Poetry Series

Athena Goddess of Wisdom Lumis Light to all - poems -

Publication Date: 2009

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Athena Goddess of Wisdom Lumis Light to all(May 09,1989)

Born in Manases, Virgina, moved to N.C at the age of two. I was plased in fostercare at the age of three and a half. I was adopted at the age of seven on December 20. It was a perfec cristmas present. I like to walk on the beach at night, looking at the stars, wathing tv, reading books of poetry and other works. I like adventure stories, mysteries, and action. I also like moves that are like The Lord of The Rings, and Harry Potter. My faverit tv shows are Smallville, Supernatural, The Nanny, Rosseane, The Vampier Dieries, Buffy The Vampire Slayer, Angel, and Charmed. My Faverit anima shows are: Fulmetal Alchemist, Naruto, and Inuwasha. Please excuse my spelling.

"ecce In Deserto"

"Ecce in Deserto"
By Henry Augustin Beers

"Ecce in Deserto"

The wilderness a secret keeps
Upon whose guess I go:
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard;
And yet I know, I know.

Some day the viewless latch will lift, The door of air swing wide To one lost chamber of the wood Where those shy mysteries hide, -

One yet unfound, receding depth, From which the wood—thrush sings, Still luring in to darker shades, In—in to colder springs.

There is no wind abroad to—day.

But hark! - the pine—tops' roar,

That sleep and in their dreams repeat

The music of the shore.

What wisdom in their needles stirs? What song is that they sing? Those airs that search the forest's heart, What rumor do they bring?

A hushed excitement fills the gloom, And in the stillness, clear The vireo's tell—tale warning rings: "'Tis near—`tis near- `tis near!"

As, in the fairy—tale, more loud
The ghostly music plays
When, toward the enchanted bower, the prince
Draws closer through the maze.

Nay—nay. I track a fleeter game, A wilder than ye know, To lairs beyond the inmost haunt Of thrush or vireo.

This way it passed: the scent lies fresh; The ferns still lightly shake. Ever I follow hard upon, But never overtake.

To other woods the trail leads on,
To other worlds and new,
Where they who keep the secret here
Will keep the promise too.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat. Norville. Critics are welcomed.

A Mother

A mother forgives the wrong.

A mother forgets transgressions.

A mother is always there. A mother always watches out for her young.

> A mother loves so strongly. A mother has a love that is deep.

A mother understands like no other. A mother gives advice when none is asked.

A mother knows when her young are upset.

A mother gives like no other.

A mother remembers the important things.

A mother protects her young.

A mother rebukes, but not to harshly.

A mother cares.

A mother is a mother like no other. Thank you mom for just being you.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat. Norville. Cretics Welcome.

A Mother's Love Is So Strong

A mother's love is so strong.

It goes beyond what is broken.

It goes beyond what was said and done.

A mother's love is so strong.

It goes beyond the sadness.

It goes beyond the anger.

A mother's love is so strong.

It goes beyond the hurt.

It goes beyond the scars.

A mother's love is so strong.

It sooths the heart.

It sooths the pain.

A mother's love is so strong.

It can calm a storm.

It can calm a sea.

A mother's love is so strong.

It runs like a river.

It flows like a stream.

A mother's love is so strong.

It never gets tired.

It goes on and on.

It never ends.

A mother's love is so strong.

It rebukes.

It guides.

A mother's love is so strong.

Thank you mom for your love.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat. Norville.

Cretics Welcome.

A Poet's Song

A poet's song
Is one of singing.

A poet's song
Is one of felling.

A poet's song
Is one of thanksgiving

A poet's song
Is one of understanding.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat. Norville. Cretics Welcome.

All Paths Lead To The Same Goal

All paths lead
To the same goal
To convey to others
What we are.

And we must pass Through solitude And difficulity, Isolation, And silence,

In order to reach forth
To the enchanted place
Where we can dance
Our clumsy dance
And sing
Our sorrowful song.

Words by Pablo Nerda.

And drived into poetry the way that I Natasha wanted it to be.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat. Norville. Cretics Welcome.

As The Traveler

As the traveler,
Who has once
Been from home
Is wiser
Than he
Who has never left
His own doorstep.

So a knowledge
Of one other culture
Should sharpen our ability
To scrutinize more steadily,
To appreciate more lovingly,
Our own.

-MARGARET MEAD

Beach

The waves come in and go out.
Standing at the edge of the beach
I can imagine the peace that is around me.
Standing on the edge of the beach
I place my feet in to the water
And I listen to the waves.
As they come and go.

The waves come in and go out.
Standing on the edge of the beach
I watch as the sun goes down,
Saying good-night to me
And the moon comes out
Saying hello.
And the waves still come and go.

The waves come in and go out.
And there is a peace like never before.
A gentle and loving peace
That surrounds me
Incloseing me,
In its gentle arms.

The waves come in and go out.

I stand at the edge listening
And I hear them calling
"Come in" they seem to say
And so I must
Otherwise the creatures of the sea
Will come and carry me away.

The waves come in and go out.
They call my name.
The creatures gather
When they hear my name.
I am a creature of the sea,
And of the water.

The waves come in and go out.

They call out my name.
The creatures gather
Chanting my name
Waiting for me to come
And help them.
For I am their queen
They say.

The waves come in and go out;
Drawing me to the water.
All the creatures of the sea come to me.
I am their protector,
And queen.
I am a creature of the sea,
And of the water.

Critics welcome Friends welcome!

Big Rat, Big Rat

Big rat, big rat
Do not eat my millet!

Three years I have served you, But you will not care for me.

I am going to leave you And go to that happy land; Happy land, happy land, Where I will find my place.

FROM THE BOOK OF SONGS

Danger My Husband

When danger comes my way, I do not fear him.
For I am fearless.
Though danger comes at me, From all directions,
I do not fear him.
For I know that
I am not alone.
Though danger comes at me,
So fast that I do not see him,
I do not fear him.
For I am strong.
And mighty.

When danger comes my way, I do not fear him For I know what he wants. He wants me to be his wife. And I have no choice but to follow Because if dose not have me Than no, one will. For he is jealous. He wants me all for himself. He will not let anyone else have me. He will cause danger for them Before they can take me away. For I am his and his alone. And I tell him. That he is mine and mine alone. No one else shall have you As long as I shall live.

When danger comes at me.
I do not fear Him.
For He is my husband.
And I his wife.
Though he was cruel
In the beginning.
I find myself

Loving him more and more.

Author note I wrote this on October 10,2008.

Critic welcome!

Desert Spirit

I roamed in the desert
The sand is before me
I continue on my path,
Then a castle rises in front of me.

I see a prince in the garden
His hair is gold like the sun
His eyes the color of the sky
His cloak the color of midnight
And upon his head is a crown of silver stars.

He looks up from a wounded animal and he sees me.

I can see the sadness in his eyes.

I ask him if the animal is dead

He says no, and I offer to help

His eyes start to sparkle

I go to the wounded animal and pray

The wound is healed

The prince then looks at me

And I can see the love in his eyes

He asks if I would like a tour of the castle,

I say yes

We talk for hours about different subjects
As we go into the garden that night
I felt I was in love with this prince
He asks if I would like to stay with him
My answer is yes.

He then takes a cloak and puts it around me The cloak is the color of the sky. He also takes a crown of gold stars And puts it on my head

I have fallen in love with a spirit Who has in return loved me He is known as Desert Spirit He is Jesus Christ The Lord God Almighty.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

Destiny

Each of us has a destiny, For the good of mankind, Or for the destruction of it.

We chose our own destiny, No one else can chose it for us.

Do not let others influence you
To change what you want
Your destiny to be.
Because
You will lose sight of the road
To your destiny.

So stick to your choice
Of what your destiny will be
And you shall see
That you will do
The incredible.

Critics Welcome

Do Not Fear

Do not fear My friends For I am here Do not fear

Do not fear
My friends
For although I may be dead
All is not lost.

Do not fear My friends Consider me to be sleeping For I sleep, but for a while.

Do not fear My friends All is not lost For I am here

Do not fear My friends For I am here Waiting for you to speak.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

Do You See What I See?

Do you see what I see?
The wind moving through the trees.
Do you hear what I hear?
It is the voice of God calling to you.

Do you see what I see?
The trees moving in the wind.
Do you hear what I hear?
It is the voice of God calling to you.

Do you see what I see?
Blood drenches the world.
Do you hear what I hear?
It is the voice of the world calling to you.

Do you see what I see?
The plants and animals dying.
Do you hear what I hear?
It is the voice of God calling to you.
Calling to you, calling to you
To save the world of the death
That comes this way of the age.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

Faith Comes, Hope Comes, Love Comes, Sin Comes

Faith comes, From the heart. Hope comes, From the Bible. Love comes, From the people. Sin comes, From the Devil, Sin can erase All faith, Hope, And love. Salvation comes, From God. God can Erase all sin, And give you Faith, Hope,

And love.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

Father Forgive

Father forgive,
The hatred which divides
Nation from nation
Race from race
And class from class.

Father forgive,
The covetous desires
Of people and nations
To possess
What is not their own.

Father forgive,
Our greed which
Exploits the work,
Of human hands
And lays waste to the Earth.

Father forgive, Our envy, Of the welfare And happiness Of others.

Father forgive,
Our indifference,
To the plight
Of the imprisoned
The homeless
And the refugee.

Father forgive,
The lust which
Dishonors the bodies
Of men, women,
And children.

Father forgive, The pride which leads us, To trust in ourselves And not in God.

Fear Not

I have so many enemies.

To many to count.

They come with spears and swards.

They come with horses.

They come with ill words.

They come from all directions.

They come and pursue me.

They come to over take me.

But in there hast they have forgotten my God.

My God is angry with them.

He will make my enemies fall.

They will run with fear of God.

My God takes me up in his wings.

He holds me in his arms.

He tells me "Fear not my child."

From The Past To The Future

From the past to the future
From the future to the past
It's comforting to know
That I am not alone.
For my God is there
To help me, to guide me.
He was there in the past
He will be there in the future
To all of those
Who believe in Him.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

God Help!

God Help!
I feel like a Failure
Help to understand
Why it is that fail
Where others have succeeded
Why do I fail at everything?

God Help!
My despair is great
I have failed
Where others have succeeded
I have failed.

God Help!
Help me now
Only you can
Help me now
No one else can.

God Help!
I have tried
To please me parents
But I just can't
I have tried
To please my teachers
But I just can't
I have tried
And still I fail.

God Help!
Why do I fail
At everything that I do
Why do I fail?
Why?
Why?
Am I that dim-witted?
Am I that dumb?
Why can't I pass?
Why?

Why?

God Help! Help me Show me Why?

God Made Friends

God made friends
Because stories, dreams
Hugs and prayers
Are meant to be shared.

God made friends
To remind us
To laugh a lot
And be silly sometimes...

God made friends
To help us feel
Loved and accepted
Just the way we are.

God made friends To shine His love in our lives In a very special way.

I got this poem from a card that was sent to me by a friend and i feelt that it sould be shared because it is true. Athena

Happiness Is

Happiness is like a river flowing down from heven.

Happiness is like a brook that has the sound of peace.

Happiness is like a bunch of flowers in a medow.

Happiness is like a dove souring through the sky.

Happiness is being nice to an enemy even when it is hard.

Happiness is a box of chocolates on Valintines Day.

Writen on May 19,2004

He Said

He said, That he loved me. That I was his everything.

But in the end, He was lying He never loved me.

He Said, That he loved me That I was his sun and moon.

But In the end He was lying He never loved me.

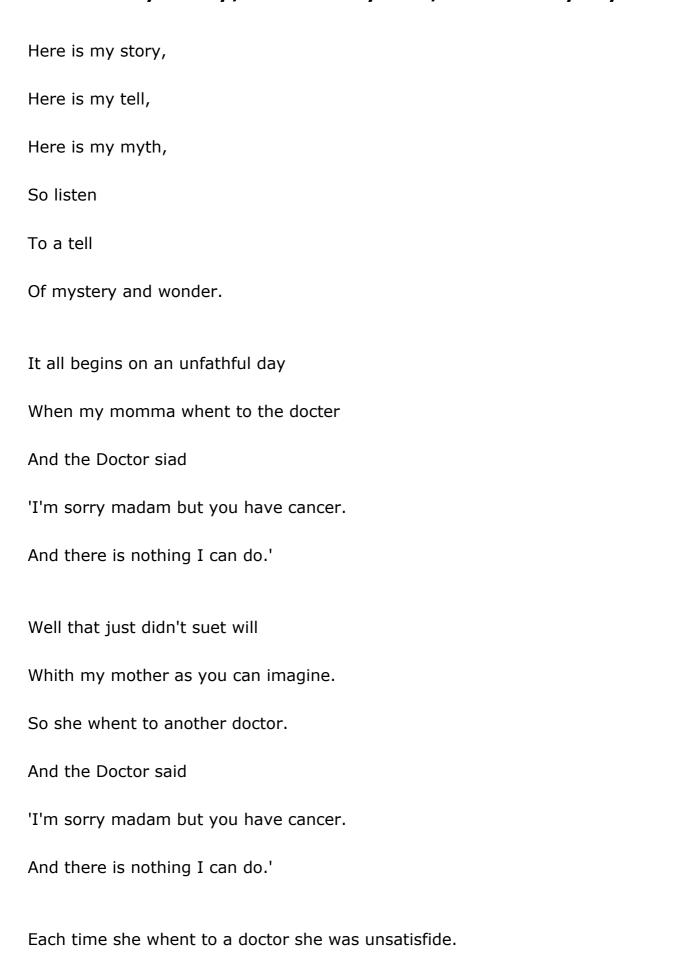
He said, That he loved me. That he would do anything for me.

But in the end, He was lying, He never loved me.

He said, That he loved me, That he would protect me.

But in the end,
He was lying,
He never loved me.
He never protected me.
He never loved me.

Here Is My Story, Here Is My Tell, Here Is My Myth



For each time she whent to a doctor
They said the verey same thing.
I found myself losing faith.
But then came that sweet day
When she found a doctor who would oporate
On that sweet day
When the doctor at Duke University said
I can do an oporation.
I begain to have faith.
My mom did the oporation
And since then the cancer as not come back.
That's my mom for you
She's a fighter;
A surviver.
I guss it wasn't her time to go
So she was heilled.
That's the end
Of my story
Of my tell

Of this myth

There isn't eny more to tell

Of how my mom servived an illness

That should have killed her.

Critics welcome

Hope Is

Hope is, A Light that shines forever On what you know And on what you will learn.

Hope is
Knowing that although the world
Falls apart around you.
You still have something to cling to.

Hope is
That capacity
That understanding,
Which separates humans from the animal.

Hope is,
Knowing that you have a friend
To talk to
To trust
And that will understand were you come from.

Hope is,
In Jesus
Who is friend to all.
And understands your pain and suffering.

Hope is Light.
Light is Knowing.
Knowing is Understanding.
Understanding is in a Friend
And a Friend is in Jesus.
And Jesus is Light.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

I Am

I am a lioness Strong and fearless.
I am a lion Ferocious and tame.
I am a tiger With anger I strike.
I am a cheetah With speed I defend.
I am a fox Cunning and silent.
I am a pantherIn the dead of night I walk.
I am an owl Wise in battle.
I am a mountain That stands strong.
I am a tree That grows tall.
I am a sword My aim is true.
Protector and guardian of my owner.
The Lady that strikes in the dark.
The Lady that turns despair into light.

I Am Alone (Part One)

I am alone
In a world
Where my friends
Have left me.

I am alone
In a world
Where my best friend
Has left the school.

I am alone
In a world
Where my friends
Have lost understanding.

I am alone
In a world
That I have
No one to turn to.

I am alone Lost forevermore In a world Where darkness hides.

I am alone
In a world
Felled with doubt and despair.
And no understanding.

I am alone
My best friend
Does not come.
I am alone.

I am alone
My best friend
Is lost to me
I am alone.

I am alone She understood me More than the rest. I am alone.

I am alone We understood each other We went through the same things. I am alone.

I am alone Now that she is gone The rest cannot see What she could.

I am alone Now that she is gone The rest cannot see That I am alone.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

I Am Alone (Part Two)

I am alone
Alone, alone
Artily alone.
I cry out
For help,
For understanding,
For a friend,
But no one hears.

I go to my death
All alone.
I am alone
In a world
Where I am
Lost to my friends.
It seems I must travel this road
Alone with no one to turn to.

I am alone
In a world
Where my friends
Have left me
To die from
A heavy hart.
I am alone
My friends are not my friends.

There are a few that I can name They have stayed with me. As long as they can. Now that they have left.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

I Am The

I Am The By Susan Cooper Author of Silver on the Tree

I am the womb
Of every holt,
I am the blaze
On every hill,
I am the queen
Of every hive,
I am the shield
For every head,
I am the tomb
Of every hopeI am Eirias
[The sword]!

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

I Have Come From The Sea To Seek...

I have come from the sea
To seek out those in need
They run and hide from you
But if I talk to them
They will come out of hiding
They will follow me and listen to me.
They hide from you
Because you rebuke them.
They follow me
Because I show them love.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

I Have Come...

I have come from the sea.
I have come from the sky.
My voice is like the sea
My eyes the color of the sky.

And I am here on Earth,
To do Gods biding.
The people of the Earth
Have turned away from God.

The people of the Earth need a leader I shall be that leader And lead the people of the Earth Back to God.

By my voice, They will follow. I shall not give up on the People of the Earth.

They shall remember me, As Galadriel Lady of Light. And they shall remember my teachings They will pass them down To their children.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

I Have Nothing...

I have nothing
I have nothing
I am alone
My friends have left me.
I have nothing
I have nothing
To cling to
Not even my life.

Everything I have done
Turns out to be wrong
I cry in secret
And no one knows
The truth
Of my sorrows
I hide away
From all people.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

Lean On Jesus

Lean on Jesus, He has suffered for you. Lean on Jesus He knows who you are.

Lean on Jesus He is savior of all. Lean on Jesus He cries with you.

Lean on Jesus
He is brother of all.
Lean on Jesus
He is just.

Lean on Jesus
He is Judge of all.
Lean on Jesus
He comforts all.

Lean on Jesus He guides you. Lean on Jesus He protects you.

Lean on Jesus His friendship endures. Lean on Jesus And all will be well.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

Listen To The Exhortation Of The Dawn!

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn! By KALIDASA

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!
Look to this Day!
For it is Life, the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the
Verities and Realities of your Existence.
The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action,
The Splendor of Beauty;
For Yesterday is but a Dream,
And To-morrow is only a Vision;
But To-day well lived makes
Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well therefore to this Day!
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn!

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

My Anger Controls Me

My anger controls me Controls all aspects of my life Inside and outside There is no escape Those who know me will Well stay away For my anger I will unleash upon them And the world would suffer with them I give them a stare That says plainly 'Don't disturb me or you die.' So all my friends Are effected by My anger. And in the end I will stand-alone.

Forever in my anger.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

My Name Is Isabella

My name is Isabella
My hair is white as snow.
My eyes are red like blood.
I wonder freely in the woods.
I were a green dress for nature,
And a red sash for blood of the land.

I am a which of great power.
But my power is not my own
It comes from God and God alone.
I am the Lady of the forest.

Be ever wornd
Only the one that is pure of heart
Can pass through my land unharmed
While the one that wishs ill upon my land
Well not pass through safely.

My name is Isabella, And I am Queen Queen of nature. I am protecter, Profider of all nature.

And all of nature
Worships me and my God.
They bow be fore me
And in retern for my protection
They shall protect me.
My forest lives in Harmany
It is a Utopia
For all living things.

My Name Is Qalme-Tari

My name is Qalme-Tari Mistress of Death. Were I go People will follow.

My name is Qalme-Tari Mistress of Death. Were I go Death follows.

My name is Qalme-Tari Mistress of Death. I bring death Upon people of injustice.

My name is Qalme-Tari Mistress of Death. Death for people of injustice. Tyrants beware!

My name is Qalme-Tari Mistress of Death. Dictators beware I come for thee.

My name is Qalme-Tari Mistress of Death. Kidnapers beware I come for thee.

My name is Qalme-Tari Mistress of Death. Child abusers beware I come for thee.

My name is Qalme-Tari Mistress of Death. For those of injustice I am Death. My name is Estela Mistress of Hope For those of purity I am Hope

My name is Qalme-Tari Mistress of Death. The in just Shall flee before me.

My name is Estela Mistress of Hope The pure Shall follow me.

My name is Qalme-Tari Mistress of Death. My name is Estela Mistress of Hope Were I go People will flee. Were I go People will follow.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat. Norville. Cretics Welcome

Nature Destroys Nature

Nature destroys Nature in storms and earthquakes
Man destroys man on the battlefield
And man destroys Nature because of the blood that they shed
Sinks, to the center of the Earth
Man destroys Nature far more worse
Than Nature destroys it's self

Therefore we must do
What we can
To save Nature
Before it's completely destroyed
And therefore,
Leaving us with nothing to cherish.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat. Norville. Cretics Welcome

Nighttime

The Moon shines brite tonight.

The stars shine as if they where smilling down upon us.

The crikets' songs fill the air tonight.

The crikets seem to say hello and good-bye.

The wolf's howl is sorrowful tonight as if he lost his lover.

The owl hoos so strongly saying hello to the night.

The nightime brize brings the smells of lilys and roses.

The Moon shines brite tonight.

She smilles down upon us.

She whatches us sleep.

She whatches us all through the night.

No Matter How Old Or Young

A mother forgives

```
A mother forgets.

No matter

How old

Or how young

She forgives

She forgets.
```

A mother forgives
A mother forgets.
She is always there.
No matter
How old
Or how young
She is always there.

A mother forgives
A mother forgets
A mother is always there.
A mother protects her young.
No matter
How old
Or how young
She always protects her young.

On The Day Of The Dead...

On The Day Of The Dead Written by Susan Cooper writer of The Dark Is Rising Sequence

On the day of the dead, when the year too dies,
Must the youngest open the oldest hills
Through the door of the birds, where the breeze breaks.
There fire shall fly from the raven boy,
And the silver eyes that see the wind,
And the Light shall have the harp of gold.

By the pleasant lake the Sleepers lie, On Cadfan's Way where the kestrels call; Though grim from the Grey King shadows fall, Yet singing the golden harp shall guide To break their sleep and bid them ride.

When light from the lost land shall return, Six Sleepers shall ride, six Signs shall burn, And where the midsummer tree grows tall By Pendragon's sword the Dark shall fall.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat Norville. Cretics Welcome

Seek Counsel

Seek counsel From a friend Whom you trust Most dearly.

Seek counsel From a teacher Who knows more About life than you.

Seek counsel
From a wolf
Who has had a hard life
Always working from the bottom to the top.

Seek counsel From an owl The wisest Of all animals.

Seek counsel From the cunning fox. Who always gets What he desirers.

Moral within this poem.

Seek counsel amongst friends,

Seek counsel among the wisest of people,

Seek counsel among the enemy,

All of whom has wisdom beyond your years.

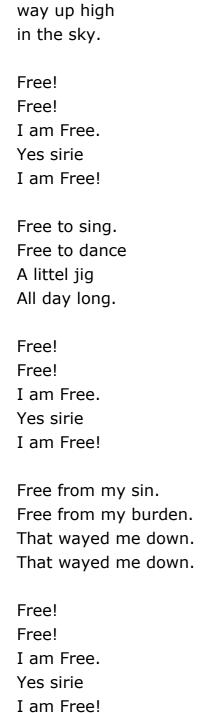
I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat. Norville. Cretics Welcome

Song Of Freedom

Free!

I am Free. Yes sirie I am Free!

Free to fly Free to sor



Free to fly.

Free to sor.

Free to sing.

Free to dance.

Free from my sin.

Free from my burden.

Free!

Free!

I am Free.

Yes sirie

I am Free!

Sympathy To A Friend

God hears our prayers,
Even when we can't
Find words to say them.
May it comfort your heart
To know that God sees your Sorrow,
And that He cares for you.

God knows every sorrow,
He dries every tear.
In your hour of sorrow,
Wishing you the strength of God's Love,
The shelter of his arms,
And the security of His peace.

In every shadowed valley,
God is with us, leading us to the light.
Praying that God will lead you,
Through this sad time
And give you His Mercy and Grace.

No one understands
The heart's cry for comfort like Jesus.
Praying that he love of Jesus
Will surround you
With the peace you are seeking
During this time of sorrow.

The World Is Changing

The world is changing I see it, In the Earth, And in the sky.

The world is changing I hear it, In the waters, And in the rain.

The world is changing I fell it,
Deep within the Earth.
And within all Nature.

The world,
As we know it today,
Is changing.
Are you ready for it?

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat. Norville. Cretics Welcome

The World Spins

The world spins
Out of proportion
It spins around
It never stops
There is nothing
That can be done.
The world spins
Out of proportion

With the hatred
And the anger
And the sloth
And the greed
And the envy
And the gluttony
And the war.

The world spins
Out of proportion.

Those Who Love And Those Who Labor

Those who love and those who labor follow in the way of Christ;
Thus the first disciples found him, thus the gift of love sufficed.

Lo, the Prince of common welfare dwells within the market strife;
Lo, the bread of heaven is broken in the sacrament of life.
All thanks to God who blesses us with life's richest blessings.

I got this from our Church bulletin.

I am Qalme Tari Mistress of Death Nat. Norville. Cretics Welcome

To Be Born....

To be born is certain death

To the dead, birth is certain

It is not right that you should sorrow For what cannot be avoided....

If you do not fight this just battle You will fail in your own law

And in your honor,

And you will incur sin.

FROM THE BHAGAVAD GITA

To Have A Chair

To have a chair
To set and think
O! what a great thing
Just to set and think
About the world.
About the nations
About what is good or bad.
What do people do?
How do they run their componies?

To have a chair
To set and think
O what a great thing
Just to set and think
About all the things
That make up the world.

To See A World

To see a world,

Turn apart
By drought, and war.
By a dictator who cares
Only for himself
Will bring a tear
To ones eye.

To see a world
Brought together
By the determination
To rid the world
Of such evil
Will bring joy
To ones heart.

I am Qalme-Tari Mistress of Death Nat. Norville Cretics Welcome

War! War! War!

War! War! War! Is all that people talk about.

War! War! War! Is all that people think about.

War! War! War! Is all that we hear about.

War! War! War! Nobody cares for what it deos.

War! War! War! Nobody listens to warnings.

War! War! War! Nobody hears the cries of pain.

War! War! War! Nobody hears the cries of death.

War! War! War! Is a nasty thing.

War! War! War! Blood drenches the Earth.

War! War! War! It goes on for generations, forever, nerverending.

War! War! War! It destroys lives.

War! War! War! It destroys hopes.

War! War! War! It destroyes dreams for peace.

War! War! War! O how I hate it so!

Writen on May 19,2004.

Was Unterschiedet

Was unterschiedet By Goethe

Was unterschiedet
Gotter von Menschen?
Dass viele Wellen
Vor jenen wandeln
Ein ewiger Strom
Uns hebt die Welle
Verschlingt die Welle
Und wir versinken.

What is the difference
Between gods and humans?
That many waves before each
From an eternal stream
The waves lift us up;
The waves overcome us,
And we are swept away.

Critics are welcomed. Please vote!

We Are...

We Are, All of us Made by war.

Twisted And Warped

By war,

But We Seem To forget

It.

BY DORIS LESSING

What Is Life Without Love?

What is life without love?
We would not know happiness.
We would not know sadness.
We would be enemies.
We would be fighting over little things.

We would be at war constantly.

We would be angry every waking hour.

We would be separated.

Without love,

We will be reduced to nothing.

Where There Is Sword Fighting

Where there is sword fighting there is danger. Where there is sword fighting there is courage. Where there is sword fighting there is adventure. Where there is sword fighting there is cabbage.

The soldiers well eat anything at war.

There well be clash and clang of sword and spear.

There well be hoof beats of danger at war.

And the soldier's spear well go through an ear.

Nobody cares for what it does to men. Nobody hears the cries of suffering. Nobody cares that it well cause a killin'. The women well provide for the hurting.

The wives of the soldiers well have to sow. I am against war; I dislike it so.

Whispers Of Heavenly Death

Whispers of Heavenly Death By Walt Whitman

Whispers of Heavenly Death
Whispers of heavenly death murmur'd I hear
Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,
Footsteps gently ascending,
Mystical breezes wafted soft and low,
Ripples of unseen rivers,
Tides of a current
Flowing, forever flowing.
(Or is it the splashing of tears?
The measureless waters of human tears?)

I see, just see skyward, great cloud—masses; Mournfully, slowly they roll, Silently swelling and mixing, With at times a half-dimm'd sadden'd far—off star, Appearing and disappearing.

(Some partition rather, Some solemn immortal birth, On the frontiers to eyes impenetrable, Some soul is passing over.)

Critics are welcomed. Please vote!

With Out

With out suffering, We would not know pain.

With out pain, We would not know sadness.

With out sadness, We would not know hatred.

With out hatred,
We eould not know anger.

With out anger, We would not know war.

With out war, We would not know God.