

Poetry Series

Judy Arline Puckett
- poems -

Publication Date:
2007

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Judy Arline Puckett(6/16/1950)

I am currently residing in Monroe, La.

Im 59 now.

I am the mother of three and the grandmother of grandmother of one.

I am currently single.

I love creative writing, poetry, digital art, art, photography, jazz, and blues music.

I am self taught.

I write poetry and lyrics on every topic. War, peace, love, heartache, religion, and abortion, which I oppose.

I hope to write meaningful and worthwhile words that will touch hearts and make a difference in life.

'A poet is the voice for those who are without words.'

- Judy Arline Puckett

Angels

She came as a child,
That smiled,
With dreams of making this world a better place,
You could see in her eyes,
A angel cries,
As a tear falls down her face.
Angel's come in sweet disguise.
I know I must have looked into an angel's eyes.

She came as a homeless woman on the street,
She asked so many people to help her to eat,
In her old worn out face.
There I saw a angel's grace
Angels come in sweet disguise,

I know I have looked into an angel's eyes.

She came to a hospital bed, She were a nurses cap on her head,
She did her best to keep hope alive,
Angels come in sweet disguise,
I know I have looked into an angel's eyes.

She came as mother that knelled to pray,
That her child would find a way,
To the place where heaven lies.
A tear came from an angel's eyes.
Angel's come in sweet disguise.

Judy Arline Puckett

Can You Love A Imperfect Woman?

Can you love a imperfect woman?
When the truth tears down the dam.
When you see the proof of who I am,
When I'm without disguise.
When you see me with open eyes,
And there are no lies.
Will you understand?
And love a imperfect woman.

Can you love a imperfect woman?
Can you forgive me when I'm wrong?
Can you love a imperfect woman?
When the disguise is gone,
When before your eyes you see me,
And all that I am.
With no lies
When the rivers of tears are stronger than the dam.
When I'm without disguise.
Will you be a kind hearted man,
And love a imperfect woman?

When tears rivers grow stronger than the dam.
And there are tears in our eyes,
When you see the real me,
And all who I am.
and their are no lies.
When I'm without disguise.
Will you still hold my hand,
And love a imperfect woman?

When there are no lies,
When you see past my diguise,
When you see me with open eyes,
Will you still want to stand,
and love a imperfect woman?

Judy Arline Puckett

Christmas Time

Christmas is a wonderful time,
Bringing hearts together,
Like yours and mine.
Sending a star,
to brightly shine,
In our hearts a way to believe.
In the story of Christmas eve.
and the love the world can find,
Earth and heaven intertwine,
With Christmas time.

Judy Arline Puckett

God's Christmas Tree

The traveler told me,
That He had walked far.
And He knew,
He had not much father to go,

Than He asked me,

Did I see the Christmas tree,

With a bright star,
covered in blankets of snow,

Fighting for life,
against nature and man's war.
Needing to find peace for the soul,

Touched by a angel's tear.
Standing alone out in the cold.

Once there was a little Christmas tree,
Adorned with a heavenly star,
Covered with soft blankets of snow,
every year,
The little tree would grow.

Sometime someone would come along.
Leaving footprints in the falling snow,
When they are far from home,
Somewhere out in the cold.

They could see the star on the tree,
Covered with soft blankets of snow.
The little Christmas tree seems to glow.
Decorated By God's hand.
A gift for every man.
A soft light,
in the dark night,
Offering peace for the soul.

See God's Christmas tree,
Adorned with a heavenly star,
A reminder of love,
A star from above,
For the world to see.
God's Christmas tree.

He didn't choose the tallest.
tree in the forest.
He saw that little tree stand alone.
A place where the soul can rest,
While the traveler walks home.
Did you see?
God's Christmas tree.

Judy Arline Puckett

Imaginary Life

She would swim with the dolphins ,
In the sea,
In her dreams there is nothing she can't do or be,

She only wants to escape reality,
And for awhile she soars free,
Imaginary life,
sometime helps her escape,
The real world that surrounds her.
With her unknown fate,

She would soar the sky,
a butterfly,
A fairy tale princess,
who is saved,
By a knight in shining armor,
Making a cold lonely night seem warmer.

Than the morning comes,
and her dreams fade.
Reality awakens her in the sunrise,
Stealing her away from her imaginary life.
When she was a child,

Fairy tales had a happy ending,
And for awhile,
It was fun pretending,
But she learns to well,
Life is no fairy tale,
Sometime a princss never becomes a queen.

Only if she closes her eyes,
She can live her dream,
in a imaginary life,
Taking her away from reality,
She would swim with the dolphins in the sea.

Judy Arline Puckett

Jesus The Nazarene

The child of Joseph and Mary,
born a Nazarene,
Held in his mother's arms,
Held by His Father's dreams,
He would calm the storms,
He would reign king of kings,
In a manger born.
In a stable scene.
The child of Joseph and Mary,
born a Nazarene.
Like the star that was shining that night,
He would rise to be the world's light,
Most precious in His father's sight,
a lamb for the world
in a stable scene,
Was the child of Mary and Joseph,
born a Nazarene.
He would someday bare a cross,
for a world that is lost
and He would someday rise
above,
Open your eyes to the gift of love,
born in a stable scene.
He Id in His mother's arms,
safe from life's storms,
held by His father's dreams,
Jesus the Nazarene

Judy Arline Puckett

Mary's Joys And Sorrows

She couldn't see,
what tomorrow would bring,
There was no sorrow,
in her dream.
As she held her baby close,
a mother would sing,
Someday,
her child,
would grow,
up to become a king.

She held him close to her cheek,
As if she held a rose,
she would sing her child to sleep,
as she held him close.
Someday she would,
cry tears at His feet.
Mother don't you weep,
Your son will rise again.
Hear the angels sing,
Glory to the king.
The hopes of all of our tomorrows,
Is in Mary's joys and sorrows.

Judy Arline Puckett

Message From Santa

If it were in my powers,
I would bring peace and love,
To this world of ours,
But I don't have magic enough,
I can cross the sky,
and pass by the stars,
But I can't seem to stop,
Any of hatred's wars,
I see children on the street,
With no hope left,
in their frightened eyes.
So many homeless people
with no where to sleep.
And my heart cries.
I can't give the things they need,
Oh But God I would try.
I'm only a fantasy,
that once took wings to fly,
Some are deceived,
by the gifts that money can buy,
But those who truly believe,
see the gift with the heart,
not with the eye,
I sometime stop and go to my knees,
and pause,
and I too always pray,
That we will find a end to wars,
and live in peace one day.
For all those who believe in me,
I will continue my cause,
Across the stars,
over the wars,
On Christmas Eve,
For the hearts that still believe,
In Santa Claus,

Judy Arline Puckett

My Fate Is Sealed

The time and the date,
Sealed my fate.
YHWH
I now have salvation.
Such a sweet story of grace.
A promise that someday,
I'll see God's face.
Does it matter the time or the place?
My fate is sealed by grace.

What is a moment in time to God?
Infinite, and eternal,
All creation.
all things that exist,
The universe is His,
What words can explain?
His eternal flame?

Far beyond the stars I see God gaze,
My dreams are,
of walking through golden gates.
My fate is sealed by grace.

On a rose path that angels have trod,
Through this worldly maze,
I see through the haze,
of a heavenly place.
In my heart,
I feel God's embrace.
Sweet eternal waters,
I thirst to taste.
Someday,
I'll see God's face.
My fate is sealed by grace.

Judy Arline Puckett

Nature's Christmas Tree

I saw the most beautiful Christmas tree,
Adorned with a star,
For the world to see,
Standing proudly in the night,

On the top of the tree
Was a bright shining light,

Soft blankets of snow,
Covering the leaves,

This is the time,
For the world to find peace.

Inside the heart of that tree

there may be natures
Small creatures of the wild,

On top of the tree,
in the world so dark,

A star shines for the wonders
of man, woman and child,

The birds sing sweet songs,
That words can't speak,

Look into your heart,
For the truth you seek,

The proof is
The star
,
Shining through the trees,

Don't you think it's time
For the world to find some peace?

Look into the distance,
It shines near and far,

For the prince of peace
God sent a shining star

For the world to see

Look on top of Nature's Christmas tree

Judy Arline Puckett

On The Christmas Tree

She flew over the fallen snow,
Looking for the lonely soul,
Maybe it was for me,
I don't know.

I saw her light,
one cold Christmas night,
She flew over the forest,
With tears in her eyes,
She found a place to rest,
In the winter skies,
God looked down from above,
His heart was touched by her love,
He said I hope,
that the world sees.
A angel 's light,
shining though the trees,

It's Christmas time.
And God must smile,
For it's the birth day of His child,
He prays that the world,
will someday find peace.
As His heart finds sweet ease,
With the angel's light,
that He sees,
shining through,
His Christmas trees.

She looked up toward heaven,
with tears in her eyes,
She said.,
Im crying for all who,
doesn't know christ,
For those who are blind,
and need to see,
I shine a light,
on the Christmas tree.

It was a cold winter night,
that chilled to the bone,
When I saw the light,
now the angel is gone,
But I will always remember,
that she let me see,
The light of heaven,
on the Christmas tree.

Judy Arline Puckett

One More Star

You can't always find love
wishing on the stars,
You can't always win,
the battles of heartache's wars,
You stand in the shadows of yesterday,
to afraid to go into tomorrow,
The tears haven't gone away,
from yesterday's sorrow.

You have gone down dead end roads,
so many times in your life,
There is no map,
to tell you where to go,
as you drive with closed eyes.

You have tried all of the scenes,
searching all of the bars,
You have lost all of your dreams,
no more wishing on the stars,
You have worn gold rings,
without the value that meant,
And you found out,
Love doesn't pay the rent.

Sometime you feel like,
love isn't worth the cost,
Every time you loved,
it seems like you lost.
Leaving only a shadow in time,
and a battle to fight,
in your heart and your mind,
that you know you will never win,
Every road in life has come to a dead end,

So watch others wish on their stars,
And see others find their dreams,
As you fight your own private wars,
and throw away the brass ring.

Do you give up so easy,
or do you fight another fight.
Will you stand with a brave heart,
under the moonlight,
wherever you are,
and will you wish
for love
on one more star.

Judy Arline Puckett

Peace Poem

I cry like you cry,
I heard him say,
I love like you love,
and to God I pray,
Im just like you are,
With a tear in his eye,
He asked when is the end of war,
Where does peace lie?

I hope like you hope,
I heard him say,
I feel like you feel,
even though we are countries away,
I wish like you wish,
Under God's star,
And I pray,
for the end of war.

I bleed like you bleed,
my blood is red,
I'm afraid like you are,
With tears he said,
I cry when I'm alone in the dark,
I'm just like you are,

I have a heart,
I know that some of us will die,
If I had what I wish for,
there would be a end to war.
I cry like you cry,
I heard him say,
Where does peace lie?
Will we find it someday?

Judy Arline Puckett

Planted By The Afghanistan Woman's Gentle Hand

Planted by the Afghanistan woman's gentle hand
Almonds and apricots, cedar and cypress, pine and pistachio
Each seed brings a promise,
to a war torn nation,
Bringing forth trees.
to a barren land,
A hope for salvation.
a dream of peace,
planted by the Afghanistan woman's gentle hand.

In return she can feed her children.
and they can learn,
The world once again seems to turn.
toward a world of peace,
In a war torn nation.
bringing forth trees.
A hope for salvation.
a dream of peace
planted by the Afghanistan woman's gentle hand.
A gift given. that can grow,
Almonds and apricots, cedar and cypress, pine and pistachio
Seeking peace for the soul,
To a barren land.
Each seed brings a promise,
to a war torn nation,
Bringing forth trees.
to a barren land,
A hope for salvation.
a dream of peace,
planted by the Afghanistan woman's gentle hand.

so gentle so patient.
As she smiles in the gentle breeze,
her heart starts to feel sweet ease.
a dream of peace.
a hope for salvation.
in a war torn nation
In a barren land.
bringing forth trees.

planted by the Afghanistan woman's gentle hand.

For a country that bleeds,
she plants the seeds,
with a gentle hand,
The women of Afghanistan

Judy Arline Puckett

Prayer For Peace

Foreign winds blow across the sea,
Whispering bring peace to me,
The ocean brings sweet emotion,
that asks the storms to calm.
As the wind softly lifts the leaves of the palm.

The earth begs for wars to cease,
The wind whispers please live in peace,
The quest that God sends in the gentle breeze.

In the distant they play the war drum,
From the sky falls yet another bomb,
From the distance fires with another gun.
As we all search for where peace comes from.
With sweet regret for what war has done.

Rain falls and the earth bleeds
Washed away in the blood are life's seeds,
Mother earth begs and pleads,
For war to cease.
I join her on bended knees.
In a prayer for peace.

Judy Arline Puckett

The Heart Of A Tree

With branches reaching out as if for a embrace
The tree may bow to nature with grace.
He stands alone when the wind blows strong.
The leaves may fall, but the tree stands tall.
There are some things that the eyes can't see.
Like the heart of a tree.
In winter's cold chill, You can see the tree stand still.
Leaves are gone but the tree stands strong.
Until winter turns into spring and the birds begin to sing.
The leaves may fall, but the tree stands tall.
There are some things that the eyes can't see.
Like the heart of a tree.
Through storms and the wind. Bowing with a graceful bend,
Until the sun shines again, still standing at the end,
The tree is like a true friend.
The leaves may fall, but the tree stands tall.
There are some things that the eye can't see,
Like the heart of a tree.
The old Tree's secrets
How many lovers sat together under the old tree?
If only the tree could speak.
The stories would be of weary travelers
finding a place of peace, and dreams in their sleep.
Stolen moments of lovers, perhaps a sweet caress.
A young man with a ring, a young girl said yes.
Tree I only imagine, I enjoy the guess.
Gentle breezes that lifted the leaves
to let them gently fall to earth.
Misting rain to meet the tree's thirst,
Perhaps two trees inter-twined are
Two lovers that were curst.

Judy Arline Puckett

The Poet Weeps

She has her own way of crying,
Her tears fall in her words,
Sometime she feels them flying,
Like the soulful songs of the birds,
Some people's tears are salted,
As they fall on the cheeks,
Her tears are in the pen,
She writes what she weeps.

She cries the words of her heart,
Her tears come from out of her soul.
She writes quietly in the dark,
Of tears that never show.
A poet's tears fall,
Where they may not be heard.
With a pen she cries,
Each tear becomes the word.

She has her own way,
Of healing her broken heart.
The words come so easy in the dark.
Some people cry salted tears,
As they run down the cheeks,
Words are the tears,
That the poet weeps.

Judy Arline Puckett

The Story Of Trees

The story of trees From the beginning trees have played a important role in life,
from the tree of life, the tree with the forbidden fruit,
each story with a lesson to help us along the journey to find strength to stand
alone,
wisdom to stand together, and hope for life eternal through the cross.

;

:

/

One tree left
Once a forest now a field,
Once a thousand trees lived. Now one tree is left,
One tree standing by it's self

. Once there were too many trees for me to be counting,
They covered the top of a mountain,
They were the earth's wealth,

Now one tree is left One tree standing all by it's self.
Trees were caught up in a blaze,
And if we aren't careful one of these days,
We will see one tree left,
One tree standing all by it's self.

[illegible]

The heart of a tree

With branches reaching out as if for an embrace
The tree may bow to nature with grace.
He stands alone when the wind blows strong.
The leaves may fall, but the tree stands tall.

There are some things that the eyes can't see.
Like the heart of a tree. In winter's cold chill,
You can see the tree stand still.
Leaves are gone but the tree stands strong.

The World Needs A Santa Claus

I can give a child a toy,
I can leave a car or a doll,
But somewhere there is a little girl or boy,
That I can't make smile,
I haven't seen them in awhile,
Some say they live on the street,
It's hard for me to think of a child,
with nothing to eat.

I can read the Christmas list,
and laugh at what some ask for,
But I also cry,
When I pass over a war,
I don't know how they are started,
I just seen the broken hearted,
With tears in their eyes,
And a hopeless look I have never seen before,
What gifts can I bring
to the poor?
Can I offer them a dream.
Can I leave a open door?
I laugh at the list,
Some kids ask for,
Than I cry,
For the children of war.
Some lose their faith.
and no longer believe,
In the gift of love,
Or in me,
What can I give them,
On Christmas eve?
Can I bring peace,
to the hearts that grieve?
Such a big chore,
I've never carried before,
What hope can I leave,
to those who don't believe any more?
Some say that Christmas is now a lost cause,
But I still believe,

the world needs a Santa Claus.

Judy Arline Puckett

With The Heart, Of Santa Claus

I do not want to imagine
A world without Santa Claus,
He seems to bring
The spirit of Christmas
To every heart,
His flight across the stars,

Offers a peaceful night
From all wars.
Reminding all,
Of love's cause.
hearts soften in his call

I do not want to imagine
A world without Santa Claus.

He is the father of Christmas,
A spirit God has sent,
To remind us all
Of love's covenant.

The heart of a angel was meant
To lift up everyone that falls,

I do not want to imagine
A world without Santa Claus.

I know that God smiles.
At the joys of a child,
When Christmas time has embarked.
God has left His mark,
He sent to us all,
A sign in the malls

Look around and you will see.
The star on His tree,
Giving a light in the dark
Crossing the skies and seas

Bringing the world peace.

God has sent his mark
To us all
With the heart,
Of Santa Claus.

Judy Arline Puckett