

Poetry Series

S. S. Rowell
- poems -

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S. S. Rowell(February 1959)

Sheila Shavonne Owens (1959 -) born in St. Louis, Missouri, grew up on the west end of Michigan where she now resides. After completing high school, She attended a local college where she was raised by her maternal grandmother in Michigan. She eventually enlisted in the Army where she met and married her husband who was also in the Army. Although the marriage did not last but a few years, She gave birth to her second son while on active duty; her first child was born while she was still in high school.

Upon leaving the military, she finally went back to school and obtained a BA in Business Administration, master degree in Education with an integration of technology and a master degree in curriculum and instruction in reading, and is presently working on doctoral degree.

Rowell is currently working on several books that include a children's book, a poetry book, and a book on the lives of women from four generations. Most of her poems focuses on life and personal healing, but she also considers other areas in order to cater to all types of audiences.

Rowell presently maintains a position as an adjunct English professor at a local community college as well as a Writing Lab tutor. Mother of two adult sons, (one in the Air Force and one in the Army, three grandchildren, and a set of twin boys, Rowell considers these as her most precious and dearest roles yet.

Other interests include fashion designing, painting, college writing tutor, writer (poetry and short stories) , and virtual administrative assistant.

A Woman's Soul

A glimpse of a woman's soul is a fascinating event.

Looking at the inner walls that time has traveled through.

A new awakening arises from the aftermath of the rain.

S. S. Rowell

Changing The Flow Of My Spirit

Changing the flow of my spirit
In the midst of the storm,
to see beyond the clouded rains
of my mind to reach inside my soul
to make changes within myself
And surround the depths of my
mind with an inspiration that flows
throughout my journey of reality of
many infiltration of the world,
In order to swiftly change the flow
of my spirit and become whole so that
I can embark on a more profound
destination that will increase my resilient
effort to refresh the inner walls of my mind
and stimulate the creative aspects of my
muse for engaging in purer adventures
in the wake of boredom.

S. S. Rowell

Cleansing My Soul

Ridding my soul of all negative vibes
That engulf my emotions that I cannot describe,

And if being among others tend to overwhelm me
I lift up my head and I pray to thee

I pray to thee for consultation
To uplift my spirits in pure jubilation,

I do not control what others do around me
But I reach for the sky so that I can see

In understanding more about how my expressions flow
I can enhance my efforts to be able to grow

To grow more in the spirit that I freely accept each day
For without his guidance my hope would fade away

Fade away into the mist of the wind
That brings more havoc that makes my mind spin

Spin out of control and plunge deeper into a hole
So I must remain focus each day on cleansing my soul.

S. S. Rowell

Coming Into Being

One seed floating through the canal of the unknown while clinging to the vines
Of survival,
Anticipating the evolution of growth while engulfing nutrients from a dark
pathway
From the crest of the tunnel, while others wait for the day of arrival.
A new song with the rhythmic vibe of familiarity in sound
Ingested in the pit of the ear of light relying on time, but the destiny of the
journey
May never hit the ground.
The chosen vessel may cherish this joyous development but the unwilling,
selfish, and uncaring soul may stunt the pure joy of witnessing the end results of
something amazing.

S. S. Rowell

Crying For That Baby

I did not cry for the others,
those who were destined to bring forth
new societies secured my empathy

I understand their pain and agony, but the little
ones demanded my cries

Miss 'I may be a teen, but I am was a mother, '
do not deserve my cries
She failed to understand what was right there before
her eyes, so precouis, so delicate, so beautiful

The baby's cry for attention became too much for the teen to bare
so little pretty baby became the chosen one to leave
ah too soon

now the young mother feels pain, sadness, and gloom,
but yet, I still don't have any tears for such a young fool

S. S. Rowell

Here I Am Again

Here I am Again, under the big tree in Auntie's
backyard, Down south somewhere near the
river's mouth,
I had to get away for a while to
free my heart and soul,
from the day-to-day chaos that entrapped my mind with
such a great
hold.

Now as I sit amid the huge trees and
While I listen to the musical vibes of the wind
Singing a harmonious praise,
the raindrops pound lightly upon my head
sending me into a mystical daze,
That is so vibrantly mellow and soothing In rhythm that provokes
me to jubilantly dance high
In praise
That unleashes my entire being
That halted my soul from believing and seeing
To see the awesome person that I truly am
Free from my self and free to be.

S. S. Rowell

I Can & I Will

For as long as I am able to rise,
I can soar through the moment of time
To embellish the sweet sounds of the jazzman
That blows rhythmically through the wind,

Through the wind, the strumming melody of rain pounce
upon the puddles of my mind without missing a beat,
Elated that my gift of pure existence lives yet another day
I am overjoyed as I kneel down to pray

Praying for security, harmony, love, and serenity,
Striving forward in a forest of confusion called society

I can see the mystical warmth of the morning dew
That has engulfed the path of my journeys' view
The beautiful haze that surrounds my world allows
Me to see the true courage I have to believe.

My will shall guide my spirit to positive thoughts
Creating a shield from drowning in this sea of oblivion,

I can, and I will, make it through without a fuss.

S. S. Rowell

Imagining Me

Imagining me, in the wind
A mighty spirit,
free to roam, in the
wild of the forest
in which we call society.

Society is what it is, and
I am what and who I am
so in imagining me, I can be
as free as the wind in the
wild of the forest

S. S. Rowell

Inside The Storm Of My Soul

Life, at times, appear to have little meaning for many reasons
But for every soul, there is a ripe
season.

The hurricanes on the edge of our souls
Connect with our minds and infiltrate our hold

As we veer towards the waters, that can bring true serenity to the
unrested minds
The joy of comfort, soon we will find

Discovery of our inner selves can be confusing,
and somewhat amusing

But in loving who we are and what we can become no matter what we go
through
will bring love and respect to me and you

S. S. Rowell

Lemon Twist Laced With A Peppery Jazz

Spicy as a heated cup of gingery tea
as his lips sparcely touching mine,

My body limply welcomes the dew of the morning
mist that emits a haze so thick,
my eyes tear up in a sea of enjoyment
sweeping my feet through an enormous wave of turbulent
compellation

As I become trapped in amazement of this sensuous
episode of self-fullfillment,
the early birds chirp as a new day arrives

As the stream of sunlight peak through the pillowy
white in the sky, my reality creeps in to remind me
that the magical passion will lay dormant in the
corners of my mind until night falls

When night comes, I will continue my escapades of pleasure
as I lie next to nothing but a willing fragment of a dream
that brings fascinating fantasies to my open arms

Like a lemon twist, laced with a peppery jazz
my torrid affair, fantasy as it may be, is worth the wait.

S. S. Rowell

Like Bottled Water

Like bottled water, purer than tap
that flows through the body uplifting
my intire being

So refreshing, so inticing, and so
incredibly nourishing my desire
to be near you

As time goes by, like water from a
polluted lake, filled with unknown
substances that contaminate my vision

My reason to think logically become densed
veering toward a blind conception of your
love for me

One would rest assured that as time lapsed and
years rolled on, I would automatically feel the
unloving attitude you displayed each day

But as I come face to face with the truth, I can clearly see
through a new light that glistens like bottled
water, freeing the hidden shadows of trickery, deceit, and lies

I hold my head high, refusing to shed another tear
as I sit in the middle of my reality and whisper 'I still
love you, ' but I love me too, so good bye and good luck
with all that you do.

S. S. Rowell

Looking At Who We Are

Watching the wind as it lands on my
soul,
crispy, yet fresh, as I invite
its sensuous hold.

Upon my peace, my body does graze,
in a field of everlasting wonder and amaze,
to establish my thoughts, my joy, and my praise,
to start anew, my quest for today.

I will conquer my woes with caution
and care, and tread not into a hole
of despair.

In this forest of life I journey through
conceit and madness,
for so many people are consumed with sadness.

I peer deeply into the pit of my soul
in order to keep my hopes high,
and find my true solace via the clouds in the sky.

I am who and what I am, and for those
who do not know, analyze your entire
being, and come together with yourself, mind,
heart and soul.

S. S. Rowell

My Time Is Now

My time arrived yesterday, and the day that I was born.
I have accomplished many goals, but some are left undone.

My time is right now, I do what I can in order to
obtain more knowledge.

I may have time to accomplish much more on tomorrow,
If tomorrow finds me here again,

But in case I am not, I was here and either way,
time will definitely be here, moving right along.

S. S. Rowell

Peering Out Of The Window

As I peer out into the world from my
window, longing for simple pleasures of
how life used to be,
I ask myself how did I get here, and
where am I going?

I am going in a new direction each time
I see morning light,
morning light that allows me to believe
in who I am

Who I am now, is because of where I've
been and what I've done,
what I have done is much deeper than
one can see,

so I am me because of
what I have learned, and I have learned
from the person that I am,

and I will ultimately become the person I need to
be, because of what I do, how I do it,
for no matter what, I will still be me.

S. S. Rowell

Rummaging In The Mirror

I discover new horizons that I
employ in a new way,

as I stand in the mirror beyond what
my eyes can see the reflection
surpasses who I be.

With all the conniving & conceit
in the world we live in,
I can see me as I am, soaring steadily as
being off to sea.

Anchoring on the shallow shores
if this life as I pursue the rummaging
in the mirror and my inner thoughts grasp
the importance of maintaining efforts of controlling
me,
in order to remain kind and generous throughout
my destiny To live unselfishly for those
I love and for me.

S. S. Rowell

Take The Time

Take the time to see
to see into your soul.

Is there a bright light at the end?
Or does there appear to be a
never-ending pit of illusion?

Can you see the person that you are
or are you the type of individual
that is enthralled in conceit?

Take the time to make more time
to see who, what, & why you are the
person that you are,

and just maybe your soul will be
transformed into emerging a more
positive aura from the depths of
your soul, after this occurs,

you may have trouble looking at
the person that you are and your soul will
Become more satisfied and more acceptable

To change the things that you did that made
You be the person that you were.

S. S. Rowell

The Hidden Freedom Of My Soul

So soothing to the body & mind, a bit of escapism so divine,
are the joys embedded deeply inside I find,
With a simple twist of the purity of feeling so refined,
are the joyous sensations of all times.

Delicately embedded in the dark corners of my muse,
only to face reality of being confused.
I do not waste time dwelling on what is actually real,
because at any given moment I can attain that thrill.

Again, I can lose my entire sense of drudgery and put it on hold,
and then enjoy the mystical pleasure of the hidden freedom in my soul.

S. S. Rowell

To Have It All And To Do It All

To have it all and to do it all
Would mean losing yourself of everything,
Everything or anything that could possibly be.

All things that look pleasant to the eyes
Can create driven paths of destruction than
One individual can realize.

Only those things that are necessary for
Survival do I rely on and need,
But in the event that I obtain more
I will feel so blessed that I will share with others
So they too can succeed.

To achieve success can
Create many possibilities in life,
But to practice greed can definitely cause
plenty of strife.

A little of anything can be a path to many other
things for many individuals,
But to possess too much, especially pride and
selfishness, can create huge falls.

S. S. Rowell

We All Matter

Many times in our lives, we are dropped,
crumpled, and then pounded into the dirt

by the decisions we make and the circumstances
that come our way. We feel as though we are worthless.

But no matter what has happened or what will happen, we will
never lose our value, which is the essence of our total being, for
Our creator planned it this way.

S. S. Rowell

What Am I

Through a mirage of mirrors
That are the essence
Of who I am,

I scurry through the everglades
To the abyss of my pain and joy.

But, no matter what time of day or night
I create a new path of knowledge
That shall be my destiny

What am I?
The soul of a woman,
Simple and pure.

S. S. Rowell