

LONELY ME (2)

I am alone in life
It was meant to be,
There is nothing to be sorry for
I am lonely me.

Destined to travel
All the lands on the earth,
Destined to be alone
I have known it since birth.

I cry not for myself
I have become immune to love,
It's a curse bestowed me
From the angels above.

The Angels are blessed ones
I don't hate them for this,
They are angels of god
And I am only the mist.

I am alone in this life
Just me and myself,
All the love and the happiness
Just sits on a shelf.

I cry in the darkness
Where no one can see,
I cry for forgiveness
I cry for lonely me.

God gave me a mission
And I failed in his plan,
Now I walk the lonely trail
Across all the lands.

A mission of happiness
Not such a hard task,
To make mankind happy
Is all that he asked.

I have failed him
Although I did try,
And now I sit here lonely
And alone I do cry.

REB (Jan 2012) Sorry Lord I am trying, I won't give up

Rik Bertrand

LOST CHILDS DOOM

Cry for the lost children who have no home,
pray for them and write a poem.
feel their loneliness in your heart,
as the darkness tears their life apart.

Wander with them through the silent street,
Watch the rats eat at their feet.
touch their souls while they sleep,
and their memories, your mind, will always keep.

forget the ways of the wayward child,
forget the past, for it was mild.
look into the eyes of the homeless one,
and see a life that is nearly done.

Cry for the lost children who have no home,
sleep on the streets in which they roam.
Eat the filth that they consume,
and know the children and their doom.

REB

Rik Bertrand

Love Unsurpassed

I have only you that I can trust,
And my words will be just.
Hear me and know that I am true
Is it now and forever, that I must be blue?

I look up and I see your tiny little eyes,
They stare back at me with loving ties.
I know that you will comfort my fears,
And with your feathers wipe my tears.

My tiny little bird, my savior in so many ways,
My only friend in life, my warrior to end of days.
I tell you my secrets, my thoughts and my Dreams,
And you listen, and chirp; in answer it seems.

Are you more that what you appear to be,
Are you my Prince trapped by a witch's decree?
Does that little heart that pounds so fast,
Hold Love that cannot be unsurpassed?

Aww, my little one so pretty so fine,
You listen so well and you are so divine.
Forever we are here, alone but together,
We shall muster our love, as our life does tether.

REB (MARCH 2012) I love you sweet bird, you are my only true friend, Photo by NINA LIPKIN ART

Rik Bertrand

LOVE, LIGHT AND TRUST

I have accepted, I have the faith, I am only one.
We must all battle until the fight is won.
Creative thoughts from spiritual bliss,
Are moments in time you do not want to miss.

Our lord brings us Love, Light and Trust,
Without these we would all be lost.
We are all taught to love one another,
We need to walk in peace with no false cover.

Love, to hold, to be comforted, to mutually care,
Light, to see through the darkness, to see what's truly there
Trust, to accept the Lords word as gospel, to believe,
Love, light, and trust needs to be righteously conceived.

Keep on keeping on, and fight the good fight
We have love, light and trust, and the end is in sight.
Accept and be accepted into the arms of our savior,
With this simple task you will put our future in favor.

REB (FEB 2012) Just took Tracy B's words and mixed them up

Rik Bertrand

Masked by the Mane of the Lion

I am protected,
I am in the hands of my spirit.
I am masked by the mane of the lion,
My Savior from birth.

I have had hard times,
The years of my life are torn.
I would not have survived,
If not for the Lions scorn.

My soul is entwined,
With the spirit of the lion.
I accept his presence and warmth,
I love Him, there is no denying.

God has given me the gift,
a spirit to guide and protect me
The knowledge and the strength,
To set forth in the world with no worries.

I do not hide behind the lion,
For he is within me.
The lion and I are one,
Yet we are separate and free.

Those that tread on me,
Prepare for a lions vengeance
For I am not as weak as you may think
I have a lion's presence.

I am protected,
I am in the hands of my spirit,
I am masked by the mane of the lion
My Savior form birth.

REB (MARCH 2012)

Rik Bertrand

MAY I CRY?

I feel like tearing up my teddy bear,
Kicking someone's ass on just a dare.
I feel Pain in my heart that is so intense
I ride the Stallion of anger, and it doesn't make sense.

May I cry, can I shed a tear, do you mind?
Can I just lay down here and pretend to be fine?
Can I release the tension that is due to explode?
Can I set my path on a better road?

Oh, the heat of the moment devours me,
If you could only see what my eyes see.
I want to snap, crackle and pop this bubble,
I want to cause all kinds of relenting trouble.

May I cry, can I shed a tear, do you mind?
Can I just lay down here and pretend to be fine?
Can I release the tension that is due to explode?
Can I set my path on a better road?

I want to wipe the floor with the lies and deceit,
and throw bleach on the dark desires at my feet.
I want to crush the hate and the wicked hands,
Of those who worship the blackened lands.

May I cry, can I shed a tear, do you even mind?
Can I just lay down here and pretend to be fine?
Can I release the tension that is due to explode?
Can I set my path on a better road?

I am tough and hard and made of steel
Yet I must manage my heart that's so real.
I must calm my mind, and comfort my soul
And not let myself fall into the devils hole.

So,
I am going to relax, and shed that tear,
There is no real reason for me to fear.
I going to lay down here and pretend I am fine
And let all think that my revenge is blind.

REB (MARCH 2012) because sometimes I get pissed off, but I don't let it control my actions.

Rik Bertrand

MEDICINE WOMAN

The spirits are our saviors they heal the soul,
There are no real medicines found in a bowl.
The spirits are the healing power of this land,
and there is only one, that holds thier hand

Medicine Woman, Medicine Woman, who I hold dear
Please take away all that I fear,
Please rebalance the spiritual and natural world
So that my life can be straight and totally unfurled.

The spirit worlds is large and full of grace,
Their time is limited and their intention spaced
The Great Spirit, who is our creator,
Finds time for all as a mediator.

Medicine Woman, Medicine Woman, You are my savior
You take me in and change my behavior.
You call on the spirits to mend my ways
To ensure the my future sees better days.

Medicine Woman, Medicine Woman, meditate,
Envision the spirits, for to contemplate.
Place yourself in that higher state,
So you can balance my life and change my fate.

Wisdom, faith, and what is known absolute,
Brings the spirits to bare, there is no refute.
Medicine woman, who I love so dear,
I now have no reason to doubt or to fear.

REB (MARCH 2012) because Medicine Woman talks to the spirits and heals my soul

Rik Bertrand

Memories Scattered

Memories Scattered in an open mind,
of those loved ones left far behind.
Those who love and cared so much,
for a simple loving touch.

thoughts arise of past and present,
when beauty, love, and life was pleasent.
Of times spent in warm embrase,
where hate and anger hand no place.

Memories scattered in an open mind,
memories of life in a better time.
when heart and soul were tied as one,
when emotions stirred in everyone

thoughts arise of memories scattered,
memories lost and memories battered.
of beauty, love and friends in past,
i will make these scattered memories last.

REB

Rik Bertrand

MIDNIGHT ROCK

Capture the rook, and face the moon,
Scream out your music like a crazy loon,
Take your instrument, and feel the shock,
As we start this session of midnight Rock

A ginger Black night with souls from hell,
Bow down to the rhythm of Angels bells.
Fiddle, Drum, guitar, and violin so light,
Brings the Rock to this full moon night.

Scream it out, play it hard, desire midnight Rock
Feel the passion and do the midnight spirit walk.
Don't fight what we all know is right,
Rock it in the Moonlit night.

Midnight Rock, Midnight Rock, Rock it hard
Raise your voice and scream with no regard.
Midnight Rock, Midnight Rock, Rocket to the moon,
I am completely in sync with all the sounds, totally in tune.

REB (MARCH 2012) rocking the night away, howling at the moon.

Rik Bertrand

MISSING YOU

Together we have our differences but we are one.
Together we sometimes allow our emotions to hinder our feelings.
Together we live in both harmony and strife.
Together we are intertwined in life and love.

But there are times when we are not together.
There are times when we are distanced by many miles.
There are times when I am alone without your touch or your smell.
There are times when I think that there is no life without you.

I miss you so much that I cry out in the night your name.
I feel pain in my heart that bids your forgiveness for parting.
Although the pain and the dreams are torturous, I praise their presence;
For they are the reminder of what I miss most in life, YOU.

I miss you my love, you are my reason for being,
You are the breath that fills my lungs with the very oxygen of life.
You are my goddess of love, my princess, my lady of the night.
I love you with all my heart, may we always be together, even when apart.

REB JULY 2011 (Dedicated to Leen, the love of my Life)

Rik Bertrand

MOON ANGEL

I have been swept away and forgotten,
I spend my days and nights alone.
All for the love of a mortal man,
One kiss, on the beach, in the sand.

Protect and care for, but do not touch,
Defend from evil, and stay on path.
Only one rule did I break that night,
And for that rule I was set a flight.

I have be vanquished to far out reaches,
To a place where my meaning is lost.
I have become one with the stars above,
All because I fell in love.

I am the Moon angel; I am so alone,
And I am waiting for the Lord's decree,
Oh, how I wish he would set me free,
So I may once again a human be.

Moon Angel, Moon Angel, Oh, so alone
Moon Angel, Moon Angel, Oh, so alone.
I wait for the Lord to do what is right,
And Release me from this moon tonight.

REB (MARCH 2012) because it's lonely on the moon for an angel. Photo by Nina Lipkin Art.

Rik Bertrand

MUSIC ENGRAVED IN THE STONE OF LIFE

I sit here, high up on the mountain top,
I am at peace and with my most inner thoughts.
My songs and my poems are all set to music,
There is no more having to draw musical slots.

The world has come to the turning point.
Where we all can sing and play music as one creation.
Where peace in the world is no longer a myth,
Where music and song need no translation.

Sitting on this mountain so high, breathing in the rhyme,
Appreciation of song, Life comes to one summation.
Music lives within the soul of all human kind,
And it will be part of our world, for life's duration.

Kiss me and feel the rhythm of my soul,
Feel the peace within my heart.
That is the song I sing to you my love,
It is the world's new musical start

High upon this mountain top, I see a new world
High upon this mountain top, I am with peace.
There is song in my sigh, a presence in the air,
I am with the musical spirits and I can release.

I shall carve my thoughts and song in the stone of life,
Here on this mountain top, where the music is strong.
Here I shall embed the music of life in all,
And the gift of music will never be wronged.

REB (MARCH 2012) because Rebekah ‘s love of music needs to be engraved in the stone of life.

Rik Bertrand

Music Is My Life

I am just sitting here,
Making love to my guitar
Strumming out music,
My love doesn't stray too far.

My music is my life,
And my love is a heart filled song.
As long as I'm singing,
I know there can be no wrong.

Hugs and kisses come easy,
From the strings that I caress.
There is nothing more pretty,
Than my guitar in full dress.

My music is my life,
And my love is a heart filled song.
As long as I'm singing,
I know there can be no wrong.

I am carried into ecstasy
With each note that floats out
Feel the music within me,
It's busting its way out.

My music is my life,
And my love is a heart filled song.
As long as I'm singing,
I know there can be no wrong.

Play the music with me,
Sing and raise your voice.
You will feel the love of Music,
Your heart will have no choice.

My music is my life,
And my love is a heart filled song.
As long as I'm singing,
I know there can be no wrong.

Life cannot deny me love,
Or the music that's inside me
The melodies are my heart and soul,
And it will always be my decree.

REB (FEB 2012) Dedicated to Twig Sullivan, because music is her life

Rik Bertrand

MUSICAL TIDE

And the waves coming crashing down,
Surrounding me round and round
Like the music I play in my musical mind
These watery waves are oh so kind.

The rhythm and the beat go splash,
As the waves comes in, in a melody crash,
My piano plays in tune with the tide,
And takes us all on musical ride.

Crisp and clean is the spray and the mist,
Washing over my face, like a lovers kiss.
Playing my tune, and caressing my passion
Engulfed and encircled filled with compassion

Watery waves and tides filled with musical prose,
Reminds me of why this profession I chose,
Like dew on the morning, and rain from the sky
This gives me my reason, and tells me the why.

REB (MARCH 2012) God bless music and how it fills the up my soul

Rik Bertrand

My Children In Africa

I have witnessed what should not be
I have cried for dead and gone.
My tears have all but dried up,
But I will do what no others done.

The children of Africa are many.
And they are all well worth saving
So I will hold out my helping hand
And pray for worldwide braving.

I do my best to help the children,
I sew dresses, and ship them away.
I hope to clothe the little ones,
That have never seen clothes to this day.

I am but a single person,
Caring for gods lost children
Hoping for a better world,
Where we can all be human.

I love you little children
I dream of you every night
And if I could be there loving you
I would be on the first flight.

All though I am old frail,
And into my later years,
I work my little heart out,
To stay off all the tears.

I love the children of Africa,
I am worried for their plight.
They have so little in their life
And their future is a fight.

To see their smiling faces,
As they receive their little dresses.
To see the glow in their eyes,
It's better than their caresses.

REB (FEB 2012) To Marge Goad my Second Mom

Rik Bertrand

My Forever-Ness

My heart is filled with the joy of your presence,
My blood flows warm and hot through my veins.
You have set my soul on fire, oh the ambience.
You are life full of love, free of the world's chains.

You have captured my heart in your sweet caress,
You have taken control of my thoughts, my soul.
I feel as though I am lost in a world of distress,
Yet I feel so pure, so open, so loved, and whole.

I do not deserve the ecstasy that I feel when you are near
I do not think that I am worthy of such beauty and love.
You must be a fantasy, a dream, but yet I see you so clear.
You must be an angel, or goddesses of love sent from above.

All life has reason, and I have been blessed with a vision.
All life is meant to be glorious, and filled with happiness
My life has you, wrapped in beauty with great precision,
You are my reason, you are my glory, and you are my forever-ness.

REB (Jan 2012)

Rik Bertrand

MY HEART

I wear my heart on the outside, for the entire world to see,
Right out in the open so you all can see that I bleed.
Its cracked, worn, falling apart and slowly wasting away
But I will wear my heart on the outside until my dying day.

The world must know all the pain that it bares
It must see all the creases, the nicks and the tears.
All the trials and tribulations, and the sad situations,
All the love that it has lost and the dying simulations.

The heart is a life line, it manages the soul, and it can be warm or cold.
It can be lent out to friends and loved ones, but it can never be sold.
I wear it on the outside, so you can be reminded of its worth,
To remind you all the reason we were put on mother earth.

The Heart is made of glass, it can be broken, and it can be smashed
It's not easy to mend a broken heart, of this I know alas.
My heart has paid the cost in ohhh so many ways
And I shall where it for all to see, until my dying days.

REB (Jan 2012) Dedicated to my Heart, I'm sorry for your pain

Rik Bertrand

MY HEART HOLDS MY LOVE

The heart is fragile; it is a cup that holds our love.
The slightest nudge can spill the blood of our thoughts.
I treasure the contents with every fiber of my being.
For it holds my life's treasures, my life's desires.

Oh heart of mine, have faith in me
Warm my body and keep me free.
Oh heart of mine, I am you protector
I pray that my feelings of love you do not ignore.

Be strong and beat hard, keep my love safe
We must work together and have extreme faith.
You are fragile and I hold you oh so dear
Losing you is my one and only fear.

Fragile is my heart, as it holds my love tight,
It waits patiently for me to bring my love to light.
It holds and caressing and handles with care,
My life's love that I have yet to share.

REB (MARCH) because I have love in my heart that I have not shared yet

Rik Bertrand

My love for Leen

My heart exlpodes at every glance,
my body moves as if in dance.
this is how it always been,
when i speak of my love for Leen

Rik Bertrand

MY MUSIC IS MY LIFE

MUSIC IS MY LIFE

I am just sitting here,
Making love to my guitar
Strumming out music,
My love doesn't stray too far.

My music is my life,
And my love is a heart filled song.
As long as I'm singing,
I know there can be no wrong.

Hugs and kisses come easy,
From the strings that I caress.
There is nothing more pretty,
Than my guitar in full dress.

My music is my life,
And my love is a heart filled song.
As long as I'm singing,
I know there can be no wrong.

I am carried into ecstasy
With each note that floats out
Feel the music within me,
It's busting its way out.

My music is my life,
And my love is a heart filled song.
As long as I'm singing,
I know there can be no wrong.

Play the music with me,
Sing and raise your voice.
You will feel the love of Music,
Your heart will have no choice.

My music is my life,
And my love is a heart filled song.
As long as I'm singing,
I know there can be no wrong.

Life cannot deny me love,
Or the music that's inside me
The melodies are my heart and soul,
And it will always be my decree.

REB (FEB 2012) Dedicated to Twig Sullivan, because music is her life

Rik Bertrand

My Pearl in the Ocean of Love

We are as one in the moonlight of life itself,
We have taken all the precautions off the shelf.
Our love is true and free, and life has become glorious,
Love has overwhelmed our inner souls, and our dreams are victorious.

My heart freezes and explodes simultaneously, when we touch,
I am memorized by her beauty, I Love this woman oh so very much
She is my Pearl in my ocean of Love, My Joy within my heart.
We are together always, embraced in life, never ever apart.

I love you, as I know you love me; we are entwined with emotional fever.
I am forever in love with you, and Always and forever a true believer.
You are the music of my soul, the rhythm in my heart, my life's reason,
I caress your love like a rose pedal; gently, so it survives the season.

Our love is everlasting, embedded in our hearts, tattooed in song,
Our love blends life and love, with words mighty and strong.
Jan and pearl, Pearl and Jan, hearts that beat as one.
A gift we enjoy every day, a treasure that we have one.

REB (MARCH 2012) because Jan loves Pearl and Pearl Love Jan, and I love that they love each other.

Rik Bertrand

My Son And Me

My life has had some hard times,
I have strived to be a good mom.
I love, I nurture, and I pray with my heart,
For the healing of my good son.

Times can ware me deathly thin,
Just getting through the day is rough.
But I am a subtle strong woman
And my worn edges are rough.

My son's healing is my main concern,
But for my family I still provide.
Sometimes I pick up stray animals,
And they end up by my side.

I pray to god most every day.
I praise the lord, so he can see.
My faith is with me in my heart,
I live this life so we can be free.

There are times that I have to release,
And go out on a wild hair,
To raise my arms and dance away,
all that I dare.

My Son and I, we will survive,
My faith insures me this.
Life will be better, it's coming soon,
Of this I will not dismiss.

Rik Bertrand

My Story of Yore (Part I)

Its time I tell my story of yore,
Excuse me while I shut the door.
It’s quiet now so I can start,
I want to finish this before I depart.

I am old and tired yet full of life
I stay young with the help of my wife.
Times were hard, and the world was fowl.
But I have adjusted to the here and now.

I sometimes remember the good and the bad,
and sometimes too, the happy and sad.
Thoughts come back now and then,
of past memories of I don't know when.

My story of yesteryear is all in a haze
I can’t see cleary the wayward days.
This I can tell you and I know it true,
feeling last longer than memories do.

I can feel the sun and I Can hear it hiss
I can still feel the love and my first kiss.
I can feel my friends in my heart so full,
and i can feel the love in all of you.

My story of yore is not quite done,
but the beginning was a little fun.
Stay tuned, stay sharp, and stay alert,
and for crying out loud, get rid of that shirt.

Rik Bertrand

My Story of Yore (Part II)

I am older now, but I am still alive,
I continue to live, continue to survive.
I am a better man, and I am strong,
I have learned from all the wrong.

My Story of Yore, my life of wrong,
could be better told in a song.
But I will verse all I know,
So you may learn from my soul.

I remember a crash and a bang,
explosions and fire and then the rain.
Memories torn, memories lost,
of childhood friends and childhood thoughts.

Life is not always as it seems,
I forgot all the torture and all the screams.
It’s better now, and as life goes on,
I have renewed all friendships lost and torn.

My Story of Yore is long and sweet
But not all that was, was straight and neat.
No one’s perfect, it’s all in the stars
My Story of Yore has many scars.

Rik Bertrand

MY WORDS

The written word is a gift to us all,
Without the word the world would fall.
Whether written or spoke, or hung in a song,
The word tells us all the right and the wrong.

Be it a speech, a story, a ballad, or the blues,
The word is the master and it pays all the dues.
The word tells our history and the future it knows,
It sees was is meant to be, and dares to compose.

My words are my gift and my writings my love,
I have been blessed so dearly, by the good Lord above.
I write from my sole, and always from the heart
And without my words I would fall apart.

My words are for me, and for all of you,
They are most the time happy, but sometimes blue.
Life is not perfect and my words understand that,
I laugh and I cry and my words all respect that.

Read my dear words that I lay down in ink
Read them so closely, what do you think?
Do you feel the emotion, do feel the song,
Do you feel that my words could do you no wrong?

My words are my music, the rhythm of time
Sometimes my words don't always rhyme.
But if you read the words with a beat in your heart.
You will find a new meaning in my living art.

REB (MARCH 2012) because my words mean something

Rik Bertrand

Mystical Magic

i am walking in the wilderness, far from all that's bad
I am walking to forget all that has become so sad.
I am looking for an escape into a world of mystical magic,
Where I can forget all the love I have lost, oh so tragic.

I look into the sky, so very bright with all the stars,
I see a sight I will never forget, and I forget about my scars.
I see many moons side by side, throwing off a wondrous light.
At first I was a little scared, to see such a mystical sight.

I know I could not be seeing, this vision that I see,
but what I saw had to be real, because it was seeing me.
That may sound strange, but truly I tell no lies,
Each moon had a mystical face, with big bright blue eyes.

Mystical Moons shining down on me, smiling great big smiles.
And here I was alone with no one around for miles.
I laid down in the green green grass and stared at the mystical moons
And they hummed some music I didn't know, exquisite mystical tunes.

Mystical moons, mystical tunes, mystical life for me
I have found a place that I Love, a place I want to be.
Come find me in the Wilderness, I am here and I am Free.
I lie under the mystical moons, and I welcome thee.

REB (Jan 2012) because life can be mystical in all ways

Rik Bertrand

Natures Beauty

Ahh the full moon and the bright shining stars
Trees limbs bare, marked with weathered scars.
The lake blue, with slight shimmering reflections
The wind passes by with no one's objections.

I feel all the emotion that is out this cool night,
I feel the love and the passion, and nature's fight.
I grasp the meaning of the earth's sudden pain
And pray that the hurt can be washed by the rain.

The pristine scenery of life and this land,
Is but a mask of deception, a slight of the hand.
Do not always believe what you see with your eyes,
And do not listen to Mother Nature's white lies.

I love this world that we all so adore,
But we have to remember that it has a core.
Its core is the heart and soul of existence
And we must take the path of least resistance.

There is so much beauty in the world of ours,
From the sandy shores, to the mountains, to the stars,
We must embrace all the earth and its magnificent brilliance,
And we must love and understand nature's true resilience.

REB (MARCH 2012) because what you see is what you get, don't ruin it.

Rik Bertrand

NIGHT PASSION

THE MOON HAS RISEN, MY PASSIONS DRIVEN
BY THOUGHTS WITHIN YOUR HEART.
THE FOG DOES GLISTEN, MY SHADOWS MISSING,
DEATH HAS TORN US APART.

I HUNGER FOR BLOOD, LIKE A RIVERS FLOOD,
THAT HUNGERS FOR MORE LAND.
AND IF I COULD, I SURELY WOULD,
DEVOUR YOUR LOVE AS PLANNED.

THE NIGHT IS COLD, MY SOUL IS BOLD,
AS IT SEARCHES FOR ITS PREY.
MY LIFE'S BEEN SOLD, BUT LOVE WILL HOLD
IF I CAN LAST UNTIL THE DAY.

HELP ME DEAR, ITS YOU I FEAR
THAT I SHALL HARM THIS COLD DARK NIGHT.
SO IF YOU CARE, PLEASE BEWARE,
UNTIL THE DAWN TURNS FIREY BRIGHT.

MY PASSIONS FLOW, AND IS IT GROWS
I LUST FOR YOUR DESIRES.
RED HOT COALS, EVERONE KNOWS
COME FROM THE DEVILS FIRES.

KILL ME NOW, I WILL SHOW YOU HOW
TO DO IT SO I DON'T RETURN.
THE WEATHERS FOUL, DEATH IS NOW
ON THE MANTLE IN AN URN.

REB

Rik Bertrand

No Answers for Hate

I have no answers to what justifies hate,
But I have many feeling of late.
My whole life has been about peace.
But my hopes have fallen into a crease.

I am strong and i can endure the pain,
But life around this world has turned insane.
Fighting breaks out, and children die,
And I have no answers as to why.

I am suppose to be the savior of all,
I am not supposed to let earth fall.
My mission of love is a total failure.
I have no excuses for my behavior

Wait, No, I cannot fail, for I am your Truth,
I have been so since your youth.
Truth prevails in all that is right,
So I cannot let you out of my sight.

I will fight the hate with all my heart
And with your help, it will be a start.
So fight with me, and hug a friend,
And we shall all win in the end.

REB (AUG 2011)

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Rik Bertrand

NO MAN WANTS TO BECOME ME

The world turns and I stand still in this twisted life,
I am curled; I have been mangled and whipped.
What I have seen can only be imagined in your mind.
I have been devoured and spit out of hell one too many times.

Crackling curds of one's sole have lacerated my skin,
I have bled out, and have been reintroduced to life.
I slither through the lands as if I were on the hunt.
The night is my haven for lavishing my thoughts.

Cry for humanity, for I am the future of nothingness,
I am what is left of those that were not strong enough.
Hide from the mystery of the dreams unfolded,
Hide your thoughts from my wandering mind.

Ruins and dead dried lands lay across the blanched earth
Caused by the pain I have endured through time
No one knows if all will be recovered with faith,
No one knows if faith will recover with time.

I have become what no man wants to become
I have been bludgeoned and ripped apart by evil
My soul is bare and my heart is black as coal,
I am the very worst of the worst that there is.

I stalk and I prey among the week of heart
I shall feast on those that do not have faith in their God.
I am not sinful, for I am not of your kind.
Look away and do not try to save me from my destiny.

Be brave and strong and fight for what is right
Do not let me counter you moves in change your path
Take the detour around my presence, avoid my wrath
For I will destroy all that is good in your life.

REB (MARCH 2012) because evil has a face

Rik Bertrand

Not My Time

Tonight I had major pain in my heart,
it felt like I was being ripped apart.
The cause was not quite clear to me.
Then it all stopped and I was free.

It’s not as bad as it would seem,
it was as if in a lovely dream.
Even though I wanted to go,
I turned from the light and said no.

I will not leave this world, sitting here alone
I will not depart this life, so far away from home.
Struggling to my feet, I yelled that I was alive,
and that no matter what I would survive.

I write what I have experienced, so that all can understand,
that dying any time soon is not in my life’s plan.
Strong, steady, and in control of my destiny,
those that try to intervene should think carefully.

REB 5 OCT 2010
Rik Bertrand

OF LATE

Of late I have wandered around in circles
I have managed not what is required.
Futile in my thoughts i have wished for peace,
yet i can not remember why.

Of late I have asked myself the same questions.
I have asked why I do what I do.
I have asked why I love the way I love.
I have asked why I asked these questions.

Of late I remember nothing of yesterday,
I fear not of what will come tomorrow,
and care less of my days actions.
I am in a forgetful state of mind

Of late I have realized that I have nothing
I have everthing, I have peace of mind.
I conjure up images of you and me and life.
I dream of what is not and shall never be.

Of late I have gone as I have come,
I have left what was not,
I have become what never was.
I am nothing, yet i am all there is.

Rik Bertrand

Oh, This Book

Oh, This Book
(Based on Dean Koontz 'book of counted sorrows')

Oh, this book of counted sorrows,
does it tell of our tomorrow's?
What do we know of this book?
Read it, take a second look.

Read of the terror in the night,
read of the terror in the light.
Read of the darkness within us all,
read of the evils big and small.

Fear the words and all they tell,
of dragon tears and mortar shell.
Feel the pain of all souls lost,
and how they all paid the cost.

Touch the book of counted sorrows,
and when you do, your soul it borrows.
It takes you into the world of terror,
brings you within reach of the devils lair.

Oh, this book of counted sorrows,
does it tell of our tomorrow's?
you must touch and read this book,
but, oh don't take that second look.

REB

Rik Bertrand

Pgymy Rodeo

I thought that I had seen it all, I thought there was no more,
Then I traveled to a pygmy camp and saw a unicorn.
That was just the start of my curious endeavors,
For what I saw next ruffled my nonexistent feathers.

Life is full of amazing facts that most will not believe,
But what I saw with my own eyes, could not be preconceived
A red headed, left handed, beautiful little pygmy dressed like Sir Lancelot

I was told this little creature was training to be an astronaut.
I continued to observe the actions of this little pygmy camp,
I was taken to a gathering, and I sat on the ground so damp.
Rodeo forewarned, a fire was lit and we were all very warm.

Rodeo fun with a single horn, with a pygmy clown on a unicorn
All of this is very farfetched, but I know it was not a dream
You had to see all the pygmy smiles and how their faces were all a gleam.
Unicorn Rodeos, Pygmy Astronauts (beautiful redheaded ones) , and you,
Are so uncommon when fantasy is what you pursue.

REB JULY2011

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Rik Bertrand

PIANO BLACK

The rhythm flows through the cool night's air,
And I lay upon the piano, without a seasoned care.
Vibrations from the keys touched down,
And it's the most beautiful, most soothing sound.

The piano black is Grand but slight,
Its music brings the world to light.
Words are sung by artist bright,
And love is felt throughout the night

I caress this instrument of my desire,
Its smooth body sets my heart on fire.
And when it's played and set alive,
The music blends into my life.

Piano black, I love you so,
And with each day my love does grow.
Your keys of black and white play love,
And you are all that I think of.

My wild side sits on the piano black,
Because this is where the music's at.
Relaxed and blending with the sound,
To your music, I am truly bound.

Piano Black, Piano Black, let me lay upon you
Let me feel the vibrations, of music true.
Piano Black, Piano Black, you keep me in tune,
Every time you play a note, I feel my heart in bloom

REB (MARCH 2012) because it feels good to just lay atop a piano.

Rik Bertrand

Pocket In My Heart

I sewed a pocket in my heart,
And in it, I kept my thoughts of you
Today that pocket ripped
And thoughts and love of you just flew.

As if they had wings, they flew away
And there was nothing I could do
I have lost all that mattered to me
And those were the thoughts and love of you.

Without those thoughts and memories
I don’t think that I can survive.
Without your love near my heart
My emotions have taken a dive.

It’s a wonder that I am still here,
The pain is so immense,
I have lost my pocket in my heart
And now my love makes no sense.

That pocket that was in my heart
It was the keeper of your love
It protected all my memories,
And the you, I was thinking of.

It was once filled with all your loving thoughts
Now it’s empty and torn apart
It was full with all your cuddles and hugs
Now it lays empty, just a cold dark heart

REB (Feb 2012) because my pocket tore

Rik Bertrand

Portland smiles in the Rain

Happiness without reason, it comes with the season.
glee in the morning, gay in the day, love in the evening.
Life full of emotion, thoughts full of devotion,
Smiles in the rain, there is no one to blame.

Big splashes, little splashes, buckets full of rain.
Running, jumping, laughing, its not so insane.

Smiles all around with rain falling down,

why are they so happy with rain drops all around?

Portland is a crazy town, loved by one and all,
they have learned to love the rain, which is always coming down.
Laughter feels the city streets, and lines begin to form,

they have a daily rain parade, during the winter storm.

Portland is happy place, it glows with all the love.

They created the puddle walk, puddle jump, and the puddle pop.
They created the the rainy day smile you see on your walk.
So Smile on this rainy day and take a walk around the block.

SMILE when the rain comes down, and Portland smiles with you.

REB 2011, not fully rhyming poem,

based on the article 'Why do people smile in the rain' by Karen Monteverdi (writer for Examiner.com)

Rik Bertrand

PRECIOUS THOUGHTS

I want to tell you precious thoughts I hold dear,
Things that you, my love, are only to hear.
These thoughts dance and romance my dreams,
And this seed of thought is young and strong it seems.

My eyes are telling my body to rest,
I want to say good morning, may your day be blessed,
And to also say good night, and hear from you once again before my
Morning light.

I'm will hold on and will keep you tight,
Here in my heart you feel just right.
By my head this little phone will lay,
Patiently waiting for the good morning you say.

It was not so long ago today,
Your lovingly friendliness warmed my way.
The breeze blew and I caught your scent
And I knew that you, for me, were meant

Shhhh! I hear the light breaking through the dark,
Not here, but there, half a world away sings the lark.
How can this be, when did all this love start?
All I know is in the beat of my heart.

TB - (MARCH 2012) Precious thoughts are needed said

Rik Bertrand

Questions of love and life

Questions of Love and Life

What is it that I am trying to say?
What are the faithful words of today?
How do I express the way I feel?
And how does a broken heart heal?

Why is life so hard to live?
Why is love so easy to give?
And why does it hurt when love is lost?
Why must I always pay the cost?

When will I ever love and win?
When will my life start again?
When will I see the moon so bright?
And when will love take me into the light?

Where is the love that I have always sought?
Where can I reach out and get caught?
Where is the life that is waiting for me?
And where is the happiness that you all see?

REB

Rik Bertrand

RAYS OF DREAMS

I lie here on the water's edge,
Staring and wondering of what I see.
Our those dreams and prayers aloft,
Or Gods rays shining down on me.

Although shadowed by the wilting clouds,
The connection is clear by far,
And though the clouds, it is still bright and sunny,
There must be an angels star.

The angels Star is the beacon of light,
That shines for those in need,
And when dreams and Prayer are aloft,
That is where they all tend to meet.

As I watch across the water's surface,
I see this devout vision so fine.
And wonder if my Dreams are there,
Finding their place in line.

REB (MARCH 2012) because I see the Rays of Dreams

Rik Bertrand

RED WINE RED ROSES

It was a cool dark night
And the stars were out.
A beautiful, lovely setting
With love all about.

It was a meeting of chance,
A brush with the future
It was a feeling of love,
And the taste of sweet rapture.

We set at a table
And we had a quaint dinner
And in the end
I found there was no winner.

Red Wine, Red Roses,
And a beauty so divine
A vision of loveliness
In a different time.

It was just one beautiful night
In the mystical light
A vision of loveliness,
a most amazing sight.

Rik Bertrand

ROAD OF FORTUNE

ROAD OF FORTUNE

I travel through life looking for my calling,
Sometimes I stumble and sometimes I'm falling.
life has a surely way of breaking you down,
It finds a way to pound you round and round.

I have taken a break on Fortunes way,
I have sit down and set up and I am marking my day. I am crafty and willing and I ponder my thoughts, I have planted my seeds, so that I can harvest my crops.

It all sounds so simple when you look at it this way, A break in life, so that I can have a new day.
Life has it misery, and life has its Glory, And I will have all I need at the end of my story.

The road to fortune is a road in my mind
It's not any road that any other could find.
My life plan lies on this windy rough road And my willpower will assist me in hauling the load.

Fortunes Way, is but my path to my calling,
Some days I am walking and others I am crawling
My Road is long and winding, I have just begun
The Road is my life, the end is my Fortune.

REB (Jan 2012) Dedicated to Lisa

Rik Bertrand

Rouge Prince of the Knights Realm

I travel through the lands of Orygon,
I search for my essence in life, my freedom.
I search for my maiden, the Love of my Life,
I shall find my Fair Lady and make her my wife.

I am the Rouge Prince, A knight of a sort.
But I have left the knights Realm that I may court.
I have dreamed of my love, and I am committed to her.
My first vision of her made my lonely heart stir.

I wonder through villages and city streets,
Praying that I may find my maiden sweets,
Her hypnotizing eyes, and her flowing hair,
I dream of her beauty, and pray no despair.

I am the Rouge Prince, A knight of a sort.
But I have left the knights Realm that I may court.
Then night stirs the very clouds of the times,
And mixes emotions until love does it find.

My Maiden, my vision, My Lady, My Love.
I shall find you soon, a mission ofâ€¦.
We shall be together soon, embraced, as one.
And my journey for love shall be over and done.

I am a Rouge Prince and you are my true Love
Can you tell me my dear what you're thinking of?
Do you await me during my search for your touch?
Am I your Rouge Prince, or do you think such?

REB (FEB 2012) for those waiting for their Prince

Rik Bertrand

SAVIOR IN HELL

I am walking in the sewers of hell
Oh the devilish stories I could tell.
My mission here is a simple one,
And I shall stay until it's done.

I find those who were unduly wronged,
And ensure that their pain in not prolonged.
I round up their souls and toss them to heaven
To our sweet lord, who has already forgiven.

I have captured broken hearts discarded
It was easy for they were left unguarded.
The devil is cruel when it comes to destruction,
But I have mended these hearts for future production.

These sewers of hell are hard to transverse,
but the wrongs that I see, will be totally reversed.
My mission is clear, and my soul is engaged
Yet all that I see here has my emotions enraged.

The powers that be are my guide my strength and my will
But I am motivated by rage, for that's how I feel.
I am only one man fighting the war of the lost,
And I shall save all I can, no matter the cost.

REB (MARCH 2012) because sometimes you have to reach down and pull the righteous from Hell.

Rik Bertrand

SLEEP TOOK A WALK

I am wide awake, wandering in the morning light,
My weariness has been with me throughout the night.
I feel sadness within my bones, and my heart is cold,
Sleep must have a conscious and be very bold.

I guess sleep went out for a walk tonight,
Along with happiness and the joy of the coming day.
It's not uncommon for them to slip quietly away.
They also need some time, to run and play.

I can survive a night without my precious sleep,
Tomorrow I will be dreaming while counting sheep.
Sometime days like this our bound to happen,
Like a day with no hot rock music, only Rappin.

Sleep went out on the town last night, I stayed home.
I walked around sleepless as my mind did roam.
I played solitaire games, and danced in the night
And finally in I found sleep in the morning light.

Sleep came home with happiness and Joy,
With dreams and hopes and squeaky yellow toy.
So I found my pillow and laid down my head
And I fell with sleep on my big soft bed.

REB (FEB 2012) because sometimes sleep isn't there

Rik Bertrand

SMILES TURNED BAD

Falling from Grace, I now know my place,
Lying in the destruction that I have created.
My Heart has broken like a fragile glass vase,
And I have torn the life out of the ill fated.

I cry for those that my life has crushed so badly,
I cry, yet I have no tears that will fall.
Tormented by the thoughts, I shall die sadly,
I am only waiting now for the Lords call.

Forgive me for who I am now, and was.
I don't understand how my smiles turned bad.
I do not know the reasons or the just cause,
It really was all good, the intentions I had.

Torn, ripped and shredded, put out for trash,
I deserve it all; I am a cancer to all that is good.
Life should tear my heart out and eat it as hash.
But if I could take all I did back, I surely would.

REB (APRIL 2012) because even though my intentions are good, bad things happen.

Rik Bertrand

SOLDIERS PLIGHTS (ANGELS)

We are on a mission for our beloved country,
We are the protectors of our people and our freedom.
I kneel down before you, you know that I can see you,
And I ask for you to guide us through this Soldier Plight.

We are only the few of the many thousands
That walk, crawl, and run through the night
We step on landmines, and we die in useless rebel fights.
Oh, there are so many unknown worries in our Soldier Plights.

We all see the Angels that are walking by our side,
They are always sitting next to us they take the right seat ride.
They hold our hands when the pain is more than intense.
They encourage our survival and push us over that razor fence.

Angels, angels, angels, we thanks you so very much,
We thank you for your love, and your soft heavenly touch.
We know that you are guiding us through all these lonely nights
And protecting us the best you can during our Soldiers Plights

Tell the Lord that we do care, and that we are not afraid,
For he has provided you angels, and the path is now laid.
We know that our future is not cut in stone,
And that you have ensured that all we soldiers will always have a home.

REB (FEB 2012) GOD BLESS ALL THE SOLDIERS AND THE ANGELS

Rik Bertrand

SOLE SURVIVOR

SOLE SURVIVOR

It's cold and dark in this light,
but till the end my soul will fight.
Caught in a battle with no desire,
my heart is filled with burning fire.

I fight so I can feel the light,
of a sunny day and starry night.
I fight for those, whose life is lost,
and I will win at any cost.

The mind is a mighty sword,
to be used with all accord.
Courage is within my reach,
my soul, will no man breach.

Sole survivor of an inner war,
fighting from the inner core.
Sole survivor of a man gone mad,
my life is spared, my heart is sad.

REB

Rik Bertrand

Spechts Resturaunt And Saloon

I found this place out on old Specht Road,
It was the smell of the food that I followed.
Well, this place was right out of a western cartoon,
The name of this place was Spechts Restaurant and Saloon.

Well I walked right in with a buddy of mine,
I ordered a beer and he ordered a wine.
The Barkeep was fine and old as the hills
But she said she had to work to pay all the bills.

She was the nicest of folk I ever did meet,
And I gave her a stool to get her off her feet.
The legend of Spechts is quite and ordeal,
But you could feel love in the place, and that's what is real.

The smell of the food put me in a trance,
I felt so relaxed I just wanted to dance.
We ate our fine meal at picnic tables outback,
It was all just so country, and well laid-back.

The view of the countryside, the cows and the steers,
The view of a life without any fears.
A family band with two brothers and sister,
Who played great music that brought pleasure to listeners.

The patrons of Spechts were like family and friends,
And though I had never been here, I fit right in
Order some more drinks, raise your beers high
Toast Spechts Country Saloon as friendships we tie.

In old Bear County outside San Antonio
I found a piece of heaven, that you cannot forego
Its Spechts Restaurant and Saloon, downright country
They have damn good steak, and blistering poultry

I tell you this talel so that you will all know,
That life can be found on an old country road.
Friendships and bonds that will last forever,
And I can tell you right now, life couldn't get better.

REB (patron of Spechts, via Belgium)

Rik Bertrand

SPIRIT LOVE

I have been overcome with a wave of passion
My heart pitter patters, and this is not in my fashion.
I have been touched by a spirit of the long ago past,
A spirit that I have been waiting for, and has come at last.

I am overcome by feelings of love and happiness,
And I have fallen into an emotional abyss, I confess.
My soul has embedded into this spirit, this wonder.
And my heart is sounding like Zeus's thunder.

Forgive me for my thoughts are entwined,
They are searching for an answer in which to bind.
I am temporally without reason or doubt,
I am captured and tied, until this love I can draw out.

I am clueless of its origin, but I do have my theories,
Oh, it's so hard to concentrate with these emotional flurries.
Why do I search for the creator of this… loving bliss?
Is it because I want that first…. everlasting kiss?

I have never, never, ever felt this way before.
I want to be with the spirit,
this teapot from which this love does pour.
I need touch, and taste, with hugs and compassion,
To complete this overbearing wave of passion.

Forgive me for I am not who I am,
Forgive me but I am only a man.
I have been struck by a spirit full of love,
And this spirit is the only thing I can really think of.

Spirit, who has stolen my heart, my soul, my love,
I shall never let you go, you are always who I am thinking of.
Please don't ever leave me or set me free,
For I am now and ever a servant of thee.

REB (MARCH 2012) because I feel something inside of me, I am Happy.

Rik Bertrand

Stay Strong

I am here to bring substance to your existence.
I am here to bring light to your world of shadows.
Do not slow your life to a stop due to indecisions,
And do not fear what you do not know.

Broaden your horizons and bring the tide to you.
Open up to the possibility of being more than who you are.
Live life to the fullest, but empty the cup of love.
Slide into the arms of comfort, trust in the lord above.

Cry not for the pain you suffer during defeat,
for the battle is not lost, and your heart is still full of life.
Learn from what you experienced and conquer your emotions.
Stay strong, stay fearless, have pride in who you are.

It’s not about what you want in life; it’s what kind of life you want.
So relish your thoughts and bind your soul to see what you need to see.
You will observe how your trail through life leads you to where you want to be
Your happiness follows your hearts desires and only rests when you are fulfilled

REB 2 Oct 2010
Rik Bertrand

STEP BY STEP

Climb the stairs of life with me,
hold my hand and you will see.
Love will grow eternally,
if you climb the stairs of life with me.

Hand in hand, step by step,
life is not wat we expect.
Together tied, we interject,
and our love grous strong, step by step.

Wvolving workds from heart and soul,
captured emotions we unfold.
Dangerous liaisons, all untold,
step by step, love so bold.

Love transmits a loving scent,
for each of us, love is meant.
Step by step, there is no decent,
for each of us, this love is meant.

REB

Rik Bertrand

SWEET DREAMS MY FRIENDS

Now I lay me down to sleep, to sleep, to sleep,
And I dream sweet dreams into the night.
Now I lay me down to sleep, and I Dream
I dream sweet dreams until the morning light.

Sweet dreams my friends, may you sleep well,
May all your dream, be dreams so bright
May you find happiness, smiles and joys,
Sweet dreams for you all, until the morning light.

My dreams are my reality, sweet in all respects,
They fulfill my lives expectations, my life's goal.
When I wake I am quite confused, I do not understand
It's as if I have two distinct lives sharing one soul.

Is that the way it is for you, do you live in your dreams
Is this time when were awake, a time of timid state.
I feel more alive when I am dreaming through the night
Time has changed so vividly, to correct it, it's too late.

Sweet dreams my friends, Sweet dreams in reality,
Sweet dreams, Sweet friends, Sweet love and sweet you.
I am so close to you all, while I dream, ever, ever so close,
Without my dreams I would be nothing, with nothing to do.

REB (FEB 2012) because my dreams are more real than life

Rik Bertrand

Take A Look At My Heart

I wear my heart on the outside, for the entire world to see,
Right out in the open so you all can see that I bleed.
Its cracked, worn, falling apart and slowly wasting away
But I will wear my heart on the outside until my dying day.

The world must know all the pain that it bares
It must see all the creases, the nicks and the tears.
All the trials and tribulations, and the sad situations,
All the love that it has lost and the dying simulations.

The heart is a life line, it manages the soul, and it can be warm or cold.
It can be lent out to friends and loved ones, but it can never be sold.
I wear it on the outside, so you can be reminded of its worth,
To remind you all the reason we were put on mother earth.

The Heart is made of glass, it can be broken, and it can be smashed
It's not easy to mend a broken heart, of this I know alas.
My heart has paid the cost in ohhh so many ways
And I shall where it for all to see, until my dying days.

REB (Jan 2012) Dedicated to my Heart, I'm sorry for your pain

Rik Bertrand

Take A Soul Break

Sometimes I am overwhelmed,
I am tired and I am week.
Sometimes I have no strength,
And the Lord I must seek.

He tells me…….

Take a little soul break,
Remove all the temptation.
Take a little soul break,
Find the lords inspiration.

A vacation from all the mess,
That life has created
A vacation from all the stress,
Where the world can be sedated.

Take a little soul break
You can do it right at home,
Take a little soul break,
There is no need to roam.

Life can sometimes bring you down,
It's tragic in many ways,
But by taking a little soul breaks
You can make for better days.

I tell you this so blatantly,
So that you will understand
Life is for the heightened soul
So you must take a stand.

Soul breaks are Magnificent,
They will cleanse your clouded mind.
So take that needed soul break
And life will be more Kind.

REB (FEB 2012) Wise words from a friend inspired this poem thanks, TB.

Rik Bertrand

TAKEN

TAKEN

Blackness lurks in my soul; I am frightened by its presence.
It has taken control of my inner thoughts and my actions.
I am a slave to the darkness of what is to come.
I have no will to carry on into the world that is before me.

You look at me and think that I am strong, alive, and ready for the fight,
But I have faltered in my beliefs and only linger in daily existence.
I have become what no man should become, I have become unimaginable.
It is wise to keep your distance, until I can get back in control of my life.

Disgrace follow me as I walk through the night, I have no control.
Life as I once knew has vanished; I now live a life of cruel intentions.
Diminished capacity, diminished love, diminished will to survive.
I try to push this darkness away, I try, but I am weak now, and I have doubts.

Pray for me, Pray that I will get through this time of undeniable hatred for myself.
Pray for me; pray that I survive the evil that torments my soul so thoroughly.
Pray that I might find myself, find my will, and find the strength to resist this devil.
Pray that I may be with the ones that I love, the ones I admire, the ones I care for.

I have been TAKEN, and I want to come home.

REB (Sept 2011)

Rik Bertrand

Tears Fall Down

Tears fall down, down and round
Tears fall down and there is no one around
Tears fall down, and no one will know,
Tears fall down, and a river does flow.

Sadness dwells in this heart of mine,
It’s a Sadness that has fermented in time.
Sadness that makes a grown man cry,
A Sadness that we should all deny.

Tears fall down, down and round
Tears fall down and there is no one around
Tears fall down, and no one will know,
Tears fall down, and a river does flow.

Pain from the sorrow that I have bestowed
Pain from the friendships, which are lost or sold.
Pain from all the trouble I have truly caused,
Pain from the loved ones I have lost

It is all this that causes the…Tears

Tears fall down, down and round
Tears fall down and there is no one around
Tears fall down, and no one will know,
Tears fall down, and a river does flow.

There is no forgiveness for the thought I have of you,
There is no forgiveness for my words I hold as true
There is no forgiveness for the love we thought but never dared,
Or for the cuddles, kisses and hugs we both virtually shared.

Tears fall down, down and round
Tears fall down and there is no one around
Tears fall down, and no one will know,
Tears fall down, and a river does flow.

The tears of a dying fool may never be expressed
They will fall and fall and fall, into the river they rest.
Sadness, Pain, and forgiveness they can tear you apart
It’s either cry all the craziness out, or rip out your own heart.

REB (FEB 2012) I wrote a poem in the 90's about tears forming a river, cant find it so i rewrote it)

Rik Bertrand

TEARS SPEAK FROM THE HEART

I have felt the pain
I have walked in the rain, of life.
I have cried the tears of love,
And have spoken to god above.

Tears are words from the Heart,
That cannot be spoken.
They are silent words of pain,
From a heart that's broken.

There is nothing worse,
Then the lovers curse, in life.
I pray for you, that you may love
That you may speak to the lord above.

Tears are words from the Heart,
That cannot be spoken.
They are silent words of pain,
From a heart that's broken.

I feel the loss of my heart,
It is no longer part, of my life.
Separated by the tears of love,
I have been taken in the arms of god, above.

Tear are words from the Heart,
That cannot be spoken.
They are silent words of pain,
From a heart that's broken.

Read my tears, so you will understand,
I cry words of a broken man, in Life.
Listen to the silence of the tears,
And from my heart you can see my fears

Words from the heart are silent,
They will never be violent, in life.
The tears form the words not spoken,
And they come from the heart so broken.

My tears say I love you
And that I will miss you, in life.
They say that God is with you,
And that my heart is forever blue.

REB (FEB 2012)

Rik Bertrand

THE ABYSS OF NOWHERE

I am not here, you don't see me.
I do not exist, fore I never was.
Do not question that I speak,
For I do not hear, therefore
I do not listen.

You may take what I say,
And pass down as nonsense.
It has been taken that way in the past,
And it will again in the future.

You must believe in what I say,
For you have made it this far.
You read on as if this is the word.
You are smart in knowing the truth.

Life Is not what it seems,
This world you see is all in your dreams.
You are here and I am not,
Yet you read my words as if I were.

Will they disappear when you look away?
Will you still hear my voice in your head?
I am here but I am not with you now,
Do not ask me the why or the how.

This world is not as we know it,
It is not as we see it.
It is something other than what it is,
And we shall never experience its truth.

Just live, just carry on with the nothing,
Walk the path into the abyss of nowhere.
You are there and I am here and that is all there is,
My thoughts are with you for I do not speak.

REB (APRIL 2012) because if you think about it life just doesn't make sense.

Rik Bertrand

THE CREEPY MOON

It was just after dusk and the moon was high,
The clouds rolled in and darkened the sky.
Eerie thoughts were starting to transcend
And the moon and the clouds started to blend.

Oh, what a creepy, creepy night this is,
A creepy moon, with the clouds in full bloom

The night has been overtaken by an eerie silence,
I am frightened; there is a no path of least resistance.
Hypnotized by the shadowy light of the creepy moon.
Oh please release my soul from its mindless tomb.

Oh, what a creepy, creepy night this is,
A creepy moon, with the clouds in full bloom

Misty light, shaded by the clouds of doom,
The sky is possessed with magic's midnight gloom.
The winds blow and whisper into the night,
"beware the evil that has taken flight".

Oh, what a creepy, creepy night this is,
A creepy moon, with the clouds in full bloom.

Hidden behind the courage I have found within
I camouflage myself with the night to blend in.
I fight to survive this creepy, creepy moon
Knowing that it will be gone, oh so very soon.

REB (MARCH 2012) because Brian Hahn took a photo of creepy moon, and it creeps me out.

Rik Bertrand

The Dew on the Rose

The dew of the morning lies on the rose pristine,
It is the most beautiful image I have ever seen.
Glistening in the sunlight, filled with movement,
The dew rolls off and cleanses the petals of life.

All is should be of this natural delight,
All should come from the dew of the night.
Freshly starting each day, as it first,
Its life is birthed from nature's earth.

Seasons changed and dew we may not see,
It hibernates like the bear, or the bumble bee.
It is not gone; it has not disappeared from us,
It just hides and reappears for loves just cause.

I feel the love from my head to my toes,
As I see the sweet dew on the pristine rose.
Mother Nature surely reminds us all,
There is beauty in all we see, not matter how small.

REB (APRIL 2012) just because

Rik Bertrand

THE LIVING DOOR

Extinguished lifes lay over our lands,
as we all wash our war torn hands.
Peace cries out, but it's only a word,
a word that is never heard.

Hearts are broken as loved ones die.
Warlords don't see the tears we cry.
souls are taken and fear replaced,
peace is forgotten in all the haste.

Soon our world will be ripped apart,
warning are not taken to heart.
Destruction designed to take its toll,
and our lives dropp into the reapers bowl.

Again, warlords shout their victory,
but they don't see what we all see.
they have destroyed all that we live for,
the have closed forever, the living door.

REB

Rik Bertrand

THE LIVING FEW

THE ASHES OF MEN
RISE FROM THE DUST.
RIFLES OF WAR
LAID DOWN TO RUST.

LIFE SACRIFICED
FOR POLITICAL GAIN
ONLY A FEW LEFT
TO FILL THE PAIN.

THOUGHTS ARISE
IN MY SPINNING HEAD
AS I CRY
FOR ALL THE DEAD

BEGIN AGAIN
AND START ANEW
GIVE A CHANCE
TO THE LIVING FEW.

(war is hell)
REB

Rik Bertrand

THE NASTIEST WOMAN ALIVE

Today was the day of all terrible days,
One that was bad in so many ways.
It started with meeting the nastiest woman alive,
And from there it just took a deep end dive.

This lady was terrible, mean, and downright rude,
Every word from her mouth was dark oil crude.
She rambled and mumbled and pitched a damn fit,
All because she had nowhere to sit.

She spit when she spoke and coughed in my face
And wiped her dirty hands on all our fine lace.
I wanted to strike like a cobra on mouse,
But I couldn't stoop that low to get rid of the louse.

The witch finally left and my nerves were all shattered.
Its funny to think though, what she said never mattered.
But I hit the wall with my little fist, and there is now a hole.
Sorry but I had to do it, it was for my righteous sole.

REB (MARCH 2012) because Erin met the nastiest woman

Rik Bertrand

THE PARK

The Pain I feel is not for me,
for I have seen the light.
I feel the pain for the lost,
that are dying in the night.

I was there and saw the evil,
That lurks in the dark.
but never again will I wander,
into that dreadful park.

The park is bright with the day,
but evil lurks at night.
the beast preys on lonely souls,
that have no chance to fight.

All be warned who travel there,
beware of the beast.
for if you're there when the moon is full,
evil will have a feast.

(your favorite park?)
REB

Rik Bertrand

The Power of the Pegasus

Don't think that I don't exist,
For I am a powerful savoir.
There will be a day that you wish,
That I am near and I am in your favor.

My wings thrust righteousness forward,
They propel the healing power of God.
I am a servant of a peaceful nature
But relenting evil, I will always prod.

Ride me into the night, be my companion,
Face those that tear us up and take our week down,
Wield the sword of justice and fight,
Push evil back below the tattered ground

I am here and I do exist in your time,
I am your savior, your flying knight
I am here for you and all mankind,
And I will stay until we have won the fight.

REB (FEB 2012) Because I want to ride a Pegasus

Rik Bertrand

The Seasons of Life (I love the Fall)

They say that our time will come,
That we will see that path we must take,
The colors of our world will change,
And we will be in the Fall of our Life.

So where does it all begin,
Is the fall the beginning the middle or the end?
The seasons tell of our life and our travels
And I as see Fall we are in Part III.

Part I, The spring brings new life, the world blooms.
The sun rises and stays higher in the sky.
Part II The summer is the light of our life, our happiness
It is a time of joy and love, peace and family.

Part III, And Fall, a time to settle, to relax, to retire,
Yet live full and lustrous, dancing in the colors of love.
Fall is the middle ages of life itself, the let me at em stage of life.

The road through Fall is full of great things,
Things that no man or woman would want to miss,
Drive with me, feel the wind and chase the fun.

Part IV, For Winter will come before we know it,
It will bring the cold dark days, the bleak loneliness of life
Life will be near its end and we will wither away.
The seasons of life, if only, if only we could rid ourselves of winter.

REB (APRIL 2012) Based on Photo by Karen Linsley

Rik Bertrand

THE SOUL ON FIRE

I carry in me an inner strength, a fuse ready to be lit,
There are times I feel I need to use it, if only for a bit.
But I will hold strong, I will hold down my rage,
And I will keep my weapon in its cage.

For those of you that have no clue of the most powerful weapon on earth,
I hold it here inside of me, and it's ready to give birth.
You too carry this weapon, and it is easy to hot wire,
This power deep inside of you is the human soul on fire.

The human soul is the lifeline of your total existence.
The use of the fiery soul should be in measured temperance.
The soul on fire has what is called, lifes magic power,
It can destroy the worlds of many, and turn mountains to powder.

I beg you to be careful, I pray you stay at peace,
I say God be with you, if this power you do release.
The soul is our lifeline; it manages our daily lives,
And if you are too careless it will cut you like knife.

We all have this fiery power that resides within our soul,
But using it frivolously can really take its toll.
So keep your soul warm and free, free from the fire
And you will have peace and love, as much as you desire.

REB (MARCH 2012) because the soul is your protector

Rik Bertrand

THE VOICE OF LOVE

I have heard the voice of Love today,
It came as I was about to pray.
It whispered sweet nothings in my ear,
And told me that true love; I should not fear.

The voice of love empowered my heart,
It has given it strength so it will not fall a part
Words of praise that soothed the soul
And brought true love from a deep dark hole.

I felt overwhelmed by a vision, from which this voice came
But the beauty was blurred by the ever pouring rain.
The voice was vivid, and of clear purpose,
It brought true love to the surface.

The Voice of love what a beautiful sound
Every word spoken, made my heart beat pound.
Oh, what a way to have true love delivered,
Through the voice of love, my body quivered

REB (MARCH 2012) because today I heard a voice, and it was love.

Rik Bertrand

THIS WORLD IS THROUGH

Ohh how Human kind has become a menace
Of what they have done to this world, I must grimace.
This world is through.

There have been too many warnings and chances,
Yet the destruction they have caused advances,
This world is through.

Man sees no glory in what is given to him.
He continues to wage war and act in mortal sin.
This world is through.

The Avenging Angels will descend from the opened skies,
And they shall destroy evil man as the innocent they chastise.
This world is through.

I only ask why, Why do did man not head the signs?
Why did they close their eyes and close the blinds?
Why did the world have to come to this ending?
Why, I only ask why? But the answer is mute,
For this world is through.

REB (MARCH 2012) because MAN should have headed the warnings, starting up new life on Nebula trantos Bertrandse, anyone interested let me know.

Rik Bertrand

To Many Holes In My Heart

I relax, I read, I walk the halls of this empty home.
My soul is tired, I am weak, and there is nowhere else to roam.
I lie down and rest my hand on my chest and I feel my heart,
I see now how my life is slowly and painfully falling apart.

Too many holes in my heart, too many to be mended,
Too many strikes to the heart, So many more than intended
The pain, the sorrow, and the tragedy of love take its toll
It has created these holes in my heart, and has damaged my soul.

Life should be full of joy, full of love and laughter,
Life should be a fairy tale, and we should live happily ever after
We should all feel the internal lust for life and spirit.
Life full of hurt and pain, in god’s eyes, has not merit.

Too many holes in my heart, I need someone to repair them.
Too many holes in my heart, too much loss and mayhem.
The pain, the sorrow, and the tragedy of love take its toll
It has created these holes in my heart, and has damaged my soul.

REB (DEC 2012)

Rik Bertrand

TRANSITION INTO LOVE

The pain is so intense; my heart is being turned inside out.
I want to scream to the heavens, I want to shout
This immense feeling of emotions and passion dwells inside,
I have never in my life felt LOVE this strong, I must confide.

I am consumed; I am surrounded by the spirits of confusion
I feel like I am waking up from a massive head contusion.
My heart is being drained of hate, and filled with love.
The angels have come down from the heavens far above.

I am in love with life, with the world with, with, with.
I cannot explain this transition, who is this heart smith.
Warmth transcends, new blood flows, and the pain subsides.
And I now feel true love, with all the emotion and vibes.

The Pain was a wakeup call to prepare me for transition,
The pain was a necessity to get my soul to listen.
I am truly amazed and thankful for this vision of love
I truly pray that what I have found, I am worthy of.

REB (MARCH 2012) because sometimes dreams seem so real, I really felt the pain of love n my heart.

Rik Bertrand

True Love

I have loved and lost, I have given my All.
I have done all this, only to take the fall.
I have given my hand, my soul, and my heart,
and again my life is ripped apart.

How can I find one to be with me and love me true,
one that makes me truly happy and never blue.
I need someone to sing me the lover's anthem,
and to love me more than I could ever love them.

Life is full of the romantic sort, let that be known.
But I am looking for ever after love, not a love on loan.
My life is quickly passing, time has not been kind.
I know my true love is out there and we will soon be entwined.

Love works in mysterious ways, it has mind of its own.
But when true love catches hold of you, you can built a mighty throne.
A life of love and happiness in a kingdom of your making,
True love will find me very soon, and I will be there for the taking.

REB (Jan 2012)

Rik Bertrand

tupperware Coffin

When I die, and I am laid to rest,
I want to be part of a unique test.
You hear of this procedure less and less
But I hear it will keep you clean and fresh.

The Tupperware coffin, which is its name.
Made of poly plastic, there is no shame.
It seals you in an airtight seal,
So twenty years from now you still look real.

Its patented with a burping seal,
And the price you pay, well it’s a steal.
With the clearness of this Tupperware coffin,
You can come see me, oh so often.

So, lay me down in this plastic box,
Put me in with my cuckoo clocks.
A Tupperware coffin is perfect for me,
When people come to visit, I will be able to see

REB (JULY 2011)

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Rik Bertrand

TWIG

I picked up a small little Twig,
Its shape was so divine,
Its edges were smooth as silk
And the lines were so fine.

The Twig was a Marvel,
Shaped as a woman with grace,
And if you looked closely,
It was dressed in all lace.

This Twig was so delicate,
And as fragile could be.
I handled it very carefully,
As careful could be

You wonder what I am saying,
You question my thoughts,
A Twig full of beauty,
The what if, the what nots.

The Answer is clear and you all should know,
Turn your head slightly, just to the right,
You can see her beauty perfectly,
Reflecting the light

This Twig is magical and puts on a show.
She plays a guitar, just so you know.
Don't ever take lightly, a Twig that you find.
Pick it up gently and be ever so kind.

REB (MARCH 2012) because I picked up a twig the other day and it reminded me of TWIG

Rik Bertrand

Two Angels in a Teacup

I went to bed late one night
And I was early to rise,
I found two angels in my teacup
Oh, what a surprise.

Two small little angels
Happy as could be,
They were playing in my teacup
A site for all to see.

They were just little babies
But they were wise for their days.
They looked happy as could be
And experienced in their ways.

They looked up and they saw me
And they smiled and waved,
Then they disappeared quietly
There were more lives to be paved.

Their site was a sign,
That I should believe,
That God is still with us,
And we should not be deceived.

REB (Feb 2012) thanks Paula for the inspirational photo

Rik Bertrand

UNRAVELED, MY TIME IS DONE

I am unraveled, undone, I have come untied,
My existence is not real, my soul has been tried.
I move but I do not seem to travel in space,
I am a shoe, worn and torn missing a lace.

I cry, but I have not tears to fall to my cheek,
I am cracked and I think I have a mortal leak.
I am losing the fluid of life, my heart is weak,
The future I see for me is black and bleak.

I was once strong, loved, and a good man,
I now crawl through this life in the cold wet sand,
The waves splash upon my sorrow, hiding my pain
I feel the pounding of death through the pouring rain.

Unraveled, undone, untied, and sourly deprived,
I have had one piece of goodness that kept me alive.
It was you; yes you, who are reading this poem,
You kept me alive, so the world I could roam.

Don't take it lightly the power you hold,
It is hidden in your heart in a lovers fold.
I see it in your smile, and your soft subtle looks.
It's the love that you read about, in all of the books.

I shall never have what I see in your smile,
But at least it will help me stay warm for awhile.
I am unraveled, undone, and I have come untied,
I know that I am close to the end of my ride.

Bare with me, hear me, and try to understand,
That I was once a very strong and decent man
I lived my life true, and I loved with my heart
It's just that my life has slowly fallen apart.

I wish you all well, and I give you my love,
And I will be looking down on you from far above.
Take care now, be good, and may you all be well,
My angel is here now, so I must say farewell.

REB (FEB 2012) I am dreaming this isn't real

Rik Bertrand

UNTITLED

I sit here and wonder about myself, and what is my purpose.
I wish i knew what life was about, and what is meant for all of us.
I Cry inside at night in darkness, no clue to my existence.
I look for a reason for life, can you tell me my essence.

And life passes by me, and time tells the tale of my soul.
Cry for me when i am gone, the tears, you must let flow.
Feel free to let it out, and tell them what you know.
Childhood not remembered, is there a story to be told.

Bitter sweetness in the air, as my life, i shall unfold.
and shall i dare to care, or let my life run cold.

A starving child sits in the sands of hell, we sit at a table.
feast on your happiness, cry a tear of sadness if your able.
can you help the helpless, as they crawl through their time.
Oh, please help me little rich man, can you spare a dime.

Death and aunguish calls, disaster strikes and we see it all.
Persistance of natures walls, as yet another nation falls.
Is life all dispair and destruction? , is there love left today?
should we start with new construction, or learn a better way?

Tell me do you have a notion of what you are all about?
is there love in your heart, do you have a doubt?
take a walk with me through life and see wha we will see,
take time for yourself, show the world, be what you want to be.

Carry yourself proud and take care of your friends
love and be kind, as this world of ours decends.

Defending peace and freedom, soldiers pay the price.
lets not forget them when they roll the dice.
God looks down upon us and carries are souls in hand,
and release them slowly upon these spoiled lands.

be cool, stay calm, and please look into your heart,
take time to love and be loved, so you dont fall apart.
begin again and end the old, forget the wasteful past,
antoher lifes story told, and we hope that its the last.

Be quick with your thoughts, and speak with you mind,
tell the world of love, we have so little time.
I thank you for your paitence and i thank you for your love,
and the angels will keep an eye on you from far, far above.

I go now, peace be with life,
and remember me on a summer day, or when it raining at night.
Take care, be good and never say the your sorry.
If you love a little better, you'll never have a worry.

(signs of the times, thoughts to think about, ramblings of an old wise man, me)

REB

Rik Bertrand

Vision through a tree

I was saddened by overwhelming thoughts today,
I took a walk to find a quiet place where I could pray.
This world is full of wonders, right before our eyes,
What I saw changed my faith, and I forgot all the lies.

I hurt so much down deep inside, my heart needs to heal
The lord’s words keep coming down, but I don’t know what to feel.
The pain never leaves my side, my soul has been tormented
Yet what I see before me now, says the lord has desended.

Lord thank you for this vision, this beauty, this face.
Thank you for your passion for the whole human race.
I came here to pray for forgiveness and for salvation,
You came here to let me know that we are your creation.

I see you there through the trees, and this vision is so true.
You sacrificed your life you did what you had to do.
And we the people, the human race, must completely understand
No matter how bad life gets, you still have the upper hand.

I smiled a little smile for you, and you smiled right back.
You made my life of sadness fall through all the little cracks.
When I feel down, and I need support, I think of you through the tree
And when I do, my spirit flows and I feel ohhh so free.

Rik Bertrand

Vivid Thoughts

Vivid thoughts, vivid dreams, vivid movements in my mind.
They won't go away, they are persistent, they are real.
They are of you.

I am not being tormented, I am not in Pain, I am relieved,
for you ease my mind in a way that no one else can.
You are my savior, my warrior, my thread of existence.
Without you I am but a withered leaf in the fall of life

Memories of the way things were, tears well up.
Thoughts on how things are now, tears well up.
A life of tragic misgivings, wrong turns, and mistakes,
has not torn me down, for I have you in my heart forever.

Vivid thoughts, vivid dreams, vivid movements of you.
My soul feels your presence, even when you are away.
You are the life; I have given my entire heart to you,
You have kept me alive through the fires of my life.

So vivid you are in my mind, so lively, so necessary.
You are part of my soul; my thoughts of you keep me whole.
I am here because of you, because of your love, your love.
So Vivid, I keep you So Vivid in my mind, so that I may live.
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Rik Bertrand

WAITING FOR YOU MY LOVE

For ages I have waited for your return
Sitting patiently on our balcony of love
Silent and sorrowful, my heart has become.

Butterflies float into existence then die
All around me a single bird does fly,
A lone patron of love, a lost son.

The roses bloom and shed their tears,
They wrap around me to ward of fears.
And I cry for what I have dearly lost

My faith holds that love will prevail,
I have held on for oh so long,
Through the summer heat and winters frost.

I am weary and tired but I hold on
I know that you will find your back to me,
Time is on our side, love has set us free.

I am here waiting on our balcony of love
Where I was when you last saw me,
I shall be here upon your return, smiling happily.

REB (MARCH 2012) because she is hoping for his return, art work by Nina

Rik Bertrand

WATER MIRRORS LIFE

Free flowing, ever moving motion in life,
Moments of stillness that calm.
The rhythm of the waters descent,
Is like the vibration of a small buzz bomb.

Life gets entangled in times of disorder,
But the pull of the current frees all.
It can be bitter cold or hot spring warm,
And it continues on to its final port call.

Flowing free, with few distractions,
Finding peace along the way.
The smooth but rapid current,
Reflects life to this very day.

Capture and understand the path it takes
Watch as it touches our life's crease,
step into the water of wisdom,
And experience absolute peace.

REB (MARCH 2012) because the water is like life, it makes its own path

Rik Bertrand

Water Wings

Water Wings

I am of the water, and my dreams foretell my home.
I have dreamt of the water, it is where my mind does roam.
Life manages our paths by the steps that we take,
I want my path to lead to the ocean, where the waves do break.

The water glistens in my soul, and runs through my veins,
And when I am one with the water, I carry the reigns.
Whether on or under or flying above,
The water is my passion, it is my true love.

I wake from the night, from my hopes and my dreams
I wake to find a world with all water themes.
Surrounded by love and caressed by the air
I see the lord has accepted my little dare.

My dreams have become life, and I have transformed.
I am now an angel of the sea, and water wings I have formed.
The ocean, the sea, the lakes and rivers blue
They give me my strength and my life they do fuel.

My water wings glide and are as smooth as ice,
They are gift from the heavens and they much more than suffice.
I sit here and I rest, on the shore of the land,
Knowing, the lord is my savior, and my biggest fan.

Rik Bertrand

What Is It All About (Love)

I don’t know what is wrong with my life
Or why no one can really love me for who I am
I can’t comprehend why every time I open my mouth
... That no one understands.

What is this all about….

It’s about wanting to be loved by you
And feeling the warmth in my heart
It’s about being held close by you.
So that I don’t fall apart.

It’s about the lack of love, the lack of life,
And me being free.
Not free from you or free from life
But free to be me.

It’s about having someone love you
For who you really are
Having that warm feeling
That you are never far.

It’s about wanting to be with you
Every minute of the day
It’s about you wanting to make love to me
Every time I turn away.

I want to hear “kiss me Baby.
Take me I am yours”
I want to feel finger tips in my skin
And make love on sandy shores.

It’s about wanting to feel the love
That I have never really had
It’s about living life and loving it
Rather that always being sad.

It’s about stopping the hurt deep inside
That’s tearing at my heart
It’s about keeping us together,
Not tearing us apart.

You say that I never cry for you
And that means I have no heart,
I say that I would die for you,
Before the first tear could start.

So, that is what its all about,
There is no more to be said.
Bottom line, is I love you
And you are my life’s bread.

Rik Bertrand

WHAT IS LOVE

Is love the pounding i feel in my heart
whenever you are near?
Is love the loss of feeling when you disappear?
Is love fear?

Is love the tear i shed
when i wake up and you not in my bed?
Is love the never ending thoughts
of you i have in my head?

Is love the trust i put in you?
Is love the loss of feeling blue?
Is love togetherness with out the ties?
Is it the truth with no white lies?

Is love loneliness when were apart?
Is love the mating of our two hearts?
Is love the way i feel when i see you cry?
Is love a reason to never ask why?

Is love the times we share together?
Is love the two of us forever and ever?
Is love the reason were here on earth?
Is love the beautiful miracle of birth?

REB

Rik Bertrand

What should have been

Thoughts of you are in my head,
dreaming of what I should have said.
Whispering your name in my sleep
only to wake with pain so deep.

love lost, love found, and lost again,
wishing for what could have been.
Tears flow then dry then flow again,
wishing for what should have been.

New day. new thoughts, new pain.
not seeing you has driven me insane.
How do I get out of this scrape,
you are my only hope of a real escape.

love lost, love found, and lost again,
wishing for what could have been.
Tears flow then dry then flow again,
wishing for what should have been.

what could have been will never be,
but the past will not see us free.
Memories strong, will not let go.
and thoughts of you continue to flow.

Love lost, love found, and lost again,
wishing for what could have been.
Tears flow then dry then flow again,
wishing for what should have been.,

Back to my dreams in the night
fantasy driven by your inner light.
Visions of life with you as the core,
visions of love, with you at the door.

I MISS YOU.

REB

Rik Bertrand

WHERE DEAD MEN LIE

WHERE DEAD MEN LIE, THE VULTURES FEAST,
AND IN THE DARKNESS IS THE SILENT BEAST.
WAR DRAGS DOWN THE MORTAL MAN,
AND SADNESS FALLS UPON THE BEATEN LAND.

A CRY IS HEARD AS ANOTHER MAN FALLS,
DEATH, SO VIOLENT, IN THE EARTHLY WALLS.
LIFE IS WASTED FOR NO APPARENT REASON,
FOR WE ALL LIVE IN THE WORN TORN SEASON

MIND OVER MATTER, YET WE FEEL THE PAIN,
LIVING IN A WORLD WITH ALL INSANE.
A WANDERING YOUTH CRIES FOR PEACE,
THE ONE TO HEAR IN THE SILENT BEAST.

TEAR OUT THE HEART OF THE OPEN LAND,
LET IT DIE WITH THE MORTAL MAN.
WHERE DEAD MEN LIE, THE VULTURES FEAST
AND IN THE DARKNESS THE SILENT BEAST.

(War is Hell)
REB

Rik Bertrand

Why am I Here

what is the reason for my birth?
Why am I here on this earth?
why do we live, and violenty die?
when will we see eye to eye?

Look up and see the stars,
can you believe this world of ours?
looks so peaceful in the sky,
so why do we all cry?

Life, death, night and day,
why I'm here i can not say.

REB

Rik Bertrand

WINGS OF LOVE

I was sent to hell on a hellish mission,
It was for love, and it was a rash decision.
I will not explain the reasons or the rhyme,
That story is better left for another time.

My beauty was deceit in the devils eyes,
And after a while he saw through all my lies.
My soul was at risk, and my heart was on fire,
And I had to resist all Hades desires.

My escape with the passion of loves lost letters,
Was a hundred to one, with the Vegas top betters.
I knew that in hell it was going to be hot,
But I do not want to stay with this hellish lot.

I was touched by a messenger of god above,
And I sprouted beautiful white wings of love.
I raised my arms, and my white wings I spread,
And I departed the den of the devils dead.

White beautiful wings of love, I adore them.
I wonder if I kept them, would it would be a sin?
I did what I did so that love would be free
I think these wings will be my finder's fee.

REB (FEB 2012) because Bianca has wings

Rik Bertrand

Wishful Thinking

Love excites my heart, and I tremble inside.
My blood flows hot, and I go along for the ride.
Passion rises at thought of your tender touch,
And I am looking at maybe releasing the clutch.

Smother me with your body so soft and tender,
I will take it all in, and to you I will surrender.
Kiss me and taste the my lips as they melt onto you,
I want to lie you down on the cool morning dew.

Capturing the scent that you release in heat,
Embedding it in my soul before it can retreat.
Devouring your love puts me in a climatic ecstasy,
and makes me whisper sweet sweet love breathlessly.

Love me my sweet; hold me in your arms so dear,
This is a love that no one should ever fear.
Wrapped in the essence of primal lust of life,
This is one moment where there is no loving strife.

REB (MARCH 2012) just wishful thinking, missing love.

Rik Bertrand

With The Spirits

I have moved on into the light, I have been taken
My life has passed away, I am not forsaken.
The spirits move me; they are the kindle to my fire.
I cherished the life I had, but this is what I desire.

I am with the Spirits now, they are my true nature.
I have become part of them, a mentor, an appeture
I am at peace with this decision, I have been set free.
Life was just a checkpoint in the road to be me.

Understand who I am; I am not leaving as you may think
It’s a spiritually creative passing, like vanishing ink.
I will always be here, in this life we all created,
But you must understand me, my life has been updated.

I have become as the spirits, more free to move along,
My touch is elusive, but your touch burns on and on.
I am with spirits now, we travel and we mend
I will be with you here and now, and in the very end.

REB (Jan 2012)

Rik Bertrand

WOODLAND SPRITE

Beauty so devasting, there are no words,
The woodland sprite, has taken my breath away
The protector of all that wanders into the trees
She brightens the darkest night and all the day.

Oh my, how such a delight can be as she is.
Her glow radiates through the vast woodlands,
Bringing color and elegance to natures creatures,
She has the touch of life and love in her hands.

This woodland sprite does not ponder beauty,
With every breath she exhales it through the air
She creates the lavish lavender lust of life,
That we see each time we traverse through her lair.

Oh, for one chance to kneel in her presence,
To honor her, to cherish her, to feel the revelation
She is one of the Lords special creations to preserve life
Yet her beauty is still a man's weakness for temptation.

REB (APRIL 2012) such a beauty - artwork by Nina Ripkin

Rik Bertrand

You are Strong Enough

Life has got me down; my life is on the run,
I cannot see the end; I feel my life is done.
I can't see the light that they say is near,
I am falling into a hole, and my future is not clear.

I hear the voices calling; I hear them all around,
Oh the words they are saying, what a beautiful sound

You are strong enough; you are more than you can see.
You are strong enough; you can be happy and free.
Just listen to world around you, listen to your heart.
Smile a little smile for me that will be a start.

I have lost some of my loved ones, I have lost hope
I have laid down my head; I am on a downward slope.
I have cried all the tears, and I have no more give,
And there are times I have really lost the will to live.

But when I get to the point that I just can’t take no more,
I hear a voice of reason, and my heart just wants to listen

You are strong enough; you have love all around you.
You are strong enough; there is nothing you can't do.
You have friends in all corners of the world, just listen.
You will thrive, you will love, your heart, it will glisten.

These words are embedded in my soul and my heart,
These words I will use, I will never let them part.
These words are from my friends, they love me more than ever.
When I am down, these words will be my extra lever.

Dedicated to Jennifer Baker Armstrong (You are Strong Enough)
REB Nov 2011

Rik Bertrand

You Are The Air That I Breath

You were the air around me; you were the essence of my life
You made me your queen, your caring and loving wife.
You gave me reason, you gave me rhyme, you game me love.
You were all that I ever needed, you were heavens dove.

Your passing has left a deep and rugged hole in my world.
All the essence you created has been unleashed, unfurled.
I try to remember our life together each and every day.
At night when I go to bed I cry, and alone I lay.

Then I hear the words of God, "you are never alone my dear,
The one that you love is by your side and you have nothing to fear.
Your man has taken an oath, to love and be with you forever,
He will be with you in spirit, he will be in your heart, and all endeavors."

"Close your eyes and remember, feel the warmth in your heart,
Let all the cherished memories flow back; that is a start.
Smile my lady, be Happy, and live the life you have been given.
Trust the lord for I will provide, and you will have no more misgivings.'

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Rik Bertrand