

Poetry Series

Vanita Allgood
- poems -

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Vanita Allgood()

A Maiden He's Seeking

A Shulamite He's seeking as molten lava flows for the beauty of His love volcano bellows blow. In His temple day breaks and shadows flee.

A shulamite awakened His love stirring me. Oh barren are those whose hearts are not ravished by thee. A shulamite drinking from the waters flow, the bread of life she's feasting, intimacy of God to those below. Enthroned upon my heart is He, a shulamite I'll be. A covenant of blessings ransomed by He, as Jedidiah touches me.

Poems with love by Vanita P. Allgood

Vanita Allgood

Baby Baby Baby Mine

Baby, baby small and bright tiny beams of light. A Tiny rose petals so slight unfold you will I'd hope to be a guide; I'd hope to help your steps that they don't slide. Clumsy hands are mine but helped by God as He unfold the rose I hold that each petal will fall in time, baby, baby, baby mine.

I pray that I teach you gentleness, goodness and love for what blossom can survive without the rain that falls from God above, the good deep soil in Him may you root and rapidly climb. As I hold you in my arms I'm filled with hope because of the design I'll trust him to unfold our moments in time baby, baby, baby mine. In future year's thorns sharpen as they grow, for barbed thorns cut deep I pray that they be pruned away. The Keeper takes care that he remove those that hurt, the rose be bare its lovely fragrance to share. The yellow leaves get nutrients from above for the leaves expose the rose and the fragrance of its soul. You will develop with love in time baby, baby, baby mine.

Shall not the shoot of the root unfold another tiny fragrant rose to behold in time baby, baby, baby mine?

Someday you shall wither and die and bloom again with the Rose of Sharon in the sky since I've trusted God above for guidance and care that forever shall our love intertwine upon His vine, baby, baby, baby mine

Vanita Allgood

Eyes Of Chittim

Lovely eyes of Chittim in the Vale of Shiddim
Within each a need to reveal and a need to conceal
Because of the vulnerability we feel. As the wilderness, the desert, from the
depths of the earth so is the heart in desolation, the
Vile poured forth but never in isolation.
From the cleft of the rock, from the secret places
Of the earth, the aura is shadowed from coming forth.
Troubled waters beneath your gaze images to unfold and
What mysteries to behold, where stones have rippled the haze.
The dews dropp upon the heart graced with jewels And chains of gold, was never
made for any dart for the love that you gave,
Lovely eyes of Chittim in the Vale of Shiddim.

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Garden Of Eden

In the Garden of Eden I stand in the presence of the great IAM the power of the dying lamb. The fountain of his disdain shall forever loose its guilty stain. For the great I AM wore a thorn for a crown and as his blood mingled down. Love so great that His glory flows as His favor of Grace it bestows to every vessel below. Fellowship is sweet as under His altar we lie and at His feet the Mercy seat of purest gold the ark of holiness do we behold. Washed forever from Immanuel veins by His blood supply Abba Father do: we cry. Let me embrace the face of the Rock of Grace the presence of Yahweh cover all my disgrace. In His Righteous clothed he's pleadings for my soul the Intercessor of all our woes how humbling the infinite mercy, the Lord Jesus, the Eternal High Priest shows

Vanita Allgood

House Of Prayer

Do you have a hallowed place where you can call upon His grace? In His celestial place do you hear His voice or seek His face. From thy fount above fill my cup with love at heaven to eat thy word as meat above. Light my life with holy fire, consume the mire, be my passion and desire. Let these dry bones revive so the devil doesn't thrive, let him not build a wall to rise. Break the latchstrings upon every door that I might soar, let every evil to abhor. Let the partition be torn down, and every wall to frown, that I might obtain a crown. Let me refine my time that thy word is on my mind, you are my looking glass to show reflections that last not the brass. Let thy temple shine, a house of prayer as Thine let my lips awake in praise a holy time to enshrine.

Vanita Allgood

Mama

Behind every life a Weaver ultimately
stands shrouding His plan for every man.
Dark threads are needful in the Master's
skillful hands for He knows the pattern He has planned.

What tapestry in mama's heart He wove, the
sacrifice self was decomposed. Love was
her goal, to train me up in ways I went with
Mama the time was well spent. His tapestry thread
of gold.

I've learned life's lessons when I've
grieved with lashes wet that God's plans
are right. Each life closes into
night and death has fused out temporal
light that this time is perfectly right.

The Weaver is interweaving the silver in the horizon of night.
The loom of which she's wove can never be diffused by
temporal light, for in thee does she repose. A crown of Glory she holds, she's the
lily pure and white that He chose.

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Merry Christmas

Ho Ho Ho Merry Christmas said the fat fellow gleeful before me, while he was feasting and eating all the treats spread before him. The Clause Effect caused him to flee up the chimney, but he was so plumb that he took a dump and landed on me. As he was rising I looked and saw only one gift underneath the Christmas tree, that's when he said to me the Gifter of Christmas gives to thee I'm only a deliver you see, then what a wonder my eyes were opened, and I did see who brought this stuff and I looked again then there were three. Then, he said when you hear the jingling of my sleigh bell you will again see the magic of the Christmas spell upon which you have befall.

Vanita Allgood

Physical Therapy

Wow what shall I say if you are out of whack no one to care physical therapy dares?

In sacrifice and elements that push you on with hope they bring a new dawn.
When the doc.

Is done into therapy you are run. "PT" will fix you up. A little adhesive to your
capsulitis or spine

surgery because of degenerative arthritis. Relax she winked at me as she
grabbed me with

both hands and stood me up as pain shot thru me. Lay down as she twisted
again with chain and

whip you need to straighten up. No poppycock you'll do as I say if you want to
walk another day.

They are not done but I am better and on my way because of physical therapy
today.

Vanita Allgood

The Black Rose

I've kissed the petal of the black rose as the morning dew blushed its black hue. I felt a passion beyond anything I knew, a flame, a fire, a burning desire for the black rose its petals to unfold, its beauty to behold. Your Love had me entangled upon your vine I dangled, Chained to the black rose petals I wrangled. Upon your bed in the early dew I found a colored rose petal, another heart that throbbed for you a flame that burned now an amber. Who too had thought you true and kissed the black rose petals blushing hue. Those barbed thorns upon your vine; so sharp; the lies, the deceit, the cheat; they cut, tear, bleed and don't prepare for the hurt they leave. Bold and daunting were you in your haunting. I wanted love but it was my soul you stole. In the ice cold blight of the winter night the black rose had froze. I cried, in the glistening icy snow; for the black rose had no heart to with stand the blight of that winter night. What it had was a cold heart with sharp thorns to enfold, the last cold kiss of death on the black rose shows I have no love to share or hold.

Vanita Allgood

The Cowboy Way

Watch those buckaroos lose their insides when saddled to a wild one untied it's
fer a sight when they ride. Yiddy -up was the wail when a bull of a devil left his
trail some kinda fight on the road to hell.

No wonder I headed for Whiskey Row with some forty drinks down below sure is
thunder in your hole will rock your soul as you face the mighty cold.

Strums my guitar and softly singing as the cowboys are around the camp fire
ringing as the fire is blazinin another day is hazing. Got the notion for prayin as
another cowboy was payin and he was sayin

Lord ya know the deeds I've done and in the shadows I have hung I just wanted
to be thankful for meeting me on this fateful day and in thy range I will forever
stay.

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The Festival Of Lights

A flame ignited the star that led to Bethlehem's light, the same flame that ignites in every heart on Christmas night. The celebration of His life that candles are bright, a gift of love packaged just right. Was it not the nativity scene, the babe in the manger, that angels harp and sing and golden bells ring welcoming the King. Jesus is the festival of lights for His ornaments are so bright upon every Christmas tree an emblem of love alight for thee. Red embodies the supreme sacrifice of Christ upon the cross by He, the sardius stone, a majestic heart set aflame, His transcendent light so we sing silent night. (Yahalom) Diamond of white speaks of purity, translucent prism of holy light reflecting the Shekinah fire bright. When Shiloh, the obedient one, came forth He set the yellow and orange aglow as a holy fire took course, when the Bright and Morning Star broke forth. Blue is a manifestation of the new birth, a new creation thenceforth, the King of Kings proposed to His ransomed bride, my throne by my side you will sit forever and reside. (Yashpeth) Eternal life is sprung because of the triumph that Christ has won. The Sparkling emerald throne is where glory of Lamb of God is shown.

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The Turmoil Of Life

The turmoil of life with the whirl of the world, only Christ can wither the swirl.
Break forth my beloved child; and drink not this dredge, lift the horn of
righteousness, for I am your hedge. Grab a promise stand in faith, bend your
knee and you'll see the victory. For who but thee can stop the clamor of the
enemy and set the boundary. While they plunder, Jesus transcends like thunder,
casting all the whirls and swirls of the world asunder. For is it not part of His
salvation to put all things under stand aside see His wonder.

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White Rose

I beheld your face and saw my white rose embrace her last breath in death. The betrayal I'd shown, the deceit of it cried and the plight of my innocent bride now in her coffin lies. I pierced the heart of her love when I tried another for a sex ride and lied and now I can't hide. In her note it said with another I'll not share my bed I'd rather be dead. Her funeral today the white rose petal tips did settle a pillow for her head. The tears I weep will forever seep for the bride I was to wed. I justified, cheated, rationalized and minimized the depth of her love, chided and betrayed a love that had much better roots than I. Forever from this selfish sickness die inside where pride and lust lie. By the grace of God release the guilt inside in faith I hope to say to my white rose again someday forgiveness is the way and White rose of purity I pray in your hands she does lay.

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