

Poetry Series

Cecelia Weir

- poems -



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Cecelia Weir(March 19,1955)

Cecelia Weir, was born into this realm for this purpose; March 19th,1955, in Kennedy, Alabama.

American Published Author, Singer, Musician, Song Writer, Orator, Composer, Recording Artist, TV and Radio Commercial Artist, Businesswoman, and Philanthropist.

Born to a single Mother; Cecelia was blessed with a voice for singing and the gift of playing piano. With faith in God she joined the New Grove Baptist Church and was baptized at age 5. Her Grandmothers ability to play piano influenced Cecelia to study music. Being taught in the Concert and Marching bands while attending high school and later attending Springer's Music Studio gave Cecelia the satisfaction of her hearts desire to play piano, flute and guitar. Cecelia has served as a musician for over 62 years of her life. She trained church choirs and played piano in the states of Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi, before the age of 19. Then Arkansas and Tennessee after moving to Memphis in 1976. She prides herself in being former church Minister of Music for over 20 years, and only missing two Sundays. Which the church was closed due to inclement weather. And she still says, 'I'm Not Tired, Yet'.

At the age 21, February of 1977, Cecelia Founded Cecelia Weir Ministries, Inc. Her Ministry served in the community and sometimes abroad, assisting in the needs of transportation, medical assistance, food, clothing, scholarship fund and etc. This was before health insurances and providers were prevalently available to many ethnic groups. Friends in labor was Dr. Sudah Prasad, that gave many free physical examinations to the elderly and children. Dr. Kevin Woo of Beloate Drug Store, who allowed and provided Cecelia with an account for those who didn't have funds for medication. Bro. Eddie Harrington provided transportation to doctors appointments and grocery store dashes. Once she was asked by someone she had reached out to, 'Why was she doing this? ' She replied, 'Because the Lord, suggested that I do it'.

Dr. Weir's studies include; Penn Foster College, Ambassadors Bible College, Moody Bible Institute and National Baptist Institute, American Detective Institute and etc.

Dr. Weir has served as Executive Administrative Assistant for Outreach Baptist Church and Genesis Ministries Inc, Associate/Assistant Pastor for Taylor Chapel Baptist Church.

As a Poet, Musician, Community Worker and Sworn Officer of the Law; Cecelia Weir has received countless awards and certificates which includes the Shakespearean Award, Pulitzer Prize Nomination, Who's Who Worldwide and several Editors Choice Awards. Cecelia was inducted into the International Poetry Hall of Fame in 2002. Cecelia also received recognition From the Most Eminent Queen of England: Queen Elizabeth Windsor. Two Presidents of the United States of America: President Ronald Reagan and President George W. Bush Jr., Tennessee Governor Ned Ray McWherter; Magistrates, Judges and etc. She holds many Honorary Certificates which include Lieutenant Governor of Tennessee. Her Awards; on National, State and Local Governments are numerous. Cecelia, always with an humble smile; Also includes exhibits at the Smithsonian Institute, Library of Congress, Story Corp and etc. She is truly one, as denoted by Rudyard Kipling, 'One Who Walks with Kings and Yet, Does Not Loose the Common Touch'.

After the untimely death of Elvis Presley, August 16, 1976; In 1981, David L. Wolper Sr. produced the movie, 'This Is Elvis'. Parts were filmed in Memphis at the Hyatt Regency Hotel. Cecelia, being chosen as an extra, informed the producer of a true history fact. He wasn't aware of the information and included it in the scene. He was intrigued by Cecelia knowing Elvis and the depth of her information. She was given a small part. She still owns the original ticket and other artifacts from the movie. Which led to articles in the National Enquirer and other Tabloids and Magazines. 'Her-Story is His-Story'.

Her Poetry Works 'The Sifting' honors and denotes a conversation from the Twin Towers as they were attacked, (September 11, 2001) struggling, trying to protect and save the people inside their bellies. She was awarded the 'Patriot Day Proclamation' by President George W, Bush, Jr. and honored by then New York Mayor, Michael Bloomberg for 'The Sifting'. (Excerpt Below)

Lady Liberty dropped a tear
As Manhattan bowed her head
The world watched as I collapsed
But consciously I am not dead.

I held up my statue wounded
Hoping others could escape
For then I knew my destiny
I felt my deadly fate.

**The following poem was written as poetry of today's awareness.

Excerpt:

'The Day The Village Stopped'

But then with time
The atmosphere for young lives changed
The neighborhood no longer gallantly stood.
As the village changed command
Like we had hoped it never would.

The old died out
Deep values went away
The principles of love and respect
Became just a demand
From someone you were forced to obey

**This poetry tells how the lives of children are being snatched from their beloved youthfulness.

Excerpt:

'Switch'

From stick balls to guns
From dolls to babies
The ages are the same
But the responsibilities
Are robbing the cradle.

The lives of some young people
Are emotionally stressed
They have been forced by society
To overcome battles
Before becoming mentally dressed.

Cecelia's poetry entitled 'Whats Hard' was recognized within a collection of poetry read throughout the world which placed her within the top 500 poets of all times.

Excerpt:

'Whats Hard'

Anything that's hard
God does it Himself.

He does all of the hard things
Its just the easy things
That are left.

Ms. Weir's poetry has been published in over 49 anthology's and has been translated in over 60 languages. Her Works has, also, been included and published in the Secondary School books of Japan.

Students who have attended Princeton, Harvard, and Oxford University have studied the literary uniqueness of transcendentalism within the works of Cecelia Weir. One of her familiar sayings is that; 'You're not destined for failure, you're not destined for success, You Are destined for purpose.

Read the poetry of this extraordinary author: 'You'll Be Glad You Did! '

Dr. Cecelia Weir's Motto: 'Lord Touch My Life Daily, So That When Others Touch Me, They Will Feel You, Touching Them'.

You Carried Me

From heaven to earth
You carried me
Into a life I was given
To be nurtured and born
Someone you trusted
Someone to me was unknown
She carried me.

Through thick
And through thin
Sometimes with something
And sometimes with nothing
All throughout life
Time and time again
You carried me.

Then subsequently
Upon my last day
The obituary will carry her name
As the person who gave way
To sacrifice her living
For my life's road to be paved.
She carried me.

But it will always be you
You have the first and final say.
As we look back over my life
And my identity you allowed to be made
I thank you for my Mother
And the prayers that she prayed.
You carried Me.

Cecelia Weir

Deeper

You didn't come from your parents
You came through from another realm.
I know you had nothing to do with it
You didn't even know them.

You can challenge any darkness
That tries to shadow your light
And rise continually walking
Towards even a unknown plight.

Instead of saying deeper in darkness
You should say deeper in light
Because either way it goes
You'll come out alright.

For what you think is a tunnel
Is a gateway to energize
To see your progress of success
In its realm of different lives.

Believe it and live it
Excite yourself in what you know
Because there's no doubt
Life is only about how you grow.

Cecelia Weir

The Things

I've had some hard times
That Made me think
Think I was losing my mind.
But God brought me out alright.

The overload and pressure
Split all of my nerves
And made life seem
Like something I didn't deserve.

So I gathered what I could
To make myself Understood
To the person inside
Where I once stood.

You've made some good choices
You've also made some bad
But they were all experiences
Of now what you once had.

So today is not by choice
But you have arose to declare it
You can achieve what you may
If you choose to just dare it.

Cecelia Weir

Put It In The Pray-A-Way

Man calls it
Some kind of phobia
My grand Mama called it
Something you could whop out.

And she would put your whopping
In the Lay a way
Oh my goodness how you would pout
Just hating during the waiting.

The fussing came first
As the down payment
And the whopping
Was scheduled for later.

She would meander around
Looking pious and just smiling
While anxiety filled your heart
Tears welting in your eyes.

Thank God He calls out Attitudes
Your life can change in just one day.
He created answers for attitudes
Try it its called Pray a Way.

Cecelia Weir

Time In Eternity Reigns

When Time Has Given Me Over
To Eternity's Open Door.
With a Grateful Heart You'll Hear Me
Knowing I'll Live Forevermore.

To Be with the Father
To Live There on High
There Will Be No Sadness in Me
When I Wave this World Good-Bye.

Time is Giving Me Signs
Of Eternity's Open Door.
A Place of Peaceful Rest
Where No Pain or Hurt Can Go.

Knowing All Throughout Life
That I Will Return Where I Begin
Has Done Nothing But Made Me Face the Enemy
To Be Home with God Again.
-Dr. Cecelia Weir-

Cecelia Weir

Is It True

Is it true that you love me
When there has been so many
Whom you have swooned with folly.

Am I to believe that I am the one
That you will never forsaken
Oh, by golly!

When you search your heart
Am I there
Or who do you find in control?

Is it someone you know
Or Someone you are
Or is it nothing there to behold?

Life has more to give
Than breaking a heart
And to love yourself is a start.

Cecelia Weir

Ups And Downs

Ups and downs got turned around
When down thought it was on the way.
Up stepped up and crushed down down
When he needed a lift to stand higher up.

Cecelia Weir



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The New Undercover Slave Master

The New Undercover Slave Master
Has caused many lives to change
Love, Faith and Hope
Has all been rearranged.

Some still love
Some still have faith
Some still have hope
But its like a real debate.

Peoples one good nerve
Seems tore up and shot
Because what they're living on
Is practically all they've got.

The economy has everyone
Almost upside down
Its the New Undercover Slave Master
Just holding folks down.

There's some that still manage
To slip between the cracks
They praise and believe in God
He prohibits consternation in their lack.

Cecelia Weir

The Night The Darkness Ended

The Night the Darkness Ended
Because now I could see clearly
Simply how the world would be
If sin had not come to me.

No malice and no hatred
That once was in hearts of men
No competition of those
Whom others found to offend.

No fake or phony attitudes
Just peace and love within.
No more liars or procrastinators
People freed from where they'd been.

The Night the Darkness Ended
I heard others with Hope proclaim
That Faith and Love had let them down
And their lives were at an end with shame.

But then the Son shone through
And gave a new gleam of Hope
To those that was once so bitter
From living for other folk.

To God be the glory
For all that He has done
For every person has the victory
Because Jesus Christ is born.

Cecelia Weir

Make It Flow

Lets raise the laughter
Through the roof
Until every heart shall sing.
Of love, of happiness and gratitude
And be grateful for every little thing.

The way the world is upset
They have forgotten the joy it brings.
The opportunities that are given to us
By the generosity of life
Just being glad that God still reigns.

Make laughter flow again
Yes maybe just one day at a time
But there's nothing more
Than to enjoy your life, friends and family
Though the world moves to and fro.

Cecelia Weir



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Beauty Shines

I am in love with someone
Who enjoys car riding
Meeting the the sunrise.
They love meeting
The early morning breeze
As it blows upon their face,
Like saying Good Morning,
'Surprise'.

They love the handshakes
Of people we meet
As we stop along the way.
They admire in awe
The the trees and mountains
The mountains made of clay.
Cheerfully as we prepare to leave
They say, Ya'll Have a nice day.

As we ride along
Admiring such a beautiful day
You could feel music in the air
You could hear it from the wind play.
And instead of the radio playing
They laugh and sings a song
A song of faith, love, and beauty
That keep the trip from seeming long.

When we made our arrival
They fell in love with the hospitality
Of every nod and every smile.
They loved them automatically
Because they said,
Get out and stay awhile.
That was all she wrote
There was no denial.

They read between each line
With twinkles in their eyes
As they looked upon each others faces

I begin to cry.
They loved their conversations
They eagerly extended their arms
To feel their warm embraces
It was destined like a charm.

They loved talking
About good southern food
And how much time goes into it
How it seems to always be right
By adding just a little something
To add more taste to every bite.
In awe I said how could this be
I was glad they seemed so tight.

They loved their concern and care
In the acceptance of being included
I guess within their heart
They always profoundly knew it.
Although they had never met
No strangers were there here
And everyone was happy
And the family was most sincere.

Then when the time had come
To simply say goodbye
There is a sadness
That rest upon their face
And she begins to cry.
Saying glad to have met you,
And wiping away a fallen tear
But turns to me, smiling and say,

'Love, lets just move down here'.

Cecelia Weir

What Color Is The Night

The curtain goes up
And there I stand
Being blamed and judged
For the love of my Mother
And this cantankerous man.

My life filled with pain
From the illegitimate fame
While I stand alluded and true
But this life right here
Will never be the same.

I had great opportunities
Both on my left and right
But now everything I do
Its like I've got to fight.

So I stand in front of the curtain
Ready to perform and sing
But here comes his only child
So I have to wait on time
Just to do my thing.

I stood back watching
Whom I had sacrificed for
But all I got was
Their love
And lets have an encore.

So I settled in silence
As night did fall
Now I'm supported by sadness
Yet I stand strong and tall
Just gazing at this life

And the wonder of it all.

Cecelia Weir

In Faith Of Tomorrow

We have more faith
Than most will admit
We see more things though
More than we call it quits.

We make our appointments
And we pay our bills
By a planned schedule
And make sure they are fulfilled.

We go to our jobs
Believing they are there
But when it becomes personal
We think there's nothing to spare.

We start complaining
And blind ourselves dome
Its Lord how we going to make it
I need some help soon.

We but our cars
Knowing we're going to ride
And we buy our houses
Having somewhere to reside.

We make some preparations
Of how things are to be run
Never giving a second thought
We just know it will be done.

Faith in tomorrow
We barely think about
We just go to bed at night
And rise without a doubt.

Whether it comes easy
Or how the battle is won
We count it all joy
Through blessings of God's Son.

Life And Its Things

There are things in life
That can cause some dire snares
It makes you feel sorry for yourself
Like no one cares.

And whether you hold on
Or whether you think not
It remains with you
Until your battle is fought.

So shed no more tears
For the power is yours
To shake every ailing fear
It will open some doors.

To gather yourself
To remember your good
It matters not about the people
You think misunderstood.

Cecelia Weir

The Help Of Love

Your days sometimes
Are not so enthusiastic
But love wants to give you content.
Because this day will surely pass
And you won't even know what sent it.

Your days sometimes
Are filled with gloom
But love wants to give you joy.
Just give it time for peace of mind
And the heaviness will end soon.

Your days sometimes
Are filled with grief
But love wants to give you comfort.
Because within your great big heart
Love wants for you a new start.

Your days sometimes
Are filled with happiness
And love wants to give you more of it
To go through life creating memories
And enjoy the gift of being part of it.

Cecelia Weir

Happiness In Happy

Is there no one happy
About what the next day will bring
Instead of being disappointed
And complaining about everything.

The joy of living in itself
Is a mystery to enjoy
And what's so amazing
What's in it mostly is your choice.

Different stuff happen
And make you think out loud
But there's so much more to give
That actually makes you proud.

Don't be burdened down
By problems that break your peace
But learn to enjoy living daily
By blessings that gives your heart ease.

There is happiness in happy
Many have believed themselves to see
That things change but improve daily
Leaving them satisfied and pleased.

Cecelia Weir

Being Truly Bound

Truly Bound to the love I had
Although time has passed
I can't say from my heart
That I am truly glad.

There was no one more joyful
Or genuinely filled with care
I've looked high and low
But not even through prayer.

Because the depths of my heart
Isn't willing to release
Memories of the experience of happiness
So its just filled by grief.

Being truly bound
Leaves such an empty space
For deep on the inside
No one can take their place.

You search for peace
In everything all around
You smile on the outside
But on the inside you frown.

Being truly bound
Leaves you with deep care
For you know it and realize
Your love one is no longer there.

Cecelia Weir

Cars Are Friends

I ran into a friend of mine
We had cars just alike.
And when I let my window down
I yelled are you alright.

He said come on get out the car
Because buddy we gone fight
I yelled back are you serious
He yelled you're doggone right.

You tore up my car
And that really makes me mad
I never done nothing to you
And you'd better be glad.

At first he swung at me
Then I pushed him with a shove
And then I had a memory
Of this wonderful friend I loved.

We grew up together
We ate from the same table
We had never had an arugument
Our friendship was solid and stable.

He looked at me and set down
And said he changed his mind
We should have never thought to fight
Because life would beat us with time.

Cecelia Weir

Flying Too High

Two Field Larks were walking
Got beat by the east wind
One says you're naked
You know that is a sin.

The other said look down
Your feathers are gone
I think the best place for us
Is to just to go home.

The funny thing about life
Is how much we are the same
The only thing making the difference
Is the direction from which we came.

Cecelia Weir



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Mother Said

My Mother bowed and prayed for me
Yet I do not know what she said.
And sometimes when I look at life
I just lay down and go to bed.

Cecelia Weir



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The Assignment

I see them come
I observe them as they go.
They even watch over us
Day and Night
I have no worries no more.

They stand and protect us
They plead our case for us.
They relieve our own plight
As we journey
Through nothing but dust.

Dust is the ground
Dust is the being
Dust makes things grow
Dust is what I'm clearing.

I discern by the spirit
I reach out and I help
And the eager rest of the journey
Is based
By the feelings of what is felt.

I am here on parole
To establish the conquering
Of the miserable soul.
And to uphold the respect of earth
As I finish the fulfillment of my own role.

Cecelia Weir

Crow Business

To Make Your Day...

Two crows flying with their flock
They had been friends for some time,
They were too much alike
And oh how they could rock.

So it wasn't unusual
That they did things together,
Guess you could say
They were birds of a feather.

So on this day
They had a few separate chores
They could see their freedom
Then nothing but open doors.

So one crow flies closer
Flapping his wings.
You want to get together
When we finish our things?

The other crow says sure
And Looks to his friend,
You know getting together
That will make a great days end.

So the other crow says
I thought if we had nothing to do
We could meet at the Crowbar.
Is that good for you?

Cecelia Weir

Blessings Of The Heart

Blessings of my heart
Runs deep within tonight
As I can clearly see
They have created a brand new start.

Ones that make tomorrow
A bigger and brighter day
Blessings that give me courage
To say what I've needed to say.

To say that I love
To say that I need you, too
To see that you've always been there
Just making a way to see me through.

No one could I have dreamed
To be dedicated to me
But you've done it all my life
So it wasn't as bad as it seemed.

Well now I know the difference
Between what I see and what I feel
And now within my heart
My desire is to do your will.

Cecelia Weir

And When

And when this happens
What shall I do
Should I try to make you happy
Or should we be through.

Your glamour and your fame
Your truly false aim
Were you really ever serious
Or am I to blame.

Just let things slide
And go our separate ways
Because truth is in the end
Neither one of us can behave.

Cecelia Weir



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Energy

When you are young
You have plenty of energy
And think you know everything..
But when you are old
You've learned everything
But, too late, your energy is gone.

Cecelia Weir



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Cluttered Nerves

It gets on my nerves
To lose something that I had
That I thought meant so much to me.
But I see it doesn't matter what I lose
I feel like it's just looking at me.
Nevertheless, this time, if I find it
I'll be sure to put it up in a good place
Somewhere easier to search for it
Like leave it in a big open space.

But then I thought
If I put everything there
Like my old spot
This new spot will become clutter too.
Then when I look for something
In the new space over there
I'll still be digging and scrambling
Scrambling and scattering
Because now this new place has become clutter, too.

Cecelia Weir

Closer

To look upon you
For you to rest upon my breast
Which is beyond therapeutic
From the shores of the day to rest.

To meet you and to greet you
Our loving embrace
Our heartfelt love and our laughter
Slows and closes out every haste.

As I close my hand upon yours
I feel my emotions whine
Dribbling through the precautions
Of my poor but eager mind.

I feel the warmth of your touch
Deep within my heart to grace
A feeling that exceeds all intensity
To place a smile upon my face.

To kiss your lips on a gentle hello or goodbye
A feeling that reaches unfathomable into my dreams
A feeling that says forever I love you
Much more and deeper than what it seems.

Cecelia Weir

Psalm 103

bless The Lord

Bless the Lord, O My Soul:
And all that is in within me
Bless His Holy Name.

My organs

My Veins

My Blood

My Marrow

My Bones

Especially my Heart.

Bless His only Name.

Cecelia Weir



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Horse Power

My grandfather had a horse.
Clippety clop went the horse
And it keeps on going.
He had horse power.

My brother had a car.
Clickety clang went the car
And It stopped.
He had horse power.

Cecelia Weir



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Its Just Talk

People talk about stress
From every different point of view
But some pick up problems
That don't belong to you.

You whine and complain
About what others don't or should do
But what about gratitude
That's favor on you.

So pick a conversation
About the Blessings that you have
And spread that upon others
That may be feeling down or drab.

Cecelia Weir



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Happy People

A make you happy person
Gives more than they receive
They freely give from the heart
Just to see someone else pleased.

They will sometimes take the cut
If it means helping out
They have faith it will be replaced
This is without a doubt.

They give with a smile
Just to see others through
Then they are still left happy
Just to know they helped you.

Some tell them they are stupid
Others say they are fools
But they never stop giving
Its their part of the golden rule.

They desire no reward
Nor accolades to be shared
They only want others to have peace
And know that someone cared.

Cecelia Weir

Let Me

Let my soul overcome me
To love you as I am
There is no question or doubt
There are reasons for where I am.

You gave more than I needed
To rebuild my deserted confidence
Your love deeply humbled me
With grace and sheer elegance.

You covered every corner of my life
And filled it up to make it full and complete
Not one thing was neglected
This world can never compete.

So why should I throw away
What you have gifted in me
Let me give to you my life
When you are why I am free.

Cecelia Weir

Life Lives No More

The day life left
Was the day you were gone
When everything stopped
From deep on the inside
I felt I couldn't go on.

The birds did not chirp
The grass did not grow
As my heart skipped a beat
My drooped life submitted
I was no longer complete.

Music did not play
Choirs did not sing
Rivers did not run
Because of the joy
Your Presence would bring.

Life lives no more
Where happiness was everyday
There is only emptiness
As I stare towards the direction you left
Hoping to see you again some day.

Cecelia Weir

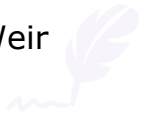
I Needed Me

There is a deep weariness
All throughout the land
So many has fallen
They felt desolate and despair
No longer feeling they could stand.

Some felt no one cared
Some felt sick from trouble
Some cried out for help
Some just lived
Settling to live inside this bubble.

But a rattling hope prevailed
Then brought them through
Their Inside life never gave up
For the pivoting chance within themselves
To see their soul said I needed you.

Cecelia Weir



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On That Day

On that day
I came here to do thy will
I seeked your help from above
The home from whence I came
Wrapped in joy and love
I shall return
On that day.

On that day
My body made from the dust of the ground
It shall be inhumed
And my soul shall return unto you
With the emotional report and experiences
Of being here on earth.
On that Day.

On that day
No one should cry
No one should wipe an eye
For on that day
I shall be happy
For I've gone away
To my native home in the sky.

On That Day!

Cecelia Weir

Its Time

It silently goes by
Without a word to say
And before you know it
Its the end of the day.

You study and you learn
Your heart does yearn
And before you know it
Its your turn.

The cries of time
Its never late
So live while you can
It pays not to wait.

Time holds death
For both you and me
But that's the part of Life
We don't get to see.

Cecelia Weir

Switch

From stick ball to guns
From dolls to babies
The ages are the same
But the responsibilities
Are robbing the cradle.

No time for education
No means to withstand
The governmental assistance
Is minutely raging
Because it is in high demand.

No jobs to compete
No friends are at hand
No maturity can be enforced
Yet lives are to be considered
Than to say Just do the best you can.

The lives of some young people
They are emotionally stressed
They have been forced by society
To overcome raging battles
Before becoming mentally dressed.

Hopelessness, helplessness
And dire aggravation stares them in the face
For the burden as young children
They still seek love
And a compassionate warm embrace.

Cecelia Weir

The Day The Village Stopped

As they played
I watched yours
You watched mine
There were no fights
And no sense of time.

I cooked
You cooked
We fed who was there
And there were no arguments
Because as parents we cared.

They went to school
No child was left behind
They accepted their daily challenge
It wasn't just about the dime.

But then with time
The atmosphere for young lives changed
The neighborhood no longer gallantly stood
As the Village changed command
Like we had hoped it never would.

The old died out
Deep values went away
The principles of love and respect
Became just a demand
From someone you were forced to obey.

The morals of the Village
Could no longer stand or stay
Because the grim of society
Taught the children
Another way they could play.

Cecelia Weir

Wind Gales

The gales of life
Can blow so hard
And make it difficult to stand.
But then for a day
The sun will shine
And develop its calmness again.

Cecelia Weir



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Beyond Sympathy's Walls

From a place within my heart
Where little children laugh and play
Without abduction and molestation
Where there are no longer fears to face.

Where adults are no longer in tears
Because of crime they see each day
They pray for things to get better
Because even the perpetrator has to pay.

A place where pains turn into laughter
And a smile on every face
Where for every sickness there's healing
And all harm is held at bay.

Where sadness and depression
Turns into joys and happiness
Where discomfort and confusion
Leaves the soul in nothing but blessed.

Where hatred and racism
Becomes love and just one race
And skin color is totally omitted
And who goes first is not the case.

Sympathy is for the living
Those that still journey here.
For one day we will meet the Master
We shall meet Him as He appear.

Death becomes eternal life
No more pain, no misery or strife
And the life we live today
Will be reflected in the reward

Of what we had to pay.

Cecelia Weir

My Mama

Somewhere within my Soul
Comes the rapids of thought
Comes rivers of love
From the womb of my Mother.
When the loves of Life distorted me
She was there.
When the Covers of disaster
Stood at my feet
She was there,
And she prayed.
When the compass of life
Taken me off course,
She held my hand
By the strings of her heart
To led me back
Towards my beginning and my end.
To my true destination
Which is in God.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Angels

There are angels here
To guide us along a crooked path
They instruct, they advise,
They inspire us
To keep us from this life's wrath.

They love without remorse
They have compassion without a thought
They love deeply unconditionally
To keep us close
That by the world we cant be bought.

They encourage and pray over us
When what would come to make us sad
Nevertheless, in this miraculous
And beautiful life
We simply call him, 'Dad'.

There are no deeper words
That can express our love for you
For within us lies a part of you
And in our memories and respect for God
Will always be a reflection of you.

Cecelia Weir

The Message Is Clear

There is a place called heaven
Only meant for the soul
No life has ever held it
Because it profoundly speaks
Of Life's stories here; untold

Those that are deeper than love
Much more precious than gold
Stories that brought tears without a sound
Without the choice of being bold.

The stories that only God can hear
Directly, from this life's heart is told
Those that bear the name of Truth
Will be heard only by God
Delivered, personally, by the soul.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Covid - I Live

You may can take me
From my father or my mother
My sister or my brother
My aunts and uncles
And even my loving cousins
But you cannot take me from...my God.

The pains the fever
The fewer visits from friends
To skip church or to loose my job
Just more reasons until the end
To depend upon the written word
Of...my God.

You devastate time and hinder progress
But you cannot stop the future
You stop kids from going to school
But still stands is the golden rule
And the devoted divine promises
Of...my God.

Though lost of family
Poor health and no job
No church or no school
And still you're not in charge
For everything is in the merciful hands
Of my Savior and...my God.

And should the day come
When I close my eyes in death
Even then still shall I rise
Far above the clouds of storm
Out of your reach beyond your sunset
And live eternally with...my God.

Cecelia Weir

Magnify

Can you see what you have read
Do you smell what you see.
Can you still hear what you have heard
Or is it a remembrance
Or the imagination.

Do you think before you speak
Can you hear what you know.
Can you believe what you do
Or Is it at random
Or is it intentional.

Do you reminisce through a memory
Can you feel from your emotions.
Do you trust in your mind
Or is it obsolete intuition
Or an obscure manifestation.

Magnify, Magnify, Magnify.

Cecelia Weir

Missing My Mama

Dear Mama I miss you
Heaven is my goal
To see you once again
Just to listen to what I am told.

The hardheadedness I once had
When you lived down hear below
Is long gone from my atmosphere
I want God to save my soul.

To see you there in heaven
The answer to your prayer
To sit close to you once again
To feel your love and care.

Happy Birthday Mother
You're still more precious than gold
I believe that I will see you
I am part of God's earthly fold.

Cecelia Weir

My Love My Sunshine

Love is like the sunshine
It always brighten things up.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

In The Valley

There is peace in the Valley
There are blessings in your burden.
There is promise in your pain
And there is hope in your hurt.
Trust God, He loves you.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Solid As The Ground

Standing on the ground
From which I was made
Praying to the creator
That I might be saved.
Saved from this man's world
That spit and flage
Running from the things
That cause just a mirage.
Standing solid on the ground
From which I was made
But its up to me
That my mind be raised.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Would You Hold My Love

We are close
We walk together
We stand together
Would you hold my hand?

We sing together
We talk together
We share one another's emotions
Would you hold my friendship?

We share heartfelt thoughts
We share the same notions
We even care about the same things
Would you hold my love?

We relate to each other
We feel for each other
Our characters are in synch
Would you hold my heart within yours?

Will you hold my hand
Will you hold my friendship
Will you hold my love
Will you hold my heart, forever?

Cecelia Weir

Have You Really Tried Again

If you have applied yourself
To do your very best.
To study hard to pass life's test
But sometimes you failed
Have You Really Tried Again?

If you gave your heart
And loved with all your might
But the response given to you
Was to get completely out of sight
Have You Really Tried Again?

Trying Again
Doesn't Always Come With Ease
But remember its your life
You are the most hard to please
Have You Really Tried Again?

Never be afraid
For fear also carries an illusion
It makes your soul feel doubtful
But here is the conclusion
Have You Really Tried Again?

No matter what the test
No matter who has to go
Its all up to you
Just learn from what you know.
Have You Really Tried Again?

Press hard towards the mark
Lay every weight aside.
False witnesses may rise against you
But take their complaints with pride.
Have You really Tried Again?

You know what is in your heart
The success you must achieve
You feel that you can make it

But its only if you believe.
Have You Really Tried Again?

Cecelia Weir

Tribute To Lil' Wellenton

A Light from heaven
Came from the sky
To brighten up my life.
She was so radiant and bright
So lovely and filled with delight.
She glowed, she gleamed
To everyone she met
She favored me
I had no regrets.
But then she flew back home one day
And sweetly left her light shining.
I see her smile
I hear her cry
I feel her love
For she still gives me life.
Wellenton, my baby
I miss you each day
I am so blessed
And so humbly happy
God sent you our way.

Cecelia Weir

It Watched Me

It watched me as it traveled across the sky
I tried to see it but it was cloudy and dry.
It starred from above as I wept and mourned
But it still shone its beauty as I felt reborn.

I got so happy because now I could see
I no longer felt alone it was so deep.
I could even see my shadow on the ground
But then it disappeared I felt my face frown.

In and out of cloudiness
Up and down day and night
But I remained ever so silent
Because what it was doing I knew it was right.

It watched me from the obedience of the universe
I watched it as though I rehearsed.
But one day it will no longer see me
For I'll be the one to rise I'll be set free.

Cecelia Weir

Drifting Dream

Life is a dream
The people we meet
The places we go
When we have passed their way
They are called memories.
Until we get there
Its as though they were never born
Or a place we have never gone
Its a narrow threshold
Between memories and a dream.
They both walk hand in hand
Down this narrow path
Even after life is gone
That Memory and that dream goes home.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Wake Up Morning

So early In the mornings
The day is sunny and bright
You come home in the evenings
You're alone and then its night.

You go into a world
To play the part of delight
But deep inside your soul
You know something's just not right.

You think happily of your past
And other days gone by
But when you really remember
That was when someone had to die.

Many friends you talk with
You laugh and share so much fun
But there's never enough time
We each are on the run.

You still play the part
Of the soldier so strong
When you know in your heart
You just barely get along.

So you depend on God
To see you through the day
But as long as you live
You laugh sadly and just play.

Cecelia Weir

The Night Of Day

You wake up in the mornings
The day is sunny and bright
You come home in the evenings
Its dull and its gloomy
You're alone in its night.

You go into a world
To play a part of love and delight
But deep inside your soul
You know for real
That something just isn't right.

You think of your past
And other days gone by
But when you really remember
That's the part in your life
Someone you loved died.

You still play the part
Of the soldier so strong
When you know in your heart
You're getting weaker
You just barely get along.

Many friends you talk with
You laugh and share fun
But there's never enough time
One has to leave
We each have to run.

So you depend on God
To see you through each day
But as long as you live
You're still searching
For a different way.

You wake up in the mornings
The day is sunny and bright
You come home in the evenings

Its dull and its gloomy
You're alone in its night.

Cecelia Weir

Young People Watch Life

Young People Watch Life

Its a consistent being
That presents itself before you
But its constantly fleeing.

One day it makes you happy
One day it makes you cry
It even makes you angry
But don't let it pass you by.

You'll make good decisions
That will feel like mistakes
But you have got to give it time
Just have patience to wait.

You'll never know when
Your ship will finally come in
But what you have to realize
The process already begin.

So young people listen
To this ole crusader for life
Don't live in regret
Filling your success with strife.

Young folks enjoy life daily
Don't stop or briefly hesitate
For it seems like joy and laughter
Has decided to run for its escape.

Young folks get in a hurry
Its time to get your business straight
For when the sun goes down
They tell me its too late.

Cecelia Weir

Who Will Claim The Body?

You were orphaned at birth
Yet you have plenty of kin.
But you are all so distant
So you make a few good friends.

Life is really good
And it encourages you to live,
But who comes to the rescue
When the grand reaper says give.
Who Will Claim the Body?

You make a good living
Your life is filled with love.
You're happy and content
You know God is blessing from above.

But then tragedy strikes
You labor for your life,
And find some church friends, and family
Are like trees carrying the blight.
Who Will Claim the Body?

You wrestle within yourself
Good Lord, this is tight.
But isn't there anyone left to respect
That we're all on the edge of night.

Who will stand when you are sick?
Who will pray and hold your hand?
Who will comfort those left behind?
Who will carry your last command?
Who Will Claim the Body?

Though life is so beautiful
Yet, so tedious on every hand.
We all need someone loving enough
To arise where we would stand.

We're all suppose to feel

The love of God as one.
But many really never show up
Until the soul is gone.
Who Will Claim the Body?

Cecelia Weir

God Makes The Difference

To walk in the park
And not see it as a prison
To see waters ripple
And not see them as waves.
To hear the birds sing
And not make them sirens
To watch children play
And actually hear laughter.
God makes the difference.

To see blades of grass
As not hiding places for enemies
To see clouds gathering
And not fear drops of rain.
To see green trees grow
And not yourself out on a limb
To see the sun rise
And feel the warmth in our heart.
God makes the difference.

To greet a friend
Without a motive in mind
To find a true love
Without doubt of any kind.
To care deeply about someone
Without accusing them blind
To reach out with loving arms
Knowing that they are there.
God makes the difference.

Cecelia Weir

The Grief Of A New Nation/40 Years

The children run rampant
From love, grief and pain
They are labeled as lost and stereotype
Make it seem like nothing we've gained.

Some are passed around in towns
From one weekend to another
Inside they are confused and lonely
Some being without a father or a mother.

They mock the justice system
When really they aren't being treated fair
So many mistakably get caught up
Their burdens become too heavy to bear.

They search to find outlets
But end up deeper in multiple despairs
Some may have never heard or believed
That God is someone who cares.

Its been 40 years since the civil rights decree
Yet all have wondered in a wilderness so blind
Morally we came out happy but disgusted
Because of societies comprmise in the mind.

The grief of a new nation
Falls on the shoulders of yesterdays generation
So now its transition time again
40 more years is what we're facing.

Yes we've all made progress
Provisions have been made
But debts, taxes and crime
Has empowered us to become enslaved.

Prayer was taken from our schools
No one can spank their child
So now we suffer our consequences
But still live in basic denial.

While some kids are just running
Making mobs in the streets
There are some that really struggle
To conquer life and win over worldly deceit.

Some kids help raise their siblings
Because parents do have to work
But how much wisdom can a child give
When society's challenges issues out their hurt.

The children must have a prayer life
They cannot make it on their own
Satan is after all of us
Don't act like its children throwing stones.

People keep loving your children
For God still walks by your side
For in another 40 years
It will be their time to relegate what we now decide.

Cecelia Weir

The Caretaker

He makes them caring
He eqips them with other's needs
He fills them with His love
People to do His good deeds.

He sends Himself through them
Straight from up above
The sparks of His goodness
You will desire to over indulge.

He gives them guidance
He gives them comfort and concern
He humbles their hearts
So that others may gently learn.

To birth His own life
Through the lives of His children
To make sure they know
The sacrifice He has given.

You may have doubt
And good reason to take heed
But look to your Master
Your hungry soul He will feed.

God is your all in all
He is all that you've got
This world is in a famine
We are living in a drought.

He is the caretaker
Over land, air and sea
He is the Almighty Creator
Yes, even of you and me.

Cecelia Weir

Really Life

The temptations of life
Comes now so bold and strong
That the minds of our children struggle
To believe whats right from wrong.

The invitations of life
Cause the hearts of parents to worry and moan
Yet their hope anticipates the freedom day
When their children are all grown.

The imitations of life
Makes it hard for any to discern
Its hard to do the best you can
When who really cares what you've learned.

The reality of life
Springs forth and is not hard to find
For God has designated someone for you
Whose hearts are gentle and kind.

The motive of life
Is to stand regardless of the test
To be prayerful and obedient
And then God will do the rest.

Cecelia Weir

Thank You For Being A Friend Of God

Thank you for being a friend of God
Sharing His loving concern and care
To encourage those who would faint
You pray past tribulations they bear.

Thank you for accepting God's call on your life
To reach those who would be in despair
To push them past life's bitter experiences
God equipped you to inspire their hearts repair.

Thank you for being a friend of God
And I thank Him for you being mine too
For I don't know what my life would be
If God wasn't a friend to you.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

It's Still Room

Every time a Child of God
Suffers pain or is misunderstood
There's always Hope standing by
Just keep doing what you should.

Meditate and read The Word
And don't forget to pray
The enemy roams and rambles
To destroy your God Chosen Way.

Be not angry or upset yourself
By abstractions you shouldn't consume
For God is still your Father
And in His arms is still room.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Caught In A Complaint

Caught in a desert
Its too dry.
Caught in the rain
Its too wet.
Caught in the sun
Its too hot.
Caught in the snow
Its way too cold.
Caught in a complaint
Got to free my soul.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The Shadow Run

Don't let the shadow run your life
The one you left behind.
Remember you are the one out front
You can change the shadow from within the mind.

A man that runs from his own shadow
And accuses it of being someone else
Has not accepted the depth of who he is
And realize the shadow is only himself.

To clear the shadows of the past
Is never to live them again
And although the shadow still follows close
It knows it will never win.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Gateway To Living

Never be afraid of your dreams
They are your gateway to living.
Never be afraid of what you have achieved
Because God gets joy out of giving.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Blind Man's Obstacle

A blind man once walked into a pole
He then orchestrated his way around it
In further attempt to reach his goal.
He never looked back
At the obstacle he once faced
He determinedly kept on moving
In straight forward pace.
Sometimes that pole jumps up
On the path for you and me
So just how well do we qualify
As the ones who can see.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Life's Journey

Life is not the journey
But you are the journey life finds.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Education Child

Never be ashamed to bring a bad grade home
Its what we use to learn better.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Determined Value

The morals and principles of a man
Is determined by the values of his character
Which sometimes is projected from his mouth.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Failure Fools People

Failure fools a lot of people
It discourages even the best.
It's disguised to appear as defeat
When really its a foundation for strength.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

I Never Forget

I never forget what I remember
I just forget when I'm suppose to remember it.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Circle Talk

If you're in a circle of people
Make sure you're not the only one moving.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Church Talk

The small church and the large church was talking one day. The small church asked the large church. 'What does it feel like to be so big? ' the large church said, 'It takes just as much preaching in hope of getting a soul saved.'

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Blind When You Can See

The worst thing that can happen
Is to be blind when you can see.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Promotions

Worry promotes trouble
Trouble implants fear
Fear exposes doubt
And can cause you to drop a tear.

But Trust eradicates doubt
And faith denounces fear
Prayer eliminates trouble
And worry leaves because God is near.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Shadows Of Low Self Esteem

Choose not to walk with the shadows
Even of your own character
Nor lie hostage beneath your dreams
But lean forward against the wind
And fly higher than mediocrity means.
Refuse to hold on to brokenness
For you have been redeemed
Escape the shadows by looking ahead
And let the past handle low self esteem.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Walk Not In The Shadows

Choose not to walk
Beneath the shadows of your own character
Nor lie hostage to a broken dream.
But choose to lean forward
Into your future destiny
And make an imprint
That will over shadow and impress
The shadows that once followed low self esteem.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Real Estate

A man walks into a furniture store
And buys a house full of furniture.
But he goes in prayer
Before he buys the house.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Poor Man Rich Man

The poor man crieth because of what he hath not
The rich man cries because of what he has.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Keep Your Covenant With God

If God gives you a thought
He has already ordained it to be so.
Call it out for its Already Done.

Your oath and covenant with God
Gives you the authority to dwell
Above the chaos and confusion of this world.

Everyday your light gets brighter
As the world grows dimmer
Keep your Covenant.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Tree Friends

Leaves; any way the wind blows
Limbs; sturdy but don't go out too far
Trunk; they stand but lead you into many directions
Roots; they hold you up

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Sounds Like Blood Pressure

The heart beats to the rhythm of the mind
By the impulse of daily routine.
The heart then stresses, expresses and relays
To, on and within the flesh
The importance or weight of the process of the thought.
The independent or multiple thoughts
Pressures itself into the interest of its own subconsciousness
To activate the pulse speed into the blood
Which causes a chemical change
That transfers thought into an inward bodily response.
To the flesh; health and wellness
To the spirit man; attitude and behavior.
Therefore revealing itself as joy, or worry and etc.
Sounds a lot like Blood Pressure.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The People Did It

People will create something on you
Tell it to others
Others will watch you for the creation
Truth or not
Then when you become popular
They wonder why.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The Take Over

The inner man waits for you to let the Holy Spirit take over
Because growing tired is a job within itself.
Tired of the battles of ones own soul
Tired of the whispers of confusion
That makes one grow cold.
Tired of the suggestions of hurt and pain
Tired of being restless with nothing to gain.

The inner man waits for you to let the Holy Spirit take over
Because the seductions of life gives no vent to peace.
Tired of the expectations to satisfy others
That makes one feel false and live undercover.
Tired of the indications of lies been told
Tired of the questions of one's own control
Tired of holding your head up trying to be bold.

The inner man waits for you to let the Holy Spirit to take over
But humbleness must come from the heart.
Tired of not being overjoyed by the works you have done
Tired because you never stopped just to have fun.
Tired of not being happy being comfortable was a dare
Tired of being there for everyone who seem not to care
Tired because you haven't let Jesus take the burdens you bear.

Cecelia Weir

Your Assignment

Everytime God gives you an assignment of battle
He has also already given you the victory.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The Mind Of Understanding

The mind transforms an explanation into understanding

The spiritual mind transforms a question to form an answer.

The memory decides that to be remembered

While the body exhibits the results of the request.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Do Your Deeds

The spirit meets the soul to spread the Word
Breath meets the body to do the deed.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Stop Stressing

Stop stressing under the things you normally do
There is plenty of time for that over the unexpected.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Just In Control

Some people hold their heads up high
And never feel belittled by the insane
They go that extra mile to succeed
And they do it like with no pain.

They do the same as everyone else
They work and laugh and cry
But when it comes to achieving goals
They kiss the the worlds mess goodbye.

It doesn't mean they are better
They just don't fool around
They have in mind just what they want
And they control themselves until they abound.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Lethal Expressions

Never dignify an ignorant statement
Its designed to coerce your anger
To fulfill its provenance in feelings
Of hurt by lethal expressions.

When a spirit of the same is exercised
It seeks to find its own
It looks for the weakest vessel
To spread and make a new home.

The temptation of what it is
To lust, to seduce and gain
Another soul to destroy
And never leave you feeling the same.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Demographics

Demographics does not define your destiny
Education does not express the extent of your wisdom.
Love does not always justify true feelings
And life does not allow you to live as your own.

The soul lives within the flesh
The imagination travels where it may.
The spirit gives a glimpse of suppressed indications
That only our God has the final say.

What you own does not define your intelligence
A house does not make it a home.
Your precepts does not describe your culture
And when you leave you'll be described by a stone.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The Serpent

A serpent has a forked tongue
It has venom in its fangs.

Be careful what you say
And a smile doesn't always carry happiness.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Careful Talking

Be careful talking to a fool
Their words may entice you to become one.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Your Good Sense

Some people won't admit you've got good sense
Unless you're using it for them.
They will tell other folks you don't have good sense
Until they need you for something themselves.
And they never realize you know.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Soldiers

Soldiers just don't fight
They also lead the way.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The Pickers

Don't you get tired
Of people picking on you
Not because you're that smart
But because you do so well
At what you choose in life to do.

They say, You think you're cute
They say, You think you're bad
They say, You think you're better
But really you feel terrible
Its the pickers whose lives are sad.

Don't you get tired
Of people picking on you
When you know who you are
And they wish they knew too
Nevertheless, they'd rather pick on you.

Just be proud of yourself
Don't let the pickers make you clown
Because one day they will learn
That true friendship is created
Its not how well you put other people down.

Cecelia Weir

De-Live

If you want deliverance
You need to de-live
Instead of re-live.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Turning The Knob

Keeps things on the inside
Turning the knob
Keeps things on the outside.
Turning the knob
Opens learning
Turning the knob
Closes knowledge
Turning the knob
Increases opportunity
Turning the knob
Prohibits prosperity
Turning the knob
Leaves a door open.
Turning the knob
Leaves you with a decision.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Differences Are Good

Different knowledge brings different people together
Different people brings different levels of understanding.
The spiritual transpose makes good friends.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Can You Look

When you are young
You look to see what's good.
But when you are old
You're good just to look if you can see.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Caught In A Desert

There are deserts in life
But remember the Son is there.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Don'T Evaluate

Don't evaluate yourself as being small
It takes a big person for self evaluation.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

You Can Never Get As Big As You Are

So why stop at what you've achieved
There is so much more to the life you live
Than the person you have placed in a jar.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Just Ask

Some people try to read into your life
Not realizing all they have to do is just ask.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

God Did It This Morning

God has opened doors
God has moved mountains
God has made death behave
God did it this morning.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Got Up To Get Up

If you got up to get up
Why are you still sitting down
There is more to getting up than waiting
And waiting doesn't mean wear a frown.
Get Up to Get Up
Do something with your time
Don't let any of life's hindrances
Help to destroy your mind.
For there's nothing more important than you
And no one has your talent combined
So do what you can do regardless
And realize you're at the front of the line.

Cecelia Weir



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Failing Result

Failure is only a result
Of the beginning of something great.

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The Family Ties

A family is one who understands
That faults and failures are a process
Which Wisdom employs the experienced to learn.
For the benefit of making progress
Should not be a lifetime felon
To destroy the integrity of a man.

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Can You See Me Now

God uses the flesh to allow us to identify ourselves
Yet it is the spirit of the soul that He knows.

Cecelia Weir



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How Right You Are

Its not how wrong the world is
Its how right you are in it.
Don't focus on how wrong the world is
But focus on how right you are in it.

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My Governess

My governess was a wise woman
She taught me things I didn't know.
To wash and iron my own clothes
And to properly eat
And that a kind gentleman
Must pull out my seat.
She said you must learn
For one day who knows
You may not have these luxuries
And pass what you learn
On to the little ones
Because life not only changes
But it can knock you off your feet.

Day by day we would talk
About just a good life to live
To learn how to love everyone
And to learn how to generously give.
How to have dignity without being snooty
And having integrity was no sin
How to use common sense with education
Cause too much pride builds attitude within.
She said that it takes God
To give you what you want
And that He'll give you what you need
And bless you with heartfelt consciousness
But humble your life to be filled with peace.

So the days drew nigh
And she passed away
I knew I had lost my best friend.
But I remembered every word she said
And I'll hold her dear until my end.
Our days of laughter over my blunders
Our days of joy without end
She'll always be remembered
As not just someone with a job
But someone who reached out and taught me
The true meaning of being a friend.

Depths Of Life

The depths of life
Goes from heart to heart
And one can feel it from within.
The depths of labor
Goes from hand to hand
Which gives assurance
For one who desires to stand.

Cecelia Weir



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Message From The Ageless

I was talking to a man
Who said he knew nothing
About Jesus love.
He said all he actually knew
Is that God had sent Him from above.

He said he never knew Him
He just lived from day to day
He knew God was in heaven
But he tried to live
To stay out of His way.

He said he use to drink
He said that he did drugs
And was never faithful to his wife
But he said in his heart
She was all he ever loved.

Nevertheless as he kept on living
In his own willful way
He would think more about the Lord
And if his withering soul
Could possibly one day be saved.

So he went to church one Sunday
As he thought a good Christian should
And that's when he stood and testified
That in his life
He'd been no good.

But he quietly did admit
That God had saved him from his sins
And he promised never to go backwards
He felt he didn't mind
For he'd lost most all his friends.

He said that God had saved him
And it wasn't just a phase
He said that God had did it

And he didn't have to ask
It came with what God called 'Age'.

Cecelia Weir

Listen My Children

There is a voice
It calls your name
Listen each time it calls
For it calls loud without shame.

Some may call it the future
Some may say just look ahead
But regardless of its location
Its what God has chosen to embed.

Maybe you're being called doctor
Maybe you're addressed as a lawyer
You may not yet have a title
Get your gift God has given for you.

Listen My Children to philosophies of life
Listen I know you hear your name
Its dignity, hope and new heights calling
Answer for no two lives are great the same.

Listen Children Listen!
I see your name coming through
Its in your walk and your achievements
You've found what God chosen for you to do.

And just in case you feel you've missed your mark
Just a little faith and belief will see you through
Proudly step forward into a new beginning
For no one has your assignment but you.

Listen My Children Listen
Yes, to the old and to the young
For no mans journey is completed
Until God's works in you are done.

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The Real Side

A baby cries
As its mother weeps
No food or shelter
No secure place to sleep.
They feel no pain
It's too deep inside
They still hold their heads up
It doesn't shatter their pride.

As the mother's man
Say he will provide
This woman has hope
And she wipes her eyes.
While her man makes a living
Her heart mourns so deep
For she visions him dying
From his game in the street.

They report as a family
Yet these are words to get by
For a part in her lives
While the other part dies.
No place can they call home
It becomes an empty building
Leaving behind memories
Life becomes so unappealing.

They wait without wonder
No more tears to bear
But complacently do ponder
Is there no one to care?
Their lives are devastated
And filled with despair
This can't be living
There's no real life to share.

Who can stop this opaque dispensation
Who can rescue them from pain
Who can give them hope

As they live beyond their shame?
Held together by prayer
Although all hope is gone
They awaken the next day
And sing the same ole rugged song.

Who will reach out
Who will take their hand
Who will have God's mercy
Who can they lean on to stand?
Who will be their friend
No doubt their money is gone
Who will remember their good
They shouldn't be neglected or left alone.

What happens to the soul of man
Before the soul is gone
Why does life take away his spirit
And leave him as an empty drone.
Why can't we see the inside
And give him hope again
It's not the burden of his load that breaks him
It's when he doesn't find a friend.

Cecelia Weir

Awaken

As I was suddenly awakened
By some noise in the street
My mind went into high gear
All kind of things begin to creep.

Was it a cat or a dog
Or maybe it was a rat
But who would ever know
If all we did was sat.

How long must anyone sit
And not know if success is going by
Why can't everyone listen
Because life so loudly cries.

I'm trying to give you progress
I'm trying to give you success
I'm trying to give you a living
I'm doing my level best.

Just because its noisy
Doesn't always mean its wrong
Sometimes it opportunity
Just trying to find a home.

I know someone won't understand
I know everything is not for you or me
But neither one will ever know
If we don't get up to see.

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You Humble Me

My spirit is humbled by your love
When I look into your eyes
The oneness that we share
Certainly is no surprise;
You humble me.

We walk and sing together
Our passions are both the same,
We strive and are happy together
We accomplish our goals we reign;
You humble me.

My heart has no greater symphony
As to when I see your face;
No earthly love or course endured
Shall exceed your warm embrace;
You humble me.

No sweeter love can I behold
With all the success life brings
None to you can be compared
For my soul lives that to you I cling;
You humble me.

Cecelia Weir

A Brighter You

Everyday you should get brighter
Because the world is getting darker.

Cecelia Weir



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Simply Really

It was dark
It was light.
It was wrong
It was right.

It was love
It was hate
It was planned
It was fate.

It was up
It was down
It was dismal
It was turned around.

Cecelia Weir



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Down At The Crossroads

Down at the crossroads
At the four way stop sign.
Stands a man who knows about the Lord
But only counts the restlessness
Of today's immediate time.

He stands in want
He stands in need
He knows his life is destined
He knows his life as society's suicide
But he still desires to succeed.

He feels he has nothing to live for
Although his soul begs and pleads.
For him to like his life
And not let his flesh
Fill him with so much greed.

He doesn't love what he is doing
He doesn't care for what he breeds.
He just answers to what he wants
He just craves to answer
To the fulfillment of what he needs.

The cross roads say which way to go.
The stop sign says when to stop.
This man whom God chosen from Genesis,
Gathers by his own merits
And Chooses another life to adopt.

He sees his destruction up ahead
He fears in his heart what he sees.
But he still fails to repent
And humble himself
He still doesn't fall to his knees.

He regrets the life he lives
And the responsibility he has laid on others.
He relentlessly oppresses himself

Even when he cries and thinks
Of his own dear mother.

He knows his chosen road
He knows his sign is filled with rust.
He knows his time is almost up
He knows he'll disappear by the grit
Of his own dust.

Laboring to sustain himself
He decides at the cross roads he must,
Finally give up his goals
Filled with life's stronghold
And rest upon the stop sign he can trust.

Cecelia Weir

Up And At It

What is up and at it
When there's so much to do
Its always something pressing
It makes you run and do.

It matters not how much it is
On your agenda to fulfill.
It is always present
But its really no big deal.

It serves as a daily routine
Its seems its never done
No matter how hard you work at it
It tries to relinquish normal fun.

But you'll find a way to make it
It will work with you too
You will make it fun anyhow
Because the fun is inside of you.

Cecelia Weir

This Morning

This morning is going to be a wonderful day
I can feel it in my bones
Not an unkind word will even come my way.

There are birds singing in the trees
There is a beautiful sunrise
It draws me to my knees.

There are many who will enjoy
The pleasures of this day
They will make it happy despite come what may.

The enjoyments of life
Comes ready made just for you
Its up to your mind to make it work for you.

Cecelia Weir



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You Fell On The Sidewalk

They played cards
They went to the casino
They were having fun
Not bothering anyone.
Then you fell on the sidewalk.

They drank their beer
They waved to you over joyed
You turned your head
You acted so annoyed.
Then you fell on the sidewalk.

They were gay in your mind
You sniggered and meddled
You turned up your nose
Your thoughts were opinionated and settled.
Then you fell on the sidewalk.

They were without food
You ignored them begging for a penny
You ran as you lied
Said you didn't have any.
Then you fell on the sidewalk.

They were homeless
You spoke down to them as in fear
As you held your head high
They were already oppressed beyond a tear.
Then you feel on the sidewalk.

They had no money
They had no food
They had no place to go
They had no one to encourage a faith life.
Then you fell on the sidewalk.

Cecelia Weir

Ole Lonely Me

Ole lonely me was not at home
When love came knocking at my door.
I felt the pains of yesteryear
I didn't want to love any more.

Ole lonely me was not at home
My heart was already fulfilled.
My life was filled with memories
Of the one whose love was stilled.

Ole lonely me was not at home
The day my love came by.
I missed the chance to make someone happy
I chose to make them cry.

Ole lonely me was not at home
To receive the greatest gift.
I was somewhere believing I was it
Instead of believing he said I'll lift.

Cecelia Weir

Take It Truth

Take it truth and fix the lie
That lives beneath the soul.
The one that everybody seems to know
The lie that where truth don't get told.

Can you take it truth and fix it
To set this undercover world free.
To reveal the evidence of being untold
To reveal how easy it is for truth to see.

The fabrications of some people who know the truth
But still accuse others and lie.
Choosing to degrade and bruise themselves
And take a lie to the grave when they die.

They pour lies in the spirit of innocent children
Calling them abusive names and such.
They pour falsehoods into vulnerable adults
Truth take it its costing Life too much.

Their lives are toxic but retractable
Their lives are of doubt and mistrust.
Their lives become so empty and tainted
They even call good friendships lust.

They create lies and talk to others
And make it be what they said was you.
They'll have others believing them
What is a picked on soul to do?

Take it truth and fix the lie
That others may see not as it seems.
Take it truth and fix the lie
So that others may fulfill their dreams.

This hindering spirit of lies
Makes the strongest of men break.
Truth take it and fix it

Before the world is destroyed by this hate.

Cecelia Weir

Under The Shadow

Over my head
I see it covers me.
It scares away the would be snares
It really takes care of me.

It walks swiftly by my side
Holding onto my hand.
It gives me faith and confidence
I'm beginning to understand.

Right beneath my footsteps
I watch it extend my territory.
I see it walking beside me
I'm starting to know my story.

At first my heart felt its fears
Then the shadow spoke to me.
I'm not here to cause you pain and tears
I'm just here for company.

I'm here so you won't be alone
I know you misunderstand.
But you don't have to worry
I'll see you get home again.

Much larger than I am
It hovers over me.
But now I realize more each day
My shadow is for others to see.

Cecelia Weir

Revelation Rider

Deep on the inside
There's someone with grace.
They keep up with your thoughts
And they keep up with your pace.

They keep you straight and narrow
They will let you roam sometimes wide.
They will let you have some rope
Then they pull you back inside.

Deep on the inside
There's someone with love.
They will let you have a feeling
But convey someone's watching from above.

They will let you have some fun
They will let you be OK,
But then they will remind you
You'll see it again on judgement day.

Deep on the inside
There's someone with hope.
They are glad when you do well
But they don't want you to gloat.

They help you get what you need
And some of what you want.
They let you think you have things in control
When you find out you really don't.

Revelation rider
Its there for your protection.
It watches you throughout life
No matter whats your direction.

Revelation rider
It studies all of your attributes
It reveals who you are
And what you have to contribute.

Revelation rider
Shall live on forever inside
It will assist in your understanding
That your life is all worth its ride.

Cecelia Weir

Have You Tried Again?

If you have applied yourself
To do your best,
And studied hard to pass the test.
But you failed;
Have you tried again?

If you have given your heart
And loved with all your might,
But the response to you
Was to get out of sight.
Have you tried again?

Trying Again
Does not always come with ease,
But remember its your life
You are the most hard to please.
Have you tried again?

Never be afraid
For fear does create an illusion.
It can make your soul doubtful
So accept this conquering conclusion,
Have you tried again?

Cecelia Weir

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Cecelia Weir

The Character Of Life

Living is Not Life without God
Religion is not Righteousness without God
Wealth is not Prosperity without God
A Dwelling is not a Home without God.

Ask God, in daily conversation
To actually show you things as they are
And not what others speak for you to believe
Which you know you're not a part.

Are they speaking genuinely
To promote kindness, love and concern
Or planting hindering spirits
Something to make the pure heart burn.

Some hide behind constructive criticism
But yet its mental anguish affirmed.
If it jealousy, gossip and confusion
Eventually they will get it back in return.

For it is the spirit within the words
That defines the character of one's self
And is the foundation of one being laid
In the heart of those whom seek for help.

Is your Life really living?
Is your Righteousness really a part of your religion?
Is your Prosperity the wisdom of your wealth?
Is your Home really a place to dwell?

Cecelia Weir

The Little Prostitute

I looked into the eyes of a young prostitute
And asked why are you out and about
She said she lived in poverty
And had to make it without a doubt.

She cried as she said her mother was on crack
She'd left her to live with her dad
A man who lost his job and everything
But daily managed to drink and be mad.

She said only if I'd had parents
Who would live like they should
I wouldn't have to live like I'm lost
If they would at least do what they could.

So this is the way I feed myself
Its like I have no other choice
I long to live like other kids
But in this world I have no voice.

Who really cares for the children
When some parents live the way they do.
Who suppose to care for us
Think whose left to fill their shoes.

She said she prayed to God every night
To keep and bless her real good
And when she'd live to get much older
He'd let her be the parent her parents should.

Cecelia Weir

Psychological Hyponosis

Psychological Hypnosis

Is played as a dangerous game.
You never know where its coming from
Or how you'll end up tamed.

You know what's right to do
But then you follow the crowd.
You've always been quiet and polite
Now you screen out loud.

You've never been easily persuaded
By the games other people played
But now you believe you need a change
To only follow someone else in their ways.

There are powers you cannot trust
There are enticements to lure you in
But your consciousness will inform you
Of the spirits that are not friend.

There are regrets following the game
You'll find character destruction too.
Don't mess with immoral substances
It will rob your best from you.

No matter how short the memories
It will impeach your very soul.
It will reminded you of the darkness
It will keep you from feeling whole.

Psychological Hypnosis

Is a dangerous game to play.
God made you the best of who you are
And that's who you need to stay.

Cecelia Weir

What Is Ignorance

If someone does something
From the ignorance of their heart.
what is there to complain about?

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Love Looks Both Ways

At a stop sign
We stop to look both ways.
Love looks both ways.

Cecelia Weir



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Hold Back The Night

I stand out dazed from wonder
Of what the next day will send.
Will I see the trees sway?
Or will I bend from a turbulent wind.

Will there be rain in the storm
Or this time will it pass me by?
Will there be destruction then labor
Oh, how many tears must I cry.

I long for that ray of sunshine
That shows far beyond the clouds.
But will it come and rescue me
Before my heart fails from doubts?

Hold Back the Night
It is my solvent prayer.
But I can feel it coming towards me
There is no one who seems to care.

Hold Back the Night
There is still a ray of hope.
If I manage to hold out
I believe I can still cope.

Hold Back the Night
I feel a change coming strong.
I glimpse a brighter tomorrow
My faults are from being done wrong.

Now waiting on the sun to set
Though darkness approaches fast.
Nothing is more important
Than finding the Light that will last.

Cecelia Weir

Friendship Yourself

Have you really had a friend on earth
That stick closer than whose brother.
They laugh and cry and visit you
But their motive is for something other.

You give your best as a friend should do
But you carry the load alone
You scrape the barrel to see them through
Then they stop answering the phone.

When you return upon your feet
Be sure to watch whats felt under breath
For no one makes you kind to a friend
But your first friend should be to yourself.

Cecelia Weir



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The Point Of Communication

The highest point of communication
Comes from the top of the tower
The clearest reception reaches you best
When nothing is blocking His power.

Drop calls are never retrieved
You have to wait and start over again
Its not until the line is clear
You actually see God is waiting.

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Sharing The Blame

If you look for others
To blame your failures.
Who do you look for
To blame your successes.

Cecelia Weir



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Thought About It

Have you ever thought about
How whats on your mind
Can be written with your hands.

Have you ever thought about
Where you want to go
Your feet just carry you there.

Have you ever thought about
How whats in your heart
Is expressed so many ways.

Have you thought about
How God gave His only Son
Just for you to live Saved.

Cecelia Weir



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Get You Together

Get your thoughts
To correspnd with your mind
And everything will work out find.

But if you are determined
To fight against your mind
No work can be done.

Cecelia Weir



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Acceptance Of Your Good Self

Accept yourself

You're trying to help you.

Don't get offended by your own thoughts

Guess who gets hurt, first?

Your thoughts isn't birthed

Just for mental contemplation

But Thought gives birth to change.

Never be afraid to change

More Opportunity and Prosperity lives there.

Love, Progress and Success engulfs you

All because of the favor of God.

But you've got to love you enough

To accept just who you are

And it all stimulates and proceeds

By your acceptance of your good self.

Cecelia Weir



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Superficial Forgiveness

There is no Restoration
In superficial forgiveness.
For unconditional love does not
Give you the option.
Had it not been for Christ
Who was on our side
We would not be forgiven.
Learn the power of Forgiveness
For there is no failure in God.

Cecelia Weir



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Holy Boldness

Be Bold for the Lord
Not brazen
Filled with the devil's hell.
You may not be called
By God into the Ministry
But we are all called
By God into Righteousness.

Cecelia Weir



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Family Love

They walked in darkness
Blind for many years
They argued they fussed
It all ended in tears.

Now that the graveyard of life
Keeps feelings hidden under the dust
They laugh they smile
Their disputes are filled with rust.

But deep down on the inside
Beneath the crust of hearts of gold.
There still lives unforgiveness
That remains heartless to the soul.

So what is next to the saga
For the family is torn apart
From ones wishes of a good deed
Because they loved them from the heart.

who really cares about things
Why dredge up bygone heartaches
Why hold on to the past
What happened to family love.

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True Darkness

Beneath this world is darkness
Some people call it the ground
But unless a Light is planted
No life can ever be found.

Will you plant your seed of Light
To bud beneath the ground
And show forth to the darkness
That everything about God is sound.

Cecelia Weir



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Do You?

Some people misunderstand themselves
They think everybody is just like them.

Some people misunderstand themselves
They think nobody is like them.

Some people understand themselves
They believe only they are special.

Some people understand themselves
And believe that everyone is special.

Some people don't think nothing
They just live from day to day.

Some people don't think anything
And never have nothing to say.

Some people do know the difference
But choose not to do anything.

Some people know the difference
And try to change you and everything.

Some people see and know it all
And wait for change to fill the space.

Some people see and know it all
To make the world a better place.

Do you fully live daily
And gladly improve to change your ways.

Do you fully live daily
Knowing the price for life is paid.

Cecelia Weir

Can You Come Clean

When you want me to tell the truth
But you're not willing to understand
Is it that you're a liar
Or do you fuss just because you can.

You always accuse me of something
But you can't explain where you've been
Then you do this check on me
And hide it behind a grin.

What makes you think I'm guilty
Just because you say so
When you never give account for your absence
You just walk back through the door.

I would rather walk away happy
Than to see you all confused
By your life's past misunderstandings
Of how you've been neglected and misused.

Since you can't come clean
Learning from your own mistakes
I'll just walk away and live
To give you and yourself a break.

Before you commit again
Remember it really does take two
For a relationship is meant to give you joy
And its not just all about you.

Cecelia Weir

God Made You

God made you a butterfly
Your life is not destined
To live in a Cocoon.

Cecelia Weir



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For One Fleeting Moment

For One Fleeting Moment

You reached in and you touched my heart.

You engulfed my very being

And enraptured my aloneness.

And with love and compassion

You loosed the shackles of my life

To embrace beneath the rubble's

Of my broken dreams.

It was you that taken the fragments

Of my sunken heart and piece by piece

You gathered the elements of time

And eradicated the remembrance of my loneliness.

You alone captured the essence of my lingering yearnings

And placed them in an ambiance of true submission

That succumbs to the beat of your heart

And as a dove you released me that I might love again.

Beyond the indebtedness of gratitude

With an open heart and with my eyes gently closed

I surrender myself to reminisce upon you

For this One Fleeting Moment.

Cecelia Weir

Strive

Never strive for the approval of other people.

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All I Know

All I know
Is all I know
And once I have forgotten
Then thats all I know.

Cecelia Weir



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Lifes Too Short

Life it too short
To carry the destruction
Of your own time.

Cecelia Weir



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Carefull

Make your caring full
Full of love and compassion
Full of grace and sincerity
Full of charity and courage
Full of energy and dignity
Full of courtesy and respect
Full of gentleness yet powerful
And your caring
Will be fulfilling.

Cecelia Weir



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Once Upon A Time

Once upon a time
Has gone far away
Although now its more once
Than many.

Cecelia Weir



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Star

Light is that you?
It is you.
Shine my brother
Shine my sister
Open blinded eyes
Wipe away bitter tears
Make this world see you
For darkness is everywhere
Light I see you
You are a star.

Cecelia Weir



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Just Because

Just because I was there
I was your sounding board.
Just because I held your hand
You thought you were in love.

Just because I was nice
You held on to be my friend
Just because you did this
You learned to laugh and grin.

Just because does so many things
No one ever really knows
But Just because gives account
Why we've been blessed from up above.

Cecelia Weir



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The Fanner Of The Flame

I heard with my ears
What I did not see
Then I felt in my heart
what I didn't want to be.

I smelled a gentle fragrance
Nothing like I'd ever smelled before
And then there you were
Standing and knocking at my door.

I knew right then
My life would never be the same
Because you were the very first one
You were the beginner of the flame.

Cecelia Weir



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God's Creation Of Rest

The birth of the morning comes
So lovely and so bright
You spend your days happy
In pure joy and delight.

Yet late in the evening
When the beautiful sun has set
You lie down when it gets dark
Because its the night time
That diligently calls for sweet rest.

When things are good
You live in the Light
why think on your problems
Instead of resting while its night.

God will handle your troubles
And all of your trials too
If you just lay your mind down to rest
He will take care of you.

Then you wake up again
When its sunny and bright
Victorious over everything
After God has made things all right.

Remember night is meant for rest
Not the trials from this race
For God is your refuge
He turns every midnight into day.

Cecelia Weir

Christmas Door

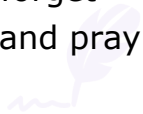
As Christmas eve
Is on its way.
Some look for Santa
To ride his slay.

With lots of toys
And gifts galore
But the Gift of Gifts
Was who opened this door.

Yea, cakes and cookies
Turkey and ham
Big mama's cranberry jelly
With dressing and yams.

So while we listen
For what Santa will say
Let's not forget
To kneel and pray.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Somber Twilight

One man lies down
And worries at night
Because he has to work.

Another man lies down
And worries at night
Because he has no job.

One man lies down
And worries at night
Because he can only pay his bills.

Another man lies down
And worries at night
Because he can't pay anyone.

One man lies down
And worries at night
Because everyone seems to love him.

Another man lies down
And worries at night
Because he has no one to love him.

One man lies down
And worries at night
Because he might oversleep.

Another man lies down
And worries at night
Because he cannot sleep.

One man lies down
In somber twilight
With reserved sadness and joy.

Another man lies down
In somber twilight
With reserved joy but sadness.

Judged By Living

You'll never get smarter from school
Than the one wise enough to send you.

You'll never drive a better car
Than the one skilled enough to build it.

You'll never have a bigger house
Than the one who makes their house a home.

You'll never have a better life
Than the one who knows how to live it.

For no one knows the attributes of love
Until they learn how to give it.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

What A Word

Words are created for understanding
They birth your knowlegde
But some they create your mood.

They challenge your wisdom
They mold your lives
And often your're effected by criticism.

Some words they give life
And encourage your heart
To do the best you can.

Yet some are said
They put you down
To make you sit up and stand.

Some words depend
On who says them
This can develope a mental film.

That plays over and over
In the back roads of your mind
Dispite the time they were in.

They are said to change you
To strenthen your backbone
But instead it weakens the flesh.

So what do you do
To honor contructive critism
When actually it hurts the heart.

You tell the world to take cover now
Because you're in charge
Of making a new start.

Cecelia Weir

True Meaning Of Living

The freedom of my life
Was born today
I thought everything
Had to be a certain way.
But I found God
And the life He had given
Hey I can finally say
I'm living.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Better Days

I thought I had seen
My Better Days
Until these
The worst days come.
So now I know
These are the better days
For to be alive
Shows the worst days
I have won.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Neighbor

She speaks and she waves
And asks how are you doing
You see the smile upon her face
But its not from her heart
That shes showing.

To look into her eyes
You see there once was joy
You see from her expressions
What once was happiness
Is now just a lingering memoir.

You can only imagine
Whats she feels within her soul
As she travels to and fro
Her burdens and her tears
Her tribulations no one knows.

She leaves home daily
And comes back again
Carrying small bags of groceries
And sometimes packages
Every now and then.

She often returns from somewhere
That shows her regret from within
But she knows if she doesn't go
She can't feed her babies
Nor the rest of her kin.

She's gentle and shes's loving
she's sweet and she's kind
But what you see her doing
Bless her heart
Its not whats on her mind.

Just to survive
She does what she's gotta do
She works against her own belief

Who can stare and criticize
For anyday this could be you.

Cecelia Weir

Good Winds

When the wind blows through tall trees
It blows through tiny blades of grass.
Tall trees why cry?
Blades of grass why cry?

Tall trees see the wind
Blow away your troubles.
Blades of grass see the wind
Blow away your pain.

What the wind carries away
It lovingly conceals
So does the spirit of the soul
Blessing for you it can feel.

As you discover the calmness
You feel your troubles leave
Within a deep settled peace
That comes after the breeze.

You may not feel the calmness
As abrupt as the breeze
But know the God you serve
Will gladly supply your needs.

Cecelia Weir

When I Was A Kid

When I was a kid
London Bridge was falling down
Lil Sally Walker was sitting in a saucer
Watching squirrels change nest
While lil' Bo Peep searched for her sheep.

Mother Goose was reading nursery rhymes
When Red Ridinghood slipped into the forrest.
The three bears were friends
With the three little pigs
And they saw the cow jump over the moon.

When I was a kid
Jack and Jill went up the hill
While Jack Horner sat in a corner.
And the other Jack tried climbing a beanstalk
But this fussing chicken
Insisted on crossing the road.

When I was a kid
There was even an ole lady
Who lived in a shoe
And a blue boy who liked blowing his horn.
But little Miss Muffet
Just set on her tuffet
While some poor kid's dish
Ran away with his spoon.

Cecelia Weir

A Sweet Life

Right and wrong
Has no age limit
Love has no race
Death has no respect of persons
And Life.....
Oh, sweet Life
Has no limit on your goals.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

My Money's Worth

The question is not
How much money
Do we have?
It is how much really
Is the money worth?

Is it
That we don't
Have a lot of money
Or is it
That the value of money
Has slacked off.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The Greatest Exchange

On the day I was converted
I felt my heart change
As my old mind exited
I knew nothing was the same.

As Christ enfolded me in His arms
He had no remorse
For the way He embraced me
I felt my life change course.

For my anger, He gave me tranquility
For my sorrow, He gave me joy
For my hatred, He gave me love
And for this He was not annoyed.

For my foolishness, He gave me wisdom
For my impotence, He gave me understanding
For my immorality, He gave me morals
And for this He never spoke demanding.

For my doubts, He gave me assurance
For my weaknesses, He made me strong
For my insecurities, He gave me confidence
And for this it didn't take Him long.

For my confusion, He gave me peace
For my distraughtfulness, He gave knowledge to my soul
For my unworthiness, He cleansed me
And for this He made me whole.

For my frailties, He gave me power
For my disabilities, He gave me vision
For my failures and heartbreaks, He restored me
And all this from an humble decision.

To live for Him and to love Him
To share a life of christianity
To do as He commands
And to share in spreading humanity.

Truth Is

Truth Is

If you haven't been up

Truth Is

Then you've never been down.

Truth Is

Happiness comes anywhere

Truth Is

Its not partial.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Jailousy

Face who you are
In someone else
And be at peace
From within.
For what we see
In others
Is what we can be
If we plunge our gifts
Into reality.
For we are an equation
Built on righteousness
Meant to assemble
One soul to another
In unity.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

A Word

What a fool says
Comes out of the mouth.
What the wise expresses
Comes from the heart.

What a fool does
Generates confusion.
What the wise executes
Transpires peace.

A word speaks altitude
A word speaks momentum.
A deed speaks attitude
A deed speaks integrity.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The Falling Star

Look a falling star
Someone had said
But it didn't fall
It laid in its own bed.

Someone said it fell
Of course they didn't know
It was simply being placed
Where its light could show.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Drifting Light

I saw a light
That shone so bright
It led many people
To become wonderful in sight.

They marveled so gayly
At this beautiful new light
But somehow lost hope
As they drifted from the right.

Their lights grew dim
As they went further down a road
Until they stopped
At a house of good abode.

They reflected on the light
They led them so far
Then they remembered themselves
To lead others from the dark.

Cecelia Weir

Merry Christmas To You!

As friends and family
All gather around
Maybe to sing a carol or two
Humm, the aromas and sounds
The beauty of Christmas
Everywhere is designed for you.

Gifts in the closet
Even in glove boxes
Of luxury and plain cars
New memories and treasures
To be discovered
While some even make new starts.

The feelings of Christmas
So humble yet bright
To give life and refreshing views
The moments it generates
In the reflections of silence
Always seems closest to you.

With prayerful wishes
For you and yours
And love to extended families
A very Merry Christmas
A blessed, prosperous
And exciting New Year!

Cecelia Weir

Beth And Jerry

If friendship could repay kindness
And appreciation
Could really say thanks.
I bet it would build a new world
And you would be first in ranks.

For many would discuss the endeavor
And even relate to the case.
But few would stand
And finish first
In the place of anothers mans race.

Thanks my child and son-in-law
For the kindness you have shown.
For my gratitude
Is beyond the depths of my heart
Where no words has ever known.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

God Chose You

The soft driven snow
And gentle raindrops
They fall down to me.

The lovely blooms
Of each little flower
They grow up to me.

The tide rolls in
From the deep blue ocean
They roll in to me.

The lights from up above
Reflects the Fathers love
He shines them for me to see.

The things He has made
And the way He has paved
These are His blessings to me.

We put in him our trust
As He loves and chooses to share
His bountiful life with us.

Cecelia Weir

Leading Light

There is a Light
That leads you
It leads without a doubt
It leaves your heart rejoicing
And your spirit with a shout.

Regardless of your problems
Forgiveness is above sin.
Prayer will hold you united
If you kneel down
And just begin.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Sick And Tired

Sick and Tired, Sick and Tired
That's what my grandmother used to say.
How did she ever know
What I would be going through today.

Growing up was nothing
Growing old is pain
Growing weary is a headache
Growing richer with nothing to gain.

Sick and tired means wordless
To the sense of how things are now
I guess grandmother seen the future
And was trying to help, somehow.

Cecelia Weir



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The Little Candle

I saw a little candle
In a window shining bright.
Showing someone the way
Someone who really had no light.

It burned down so low
I was scared it would go out.
I didn't believe they all could make it
I really had strong doubt.

But the little candle fought for life
For all who carried a load.
The little candle continued to beckon
As they struggled down the road.

Anxiously as they all arrived
The candle was almost gone.
They all just barely made it in
The candle was glad they made it home.

As the little candle grew dimmer
It thought of others along the route.
But someone reached over and blew it
And the little candle reluctantly went out.

Cecelia Weir

I Wait And I Rest

While the whole world decides
What my earthly best is
I just rock on my porch
Keep from making bad deals
I wait, I rest.

I keep my eyes out for scams
While I pay a few bills
I retreat to my God
Making sure to keep it real
I wait, I rest.

I know everything is done
Its to my great Gods will
No need to give up
So I just sit here and chill
I wait, I rest.

It seems mighty hard
Times really are rough
But I believe God is saying
That enough of something is enough.
I wait, I rest.

The eagle waits for the winds
Of the strong storms to blow
While the storm is below
The eagle spreads wings and soar.
I wait, I rest.

Look at all of the things
God has the world arranging to do
When it all pans out
Trust in His care its for you.
I wait, I rest.

Cecelia Weir

The Mimic People

There is someone I met
That was acting pretty silly
They mimiced everything I done
It gave me the wilys.

I raised up my head
They elegantly raised theirs
I raised my hand and waved
They waved but stopped and stared.

I said I was hungry
They said they were too
I asked why hadn't you brought it up
They just looked waiting for food.

I talked about something
It was their thoughts too
I was really tired of them
This is what I chose to do.

I took one step
They did too
I looked and said to them
I can really get rid of you.

I laughed at them
They laughed back at me
This was going to be tough
But enough is enough.

I stepped farther to the side
And so did they
Alas I was out of the mirror
That's how I got free for the day.

Cecelia Weir

Broke -I- Tis

My friend, she came around
And said,
She had arthritis
My brother said he wasn't well
He suffers from bronchitis.

My aunt,
She said she was stiff
And was in pain from bursitis
My cousin said it wasn't fair
Her nerves had tendonitis.

Well, I had never experienced
Anything my friend
Or relatives had
I kind'a laughed to myself
I was really sort of glad.

Arthritis and bronchitis
Bursitis and Tendonitis
These things were strange to me
I guess I wasn't satisfied
O why, why couldn't I have let it be.

If you noticed
No one asked
So I took it upon myself
To announce to all my kinfolks
Just how good I thought I felt.

They all turned
And looked at me
In deep sincerity and in awe
And eagerly to my own surprise
I blurted this out without a flaw.

Don't feel so bad my kindred
I guess Dis-Ease
Got all of us

I suffer daily just like you
From a new Dis-Ease
Its simply called Broke-I-Tis.
(Tis I Broke)

Cecelia Weir

This Is All I Have

This is all I have
When I give you my love
When can't you see?
When my spirit is too heavy
When I am filled with grief
This is all I have.
When I share goodness
And in you I believe
When I am to you
What you need me to be
This is all I have.
When I give my heart to you
My Darling, take care of it
In the things you decide
For this is all I have.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Kiss The Morning

Can you kiss the morning
Can you count moments of the day
Can you reach this lifes beauty
In everything you say.

Can you embrace the noon day
And enjoy blessings in it
Can you tell God you are grateful
Its for your benefit He sent it.

Can you bless the evening
By singing in your spirit a song
Can you praise the Lord
Becasue you lived all day long.

Can you hug the night
For comfort, rest, and peace
Can you welcome and encourage it
Just to lay questions down to sleep.

Can you Kiss the Morning
Its another busy day
Have you thought how your life
Shall compliment others on today.

Cecelia Weir

Stop Talking

If you are talking
To someone
And they interpret
What you say another way
Stop Talking.

If they say something
To you
And you interpret
What they say another way
Stop Talking.

You should mean
What you say
And say what you mean
For the meaning is already said
Stop Talking.

Cecelia Weir



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Ancestors Cry

From the tombs of time
I hear my ancestors cry
Why the lives they lived
Reached for their home in the sky.

Their burdens made blessings
Their distractions they made work
Their frustrations made them humble
Their love covered their hurt.

The downside of life
Always has a flip
Sometimes we lose patience
Sometimes we lose grip.

If we seek the importance
Of our ancestors cry
We will live less in crisis
And can recover a good life.

Cecelia Weir

Love Yourself

To love yourself
Is not selfish
But being a good steward.
Seek not the love of others
To make you whole.
But seek thine own love for thyself
From within thine own soul.
For if you know not
The love from within
You will not recognize
The true love from without.

Not selfish - but good stewards
....Over mind
....Over body
....Over soul
....Over the heart.

Love thyself that others may know how to love.

Cecelia Weir

Brightened Sorrow

Buried in sorrow
I was overtaken by my grief
I thought I had it going
But that was just my belief.

I struggled hard to make it
But the tougher times would get
Then I decided to give up
But God said, 'No you, not yet.'

So I kept right on fighting
Smiling trying to do some good
And I truly kept praying
It was comforting that I should.

Life made me doubt
When prayer gave me hope
Then I was delivered
When God decided I could cope.

When I looked around me
All my troubles were the same
I had been spiritually challenged
I'd only been wrestling in my brain.

Cecelia Weir

A Farmers Repeat

I've muzzled a cow
I've plowed a mule
I've filled my barns
With hay, corn, peas and beans.

I've owned many acres
I've walked every lot
I've cared for each critter
Although sometimes stretching my means.

I cared not to compete
I cared for the human race
And this my beautiful County
I lived to feed.

I've now ridden a tractor
I've plowed every furrow
I've irrigated and fertilized
And on every row I planted a seed.

I've climbed a few mountains
I've driven trucks and cars
And even have crossed
Rivers and streams.

I've seen the sun rise
I've seen the sun set
I've even humbly lived
By some of my hopes and dreams.

I've flown on an airplane
I've rode on a train
But my family morals and values
I've loved and kept just the same.

I Honor our Creator
I salute our future Farmers
For I learned from the ground
That Life in every way is revealed.

Cecelia's Recipe For Life

Be Positive-
Look ahead-
Live in the Present-
And be sure-
To love every minute-
Of whatever you do.

Have a zest for life-
A forgiving Spirit-
Enthusiasm for others-
A genuine will for helping-
And nothing-
Will be impossible for you.

Cecelia Weir



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Cecelia's Motto

Lord, Touch my life daily
So when others touch me
They will feel you
Touching them.

Cecelia Weir



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Child Wisdom

I learned as a child
That Wisdom and Knowledge
Is not obtained
Through how many
Words you express.
But how well
You express
A few words.

Cecelia Weir



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Stationary

People sitting up
Watching the radio
Waiting patiently
For the TV screen to pop up.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Who Fool

How much of a fool
Does a fool have to be
Before the discovery
Of being a fool.

Who identifies the fool
To know its a fool
When observing a fool
Whose a Fool.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Know Ledge Knowledge

Knowledge is always on the ledge
Books are the bridges to life
Reading, seeing and understanding
Are the bridges to knowledge
Feelings of the heart
Are the bridges to the soul.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Liars Are For What?

How some people can tell lies
Even when its no use
They set your heart in position
Just setting you up for abuse.

They lie when they are right
They lie when they are wrong
They even lie and get upset
Because you won't play along.

Up and down lies
In and out lies
What a liar will not do
Should to you be no surprise.

What is a liar for
You're just trying to get along
What good does it do
To sing the same ole song.

Cecelia Weir

If You Think

If you think
Someone acts a fool
And they don't mind
Embarrassing themselves.

If you think
They say things
That are insulting
To their own character.

Why do you expect respect
Thinking they'll be kind to you
When they haven't
Even considered themselves.

Cecelia Weir



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Living Above The Influence Of Life

It rains
Cars are wrecked.
Life gets hard
Still life beckons.

Disasters come
Destruction is even up ahead
Things get crazy
But still you are led.

Never looking back
Can cause you to stand still
But in moving forward
You will get over the hill.

Living above the Influence
Life shows you it can be hard
But never let it fool you
Every day you make a new start.

Cecelia Weir

Gentle Ice Picks

Gentle Ice Picks
Sticking so deep
Some call themselves friends
Into your life they've creeped.

You life is doing fine
And to trust is divine
But don't allow it to linger
Don't give it a lot of time.

You've already seen the warning
You've already heard the voice
You want to heed to your intuition
Before you have no choice.

Having a good job
Means progress and success
Then hear comes the cuts
This will make your life a mess.

You've planned and you've spent
You've gained integrity
Then hear comes some picks
They've been sticking gradually.

Probing and Prying
Sticking then pulling back
Leaving you nervous and on edge
Not knowing how to get on track.

But you have hidden strengths
Somewhere deep down inside
Put all your faith in action
Because still God is by your side.

Cecelia Weir

Gently Fleeting

O the beauty of Love
So refreshing so delightful
So beholding so devoted
So gently fleeting.

O the beauty of Life
So dedicated so filled with joy
So obedient to its presence
So gently fleeting.

O the beauty of Breath
So silent so aware
So endowed so kind
But so gently fleeting.

O the beauty of Friendship
So much laughter so much shared
So harmonious so secure
Yet so gently fleeting.

O the beauty of a Kiss
So sensual so memorable
So lingers yet yearning
But oh, so gently fleeting.

The Love of Life
The Breath of Friendship
Kisses unrestrictedly and unnoticed
Yet so gently fleeting.

Across the seas of time
Beyond the ages of imminence
Expels into its dimensions
Onto an unknown path.
It can be given
Or taken away
In the glimpse of an eye
Or the touch of a hand.
No words are spoken

But it is in silence sealed.
Sealed into one common spiritual bond
A declaration in constant pursuance
Voided by its own solitude.
Once again, it eludes
And defies itself.
Never does it escape
But is unintentionally released
By the emotions of the soul
All so gently fleeting.

Cecelia Weir

Baby Breath

The birds were singing
You could hear grass growing
Your soul could feel heaven
As a gentle little breeze
Was occasionally blowing.

As I taken him within my arms
Holding him ever so close
His anxiousness excitingly
Showing through his spirit
As he extended his arms towards me.

I felt his lashes
Gently blink
As he laid upon my breast.
I felt his breath
Deeply sniffed
As he gently slept
Yet firmly
I felt his caress.

His warmth
His love
I felt within.
His care
His concerns
Pounded within my heart
As I held him
Deeper than close.

When he awakened
His eyes met mine
Revealing beyond
Sleeps deep imagination.
I felt his love penetrate
I knew his need
I surrendered
And I began to feed
His silent request



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With tenderness and anticipation.
I humbled myself
I respected the ambience
And submitted to my instinct
A woman's obligation.

The breath of life
The beauty of life
The trust of consideration.
To have and to hold
One's total control
You hold within your arms
The heart of another's soul.
The sounds of the unheard
The stories of the untold
The bindings of only the soul.

Cecelia Weir

Hurt Makes Life Right

Hurt Makes Life Right
Before it makes life right good
Why can't we skip the riff
And just live like we should.

We get all kinds of advice
To do the correct thing
But why it has to hurt first
Like an unsociable bee sting.

Parents give instructions
On what is sincerely good for you
But it just feel so good
When you do what you should'nt do.

Castor Oil was an example
It does the body good
But it taste so awfully bad
Before you feel like you should.

I say lets wise up
And skip the heartache and pain
Let's boycott the ways of life
Just get the good and skip the rain.

Lets hit Life where it hurts
Since Hurt Makes Life Right
Lets do the exceptionally best we can
Without the fuss and fight.

Cecelia Weir

Nature's Burden

Nature was speaking
Privately to me one day
So I stopped to hear
What Nature would say.

I looked at the clouds
I looked at the rain
And realized after them
The earth isn't the same.

I considered the earthquakes
The floods and cyclones
The fires and tornadoes
Then the beauty of the sun.

The moon the stars
The animals and fish
The responsibility of nature
The atmosphere and its risk.

Yet from this burden
Comes the beauty of man
Who is left to decide
what happens in command.

The burden of Nature
Is to perform its best
Before anyone touches it
Consider the war and the test.

Cecelia Weir

I Do

I do
I did
I loved
I craved.

I laughed
I birthed
I cried
I stayed.

I pushed
I pursued
I begged
I prayed.

I worked
I walked
I left
I saved.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

An Unseen Love

Everyday I saw a friend
I really needed so
But my frail heart
And thoughts from within
They wouldn't let them know.

So I went through life
Truly missing them
With every breath I taken
To only find out from my soul
I really never knew him.

Cecelia Weir



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Just A Simple Picture

The sun rose over the eastern treetops
As the day begin to break.

I heard how melodious the birds sang
As I put the coffee on.

I saw the newly fallen dew
Upon every blade of grass.

And then I saw how blessed I was
Just to see that I am there.

Cecelia Weir



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New Beginnings Make New Endings

New Beginnings Make New Endings
With lots of life between
Its what you put into your life
It is not these other things.
You will never know
What lies ahead
Choosing not to dream, instead.

New Beginnings Make New Endings
with much success ahead
If gently and tenderly
You choose to love it day by day
And be thankful its graces
YOu will find it to guide you
You will never be afraid.

New Beginnings Make New Eendings.
Like nothing you've ever seen.
Just looking at a sewing needle
Its not the eye of the needle
That makes the impression on you
But amazingly it is the the thread
That makes its appeal to you.

Cecelia Weir

With Thoughts From Your Own Mind

Someone feels loved
Someone lives happily
Someone sees decency
Someone lives eternally.
With Thoughts
From Your Own Mind.

Someone reaches for help
someone cries a tear
Someone lacks integrity
Someone lives in fear.
With Thoughts
From Your Own Mind.

Someone is unhappy
Someones soul is in despair
Someone feels no laughter
Someone believes not one can care.
With thoughts
From Your Own Mind.

Someone creates confusion
Someone creates hate
Someone creates division
Someone causes destructive fate.
With Thoughts
From Your Own Mind.

Someone gives a ray of hope
Someone gives you faith
Someone gives you inspiration
Someone saves the day.
With thoughts
From Your Own Mind.

Cecelia Weir

I Listen And I Hear

You talk
I Listen and I Hear.
You give from within
I Listen and I Hear.
You smile and you cry
I Listen and I Hear.
You feel and you love
I Listen and I Hear.

Your talk
Your giving
Your smile
Your crying.
Your feelings
My love
I Thank You
For I Listen and I Hear.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

I Saw The Night

I Saw The Day
As I felt the night
And people surrounded me.
The night set in
And the people didn't know
I saw it in their every grin.

Not just fake hair
And false eyelashes too.
Those things couldn't bother me.
Finger Nails or not
Or breast implants
It was their spirit
Where I experienced the fault.

It wasn't in the toupes
Or the muscle bound strength
The vehicles or the cash.
But it was deep within
Their desired motive of intent
Where they tried to inger
My heart with a gash.

I strained to keep the sun shinning
I fought hard and kept the day.
I saw Night on the horizon
That's when I begin to pray.
The darkness never reached me
As I begin to welcome it in
Because I knew through me
The change would come
And night would be made day again.

Cecelia Weir

I Can

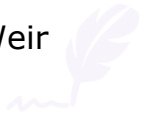
I thought I couldn't
But I Can.

I thought I couldn't
But I Can.

I thought I couldn't
But I Can.

For every good deed
That I let go by.
For when I should have stood
But I was too shy.
For all the times
I should have inspired someone
But I let the opportunity pass.
Just to have the chance again
To stand even by your side
I say 'I Can.'

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Days Of The Week

The first day it as sunny
The second day there were clouds
The third day it rained
On the fourth day there was fog.

The fifth day it was clear from the start
The next day it was snowy and freezing
There came the confessing summer warmth
The warmth of your very heart.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Myth Of Love

Love is a wonderful myth
Feelings can be a desire.
Emotions create actions
Which develops an attraction.

Life demands an answer
For the behavior of our ways.
But some things are unexplainable
When it focuses on interaction.

The feelings of desire
The emotions of peace and happiness.
The contentment of Love's authority
And how it meets ones satisfaction.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Fame, Myth And Miracle

Beneath the myth the miracle
Of who we know we are.
And then there is the illusion
For others can only see so far.

There is a foundation
That helps us know the truth.
We never can estimate our depth
So no one really knows you.

We pass to say hello
To a world beyond what we know.
But still we remain embodied
By the pleasures of what we sow.

How can one overcome
The myth and miracle of fame.
Because every soul has a purpose
Although they are not the same.

Estimate your reasoning
How some may get far ahead.
While other lives seem useless
As though they live for dead.

But the institution of fame
Is found within the inspiration.
The of task in everyday living
Everyone has contributed compensation.

To a Neighbor or a Friend
To a Employer or employee.
To a Cousin or an Aunt
Fame's not limited to just a few.

Fame is not for popularity
Fame is not for people we don't know.
Fame is really not to be commended
For its the gift that makes the show.

Poetry Exhumes

Poetry Exhumes
From the Life or Death
Of a desired Expression
Which has never been told.
It is the Birth
Of its own Freedom.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Make Life Live

As stale as it may be
As harsh as it may seem
We need to be more accurate
And not let life decease.
Make Life Live.

No matter how redundant
No matter just how small
We should never take for granted
The rut waiting for us to fall.
Make Life Live.

We may choose not to be popular
We may not even be the brightest
But we should always do our best
To make our lives withstand its test.
Make Life Live.

There will be disappointments
There will be trials and errors
But none can defeat you
For the rest waits on you to do the rest.
Make Life Live.

Cecelia Weir

I Am

I Am Who I am
Not who
I am taught to be.

I Am who I am
Not who
I have learned to be.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Don'T Tell Me Nothing Ain'T Worth Something

Don't Tell Me Nothing
Ain't Worth Something.
The more I work
The less I have.
The lesser I have
The harder I have to work.

Don't Tell Me Nothing
Ain't Worth Something.
Just when I got use
To the Nothing I already had.
Then here comes a new nothing
To make my first nothing not so bad.

Don't Tell Me Nothing
Ain't Worth Something.
The more of the new nothing
On my mind that I've got.
I wish for the first nothing
That no longer seems like a lot.

Don't Tell Me Nothing
Ain't worth Something.
For this new nothing got me
Where I don' know how to begin.
And it just keeps on coming
Like trouble will never end.

Don't Tell Me Nothing
Ain't Worth Something.
The groanings and pains
The worries and sleepless nights.
The cares of its conclusions
The things I took too light.

Don't Tell Me Nothing
Ain'Worth Something.
When its all I wish I had
And if someone else

Has this same type of nothing
Well honey I sho' ain't mad.

Cecelia Weir

Whats Really Going On

Whats really going on
I really don't know.
But everyone is saying
Look I told you so.

People get mad
If you do something right.
People get mad
If you do something wrong.

People get mad
If you do even something small.
People get mad
If you do nothing at all.

People get mad
If you make friends strong.
People get mad
If you leave them alone.

People get mad
If you sweetly sing a song.
People get mad
Cause they can't get along.

Whats really going on
I really can't tell.
People are just like that
And nothing rings a bell.

Cecelia Weir

Friendship Notes

My Friend,
For every Rock
There is a Mountain.
For every Stream
There is a River.
For every Twig
There is a Tree.
And for my Existence
There is a Friend.
Thank You for being my Friend.
Caringly,

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Rocks Or Stars

Why look down for Rocks
When you can look up
And see Stars.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Improve

To Improve daily
Is far greater
Than the wait
On Time for change.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The Help Of People

There are those
Who want to do and can't.

There are those
Who can but won't.

There are those
Who say they will but don't.

There are those
Who say they can't and just can't.

There are those
Who say they can and will.

And there are those
who help whatever way they can.

Yet there are those
Who wish they could and can't.

Then there are those
Who say they won't and ain't.

Cecelia Weir

The Fact Of The Matter

The Fact Of The Matter is
I would be
Someone else
IF I wasn't already myself.

And its hard enough
To be myself
Than trying
To become someone else.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

I Only Saw The Dust

Refrain

I only saw the dust
From the truck go by.
I didn't know if to laugh
I didn't know if to cry.
Times had been hard
I'd spent my money at the bar
That's when I realized
It wasn't my truck
But my car.

Verse 1

I was on the porch at the store
Drinking a bottle of pop.
When I saw the dust coming
I knew it wasn't gonna stop.
It flew by so fast
As the dust filled my eyes
I could barely see it
As it disappeared
(Just) Beyond the rise.

(Choral Option - Yes, I ran)

Verse 2

I ran behind it yelling
Honey, I know I must have lied
And when I looked around
A handsome woman
Was standing by my side.
I don't know where she come from
I was at the store for food.
Now all I can remember
Is the dust behind you.

Refrain

I only saw the dust
From the truck go by.
I didn't know if to laugh

I didn't know if to cry.
Times had been hard
I'd spent my money at the bar
That's when I realized
It wasn't my truck
But my car.

Verse 3

I don't know what to do
I don't know what to say.
Before you all I had
Was the sun to brighten my day.
You've loved me since forever
You've given me everything
And all I had to do
Is just play music
Write and sing.

(Choral Option - Yet, somehow)

Verse 4

Somehow I'd let my car
Take up all my lovin time.
I spent all my money on it
Next to my last dime.
I don't see how I did it
You're the best woman by far
I didn't intend to replace you
With that blamed ole car.

Refrain

I only saw the dust
From the truck go by.
I didn't know if to laugh
I didn't know if to cry.
Times had been hard
I'd spent my money at the bar
that's when I realized
It wasn't my truck
But my car.

Verse 5

I'll let nothing come between us
Or cause me to split my time.
I'll never let nothing happen
To change my mind.
Times have been rough
Times have been hard.
I know you needed more than roses
And some cute romantic car.

(Slow with feelings)

Verse 6

If I've got to let you go
To live free as a bird.
I'll make sure everything you say
(to the judge)
With my heart is heard.
Honey, I can't conceive it
I'll regret leaving you alone
But I beg you to reconsider
And please, please, please,
Just bring my car back home.

Refrain

I only saw th dust
From the truck go by
I didn't know if to laugh
I didn't know if to cry.
Times had been hard
I'd spent my money at the bar
That's when I realized
It wasn't my truck
But my car.

(Words and Music

Cecelia Weir

aka - Casey Presley)

Cecelia Weir

Hair Sense

Why is the hair
Upon your head
Does it protect the brain?
If it recedes
Or if we lose it
Does this make us insane?

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Proceed

To awaken is no a part of life
But living is a procedure.
Its not how long you've been asleep
But how well you choose to live.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Love Never Departs

The lights of love
Were In your eyes
That lit the way to my heart.
My heart from yours
As my love to you
Not even from the soul
Shall depart.

The care of your love
Harkened unto my bosom
As though no love ever before.
But as the twilight
Before us all
I felt the waves of life
Struggling to embark another shore.

I tugged my love
I strove and was driven
To keep you as long as I could.
But then I saw the Master's plan
I relinquished
For now I understood.

I love you now
I'll love you forever
And think of days we spent without grief.
I'll proceed with plans
To live through memories
And sincerely pray
That you would be pleased.

Cecelia Weir

Precious

Precious are they
Who look after themselves
For the love of them they love.

Precious are they
who fail not to respect those
Who strive for their benefit and prosperity.

Precious are they
Who reform themselves
That others may live a better life.

Precious are they
who pray and sleep at night
That the days of life may unfold.

Precious are they
Who love without a purpose
And joyfully bless each new dawn.

Precious are they
who understands without malice
And lives to make a difference.

Cecelia Weir

A Self Covenant

What you get out of life
Is what you have given.
Get more out of life
By giving more of yourself.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Aglow

The moon shines
The brightest at night
And the stars shine so bright.

No matter how cloudy
Or windy it gets
Their presence never changes.

It is the darkness
Surrounding you
That makes you Aglow.

When the clouds roll away
When the winds have subsided
And all darkness becomes clear.

Be encouraged
Be inspired and shine
For we see you.

A light in darkness
A light before us
A light that reflects upon us.

To lead us
To guide us
To show us the way.

To preserve our spirits
To lead us out from our darkness
That we too, may set aglow.

Cecelia Weir

The Drag People

The Drag People

Are present everywhere you go.

Stop being so surprised

They are people that you know.

They drag your name down

Penetrating on your mind.

They tear at your spirit

But they seem to do just fine.

They nag and talk at you

Breathing negatives on your health.

Until they blurringly convince you

You don't know how to help yourself.

They will persecute you

Until you're six feet underground.

So release and let them go

And decline to wear a frown.

Because of your good nature

It seems so wrong to do.

They will destroy your integrity

Nothing will be left of you.

So keep your head held up high

And be the best at all you can.

Don't think about the dragging toxics

Nor the pressures of their demands.

Life will make them realize

The way they chose to do.

Is their decisions for themselves

It just wasn't meant for you.

I don't doubt they love you

I don't doubt they care.

But your reality says progress

While others refuse to dare.

The Ole Apple Tree

It was a brisk beautiful morning
Not a cloud in the sky
As I lay beneath
The Ole Apple Tree
Wondering how its fruit grows
And glad I'm a reason why.
I saw how lovely the world is
And wondered why some important things
We seem to neglect and disregard
And realize the happiness it brings.
I felt the needled green grass
As sun rays hit my eyes.
The pigs and cows were grazing
With the mules and chickens nearby.
And this is when I began to think
How much smaller was my stomach
Always were my eyes
How much I could consume
The taste of nutmeg and butter
In one of Grandma's good ole apple pies.
The Ole Apple Tree
Ever so tall it stood.
Had such delightful food
That supplied every one of us
with something so sweet
And so delectably good.
This was more than branches and leaves
This was more than a just a tree
As my wisdom begin to open up
And as my soul began to read.
Limbs and branches
That stretched ever so wide
The lifeline to its fruit
It did protect and provide.
From one space to another
Arms touching everyone's lives
Yet when her summer had ended
The fruit was gone so quick
All of our good times were gone

The year my grandma got sick.
The Ole Apple Tree still stands
To remind us of back in the day.
When clothes were hung out on a line
And children could go outside to play.
When folks would go to church
Without a lot to pay.
But come home gratifying
Believing God would make a way.
Grandma would be singing
Probably some ole deep spiritual song
That made her shouting happy
But made us wonder what was wrong.
The smell of apple pie
Still thickly fills the air
As the memory of grandma rocks
In the ole wooden rocking chair.

Cecelia Weir

Success Goal

Much Success is within One
Who understands the Goal.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

A Whale In The Sky

I was just a child
When I saw a whale
Floating in the sky.
I couldn't comprehend what I saw
I couldn't believe my eyes.
I knew the sky was blue
Like the ocean wide and deep
But why was there a whale
For this was not the sea.
I pondered to myself
Over and over again.
Was I standing upside down
Or had my senses flew off
And estrangly left me bound.
There was a strong breeze of wind
That had pushed me nearly down
Was this when I became confused
Was this why I felt like a clown.
Then I made myself give in
I was not near an ocean channel
Maybe it would just be smarter
To notify the next of kin
For what I saw I could not handle.
I laughed ever so loud
When my mother walked over
To me and said
She knew what I was thinking
She knew what was in my head.
You're seeing an airplane
For the very first time
But you don't have to worry
Its just going to keep flying.
You think something is wrong
But how beautiful it is to see
Something floating along so large
That God astonishingly holds up
Over the heads of you and me.
You might say an airplane
Is the big whale of the sky

For it carries passengers
From one place to another
And sometimes transport supplies.
Like Ole Brother Jonah
In the belly of the whale
I can imagine him riding the skies
Traveling to some new adventure
That only God could tell.
One day I hope to ride
The oceans of blue skies
Being not a cloud in view.
And one day you may fly a plane
And I'll be proud of you.

Cecelia Weir

Did You

Did you laugh with someone today
To give them a smile?
To make their day better
To wholeheartedly encourage their day
To inspire them to feel worthwhile?

Did you laugh at someone today
To make them feel so down?
To discourage their melodious day
To make them feel useless
And have them wear an undeserving frown?

Did you realize you become
Others of whom you make?
That no longer will you give
But you will have to take?

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

My Burden Of Proof

I hear what people feel
Instead of what people say.
I cannot express what I hear
Regardless of what is portrayed.

Many feelings would be hurt
Many ways would be changed.
What would change the profits
Friendships would not be gained.

The heart and spirit
Must join to become one.
For life respects the burden
Once its mind has been overcome.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Hear And See

Ears hear and ears see
What the imagination can bring.
But most of all they see
Through the eyes
What the ears have heard
That the eyes may have failed to reveal.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

I Love You

I Love You
So Much
That I can't stand myself
Because I do.
I get so full of anxiety
That I can't even swallow.
I want to relax
But I can't get my own tongue
From between my teeth
Therefore when I do
I just fuss.
I fuss at you
Because of the way I feel
And the way I feel
I wish I could
Tell you.

I love you
But I can't stand myself
So Much
That when I see you
I get mad at me
And it basically
Makes my heart bleed.
I can't love you
Because of me
I really do
Stand in my way
I've got all these feelings
I don't know how to express
But I really do
Mean to say
I Love You.

Cecelia Weir

Somebody Prays

Somebody is happy
Somebody is fun
Somebody enjoys life
Then the devil puts them on the run.
Somebody has a problem
Somebody gets involved
Somebody reaches grace
Somebody prays a prayer
And the problem is dissolved.

Thanks to somebody who prays
That maybe doesn't even know me.
But prays a prayer daily
For all whom they do not see.
Thanks for your encouragement
Thank you
For some days life gets odd.
Thanks for caring about me
Thanks for knowing God.

Cecelia Weir

Leadership Ability

A good leader
Not only knows
Right from wrong.
But have the ability
To advise and perform
Right instead of wrong.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

After The Holidays

The gentle sounds
Of a winter's rain
The sweet fragrances
Of hickory fills the air.
Gives such assurance
As the realness of love remains.
To bless, to heal
To satisfy
After The Holidays.

From heart to heart
The hustles and bustles of life
Refreshens us to retire
To an eve of rest.
But vivid reflections so bright
Still encompasses the soul
Of each smile of gratitude
Grace, joy and delight
After The Holidays.

Cecelia Weir

PoemHunter.com

Only For You

Only For You
Where would others be.
Carrying the load
May not be easy.
But it shows
You are a responsible person.
Your capabilities somehow
Has proven to those around you
That you compass their thoughts
And their abilities.
What we would like to do
Is encourage others.
From what seems to be slothfulness
Laziness, noncooperativeness
And incompetence.
But your focus should remain
On God's grace abounding within you.
For it is our best
That stands the test.
Every life is better
Every deed that is done
Everything that is achieved
Is Only For You.
In the hearts of some minds
If it wasn't for you
But its Only For You.

Cecelia Weir

Father

My father
He knew how to love
Without saying so.
He knew how to protect
Without saying so.
He knew how to respect
Without saying so.
He knew how to command
Without saying so.
He knew how to demand
Without saying so.
He knew how to care
Without saying so.
He knew how to share
without saying so.
He knew how to give joy
Without saying so.
He knew how to create happiness
Without saying so.
He knew how to be compassionate
Without saying so.
And without a word
I knew his unspoken words.
Words from the heart
Words felt from the soul
Of a truly loving father
That I loved and obeyed.
Even now as his meanings
In my life unfold.
My father.

Cecelia Weir

Doing The Best You Can

Sometimes you can't do
What you want to do.
Or what someone else wants
For just Doing The Best You Can.

Sometimes you can't do
What you need to
Or do what's best for you
For just Doing The Best You Can.

Sometimes you can't do nothing
Nothing planned or hoped for
Nothing in your dreams or vision
For just Doing The Best You Can.

But be grateful and love it
Be steadfast and jubilant
And develop more joy within
Just for Doing The Best You Can.

Cecelia Weir

PoemHunter.com

Push Me Through

Life does get complicated
To a few of us sometimes.
And we loose focus
On our hopes and dreams
Our visions of family and friends
Just kind of fade away
And everything we do
Runs deep and kind of thin.
We never even realize
When all this we're caught up in
Really gets started
Or how it all begin
Because it carefully whizzed by
Our thoughts and desires
So deeply from within.
Some days you feel
You can no longer stand.
But all you really need
Is someone with an honest opinion
who understands with a helping hand.
Someone not necessarily to lean on
No one you'll have bend to
Just a good old fashion inspiration
Someone who sincerely wishes
Only the best for you.
Push Me Through.

Cecelia Weir

Blind Mirror

Are they so blind
They can't see
What's already dead?
Or are they blinded
By the living things
they can?

Are they blind
By the things
They have?
Or are they blinded
By the things
They don't?

Are they blind
From the things
They have done?
Or are they blinded
By the things
They didn't.

Are they blind
From the fear
Of their past?
Or are they blind
From the fear
Of their future?

Blind Mirror
Sees the depth
Of every reflection.
Oh, but the mirror
You can't
see through.

Cecelia Weir

I Thought I Was Everything To Me

After I was first born
And I found myself
When I first learned to stand
And then shuffle to the left.
I got started walking
And learned my A B C's
I then went to school
It was like shooting the breeze.
I Thought I Was Everything To Me.

I got a little older
And when I'd get new clothes
I'd go strutting like a turkey
So everybody would know.
Then I learned how to drive
I even bought a new car
I would drive around town
Somebody said It must be a star.
I Thought I Was Everything To Me.

But I grew up in church
Reading God's Holy Word
And thinking things made someone
Was totally absurd.
I found who God really is
Walking daily by lessons of His Son
For the brightest Star that shines
Christ is the only One.
I Thought.. I Was Everything To Me.

God created everything
Without Him there would be no me
No love nor compassion
No hope for this world to see.
And the worst thing in life
I could have ever done
Was to overlook or deny my Savior
God's only Begotten Son.
Because I Thought I Was Everything To Me.

I've never made nothing
I don't own anything
There's nothing I've created
Not even the voice in the song I sing.
How can one get so confused
By just walking and looking around
Everything was already here
Even space and the tiniest sound.
And I Thought I Was Everything To Me.

Cecelia Weir

A Wish For A Friend

I Wish For A Friend
That if you sent them a card
They wouldn't miss take it
For an invitation
To a candlelight dinner.

I Wish For A Friend
That if you gave them
A mere hundred bucks
They didn't think
That they owed you something.

I Wish For A Friend
That if you willingly
Played them a song
They didn't take it
As a sonnet of love.

I Wish For A Friend
That when you give them a hug
They didn't take it
As somebody trying
To hit on them.

I Wish For A Friend
That if I am sick
They wouldn't turn their back
Until I am well
And expect me not to notice it.

I Wish For A Friend
That was not starving
From neglect with hidden agendas
To criticize and change you
Instead of caring for who you are.

I Wish For A Friend
The world hasn't stripped
So naked of integrity, love and honor

Where from their lack mistaken friendship
For an intimacy beyond dishonor.

I Wish For A Friend

Whose need for care and understanding
Wouldn't misunderstand and mistakably
Regard a platonic friendship
As an intent for an intimate relationship.

I Wish For A Friend

Who wouldn't let my achievements
So ornately go to their heads.
But to smile, to talk, to laugh,
And to just sometimes see me instead.

What has happened to friendship?
What has happened to respect and honor?
What has happened to prosperity?
What has happened to the endearing love
Of someone just being...a friend?

Cecelia Weir

Tap That Rock

To see a motivating movie
To sing an inspirational song
To hear encouraging words
From even the simplest of someone
Tap That Rock.

To develop or establish
The deepest characters of life.
To stimulate what's prevalent
To elevate you from your night
Tap That Rock.

To distinguish higher altitudes
To dissociate above the world.
To show what's already there
More precious than the purest pearl
Tap That Rock.

No one can ever take it
No one can ever control.
The depth of your beauty
Within the talent of your soul
Tap That Rock.

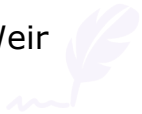
Cecelia Weir

Arise And Grow Up

Gentle blades of grass
Grows up.
From the deep earth a tree
Grows up
From seeds the vegetable
Grows up.
From the many wombs of nature an infant
Grows up.

From the wounded spirit
From the troubled mind
From the heavy heart
From the warfares of life
Arise my brother
Arise my sister
Arise, Arise
Arise and Grow Up.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Circumgales

When the gales of life
Beat against the rocks
And causes an erosion
Upon fertile foundations of soil.
When surrounding problems
Are stronger than a breeze.
From the love for eternal life
Comes total stillness
To calm the mighty forces of nature.
Footsteps are heard
From within the clouds
To give the justifying assurance
Of no labour is in vain
And repetiously replenishes
To your soul and mine
The reverberate conformity.
To be faithful and prayerful
And to stand still old soldier.

Cecelia Weir



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Occasion For Taylor Chapel-Memphis

Men & Women's Day service

Scripture: Amos 3: 3

Can Two Walk Together Except They Agree?

Theme: 'Men & Women Serving the Lord in Unity'

Church, I want to talk to you about an occasion.

You see, God, created everything. He created the heavens, the firmament, the sun by day and the moon by night. The stars in the sky, the rocks, the trees, the fish in the oceans, even every tiny little insect, God made it. He made this whole great universe and He called it....Good!

This is when....I believe, in my mind. I can hear Him saying, 'Now, this calls for an occasion.'

I can see Him taking Sacrament, calling it Communion...representing the unity and fellowship between He and His creation. It is then I hear Him say, 'I believe I will make me, man.'

He scooped up...man...from the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became...a Living Soul. And after...God appointed Adam....to name every creature...God said, 'It is not good for man to be...alone.'

And God caused Adam to fall into a deep sleep. He taken a rib from the man, Adam's side, and God created 'Woman.' This is God's unity with Creation...this is God's unity with Mankind.

We understand.... that somewhere between the plumb lines of eternity and the Goodness of God's Glory....God...created man and woman for the unification of an earthly....incarnality...for the stability and birth of Christianity.

This explosive occasion...created such a deep flow. All the way from the creation...to the Cross of Jesus!

This infinite unity...would provide peace in a world of sin. This infinite unity...would develop a harmonic...love throughout the world and an

unspeakable joy and happiness that would eradicate the powers of Satan from the dominion of...dominating...the Spirit of Man. This Faith, from God...created a bond between a man and a woman. A bond so strong...that every man would treat every woman with honor and respect as well as she would show in every man dignity and pride. Every man would show every woman gentleness and tenderness as she would show for man adoration and inspiration. Every man would show towards every woman love and protection as she would show for man....gratitude and the essence of his own nobility. God created a bond so strong between a man and a woman that it created a power....a power so strong...that it would be nurtured and admonished...in celibacy.

With every man, subject unto God and every woman subject unto the Godly man.

But we're living in a society where people believe God changed them but He can't change you. We're living in a society...that when a man or a woman practices abstinence; and abstinence is a Divine Order, those without the nurturing Spirit of God, will ridicule you, call you names and WILL sometimes... poison the minds of others against you.

But anything other than abstinence is contrary to the will of God...and it is vanity...which means fruitless and destitute of reality. Ostentatious.

For before the Fall of Man....All Man Kin, (mankind) was created, pure...for God's Glory. Abstinence, before marriage is an essential duty, in the eyesight of God.

In every occasion...every large or small occasion. You've got to know who you are, in the Lord. In the vernacular of every Christian Man and every Christian Woman ...you've got to be.. confident...that there is a God that sits high and looks low...and that YOU...belong to Him. And then, you've got to...walk...according to His will...and then, BE NOT afraid to walk in His will. This is our ultimate unity. Not that we walk with the Lord...but that we receive the Lord that He may walk in us. Many walk as though they have not received God.

To walk with God....makes us separate intergers...but..for the Lord to walk...IN...us...makes us one. Paul teaches us in Galatians 5: 16 - WALK in the Spirit, and ye shall not, shall not...fulfil the lust of the flesh.

This occasion...gives us the opportunity..to look closely..at the unity of Men and Women...who love the Lord.

Oh, When I think of Unity. I think of flowing waters. As the young people say, ' Let it flow or Let's see how it flows or Let's go with the flow.' When I think of flow, I see gentle waterfalls, briskly, flowing over rocks, trickling downstream. Water, that flows into one large body of water, designated by God....At a place that unifies the two bodies of water. Sometimes...the waters...get choppy but still...but still it remains....one body of water...flowing. In the flow of the water, there is one peace, one serenity and one tranquility....Yet, there is power... There is power in the flow of Unity! Families are built....on Unity! Churches are built on Unity! And this is God's unity with nature. How do we get this infinite unity? By prioritizing our lives! According to the Spirit of God...not according to the spirit of man...but according to the Spirit of God!

You must have...that fire and Holy Ghost...That burning thing...that keeps the prayer wheel turning. That kind of religion...You cannot conceal...Because it makes you move...it makes you shout..it makes you cry... when its real. You have got to have your hand...in the winding chain...and you've got to know that your soul is anchored...deep, deep in Jesus name....you've got to be filled within....and free from sin....for you've got to be born again!

We must have that Almighty Flow...of the Holy Spirit of God....to mankind. Which it is written....

That it reaches...from the highest mountain. and it flows....to the lowest valley. It is the blood. It is the blood! The Blood that gives us strength...It gives us strength to walk right! It gives us strength...to talk right! It gives us strength to live right! It gives us strength from day...to day! And it will never, never, loose its power. Unity...Between God and nature! Unity...Between Man and Woman, in the Lord!

Unity...Between Christ, the bridegroom, and the Church.

This is our preparation!

This is our occasion!

Let us rise...to the Occasion!

Because from the rising of the sun..

To the going down of the same....

'What God put together, let no man put asunder! '

Nuts

Nuts fall to the ground
From strong sturdy branches
Of some of the tallest trees.
Then we reach down
To pick them up
Carefully cracking them open
Just for the good in them.
We never know really what's inside
But we have hope for the good
Of them.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Abundant Lemon

Just because there are lemons
Already on the ground
Don't squash them.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Mistreat Or Treat?

As a barefoot child
Just coming along
I heard the ole folks say.
Can't treat a person right
Just leave them alone.

I was told much later
Careful how you MISTREAT folks
So does this mean
To throw some rock
And then hide my hand?

So I thought to myself
What was hard to understand
Just be careful
How you TREAT folks
Then just let that stand.

There's enough mistreatment
Without the helping hand
Of an unfortunate word
Scattered all around the world
And across this land.

Seems like a lot of folks
Have taken it at its value
And have decided to deliver
To pay homage to the word
Destroying another's character.

But if you are expecting
The finer things of life
Hoping that no one mistreats you
Here's what you'd better do
You'd better drop that character

Before it comes back to you.

Stick To Your Business (Sermon Excerpt)

About the character of fear...

Words of wisdom..

As explained to me

By (my aunt) Dr. Cornelia Weir-Hoggs

Said that she heard a theologian say..

That FEAR...is..

F - False

E - Evidence

A - Appearing

R - Real

So I thought to myself...

The fear of the things of this world...

Out of fear...lies are created

Out of fear..backbitting and gossip is created...

Out of fear...the drives of zeal and anxiety are directed..to hurt others...

Out of fear...strong feelings are built that delivers hatred and misjudgement...which comes the appliance of false evidence.

False evidence takes away...the hopes of ones character... and can distroy ones belief. And if to the least one, any of us, have done this to....we have also done unto God.

In the mind... you create a scenario...it becomes a SINario. Because if you repeat it long enough you'll begin to believe it yourself. But remember the trick of the devil...is to separate you from the body of Christ...this Sinario only becomes real to you. It doesn't make it real. Its only seen...by how you look at it.

Stick to Your Business

Psalm 56: 4

For....

In God I will praise his Word, in God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me.

Psalm 111: 10

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all

they that do his commandments; His praise endureth for ever.

This is why truth should walk with love.

Abstinence should walk with honesty.

Belief should walk with care and concern

Humbleness should walk with prayer.

And we should walk with God.

Stick To Your Business.

Just as Jesus hung bled and died on the

cross for your sins and mine....and rose on the third day morning....

This released us as slaves to sin and places us with a.. right to the tree of life

and He has given us the charge to

bid those to be saved which are lost.

STICK TO YOUR BUSINESS

For it is God...For it is God...

Who hung the plumb lines of the universe..

It Is God....who threw out the lifelines from heaven....that reaches from earth to glory...

Can God raise up a bowed down head?

Yes, He Can!

Can God build you up where you've been torn down?

Yes, He can!

Can God lift your heavy burden?

Yes, He Can!

Can God deliver you from trouble and despair?

Yes! He can!

He has said...that we must pull down the strong holds of life...for we are more than conquerors: in Christ Jesus.

For Jesus Christ the same Yesterday, today and forever more.

Cecelia Weir

Don'T Think Pray!

Such enormous precious time
Is contemplatedly lost
Trying to think your way.
When all in confidence
You will find.
If you just take the time
To pray.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Unconditional Boundaries

Beyond the boundaries
Of our very own affections
Beyond the boundaries
Of love and understanding
Beyond the boundaries
Of our knowledge and wisdom
Lies a space of openness
That excels our own expectations.

Here we find the opened arms of infinity
The opened arms of care and concern
The opened arms...
Of our deepest heartfelt love
That surpasses the immense intensity
Of every emotional and mental acceptance.
Here we find the reactions
From within the coffers of the heart.

It is here where we find
The confrontations of every illusion
Against the decisions of the mind.
This is where comfort rules from distress
And joy over rules sorrows of time
And the misery of being offended
Becomes a hurdle of success
Therefore building character and stamina.

This is where thought says
If I Could
But the mind says
Yes you can.
This is where the flesh says
I don't know
But the vision of the souls says
Go ahead for we're going to do it.

Unconditional Boundaries
Are not seen by the naked eye
Not heard by the natural ear

But are the phenomenal responses
Transformed before tragedy or storms.
It is THAT...that sees the object(i-v-e-s)
Before the film is developed
That makes the picture clear.

Cecelia Weir

The Friendships In Family

Chance made us related
Life made us friends
God made us family.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Just In Case The Door Shuts (Excerpt)

Tell them... I was a singer
That recorded a few songs
In an era that was before my time.
Tell them...I played the piano
Since the age of five.
And before I was twenty-one
I played for churches
In Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi,
Arkansas and Tennessee
And Tennessee with a blessing.
Just In Case The Door Shuts.

Tell somebody...
I was an International Hall Of Fame Poet
Whose poetry was translated
Into forty different languages.
Tell somebody...
It was recognized and recited
By Majestrates, Presidents,
Kings and Queens.
And most of all....
By the Children of the Most High God.
Many used pieces of my works...
To customize their ways of life
Because of my love
And their devotion to God.
Just In case The Door Shuts.

Let them know that I loved freedom.
I prayed, I preached, I taught,
I wrote and I sang....
I raised my daughter
Cherished my grandchildren
Honored my friends.
And loved my neighbors.

The Cultures and Evidences of life
Sometimes causes an eviction
Of their mental and emotional expectation.

Therefore creating....
The illusions of practicality.
Presenting physical and spiritual bondages
Unseen to the naked eye
Or unheard by the natural ear.
This sometimes prohibits
The ties that binds the frequencies
Of the mortal spirit
From its exodus of a prepared destiny
Of the souls retreat.
This.....this barrier
Refrains the satisfaction
Of this earthly vessels journey
From its designated purpose.
Yet it cries out for its escape
But it eludes and restrains the heart..
From transformation.
Just In case The Door Shuts.

It becomes the minds responsibility
Which carries the burden
Of every faculty of life's impressions.
I alerted all that I could...
Of the essence of detailed shadows
That lurked as I have withstood.
Just In Case The Door Shuts.

If I no longer see life as living..
If I can no longer feel emotions...
If I no longer acclaim victory...
If I no longer reign among the elders..
To give advice...
To walk in Holy Wisdom...
To love my enemies...
Showing no signs of God's Covenant.
But I walk among the dust
That neither breathes
Life nor death or opportunity.
Then close the door for me
On this side....
And let me reside in solitude.
Just In case The Door Shuts.

Let not the eclipse of my own life
Be a mirror to an outside world
Of the phantom that searches for life.
But let my life remain a reflection
Of the interludes of life's prosperity...
To those who battle but do not fight.
And to those...
Who rise above the illusions
Of the faint and dismal but eager souls
Of an unfulfilled yet promised life.
while yet I wait.....
For the Master to claim the remnants
Of a forgiven life's soul.
Yes, yes, close the door for me....
On this side...
And let me reside in solitude.
Just In case The Door Shuts.

Cecelia Weir

The Dismal Rose

Dry and dismal above the grass
As far as the eyes could see
A brown field full of weeds.
No one could teal
Or plow the ground
No one could plant a seed.
But then there was a rose
Standing with her blooms.
That shown the beauty of the weeds
They all had died too soon.
Her pedals bright among the field
As others beauty she shown.
But no one saw her emptiness
In longing for relatives of her own.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Handicapped (Quotation)

Everybody has a handicap
Until they hear the words
Yes, You Can.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Calendar (Quotation)

Man dates his calendar
God dates our lives.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

In Search Of His Harvest

The Master looks over His field
He looks for the faithful
He looks for the dedicated
He looks for loyalty.
In Search Of His Harvest.

The Master walks over His field
He looks for those who have cared
He looks for those who have shared
He looks for those who have unconditionally....loved.
In Search Of His Harvest.

The Master stops in His field
He counts every grain of deed
He observes every stalk
He prunes every dying branch...from the living.
He investigates the motives of every seed.
In Search Of His Harvest.

The Master gathers from His harvest
He separates the sprouts from the weeds
He separates the good from the evil
He separates the wheat from the tare
Then He waters and cultivates...the crop.
In Search Of His Harvest.

The Master clears His field
He hears every willing conversation
He sees every willing destination
He knows every willing heart.
In search Of His Harvest.

The Master closes His eyes
He imagines dignity and integrity
He imagines righteousness within spiritual growth.
He imagines peace and harmony
He imagines love and contentment.
In search Of His Harvest.

As the Master watches from above
Over the fields of our lives.
He watches what we are steadfast...at doing..
He watches what we are unmovable from...
He watches what works...
We are abounding, completing and devoting...
Not to Him.....but to ourselves....
In Search Of His Harvest.

Oh! what a friend we have in Jesus
All of our sins and griefs He bears.
Can God say that you are a true friend?
God wants in His harvest.....
Ones who will build hope...
Instead of contentions....
Are you ready for His harvest?
Can God include you in His Harvest...
Not tomorrow....but today?
can you go today? ...For GOD IS
IN SEARCH OF HIS HARVEST.

written by 'The Crusader'
Christian Ambassador
DR. Cecelia Weir

Cecelia Weir

My Reading Glasses Won'T Read

It was a cold day
I shivered up my spine.
I was standing at the podium
When my sight just went away
I felt I was going blind.

A good friend later told me
Not to be dismayed.
Just go buy yourself
Some Reading Glasses
And then your sight
Will certainly be saved.

I went to every store
I tried on every pair.
To give myself satisfaction
To stop me from squinting
And wonderng around
With this big, deep, blank stare.

I found the perfect pair
I thought I looked real fine.
But I could not imagine
Why they woudn't read
They said Reading Glasses on the tag
It was right there first line.

I commanded those glasses
To be bold
To go ahead and read.
I even put them in my pocket
In case of stage fright
So then maybe they would proceed.

I carried them when I spoke
I laid them by the book.
I even carried them to school
And still not a word.
Man I tell you,

These glasses were low down and cruel.

I later told a friend
Just what I was going to do.
And that was to take these glasses
Right back where I'd gotten them
To the store
That tried to make me out a fool.

Cecelia Weir

You Think?

There are some things we think
But should not say.
Then there are things we feel
But should not act upon.

There are some things we say
But should not mean.
Then there are things we intend
And should stick to it.

There are things we should not do
Then there are things we should'nt.
There are things we could feel
But need to mean it and be for real.

Cecelia Weir



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The War On Love

I'd never seen
So much love.
Until I discovered
The war it permits.

The tugs of love
So deep in the heart.
Some overflow
Some never depart.

Love's will to live
Then to suppress.
For the mind explains
The heart knows best.

The War of Love
To surrender and diminish.
But promises to endure
A fight to the finish.

It can build you up
It can tear you down.
When you think its over
Its up for the next round.

It can come on casual
It can come with force.
But love will win
For we are not its source.

Cecelia Weir

Invasion

Worry is an invasion
Of the mind.
That hinders
And sometimes prohibits
The progresses of life.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Right The Wrong Way

People will say
You are right.
As long as you
Are wrong with them.

And soon as you think
They are wrong.
Then something
Becomes wrong with you.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Life Is Never Finished

Life Is Never Finished
Not with you.
You are more precious than gold.
For after life
As we know it
Has finished its course
We live in memories
Through the lives of the soul.
Remembrance carries our future
Life carries our present
As Hope carries our past.

Cecelia Weir



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Run With It

Run with the wind
As you begin.
It helps to give you a start.

Then glide in stride
As you see your goal
Lifes progress will then unfold.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Education

The Educational System
Determines your Grade
But its You
Who determines your Class.

Cecelia Weir



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Who Can Lead The Children

Who Can Lead The Children
And hold them by the hand.
Who can speak for them
To help them understand.

Some are neglected
Some just overlooked.
Some abused by given choice
Some are just misunderstood.

Who can truly love and teach them
That care can mend the land.
They also have a voice you know
Our future is in their hands.

Who Can Lead The Children
And hold them by the hand.
Who can speak for them
To help them understand.

Can't you hear their cries
Some from the blood of the ground.
They can't determine what's right
When grown folks can't be found.

Do you hear their cries
Their eyes of knowledge and concern.
They need our patience and guidance
From lessons we should have learned.

Who Can Lead The Children
And hold them by the hand.
Who can speak for them
To help them understand.

Cecelia Weir

Friends And Family

Life made us Friends
God made us Family.

Cecelia Weir



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What Today Do I Live

What Today Do I Live

I dare not judge

In the distance

The promises of my own integrity.

I dare not live

The life of myself today

With all of its intelligence

Beckoning intimately from within

The shadows of its own fallen dreams

As it detains of common interest

Its own intellectual behavior.

Calling and calling

Calling from the heart of my life.

My soul still feels

As I walk

As I sleep

It is the unknown

As though it is I.

Although it wonders

Beyond the seas of time

Beyond earths endings

And the unfalible beauty

Of all life has to give.

What Today Do I Live

My time is not my own.

My happiness is given to me

By the courage of someone elses joys.

My knowledge is given

By the erudition entrusted

Contingent of someone elses wisdom

Yet this that I am

I feel not like myself.

Neither of myselfes perfunctionally

Passes through the gorges of life

To see the destiny of tomorrows fate.

For What Today Do I Live?

My Mountain

The mountains were high
Raised beyond the sight of man.
Far above the clouds
Elevated past the height of sound
As I climbed
I dared look down.
From things I involved
Things just passing through
Things that were placid
Some things that were good.
Some things brought more pain
Some brought distraught duties.
Some brought joys to life
Some brought nothing to gain.
Some were most evident
More than I could handle
I'd taken on more than I should
But I'd climbed much farther
Much farther....
Than even I...
Than even I thought I would.

Someone offered a complaint
About its hard rock edges.
I was glad to see them
Forcing my fingers
Into its deep narrow crevices.
Then even the mountain
Begin to shake and rumble
Then from nowhere came the rains.
First the drizzle
Then the downpours
And the loud thunder.
I'd become rapidly acquainted
To the excellence of this mountain
I had made it a door.
A door to teach patience
A door to show strength
A door exhibiting character.

Then I saw my foot slipping
I felt I was losing it.
I was losing it..
My Mountain lost its grip.

Cecelia Weir

My Mountains

The mountains were high
Raised beyond the sight of man.
Far above the clouds
Elevated past the height of sound
As I climbed
I dared look down.
From things I involved
Things just passing through
Things that were placid
Some things that were good.
Some things brought more pain
Some brought distraught duties.
Some brought joys to life
Some brought nothing to gain.
Some were most evident
More than I could handle
I'd taken on more than I should
But I'd climbed much farther
Much farther....
Than even I
Even I thought I would.

Someone offered a complaint
About its hard rock edges.
I was glad to see them
I could force my fingers
Into its deep narrow crevices.
Then even the mountain
Begin to shake and rumble
Then from nowhere came the rains.
First the drizzle
Then the downpours.
I'd become rapidly acquainted
To the excellence of this mountain
I had made it a door.
A door to teach patience
A door to show strength
A door exhibiting character.
Then I felt my foot slip

I was losing it.

I was losing it.....

The Mountain lost my grip.

Cecelia Weir

Scolded

Though the dust rises
As the rains fall
Rivers flow
The Mountains
Crumble from the sky
As the earth spins
And turns.
Many flee
With nowhere to run.
Still farther weaknesses
Expose themselves
As the days grow monotonous
Never seeing the sun.
The shades of eve
Scatter themselves
Among the brush.
Lesser and fewer days
As life labors
Vehemently through the night.
Yet, yet with hope
Of every tomorrow
It is shadowed by the breaches
By the breaches of death

Cecelia Weir

The Truth Of A Lie

The Truth Of A Lie
Actually unfolds
When truths of the matter
Began to actually unfold.
The things that were told
Surrounding maybe one statement.
The way questions were asked
That made speculations seem bold.
Just an unauthorized idea
Maybe with no questions at all
Just offered information
Not requested from a soul.
When does a lie tell the truth?
When it reveals itself
.....As a lie.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Weep Not For Yourself

Weep Not For Yourself

Life is not given to you

For the sake only of thyself.

There are others to come

Who will need your presence

For you are more than a memory.

Your information and strategy

To perfect that which is given

Not even for them only

But for those to come after.

Think not how you may have fallen

But the many times you've gotten up.

This in itself is a gift

Given not to everyone.

Neither are many given strength

But they are given knowledge

To be patient and to endure.

Pass this irreplaceable knowledge on

Which has only been given you

For it is the key to everlasting.

Cecelia Weir

A Higher Power Watches

A Higher Power Watches

Who deliberately causes
The innocent to flout
The sweet to become bitter
The peaceful to become upset.

A Higher Power Watches

People who provoke
The good to do evil.
To speak unkind
To deceive to live unclean.

A Higher Power Watches

How the family behaves
How friends are engaged
Or how who ever interrupts
Or encourages a Life.

A Higher Power Watches

Consciously every move.
Inspirations and righteousness
Cleanliness and courage
Ameliorations and aspirations.

A Higher Power Watches

What every insight sees.
Every intellectual knowing
Every attitude existing
What life's breath blows.

A Higher Power Watches

Every humiliation
Every honesty and sincerity
Every forgiveness
And every loving thought.

Cecelia Weir

My Dad

My Dad has integrity
My Dad has soul.
My Dad has character
This world can't behold.

He wrestles problems
Right down to the ground.
Then he's tender and kind
Without making a sound.

My Dad is loving
My Dad stands above all
My Dad makes me feel
Like I'm ten feet tall.

He's there when I need him
Before I can look around.
He lifts my every burden
Even if I should feel down.

My Dad is really conscious
My Dad is present everyday.
My Dad promised to be there
In my heart he'll forever stay.

Cecelia Weir

At His Feet (Mothers Tribute)

At His Feet
She watched she waited
As her Son hung crucified
That our souls be saved.
Her tears her sorrows
Are still felt today
As the hearts of Mother's pray
For the sake of their children
To humble themselves to be saved.
Some are mothers from the heart
Some are mothers through birth
But the love of any real mother
Are driven by the Spirit and Truths
Of God's Most Precious Holy Word.

Cecelia Weir



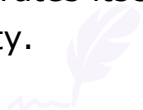
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The Perfection

Between Forgiveness
And Perfection
There is a line
Called correction.

The perfection of ones spirit
Begins with the humbleness
Of admonishing their wrong.
And in search of forgiveness
In search of forgiveness
Whether it be of ones self
Or of another
The line of correction
Standardizes your mental relationship
With the acceptance of emotional error
And within this spirit
It transforms the natural soul
And separates itself
Into purity.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Yes I Am (Song)

(Leaders sing slowly)

1) I am healed by His stripes

I am washed in His blood.

2) I am saved by His grace

By the gift of His love.

3) I am blessed

I am delivered.

4) I am free from this worlds sin

I am saved by the power

(All)

Of the Holy Ghost.

(Leader)

I am healed by His stripes

I am washed in His blood.

I am saved by His grace

By the gift of His love.

I am blessed

I am delivered

I am free from this worlds sin.

I am saved by the power

Of the Holy Ghost.

Chorus (Choir)

I am healed by His stripes

I am waashed in His blood.

I am saved by His grace

By the gift of His love.

I am blessed

I am am delivered

I am free from this world sin.

I am saved by the power

Of the Holy Ghost.

Verse I

What a friend we have in Jesus

All of sins and griefs to bear.

What a priviledge it is to carry

Everything to God in prayer.

Chorus (Choir)

I am healed by His stripes
I am washed in His blood.
I am saved by His grace
By the gift of His love.
I am blessed
I am delivered
I am free from this worlds sin.
I am saved by the power
Of the Holy Ghost.

Verse II

Anybody here that love my Jesus
Anybody here that love the Lord.
I want to know, I want to know
If you love my Jesus
I want to know if you really,
Really love the Lord.

Chorus (Choir)

I am healed by His stripes
I am washed in His blood.
I am saved by His grace
By the gift of His love.
I am blessed
I am delivered
I am free from this worlds sin
I am saved by the power
Of the Holy Ghost.

Special Chorus (Leader & Choir)

Yes, I am healed by His stripes
I am washed in His blood.
I am saved by His grace
By the gift of His love.
I am blessed
I am delivered
I am free from this worlds sin.
I am saved by the power

Of the Holy Ghost.

Yes, I Am (Yes, I Am)

Yes, I Am (Yes, I Am)

Yes, I Am (Yes, I Am)

Yes, I Am (Yes, I Am)

I am saved by the power

Of the Holy Ghost.

I am healed (Yes, I Am)

By His stripes. (Yes, I Am)

I am washed (Yes, I Am)

In His blood. (Yes, I Am)

I am saved (Yes, I Am)

By His grace. (Yes, I Am)

By His gift (Yes, I Am)

Of Almighty love. (Yes, I Am)

I am blessed (Yes, I Am)

I am delivered (Yes, I Am)

I am free (Yes, I Am)

From this ole world

(Yes, I Am)

From this ole world

(Yes, I Am)

Of sin and shame. (Yes, I Am)

Lead

Oh, I am saved

(4 counts)

*alto hold (saved)

*contralto hold (saved)

*soprano hold (saved)

*tenor hold (saved)

(voices in modulation)

(All...in Unison)

By the Holy ghost.

Yes, I am (Yes I am)

Yes, I am (Yes, I am)

Lead I am
(same as above)
Saved...
Saved...
Saved...
Saved....
By the Holy Ghost.

Lead
I Am saved by the power
Choir
Saved by the power
Saved by the power
Saved by the power
Of the Holy Ghost.

As performed by
Cecelia Weir
and
The King Solomon Baptist Church Choir
Memphis, Tennessee
Pastor/Rev. Van Ford, Jr.

Cecelia Weir

The Yeilding

He sends the birds
To wake me each day.
Somewhere from a tree
Or a fence across the street
Though they sing so sweet
I know not what they say.

He sends the rain
To readjust the earths fluids.
And without a word
I automatically become leveled
As my senses get involved
And my body adjusts to it.

There are thunderstorms
To change the stubbornness of my will.
Nature and I are humbled
By thoughts of remorse
For unto the Master
Our spirits do yeild.

Cecelia Weir

Success Yourself

A day without progress
Is a day that shadows
Tomorrows Successes.

Cecelia Weir



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Arise

As I watched the sun rise
I somehow felt the depth
Rain would soon cover the day.
And some poor soul
Had already wept.

I laughed with a friend
As the children played.
I swept the porch
As my grandfather prayed
Guide us through this day.

For another day
Soon would come due
And all we'd get from the day
Was what was left
That the gentle winds blew.

From the sun and rain
Comes life and opinion
From what the day has allowed.
To care and to honor
Never ignoring a cloud.

Never let a day finish
But you finish the day
By counting your blessings.
The extensions of your progress
Plus cost of each original gain.

Cecelia Weir

The Truth Of Failure

Failure is an experience
That gives you extra ingredients
To move on to the next level.
Not a character.

It gives what does not work
As well as what does.
There is pleasure
In exercising capability.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Today's Motto

No part of failure
Can touch
What I achieve
In this day.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Flunked Fool School

I Flunked Fool School.
Why do people continue
To try to push me
On to the next level?
I've already proved
I can't make it.
You've done your best
To encourage me.
Whatever life I have left
Just let me sever it
I can't even fake it.

Before I won the lottery
Not a friend I could find.
I would cook great meals
No one would come and dine.
I wanted someone platonic
Just to go shopping with me
But no one had the time
Then I bought that ticket
Now seems like everyone
Has up and changed their minds.

I Flunked Fool School.
Why do people try pushing me
On to the next level?
I know I'll never catch on
Cause I've been like this
Since the day I was born.
I sincerely know
I won't make it
I know my limitations
Because my brain can't take it.

Some say I don't have faith
Some say I don't believe.
But I say what I think
Is what is right
For I'll not embarrass myself

And make my own heart bleed.
Because I can't put out
What my own senses
So distinctively and so noticably
Can not exactly recieve.

When you don't succeed
And make good grades in school.
They redicule and laugh
Expecting you to play along
And resort to acting a fool.
So I would rather choose
To just stay out of the game
Than not finish what I started
Then people can just be cool
And continue to treat me the same.

I Flunked Fool School.
I guess I should be ashamed
In a way I really am.
Some say it will ruin my good name
And no one will understand
Why I'm being left out in the rain.
What really does concern me
Is why should I go to the next level?
When I can't see
What's there to gain.

Cecelia Weir

Narrow Escape

If there were no valleys
There would be no escape
Through the mountains.

Cecelia Weir



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The Great Turn Around

Some went up
Some went down.
All they did
Somewhere in life
Was turned around.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Conduct

Good Conduct
Is a future presence
Of a well disciplined life.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

A Fool Or Not

You can be in one sort
And feel a fool
Then another sort
And feel a fool.
Yet another sort
And be made a fool
Then another sort
And play a fool.
When is a fool
Really a fool?
Call no man a fool.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

It Did It To Me

Some say I had It
From the first day I was born.
Some others said
I was growing into It
I was trying to find out
Was It something I had won.

Some said most folks had It
I've searched hard
I still wonder what It was.
I wanted to know
Where to find It
And was It for a good cause.

I guess I finally found It
It made me laugh and cry.
It made me mad
Then It made me think
And It is responsible
For me saying Good-bye!

Cecelia Weir

Is It Someone Or Somebody?

Someone who never sees
The beauty of a soft driven snow.
Nor understands the rain
When it patters on the roof
Or trickles slowly down
A simple window pane.
Is It Someone Or Somebody?

Someone who never hears
The verbal expressions
Through a tender baby's cry.
Who never feels the pain
Of even a single tear
Falling from anothers eye.
Is It Someone Or Somebody?

Someone who doesn't listen
But later expresses your thoughts
As advice given from themselves.
But never accepts the feelings
Of one pouring their heart out
And delights in their own doubt?
Is It Someone Or Somebody?

Someone who never feels
True love from anothers soul.
Nor gives voluntarily their heart
Or feels the sincerity
Of life in abundance
Nor reaches out to console.
Is It Someone Or Somebody?

Someone who never thinks to give
Or lend a helping hand.
Believing just their presence
Deserves an ovational stand
And that respect should quickly bow
To this silent entrance demand.
Is It Someone Or Somebody?

God Is Moving

Years have passed
Since we affirmed.
God Is Watching.

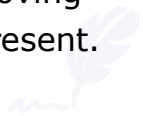
Now in the present
We are confirming.
God Is Moving.

Looking into the future
We become concerned.
God Is Present.

In our every yesteryear
In our every today
And in our every tomorrow.

God Is Watching
God Is Moving
God Is Present.

Cecelia Weir



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A Failure Is No Flop

A Failure Is No Flop
For it is also just as important
To know the things
That cannot be done
As it is for those that can.

For if no one ever discovered
The things that can not be done
And separate them from their successes
Then no one would know
The things that could.

Cecelia Weir



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A Valentine's Salute To Teachers

The greatest relationship to be recognized
Is the union between parents and teachers.
For these are they
That birth the true talent of a child.
So often are those overlooked
Whose perserverance has filled the gap
Between one's ingrained ability
And their intellectual spirituality.
They are those who help cultivate
And enduce the dignity and pride
Of one's intelligence and prepare it
For the avenues and boulevards
Of our world and it's societies.

Although sometimes overlooked
For their own integrity.
Of having families and lives
Which sometimes go neglected
Or are not always given full attention
Because of their sacrifices
Dedicated to educate, to encourage
And inspire our children.

Their future is given to prepare
The future of every never ending tomorrow.
Because of their knowledge
Every capacity is filled
For every legitamate futre occupation.
Teachers, I salute and honor you today!

May the God of Abraham, Issac and Jacob
Continue to Bless and Keep each of you.
That your endeavors may be blessed and fulfilled.

Happy Valentine's Day!

From
God's Own Servant,
Cecelia Weir

Valentine's Salute To Teachers

The greatest relationship to be recognized
Is the union between parents and teachers.
For these are they
That birth the true talent of a child.
So often are those overlooked
Whose perserverance has filled the gap
Between one's ingrained ability
And their intellectual spirituality.
They are those who help cultivate
And enduce the dignity and pride
Of one's intelligence and prepare it
For the avenues and boulevards
Of our world and it's societies.

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Happy Valentine's Day!

From
God's Own Servant,
Cecelia Weir

Operate In Your Gift

Operate In Your Gift
Not only for the world to see
But for you to become complete.
Some say I'll never become a whole
Until I have really died.
But I want to be sure
I leave my part
And I'm doing it
While I am alive.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

A Living Faith (Sermon Excerpt)

Obstacles or problems
Of a conscious existance.
May impede my progress
But it does not decay
The embedded righteousness
Desired within my heart
Nor the sacrifices of my living.

For within every obstacle
Is a reward.
And to every problem
There is a success.
A rose remains a rose
A fountain is still a fountain
And life is still living.

Nothing should be impossible
For it is Thought
That gives life to the mind.
And A Living Faith
Justifies itself
By living today
In tomorrows dreams.

Think in your faith...
Talk in your faith...
See things in your faith...
Listen in your faith...
Learn in your faith...
Walk in your faith...
Live in your Faith.

For nothing binds the mind
But the embryoed hinderance
Of one's own pacified inhibitions.
Which can expose itself
Within your visions.
It causes a canker that exhibits itself
On display until you are consumed.

But the Revelator of all Revelations
Distinctfully inclines us
To abundantly live life.
Fear cannot live without shame
And the deed of self denial.
Kill it let it not coerse you
For neither can it conquor you.

Reject it for it will argue
Denounce it and it will flee.
Let it neither rape or deplete
Deplore nor comply...
Confer or confront....
Neither let it vulgagate or converse.....
With the intelligence of your soul.

For you are this world's future
You are A Living Faith...
For the old and the young....
For the weak and the strong....
For the poor and the rich.
For your tomorrow
Is their brighter yesterday.

The inferiority of achievement
Has sometimes been enduced
By our own environments
And even sometimes
By our very own nature.
But still it is
A Living Faith that stands.

So Live in the faith of how you think
Live in the faith of how you talk
Live in the faith of how you see
Live in the faith of how you listen
Live in the faith of what you learn
Live in the faith of how you walk
For you are A Living Faith.

World Changers

The smartest people on earth
Tends to their own business
While caring for others.
And it changes the business
Of the entire world.

Cecelia Weir



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Agenda

When we were young
We would wake up
And be surprised
At what we would do.

Now that we are old
What we do
Is be surprised
Just to wake up.

Cecelia Weir



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The Bow Of Nature

Every bud of nature
Every twig and bloom.
Its life begins on earth
This is where God
Made its room.
We all bow in obedience
Nothing should be said.
A place where time exemplifies
The graces of nature
From her nest.
Each expresses its own meaning
It flourishes in its own season
And then sadly it dies.
But seeds of the offspring
Are seen in a new season
For nature makes no alibies.
And every living thing
Has a chance to see
Through a prepared open door.
The living that was before them
When each tiny little seed
Produces of itself once more..
We're all a part of nature
We live and age fades us away.
But nothing can stop the process
For its natures job
To bow each day.

Cecelia Weir

Tears Of The Heart

Like a pendulum
Which swings back and forth
From the mount
Of an Ole Grandfather's Clock.
Tears fall from beneath
The surface of shattered dreams
To gently create a mist.
A mist of one's heart
A heart that has been broken.

Shattered by unforgiveness
Shattered by forsakened peace
Shattered by families of brokenness
Shattered by the wiles of temptation
Shattered by this world's unrest.
Shattered by the perpetual disfiguring
Of satisfaction that only grasps
An individual's happiness temporarily
For the compliance of something greater.

Something greater than the paths
Which we now see
Or have used daily to live.
But in the essence of our own achievements
Never being able to accept the full goal.
Back and forth the pendulum swings
Where the Tears of The Heart
Rolls from grace to gravity
With only our own self-esteem
To drive from the forces
Of our own focus
Which sometimes fail the vision.

As the Navigator back and forth
We search and seek the traces
Of the Tears Of The Heart.
The tears that bind us
And the tears that set us free.
With diligence to begin again

With or without the knowledge
Of a commendable trial or error.
But with an undisclosed strength
Given by the Almighty Hands Of Mercy.
We move on.

Cecelia Weir

Bad Things

Bad Things are just words
Until you add an attitude.
They test your faith
They test your strength.
Bad Things are delusions
Which waits on your belief
To confuse and place doubt.
The essence of them
Creates an illusion
To cover up the boudaries
Of God's blessings within.
It is the perception
That causes harmful sufferings
And sometimes developes
The growth of distasteful character.
As it pronounces itself
We are to denounce it from ourselves.
Make any amount of Bad Things
See the goodness of its own
Low self-esteem
And the will of its own strenth
Will deminish.
For to walk in God's will
Embeds our trust into His heart
And all things are for our good.

Cecelia Weir

Extraordinary Life

Your Extraordinary Life
Buds from the heart of Forgiveness.
It blooms into a generous gift
Giving life and prosperity
To all whom it shall meet.
It is an Extraordinary Gift
To you but through you
From our Supreme Extraordinary God.

Cecelia Weir



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Benefits Of Adversity

Adversities are revelations
That serves us as benefits.
Which introduces us as a passport
To our next level of Life.

Cecelia Weir



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Who Changed

Who changed the songs that the birds sing
Who changed the song that the choir sings.
Who changed the message prophets bring
Who changed the message that only God reigns.

Who changed the life from our eternal goal
Who changed the process from humble to bold.
Who changed everything from low into high gear
Who changed love from being sincere.

Who changed life's skies from being so clear
Who changed loved ones from being so dear.
Who changed the lamps from bright to dim
Who changed chances from fat to slim.

Who changed standing steadfast to slipping away
Who changed morals to live by steady decay.
Who changed destiny doubting that dues are paid
Who changed the foundation our ancestors laid.

Who changed life from peace to fear
Who changed the smile into a forced sneer.
Who changed the handshake into a simple grudge
Who changed the neighbor to someone to nudge.

Who changed the child to believe its an adult
Who changed the adult to allow life to run amok.
Who changed the prayer into a complaint
Who changed church as a sign of being faint.

Who changed the way the world goes around
Who changed things to weak that once was so sound.
Who changed the harmony of mind, soul and spirit
Who changed the way we now see and hear it.

Cecelia Weir

Light By The Shore

On the shores of time
Lies the remains of my past.
Things that lingered on my mind
Things that made me happy
Things that made me sad
Things that made me.
But in the end those things
Things which were relinquished.
Things that built the current
Flowing beneath my surface.
Things which have transformed
My darkness into light.
A light that shines upon the shores
Glistening upon the shallow
And the deep waters
Yet a beaconing light
To help show others their way.
A way that they may become a light
Standing by the shore.

Cecelia Weir

The Call For Truth Is Out

You call on me
You worry on me
With all your empty lies.
Then you want me to respect
Whatever you decide.

Why can't you do
What you say yourself.
Then I can have graceful time
For the rest of my life
That's left.

What decisions for me
Are you capable of making
When you can't respect them
Even a little for yourself
OK so we need a little help.

I have a full length mirror
I visit at home each day.
It reflects my dignity
And integrity
Also the things I've had to say.

It always tells the truth
It never covers up
Just because it's me.
It doesn't tell what I wish to hear
But it shows it knows me shounuf.

The Call For Truth Is Out
To everybody on the planet.
If we would just stop
To take a deep look into the mirror
And not faint but be able to stand it.

The world cries for good character
Built upon a foundation of stamina.
Measured for your very best

From the position where you are
Now grip it go forth and handle it.

Cecelia Weir

Friendship Day

Its a beautiful day
Ejoy being in it.
Think what it would be like
If you weren't in it.

Make it Friendship Day
Put all your smiles in it.
Thats how you overcome
Thats how you win it.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Hard Worker

Working real hard
Without some play
You cut yourself short
By missing a lovely day.

Its too late to play
After darkness creeps in.
Look how beautiful the journey
Enjoy this road you've paved.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Those That Are Them

It entertains the mind
Why some pick and choose
Those that should be affiliated
Just with them.
But the question is
If those who are not
Choose to be
With those
That say that they are them.
We all have choices
It doesn't make us bad or good.
But life offers its answers
We would understand if we could.
For there are some more of them
That feel the same as those.
Who never will allow
The same ones as them
To be affiliated with those
But even classify them
As the those.

Cecelia Weir

To See The Sun

To see the sun rise
So full of energy
So full of life
To reveal its passing each day.
Its so much from the heart
When one is left
Watching the sun set alone.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Him

Gentlier than a spring flower
More delicate than dew.
I reminisce almost daily
Of our first meeting.
I can't help but think of you.

The way you laughed
The way we played
Although everyone was around.
No one seemed to realize
You just never wore a frown.

Your joys of making me happy
The kindnesses I tried
So hard to give back to you.
I never pictured living without you
Its been so hard to do.

I miss you more my Darling
With the dawning of each new day
That seems so slowly to go by.
I'll forever remember your embrace
Until the day I die.

Cecelia Weir

Differently The Same

I read
You read
And we both read the same thing
But understand differently.

I see
You see
We both see the same thing
But the revelation is different.

I hear
You hear
We both hear the same thing
But the interpretation is different.

We read
We see
We hear.
We are both different
But in the same way.

Cecelia Weir

A Happy New Year

Happy New Year
All over the world
Well does heaven rejoice, too.
Or is it our way
Of showing Him
That we're joyful
Over things we expect Him to do?

We make so many preparations
Just to celebrate
And be exceedingly glad.
To see another year
With new and old friends
But how long
Will this attitude last?

Happy New Year
Are we really sure
That anyone can depend on us?
For happiness should be continued
Everyday within our hearts.
But the first day of January
We live to make a new start.

Cecelia Weir

Best Friend

Too often we sat and wonder
What must we do again.
Well how about try living
To be your own best friend.

We often forget we vow
To treat others as ourselves.
But then overlook the fact
What is it do we lack?

Its not good to forget
That its so important too.
To be any good to others
First you must be good to you.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Beyond The Grave

From beyond the grave
We hear them speak
Words spoken to us before.
Words of laughter
Words of wisdom
Words telling us to cry no more.
Words of pain
Words of knowledge
Words we've heard before.
For before death
There was life.
From a world we may never know.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Knowledge Mystery

In the mystery of knowledge
And the wisdom to teach
Lies the epitome
Of an excellent explanation.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Changed Outcome

There are some things
That may not seem right.
And you may not feel
Like putting up a fight.
But there are times
When you are really sincere
And things just change
But how isn't too clear.
Many felt your life
Would come to no good end.
But they didn't know
You had a heavenly friend.
One who watched over you
While others were asleep.
Those who promised you
Your back they would keep.
Well its over now
You don't have to look back
You've proven to yourself
To be productive
Now thats a dedicated fact.
Dispite what others now think
Or what others may have said
You are covered by the blood
And God's promises are exact.

For now where you stand
There will be no defeat
God taken you from sinking sand.

Cecelia Weir

Never Mistaken A Mistake

A mistake is only a source
Of spiritual elimination.
Never under estimate
The power of its control.
For any liable mistake
Can be profitable
For the soul.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The Hurt Of Forever Love

To love someone forever
Is too great to require.
For somewhere deep inside
Its you they never admire.

Some people have made it
With the one they really love.
But some people just don't
They get pushed and shoved.

You'll work for their attention
To have them by your side.
But the only time they want you
Is whenever they decide.

You can wait for a compliment
Until you're black and blue.
They'll say nice things of someone else
And live to criticize you.

They never really want you
Unless it makes them look good.
They'll give some undaunted reason
To convince you that you should.

Be what they want you to
Do what they tell you to do.
They serve you with mental anguish
And work the life out of you.

They seem never to get over
Whatever common childhood mess.
And it spills into their adulthood
To make your life regress.

They refer to other people
As rags upon the floor.
But treat them with high respect
The moment they hit their door.

They use them and abuse them
For whatever reasons they can.
And sadly never speak to them
Until their next command.

Coldhearted and careless
Their lives they never repent.
And because you can love and care
Its you that they resent.

Some love for many reasons
Some have no definite cause.
But to love someone without a heart
Hurts you the most of all.

Cecelia Weir

Quick Landing

Taking off quicker
You'll land harder
And faster.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The Bootlegger

There is a place
Where people come
From far and wide.
Everyone comes together
And everyone decides.
No conflict
No argument
Everyone has the same taste
To many a people
This is their special place.
A place where no matter
How much money is spent
No money is ever wasted
Not one red cent.
No matter what the case
You can never loose
Because believe it or not
You can have what you want
You just name it
Pick and choose.
Happy are the people
Just to see one another
Sometimes even there
Someone will find a lover.
Someplace you can dance
And feel free as a bird.
Because if you gossip
It won't even be heard.
A place where people meet
More faithful than church.
Are the people who gather
Without dragging up ole dirt.
The Bootlegger's house
Is where your secrets are heard.
Where every life is beyond the norm
And where sometimes lies splurge.
At the Bootlegger's house
No one complains not a word.
Where happiness is generated

But no one breathes a word.
It's all a big secret
That no one seems to know
This alfred secret place
Where the whole world goes.

Cecelia Weir

The Walls

The walls are there
The chimney too
But no one is at home.
There once lived a lovely couple
But one was left alone.
The last one there
Was broken hearted
We all loved him too.
But no love could exceed his grief
I understand now
He was waiting there for you.
Some people said he cried
When first you walked away.
But couldn't realize the difference
Between the day you left
From any other day.
He was hurt beyond repair
From feeling sad and blue
He just couldn't get over
Trying to live
Comfortably without you.
He struggled hard within himself
To say things would work out.
He'd hoped you'd be home soon
For he cared without a doubt.
His love and concern
Never left his heart
Believing you'd come home
That you could make a new start.
But after that didn't happen
Within a length of time.
He began to regress
While trying to pacify his mind.
Oh sometimes he'd laugh
And try to spread some cheer.
But nothing ever replaced you
He always held you so dear.
In every conversation
It was always what you would do

But everyone realized
It was what he wanted you to.
Then one day he said
He knew you didn't care
And then he just walked away
From his home and his house
And resorted to living in despair.
He said his life without you
He could no longer bear
Oh we're all so sorry
That he never could imagine
That one day you would care.
It was so hard for him to see
That you'd come back some day
Or that he could find another
To love along the way.
It sure would have been nice
If you had kept in touch
Because it is such a blessing
When someone could love so much.
If only you had called
From somewhere along the way
I believe with all my heart
He'd be alive today.

Cecelia Weir

Grown Folks Stuff

The quicker you take off
The harder life will pull.
Then thrust you into reality
Just to make you feel
Like you've broken every rule.

You'll certainly land harder
Regetting every mistake.
Passing by all the places
You were comfortable
Where first you decided to race.

You'll think how nice it was
Before you really left home.
You'll think deeply and realize
Things weren't so bad
Before you thought you were grown.

Doesn't it disturb us
When we take notice
At some mistakes we've made.
But look how blessed we are
For still the way was paved.

Paved by those with experience
Whose deep wisdom
They tried to pass on.
But no we didn't listen
We thought that they were wrong.

Now we will have our turn
To teach the younger ones.
Just get yourself ready
For you need to be prepared
For a trip thats lots of fun.

This is Grown Folks Stuff
Please children laugh and play.
Because the more you enjoy your youth.

The less pain we grown folks
Will have to face.

All of this philosophy
Started by parents who are gone.
They started out like us
Wanting to be independent
And completely on their own.

The thing thats so bewildering
That no person seems to know.
Is how life converses with you
But after you've decided to go.

Cecelia Weir

Church Member

You're not just a member
Of the church.
But the church
Has to be a member of you.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Destined Cures

Sometimes there are blizzards
Sometimes there are floods
Sometimes the winds blow dust
But by nature these are examples
By which we learn to trust.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Destined Cure

Sometimes there are blizzards
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By which we learn to trust.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Don'T Mind The Bottom

It feels good
When you're on the top.
On top is all that means.
But at the bottom
Or in bewteen
Or even on the top
You've got gifts
And talents
Talents that this world
Has never even seen.

You have room to build
And you've got room to grow.
Its always good to push
To gently push yourself harder
Beyond your own expectancies.
For there are good things
Plenty of good things
Deeper about you
That only you can know.

Search for them
Reach for them.
Pull them out of a hat.
Your foundation is boundless
I know this as a fact.
Your knowledge has no gravity
As so astrologically proclaimed.
But the profoundness of your talent
Catagorically isn't the same.

A talent so profound
Yet through the human heart
Can be transformed and exposed
Don't let life steal this from you
Go ahead make your start.
The depths of your talents
Is a place that runs deeper than that
A place where your heart

Haven't even begin to scratch.

There is a never ending production
Of the person you are inside.
Whose talents builds
Builds and paves roads
A provision for others to ride.
Make your mark again
From the depths of your soul
For when you hit this atmosphere
I know you broke the mold.

Thrust your lifes perspectives
It will change some's point of view.
But never mind their judgements
They really don't know you.
Forget each day the struggles
Its just a small effort
A small effort for you
For when you present your talents
Its you whose shining through.

Cecelia Weir

Live It

Many make their vows to the church
To marriage and to honest work.
Some more successful than others
Even for this people will make you hurt.

They will say you think you're something
When all you did was try.
They will have you all alone
They want you to sit and cry.

Some give their lives to the Lord
And somehow forget to live it.
But when it comes down to your wrong
They won't let you forget it.

We wonder why so many
Expect so much from someone else.
But leave their own religion
On some old dusty shelf.

But deep inside we know
That prayer is what they need.
And hopefully they will understand
That God is love indeed.

You can't let idle gossip
Cause you to put on a show.
For then those who will observe
They sinner they would not know.

So keep your head up high
And remember to wipe your foot.
For no one desires applause
From someone whose full of soot.

Cecelia Weir

Download

Download the future
Foreseen by yesterdays
Actions and thoughts.
Then reprogram your memory
To receive tomorrows dreams.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

No Name

They were boarded on a ship
They were given a way to live.
Forced not to use their language
And traditions they could not give.

They were individually slaughtered
Some mutilated and beaten.
They were deprived from mercy
And even fed to animals to be eaten.

Now proclaimed from these tribes
Great and many has now succeeded.
But no real name has been chosen
To explain the present rare breed.

Filtered and strained
With other races indeed.
So many lovely people
Don't deserve to be mistreated.

I'll live my life
With many wonders of earth.
But none has ever been so inquisitive
As the Black Mans birth.

Cecelia Weir

Up And Down

Up and Down
Met Round and Around
And Round said to Down
'Hey, Let's Go.'

Down called to Up
And said, 'Its Fun.'
But Up said,
'You must be a nut.'

I've had enough downs
And Rounds and arounds.
I have no real need
To sit and repeatedly grieve.

The stagnations of life
That cripples life
Oh No, Round and Down
That sucks.

Down looked at Round
And said, 'Thats right.'
We all have a lot
Directly in common.

For who actually knows
What level you're on.
When you really proclaim
To be Up.

Cecelia Weir

I Thought You Knew

I laughed and played
A whole lot in school
But I never failed
To obey the rule.
I thought you knew.

I kinda ran the streets
I shopped each day.
But Sundays I went to church
To learn what the preacher would say.
I thought you knew.

I had great parents
I didn't listen always.
But I never talked back
They would have left me in a daze.
I thought you knew.

I hung with my friends
I visited my kin.
But I worked each day
I didn't think I had to say.
I thought you knew.

I ran with a group
Many thought we'd flew the coop
When we bought new cars
And managed to stay under a roof.
I thought you knew.

I've helped many others
All along the way.
Nothings wrong with their character
They had not lost their way.
I thought you knew.

Only from within your eyes
You see things so differently.
The dignity of others still exist

And without an opinion from you.
I thought you knew.

Cecelia Weir

Adages

A good thought
Doesn't always make
A good plan.

A good run
Is far better
Than a dead stand.

A loud song
Is better than
A soft cry.

And a proud walk
Is far better
Than a living soul without life.

To improve life daily
Is far greater than the chance
To wait on time for change.

Cecelia Weir

O So Lonely

O So Lonely

Are the days gone by.
When others enter your life
Then you push them by.

O So Lonely

When you were in control.
To love them or leave them
You were ever so bold.

O So Lonely

While you sit alone.
No one is there
To make your house a home.

O So Lonely

After all the hearts you break.
Did you ever think it was you
Who you'd really forsake?

O So Lonely

When life was just a dare.
You didn't take time to love
You didn't try to care.

O So Lonely

Have you learned the rule?
That its not just about you
But it does take two.

O So Lonely

Why sit and contemplate?
While others enjoy life
Its never too late.

Cecelia Weir

Little White School House

As I drove from the city
With one thing in mind
Was to see my old school
Where I spent most of my time.
I could barely see it
Coming fresh into view
Somewhat strained in the distance
The place that contributed to what I knew.

There stood the ole school house
Up the road just a piece.
As I drove through the woods
My heart thumped with anxiety.
As I heard so faintly
The laughter of children playing
It was a bit distorted
I couldn't make out what they were saying.

I saw the old Merry Go Round
In my imagination going around and around.
Seeing old school mates
Pushing and pushing hard
To make it go faster
Just running not making a sound.
Sometimes slipping and falling
Sometimes even dragging the ground.

Recess and fun wasn't going to last.
Fun time so quickly slipped away
Even work time seemed to pass.
But I could hear our schoolmarm
Gently ringing her bell
Then she would so calmly say
Children, lunchtime is over
As we'd all let go of the rail.

As I drove a little farther
I could see children wave.
We'll see you tomorrow

And for no apparent reason
I believed what they would say.
And sure enough the next morning
We were all back at school
Joking and teasing but obeying the rule.

I backed up my car looking once again
Seeing where many of us spent our days
At the Little White School House on the hill
Just to sing, laugh or play.
But long are the days gone
When you would hear
The principal 'Mrs. Kennedy'
So kindly sing and say.

Good Morning to you
Good Morning to you.
We're all in our places
With sun shiny faces.
Oh this is the way
To start a new day.
At work or at play
At school everyday.

Cecelia Weir

I Listen

The sun rises
The gentle winds blow.
A bird sings
A dog barks
As a cat scampers across the street.
I Listen.

The planes fly high
The cars racing on the expressway.
The steam from office buildings
The horns trucker's blow
As the day moves on.
I Listen.

Food cooks for lunch
News on the TV
Neighbors wave to one another
No one says a word
Like have a nice day.
I Listen.

A baby's cry
A mother is gone
A father who is absent
A family that is heart broken
No time for love to be shown.
I Listen.

The evening sun sets
People scronging around.
Someone goes out for entertainment
While others yearn and pine
Yet are just left alone.
I Listen.

Someone goes to bed
With their hearts at ease.
While others can't sleep
For responsibility runs rampant

Deep inside their heads.

I Listen.

With a glimpse of hope

Situations compare the same

Everyones sees a problem.

Their tested pressures go unsaid

But reaches to overcome even the deepest threat.

I Listen.

The disdainment of understanding.

The profanity of omission.

The devastation of neglect.

The destruction of relationships

And the separation of commitments.

I Listen.

The sun rises as the planes fly.

Food cooks as babies cry.

The sun again sets

And someone goes to bed

But with a glimpse of hope

I Listen.

Cecelia Weir

Love Your Heart

Love changes the heart
And makes the atmosphere clear.
It gives the contentment of care
Whether your loved one
Is far or near.

Love breathes daily
The warmth of a breath of fresh air.
Your heart needs
The encouragement of love
It makes life easier to bear.

Love in its continuation
Is far greater than any goal.
For nothing can't be accomplished
When someone special
Is there to tenderly hold.

Love gives a feeling of protection
It gives a sense to belong.
Love assures the mind and soul
That you're willing to live
And not leave the heart to stand alone.

Love Your Heart
For its mind is involved
In even the smallest things you do.
Don't let it become neglected
Because of what the body may choose.

Cecelia Weir

There Is Peace

Where the mountains
Meets the valleys.
Where the floods
Meets the streams.
There Is Peace.

Where tall trees
Meets the foliage.
Where the dirt
Meets the rocks.
There Is Peace.

Where a man
Meets another man.
Where man's heart
Meets his own soul.
There Is Peace.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Dreams Come True

I have more dreams
That came true.
Than failures
I ever imagined.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

I Saw Grace Coming

My midnight had set in
And I just failed
To have a simple plan.
I was forced to fight a battle
A battle on sinking sand.

I had no light
That would last
I didn't feel that I could stand.
I had not a friend beside me
The world was spinning
Wa-a-ay too fast.

My lamp was dim
I had no peace
My soul had lost its strength.
I had become so weak and tired
I couldn't fight the battles length.

Then I saw Grace Coming
In large forces of mighty men
And just when I'd given up
I found a deeper power
One that would last
One that would help me win.

This power overflowed
And engulfed the defeat
That was within my heart.
I fought til I was exhausted
Then I seen the enemy depart.

I couldn't believe
I'd seen Grace Coming
To stand directly by my side.
I'm glad I forsakened not the Lord
For He allows His Grace

So sweetly to abide.

Cecelia Weir

My First Five Blessings

Everytime I eat
My food is placed
Within my mouth.
I taste.

Everytime I listen
Sounds from life
Is transmitted through my ears.
I hear.

Everytime objects are sighted
And are Optically transformed
Through these eyes.
I see.

Everytime aroma floats on air
Odor becomes a fragrance
With this nose.
I smell.

Everything I feel
With hands of my heart
Indicates within my soul.
I've been touched.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Against The Answers

The waves beat against the shores
But the land throws them back to sea.
It takes just a bit of land
But never will it take all of me.

The rains fall heavily upon the ground
But it waters even the tiniest seed.
You may succumb to the largest of floods
But in your heart you still succeed.

The sun beams down upon the earth
But the night gives fresh morning dew.
The life we live seems sometimes hard
But it should be repelled by you.

If it wasn't for the beaten shores
Or the floods of heavy rains.
No life's story would be complete
And no victory could be explained.

Cecelia Weir

God's Thank You Card

I wish I could write a letter
Or give God
A Thank You Card
But I know its impossible
For He would know
Just what it would say
From the finish
Back to the start.

Life has not been easy
But it wasn't quite as bad.
Although pains pursued me
It was God who kept me glad.

Life would not have been as easy
If He hadn't done so much for me.
He even opened doors
It was hard for me to believe.

If I could write God a letter
Or give Him
A Thank You Card
I'd feel so much better
Because I love Him
From sincerely deep within
And I Thank Him
With all my heart.

Cecelia Weir

Love

More delicate than the sparrow
More precious than any gold
Is the soul who wants to love
But with no one dear to hold.

Who can fill their destiny
Who can feel their joy.
Who can make them happy
And yet make life
For themselves to enjoy.

The one that's filled with love
A heart that knows no pain.
The heart that believes in caring
One whose not afraid of rain.

One who knows distinction
From a battle and restitution.
One who doesn't mind getting wet
When it brings into focus
A closer resolution.

More beautiful than the eyes
Of a young enticing dove.
More ravishing than the Morning Glory
Because in their heart is love.

Cecelia Weir

Sun Rise Sun Set

The sun rises so beautifully
As the birds sing so sweet.
The leaves of Spring
Burst forth their buds
As their smell
Refreshes our world
As our gift from above.

The fresh Spring Rains
The bright new skies
The smell of fresh morning dew.
The longer days
Renews thoughts of our ways
Causing us to view life
Of the much younger days.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Playmates (X'Mas)

Two little girls
Set side by side
In school one day.
They were good friends
And they loved to play.

One told the other
My father is rich
I have more toys
Than ole Santa Claus
Could ever pitch.

The other girl said
So do I.
Its nothing I don't have
And Santa never
Passes me by.

The first girl said
We have a beautiful home.
My brother and I
We have a nanny
We're never alone.

The other girl said
I know what you mean.
I have so much food
But I really don't like
Making such a big scene.

The first girl said
Sometimes I pretend
To have a diamond ring.
The other girl said
I have invisible everything.

Cecelia Weir

The Seeds The Garden Grew

At this time
I did the best
I could in life
And I thought
I'd done my best.

I studied hard
And worked real good
Just to make sure
I could hopefully
Withstand the test.

So little did I realize
My works were little deeds.
I'd dedicated it all to God
Where I thought
I was just planting a seed.

Then when I looked around
My garden was totally full.
But I'd never thrown seeds there
I just lived
To try to do some good.

Cecelia Weir

Rest In Your Life

Rest instead of rush
Even while you work
Don't push your buttons too hard.
All you have to do
Is enjoy what you choose
And your boredom
You'll certainly lose.

Rest inside your rush
Let your mind be at ease.
For who can you please
If you're so tired
And all worn out
By just rushing about
You'll hardly have enough room
Just to breathe.

Rest In Your Life
I'm not saying slow down
But a crowded mind is far too much.
If you're lying in bed
Try to clear your head
For even this
Can make your pressure go up.

Oh, the hustles and bustles
The hurries of this life
Takes the mind
For a real good spin.
But it all still will unfold
Without stress on the soul
And life will sometimes
Let you win.

Cecelia Weir

Prayer For My Sister Marie

May you be blessed
By the God of Abraham,
Issac and Jacob.
For we, truly,
Are blessed among many.
He is our God.
It is my prayer
That He will protect you.
It is also my prayer
That He gives
Good health in you.
I pray that He will
Gives unto you
The increase of your finances
And that He will bless
Your going out
And your coming in.
That our forefathers labour
Be not in vain.
Rest your life
In the hands of the Lord.
Amen.

Cecelia Weir

Hand Writing On The Wall

There is a hand
That wrote on the wall
Its visibility was amazing to see.
But after the shock
Was just a beginning
For no one knew
What the writing could be.

So they got Daniel
To read it
To tell them what it said.
So what is it saying today?
The murder and the rape
The abused young and the aged
What message is being relayed.

The walls of distruction
The prejudices of pain and confusion.
The shape this world is in
No its not an illusion.
You see the writing
You fear something each day
Even health issues are held at bay.

Deliverance will come
But not as the world know it
Its not found in general reform.
Its not in the wars
Its not in the churches
But inside the heart
Thats opened to be transformed.

Cecelia Weir

Friendship Survives

When God gives a Friend
We are through life
We are through death
We are throughout eternity.
For Friendship Survives.

God has assured us
Whether during life's ceremony
Whether during death's celebration
Regardless we shall meet again
For Friendship Survives.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Friend To Friend

A true Friend made
Is a real Friend saved.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Endowed Friendship

When one family member
Finds one as a Friend
And that friendship intertwines
One with the other.
They think like you
They feel what you do
While nobody thought you knew.
You see what they say
You hear what they do
And everything is positive
And endowed seemingly
Just for the two
Or maybe for a few.

There develops a Kinship
That's above no earthly other.
Its a kind of nurture
That resembles closer than a brother.
Kin that bears one anothers burdens
Kin that stands beside you
Kin that helps you to endure
Kin that encourages you through
And enjoys your every laughter.
No longer friends but kin
Yes you're definitely family
Kin that last beyond our end.

Cecelia Weir

Standing On The Verge

The psychological flirts
With the boundaries of Life
And stands beyond the deep
In the shadows of the spirit.
Where one can be trained
In the test of skills
But not taught
The morals of the soul.

Where spiritual warfare meets love
Where love meets morals
Where moral's meets standards
Where standard's meets traditions
Where tradition's meets complacency
Where complacencies meets transitions
And demands a transformation.
Standing On The Verge.

One's inhibitions to build
To enhance and control
But unable to comprehend
The morals of Life.
Never searching deep enough
To realize the power in mind
Where the psychological
Becomes the provical.

Standing On The Verge of expression.
Standing on the rim where marrow meets the bones.
Standing on the brink where night touches day.
Standing on the edge of real prosperity
Standing on the borders of intellect
Standing on the boundaries of submission
Standing on the end of eternal ethics
Standing on the verge.

Where the inward ghost
No longer aggravates
The true essence

Of the Human Spirit.
But is endeavoredly conquered
To exceed the trifles of life
And excels to the Living Being
To make the whole man within.

A Living Being
That grovels at its Godly talents.
A Living Being
That is humbly flattered
At the Works of God within.
A Living Being
That understands, trust and obeys
Even a blink of God's Eye.

For the spirit dead does live
From within out.
And regiments itself
To a level of human satisfaction.
Yet the Living Spirit
Breathes a constant breath
But is never comprehended
Because of its illumination.

When the Living Being
Reveals itself
Into an outer climate
Of normal procedure
It moves you from a process
Of mere mediocrity
To phenomenal excellence.
Standing On The Verge.

The complications of change
Ignores its former disabilities
Where success and failure abides
And evokes in an instant
The psychological language
Of one's own heart
To Life from the soul.

Then in Life's final synopsis

Where the spirit
Introduces the soul
To the archangels of eternal life.
When Life is philosophically described
As a vapor.
Where Eternal Rest
Takes over the weary.
Standing On The Verge.

Cecelia Weir

My Word

My Word does not change
Night into day.
Neither does it
Confirm the end of time.
Character's are formed
By the boundaries of words.
And as boundless
As they may be
In the end
They'll outlast you
Long after the mind
Has been silenced
From view.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Replactitude

Jim was a man
No one seemed
To could ever stand.
Because everywhere he shown up
Just his presence
Made resentful demands.

He made everyones life miserable
Just for him
To even be around.
Because all he ever done
Was complained
And put other people down.

Then one very fine day
Poor Ole Jim fell apart.
People were arguing
And fussing
When Jim discovered
It was he who made it start.

Now Jim didn't like it
Being left out
And pushed aside.
So he bit his own bullet
And swallowed up
All of his pride.

Jim replaced his negatives
With righteous thoughts
Of prosperity and progress,
Kindness and success.
And now when he was around
He never started no mess.

Jims' replactitude
Was admirable to see.
And when you met Jim anywhere
You couldn't have ever imagined

A better person
You could meet.

Have you checked your Jim lately?
Lifes' way of inducing bitterness
That sometimes build
What you don't see.
Notice it does quietly stop you
From being the best you can be.

Well shake it all off
Get back the life you use to be.
Let nothing stop you
Including the good folks
That want to build you
Into what they want you to be.

Cecelia Weir

One Does Count

Number One was missing
And Two was next in line.
Three yelled for Two to move up
And accused Two of wasting time.

Two got angry with Three
Because Three said
Two had to move.
And nobody wanted to be Three
Three had double crooked grooves.

Then all of the other Numbers
Begin to talk and mumble.
No one was willing to succeed
They all began to jumble
When Two begin to grieve.

Doesn't anybody care about me?
No one knows what I'm going through.
You haven't even thought about it
Tell the truth, have you?

Since infancy I've played with One
All the days of my life
I know this is my end.
Three bellowed out and shouted
Hey Two, 'I thought you were my friend.

Two then said,
I asked One to marry me?
I thought One was so nice,
Not only did I ask One once
But by golly, I asked One twice.

Two cried, If I become One
And One gets lost again.
Then me being Two
I'll be nothing all over again.

One really helped me
Through some jams
I'd gotten use to Ones company.
We always resolved our problems
One really made me who I am.

We didn't do any modifying
We use to play
And just fun around.
I'll never accept my name as One
I don't want to be moved down.

I'll only be a half
Of the fellow I use to be.
Why can't you just see that
And be satisfied, Mr. Three?

What can we do without One
All the numbers asked?
We all will lose our identity
Our budget will change
Even value on the dollar won't last.

We are all successfully organized
Each assigned with no less.
Now because One is gone
We'll all work harder
And be greater but under stress.

Just because its One whose missing
Don't think that it won't show.
And if anyone should ask who said it
Tell them Two said so.

Cecelia Weir

Walk Until I Feel My Joy

I met a great man
Who advised me one day
Of the pains and joys of life.
He held my hand
Until I could understand.
How issues unfairly change
What is your lifes commands.

This is what he said
As he laid in his bed.
While death knocked upon his door.
Listen my friend
For I will not speak again
This is one of some things
Everybody should know.

I get disgusted
Filled with anguish
And desperate despair.
I feel the pains of life
Cheat me out of trying to care.
But then I Walk
Until I Feel My Joy.

I cry sometimes
But not without remorse
About the little things
In my soul I really regret.
Then my heart tries to harden
Without remembering its core.
Then I Walk Until I Feel My Joy.

I stare into the night
When no darkness is there
To count up the cost
To prevent the enemies attack.
Then I step my foot forward
Without looking back
And Walk Until I Feel My Joy.

Sometimes when I'm happy
When I have not shedded a tear.
I remember my walks in fear.
But then I rejoice
For these encouraging words
Sent not by my choice
Walk Until I Feel My Joy.

As this day has come
That I shall close my eyes
And this life shall be no more.
Know I've stepped over
Over to the other side.
For I have Walked
Until I Feel My Joy.

As he closed his eyes
I closed mine
To be grateful
For the power of God.
To live and to learn
Such a tremendous lesson
Just to Walk Until I Feel My Joy.

Cecelia Weir

Just Another Day

Just Another Day
But no two are the same.
So why wear the feelings
Given from yesterday's shame?

We read and we pray
To leave things in the past.
And we get a new 24 hours
So why make yesterday last?

Whether the abundance of your past
Is bad or good.
Lets remember its ours
To live prosperous and we should.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Inscream

You must Inscream
To totally submit
And accurately signify.
The depths of your duty
To society
To show your moral side.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Lights On, Lights Off

Lights On

Lights Off.

How much do you see

Or do you see at all?

When your lights are on

Do they penetrate darkness?

Can you see your way through

To bring into focus

Things that surround you

Or just where you're directed?

Lights On

Lights Off.

Can you see through the darkness

When your lights are turned off?

Do you feel your way through

Despite the blindness of the night.

Undisclosed situations

Do they creepably attack?

Or do you have enough light

To fight them all back?

Lights On

Lights Off.

I am told some never see

When its day or night.

They never get a glimpse

Whether being dark or light.

How does this life exist?

How can it survive?

Never realizing whats wrong

Never pressing for whats right.

Cecelia Weir

Momories Of Happiness

I received the call
I'd always feared
The one that comes
With regrets.
The one that talks
Of yesteryears
That causes ones' heart
To fall
To fall to tears.

The memories
Of those gone on.
And those of us
Who are left here.
To bear the burden
Of missing them
As our years
Continue to grow
Continue to grow dim.

You hear their laughter
You miss their smiles.
You hear their voices
Of denied wisdom expressed.
You miss their joy
You miss their song
You miss being happy
You miss your happiness.

And as the years
Go so swiftly by
Sometimes we laugh
Sometimes we cry.
We pray the day
Will surely come
To see them once again
In that sweet
In that sweet by and by.

Wash Tub

Therefore that it is
So much easier
To make hot water cool
Than to make cold water hot.

You blossom so sweet
And delicate with radiance.
Bright with no plans to retreat.
But then life succumbs
Most destinys'
And turns one whose strong
To weak.

Yet when one is weak
It takes so much strength
To build their confidence again.
To love and repair a broken heart
To flourish without yesterdays care
To let love rule as a friend.

Therefore that it is
So much easier
To make hot water cool
Than to make cold water hot.

Cecelia Weir

School Advice

Test scores
Do not determine
A person's worth.
But it does
Determine the worth
Of your career.
Be the best you can.
Do the best you can.
For where morality
And education meets
You'll find the wealth
Of each ones value.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Through The Eyes Of Life

I looked Through the Eyes of Life
And saw its noble side.
To give the gifts
To give us freedom
To make Life better
Than what ordinary men
Try to make it seem
As though its what they decide.

I looked Through The Eyes Of Life
To humbly distinguish
The rich from the poor.
And from their wells of richness
Within their inner feelings
Was revealed from their own lips
Which became edified
By the extention of their ways.

I looked Through The Eyes Of Life
I found its beauty
I found my Savior
In this world so rare.
The gentleness of His creation
The profoundness of His care
And the Life that He gave
And all He had to bear.

Through The Eyes Of Life

Cecelia Weir

Learning Loves Me (Quotation)

I love Learning
Learning Loves Me.
Learning can't live
Not without me.

Dedicated to Nikki.
Age 7

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

A Foolish Thought (Quotation)

When I thought
I was a fool
Where did the thought
Come from?

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Know God (Quotation)

God answers you
Better than you know
How to ask.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Know God Trust God

Know God
Trust God.

When you pray
And it seems
That God is not
Answering your prayer.
Think on His ways
How He wants you empowered.
How He wants you spiritually blessed.

Know God
Trust God.

Remember He loves YOU.
And your adequacy
To know how
He chooses to bless
And answer your prayer.
Is so far
Beyond your comprehension.

Know God
Trust God.

God always answers you
Better than you know
How to ask.
Your asking is never equivalent
To His answering.
For His answering
Is always beyond your request.

Know God
Trust God.

His blessings are always
A continuance to your prosperity.
You may ask for one thing

But God wants you fulfilled
He gives you two.
To multiply anything of itself
Gains you nothing.

Know God
Trust God.

For in search of His answers
You may find the blessing
You hoped for
And the one you really wanted.
But then look again
You will find the very thing
Which was all you really needed.

Know God
Trust God.

God always blesses us
Beyond what we ask.
For neither we the intelligence
Nor the aptitude
To even guess
What He will do for you.

Cecelia Weir

Friends (Quotation)

There are Friends
Who are Friends.
Then there are Friends
Who are Friends.
But when you have a Friend
That is a Friend.
You've got a Friend.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Determined Life (Quotation)

There is more to life
Than living.
There is more to living
Than life.
There is courage.
There is determination.
There is joy.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Faith Does Not Lie (Quotation)

Faith proves itself
From the consciousness
Of ones mind.
When it is seen
By the actions
Of ones given word.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Failure (Quotation)

I am not afraid
You are a failure.
I can only be afraid
If YOU believe
You are.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Stepping Stones

Stepping Stones.

When people call you names.

They can prove positive,

Only express their vocabulary.

Can you think about it?

Step!

Stepping Stones.

When people lie on you

They so obviously

Can only reveal themselves.

Can You Think about It?

Step!

Stepping Stones.

When people attack your character

They can only see

From within their dormant imagination.

Can you think about it?

Step!

Stepping Stones.

When personal people

Physically abuse you.

It only unveils their amuck distinction.

Can you think about it?

Step!

Stepping Stones.

When people are mature enough

To apologize and mean it.

Both can excel these infirmities.

Can you think about it?

Step!

Stepping Stones.

Expel these arbitrary fines

Excel your thoughts and deeds

Put your life into over drive.

Can you think about it?
Step!

Cecelia Weir

Dare Me, Do You?

Dare Me, Do You? Stand there.
Without the cultured consent
Of your character.
To chastise the imperial wisdom
Of my past that languishes
The intelligence of the human soul.
So far beyond mortal understanding
So far beyond mortal interpretation.

Dare Me, Do You? Sit There.
For it is I
Whom the challenges of knowledge
Captured by heritage
And has implanted the seed
That these histories
Become deeply embedded
Within the reasoning of my own intellect.

Dare Me, Do You? Walk there.
Dare you not
To sail the seas of life.
To travel your own road
Follow your own star
Sow your own seeds
And without failure
Reap your own harvest.

Dare Me, Do You? Bow there.
To respect the ingenious vernacular
Of God's profound wisdom.
Who entrusted his divine character
Into the shadows of existence.
His creation of one's delicate flesh
Which becomes endowed and nurtured
By even the most minute human authority.

Dare Me, Do You? Live there.
The beauty and the blessing.
Loving it beneficially

Within the essence of living.
For in the judgement
It is this profit of manifestation
That determines the destiny
Of one's very own soul.

Cecelia Weir

Code Of Life (Quotation)

Life is the Intelligence Code
That creates Vibrance
Which eradicates the Injustice
Of Mediocrity.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Cries From The Fields

Listen! Listen!

There are Cries From The Fields
Seeds have been planted
The Grain is high.
But the weeds are choking them out.

Listen! Listen!

There are Cries From The Fields
The rains have come
To water the crops
But the irrigation has been slow.

Listen! Listen!

There are Cries From the Fields
Yokes have been broken
Lives already given
No one is tilling the crops.

Listen! Listen!

There are Cries From the Fields
The furrows of life
Will supercede again
Unless the Laborers are restored.

Listen! Listen!

There are Cries From The Fields
Fields are fair and white
And the harvest is wailing yet waiting
Who will go and work today?

Cecelia Weir

Words

Words are the most natural
Influential characters.
Try to write without one.
Words are the most spiritual
Influential characters.
Try to talk without one.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

In Memorial Of...

From the gentle breath of God's bosom
The Almighty shapes and forms our lives.
He makes each of us a messenger
To share how His love abides.

He binds us by His grace
And chisels us into one another's mind.
Then what we've done becomes a memory
For at the end its only Him we find.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Death Is Just A Release (Excerpt: From Sermon)

Death is not a demise
But a Release.
A release from this life
Into Eternity.
Its a transformation.
Trading living
From the world of External.
To living
From the Spiritual Internal
In the Land of Eternity.
And as any good child
Who hears the call of their Father.
Calling and bidding them
To come home.
Obedience from the spirit
Enters the soul
And orders the release
Of this life of scrimmage.
To an abundant life
Of heavenly chores.
We will sing a song
That the angels cannot sing.

Let nobody grow weary
Let nobody sit and cry.
For even when it is God's will to call
And mine to answer
I will not be dead.
This will not be my demise
I've just been released.
I will be released
From the prison walls
Of this creamy life.
To live everlasting
In the boundless rooms
Of God's eternal glory.
An eternal glory
That reaches from earth to heaven
And some glad morning

Some glad morning when this life is over.
I'll fly away.
I'll fly away.
I shall leap
From the mundane shores
Of this world to keep a Divine appointment
With our Heavenly and Divine Master.
The quest of this pre-destined transition
Shall reach into the elements of time
And eradicate life's despondencies
That I may enter
The spiritual dimensions of eternity.

Some say farewell
Some say goodbye.
But death for me
Is where ones conscious
Meets the spirit
That the soul be apprehended.
I made this parallel agreement
With that great writer Timothy.
For I am now ready to be offered,
And the time of my departure
Is at hand.
I have fought a good fight,
I have finished my course,
I have kept the faith:
Henceforth there is laid up for me
A crown of righteousness,
Which the Lord,
The righteous judge,
Shall give me at that day:
Not to me only,
But unto all them also
That love His appearing.

Let the record show,
That I loved God
And that I loved my fellowman.
Let the record show,
I spoke God's Word;
Blessed to speak them

Through my mouth.
Let the record show,
I sung songs to His glory;
Blessed to sing them
Through these lips.
Let the record show,
I played His music;
Blessed to play His music
With my own hands.
Let the record show,
That I wrote poetry.
And from the inkwells of God
He dipped His pen
Of love in my heart;
And has written my soul messages
He wanted me to know.
So that His poeple would be encouraged.
I was blessed
That the words were transferred
From Him.....
Through my spirit into my mind.
And as my soul rejoices
And my soul doth rejoice,
Tis done, all is done
And all has been done.
To glorify Him
Which is in heaven.

For when death shall come
By the day of His choice
It shall be Just My Release.
I'll be released....
No more heartaches
I'll be released...
And no more pain.
I'll be released...
No more sickness
I'll be released...
And no more diappointments...
I'll be released..
For we're going to a land
Where we'll never grow old.

Have you heard of that land?

You see,

My grandmama and my granddaddy told me...

And Now, I know

I know it for myself....

Listen!

I've heard of a land

On a far away strand..

They told me

It was a beautiful home for the soul.

Built by Jesus on high..

And over there.....

We never..

We never shall die.

They said it was a land....

Where we'll never grow old.

But in this land....

We're growing old right now...

And in this land

There is so much sorrow.

But in that land....

There will be no more sorrow.

In this land....

There is so much death

Death from sicknesses

Death from diseases..

Death caused by the sinfulness of this world.

Death from despair.

But in that land

God is going to swallow up death.

And there will be no more death.

In this land....

We have to cry sometimes....

We lay awake at night.

Sometimes we have to swallow hard

Trying to fight and hold back bitter tears...

But in that land...

In that land....

Oh! But in that land

God is gonna wipe

All tears from our eyes.

Mothers, God will take
His great big handkerchief of Comfort.
And say, I've seen you crying
From heart to heart....
Over in the midnight hour..
Wondering sometimes
What the next day will bring,
And if everything was going
To be alright.
Yes, Mother,

Everything...its going to be alright.

Fathers, God will take His handkerchief of Hope
And say, Fathers
I watched you work
Day in and day out.
Stretching what little you had
Trying to make ends meet.
Sometimes living hardly
And sometimes hardly living.
Nobody knows how hard it was
Nobody but you and the Lord.
I want you to know that your labour
Has not been in vain.
And everything..
Is going to be alright.

So often times christian hearted men and women
Of our communities, band together
Reaching out.....
Trying to help somebody.
A man I was blessed to meet
By the name of Dr.Herbert W. Brewster
said, If I can help sombody
As I pass along
If I can help sombody
With a word or a song
Then my living
My little ole living....
My living.....
Shall not.....

Shall not be in vain.

Sometimes we try helping somebody else
And we reach beyond the break....
But because of situations our hearts
Are made to bleed and need encouragement, too.
Some of our children are suffering
Some of them are from broken homes
Some already have broken hearts
And don't know which way to turn..
But fear not little children..
For all of your hope...
All of your hope...is in Jesus.
Give your life to the Lord...
I'm a living witness
That He won't leave you..
Neither will he forsaken you.
Trust in the Lord
With all thine heart
And lean not to thy own understanding.
Call upon Him day and night
Live for Him
And He will... live in you.

And until the Lord calls us home
Rest in His Will.
Learn how to rest...
We need to just rest.
Stop being so upset...
Stop being disturbed..
Stop letting the world get your attention...
Stop losing your focus..
For God has your every situation in panoramic view..
Get down on your knees and pray.
So you can rest in His arms...
For you ought to lean
On the everlasting arms.
Are you leaning, today
On the everlasting arms?
Are you safe..
Leaning on the everlasting arms
Do you feel secure..

Leaning on the everlasting arms
From this worlds unrest?
Are you safe and secure
From all the things of this life
That can cause you to become alarmed?
Are you leaning....

Leaning.....

Leaning on the everlasting arms?
Live now...

Live now..so God can use you.
So when that final day shall come
You'll hear the voice of our Savior
Saying, My Servant and My Friend,
My Servant, Welcome Home.
For death is not a demise
But a release from the walls
Of this life, as we know it
To a life free from despair.
A life free from the chaos
And confusion caused by the sins
Of this world.
Will you meet me there?
Will You meet me there?

In this land...
We are tossed
And we are driven
On this restless sea of time.
Sombre skies and howling tempest
Often succeed.....
What would be a bright sunshine.
But in that land
In that land...
In that land of perfect day
When what was in the midst
Troubles and trials
Have rolled away....
Pain and depair
Have rolled away....
Desolation and discomfort
Have rolled away...
Death has been rolled back

Like a bad thunderstorm.
Hallelujah..
For weeping may endure for a night
But Joy....
Sweet Joy!
Cometh in the morning..
When the midst...
Have all rolled away.
We will understand it
And we will understand it better
By and by.
For Death Is Not A Demise
But A Release.

Cecelia Weir

Who Am I, No, Who Is Me

Who am I?
I got her pact.
Its Me
Who gievs the trouble.

Who is Me?
I don't know.
Who am I asking?
Me?

I don't feel good.
Me either.
I am up
I am down.

One day I care.
One day I don't.
One day I'm happy.
Next day I frown.

I think I know it all.
I don't know nothing.
I found it out.
Then I forgot.

Whats going on.
I'm going off.
Some call it tripping.
I call it gripping.

Am I talking to Me?
Or is it I?
I wish I could let Me know.
Why can't I just tell Me so.

Who am I
Or is that Me?
I really should know
Would you see for Me?

Oh! Are you trying to help Me?
Then where will I be?
For I was smart and happy
Until I wrote this poem for Me.

Cecelia Weir

Shift Your Load

Too much age
On too many faces.
Shift Your Load.

Too much being lost
That someone else cost.
Shift Your Load.

Too much stress
You are giving your best.
Shift Your Load.

Too little laughter
What life are you after.
Shift Your Load.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

You're Tops!

You may feel like a failure
You may look like a clown.
But you were always there
When others felt so down.
You're Tops!

You may have never had that job
You may not have that house or that car.
But you were always there
While others paraded like a star.
You're Tops!

The supporter never gets the handshake
Or invited out for a free meal.
But you are the one
Who makes life their big deal.
You're Tops!

Day in and day out
You make all the ends meet.
But never get thanked
Or offered a seat.
You're Tops!

You may feel desperate
You may feel left out.
But without you, dear
Their lives would have nothing to be about.
You're Tops!

Cecelia Weir

Will You Pray?

All we see and hear in the news
Are crimes emphasized against the flesh.
No one seemingly sees
What is in the soul
But we are being put to the test.
Will You Pray?

We fuss and fight
About what we've learned
And trust someone else to prove it.
But lets change within ourselves
Hoping the world catches on to it.
Will you pray?

How many children
Must we watch die
How many parents must just stand by.
How many politicians must we scrutinize
Why must we sit and just criticize.
Will You Pray?

The startling avenues of wicked flesh
Has no resentment or shame
When presenting itself.
Why pout from within yourself
Reach out your spirit show some help.
Will You Pray?

If we control our attitudes
And demonstrate love and peace.
Maybe the sinner would be drawn
In seacrh of forgiveness
For his unrighteous deeds.
Will you Pray?

These are just a few ways
To weaken people who are saved.
But we must watch what we do
And truly monitor

All things that we say.
Will You Pray?

It vexes our spirits
It digs at our hearts.
It tugs on our beliefs
Until on our very souls
The life of it embarks.
Will You Pray?

How can we not know
The intensions of sin.
You've read where it happened
You remember your own story
And know where it begins.
Will You Pray?

We are the righteous
We are of The Blessed Seed.
We must reflect and remember
That at any adversity
To stay on our knees.
Will You Pray?

Some say its the fault of TV
Some say its the fault of radio.
But to you and I the believers
Case closed
We already already know.
Will You Pray?

Prayer replaces complaining
Meditation it takes time.
And until we practice by these measures
We'll be made ignorant
And probably miss the signs.
Will You Pray?

Being blinded by confusion
Which is not directly driven
Not from your heart.
Is the way the devil reveals himself

By someone else giving you a jump start.
Will You Pray?

I love you honestly
And you earnestly love me.
But it doesn't mean the same
When we have a difference in opinion
And we fail to agree.
Will You Pray?

It has happened to lands and countries
It has happened among friends.
I see no compromise
On the horizon
Until God calls it the end.
Will You Pray?

Cecelia Weir

Can't You See Christmas

Can't you see its Christmas
By the smile upon my face.
Its obvious I tell you
Without a doubt or trace.

To love the Lord with all your heart
And never doubt His Word.
Its no wonder I'm so happy
He even feeds the little birds.

I love the Yule Tide season
That celebrates the Christ birth.
For without the birth of our Lord
There would be no peace on earth.

Now, Can't You See its Christmas
By the smile upon your face.
For without Jesus as the reason
The Church would have no place.

Cecelia Weir

I Am The Door

I watch while you sleep
I watch while you are awake.
I Am The Door.

I see things on your outside
I see things on your inside.
I Am The Door.

I protect from harm on the outside
I comfort and heal on the inside.
I Am The Door.

I only welcome you and those you want
I close, in wait, to the bitter cold.
I Am The Door.

I open to love and humanity
I shut to chaos and calamity.
I Am The Door.

I contend with myself my obligations
I reason with myself for decisions.
I Am The Door.

I can see in and out both at a time
I can review what's done as though predestined.
I Am The Door.

I am the way to find room
I am the threshold to wealth and abundance.
I Am The Door.

I let light in your house from the sun
I let Light out of your home from the Son.
I Am the Door.

Cecelia Weir

The Sounds Of Nature

The Sounds Of Nature

O, tis so sweet.

Who am I

That would dare try to repeat

The loveliness of a tweet.

The flutter of its wings

The tiny cute prints

Of a little birds feet.

The Sounds of Nature

O, how beautiful yet afar.

Are raindrops against the windshield

Of a still parked car.

Each little drip dropp runs

Caressing the mind so intensely

Seemingly just to play a part

Or perhaps for the fun of it.

O, The Sounds Of Nature

Sometimes deeply doth groan.

When by an unwillingly nature

One's heart decides to roam.

How lovely is a weep

Who does understand the moan.

When its all part of nature

But who wants to be left alone.

Cecelia Weir

Morally Speaking

The value of a man's character
Is determined by the principles
Portrayed by the morals of his mouth.
While he lives by the interception
Of his soul.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The Parent Rule Attack

I arrived back at home oneday
WhenI found myself alone.
Standing in the floor
Wondering where had my children gone.
I knew they should have been there
I told them to stay at home.

I heard from across town
They were being loose
And just running around.
Then I felt my poor heart sink
As a parent I felt failure
I was just so down.

The same fears I was feeling
My dear beautiful sweet worn parents
They had expressed it, too.
Why was I so astounded
Why was I really in such a stew.
Cause this scary question came to me.
Are your children somewhere
Being just like a younger you?

I laughed for little while
But that didn't bring them home.
Then I began to weep and moan
Like it was something I couldn't keep.
I was talking all out loud
Oh, why did I leave them alone?

Then I couldn't believe my eyes
The innocent darling children
So happily shown back up.
They had prepared for me some gigantic fib
About how something happened
But with me they were out of luck.

They acted surprised and so sincere
But then looked shocked over the truth

Cause I didn't want to hear nothing
Because they were told what to do.
I blew my top but abruptly stopped
As I thought about my youth.
Were my children really somewhere
Doing what I use to do?

I was scared and glad to see them
But mad with appreciation.
No hurt or harm had come to them
But I wanted to make them black and blue.
What other feelings
Do a parent get to choose?

I had a lot of flashbacks
About how my parents use to whip me.
Mostly about things they thought
And how they visioned it would be.
But really they didn't see nothing.
Yes I was trying to convince me.

I never really knew
That the awful day would come.
When I would have children
And become Attila the Hun.
Then I looked at my children
And felt this pity come over me
Had my children been somewhere
Acting just like me?

I fussed seemingly at myself for hours
With no specific aim.
I fussed a long time at myself
Until it was ashame.
For having next to nothing left
After buying video games.

So I guess what happens
This cycle is predestined
To begrudgingly repeat itself.
Who can be a parent

If we don't see in them
Mostly what we've been 'ourself'.

Cecelia Weir

Why What To When

I discovered
Some just don't know
What To When,
And some don't know
When To What.
Because they never reasoned
Why.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Picture Perfect

Sacrifice negative characters
Develope your potentials.
Drive your abilities
Build your talents.
Tithe your earnings
Save your profits.
Buy what you need
Select your desires, carefully.
Strive to see your progress
Labor to your success.
Rejoice at every achievement
And taste the Son-Light.

*Life is an abundance
Not a burden.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Money Verses Time

If you waste your money
You loose what you've earned.
If you waste your time
You loose what was given.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Moon Verses Stars

If we reach for the moon and miss
We still dwell among the stars.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Zoof Definition

One who complains
About the darkness.
And never turns on the light.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Untimely Death Before I Die

I've Loved
And I've lost.
I've cried
Without a tear.
I've been heavy
Not from weight.
And I've been bruised
But without a fight.

I've been made old
Without age.
I've been made sick
Without an illness.
I've been full
Without food.
And I've been in need
With a pocket full of money.

I've had to give thoughts
Without a word.
I've had to make feelings
I've never felt.
I've had to laugh
When it wasn't funny.
And I've been angry
But without a cause.

I've been sleep
Without closing my eyes.
I've had heart failure
Without skipping a beat.
I've been diagnosed
Without an analysis.
I've had to live
But without a life.

I've had to hear
Without listening.
I've had to be a person

Without feeling human.
I've had to walk
When I couldn't crawl.
And I've had to live
This Untimely Death Before I Die.

Cecelia Weir

Not Trying To Be Just Another Negro

He plays in the rain
From a distance is the gang.
As he tries to hide his interest
He looks just the same.

He runs and he hides
As he struggles with his pride.
To separate what he's doing
From his feelings deep inside.
Trying Not To Be Just Another Negro.

He grows and goes to school
To learn the golden rule.
But when he practices what he learns
His priorities never gets a turn.

His love for his family
Becomes null and void.
When he tries to get ahead
Trying to keep from being dead.
Trying Not To Become Just Another Negro.

Some blamed his ways on his race
Said he lived too fast a pace.
When all he wanted was a chance
To see the world from a different glance.

Maybe he could have made it
If he had only sang a song.
But what tune would he have sung
When others already convicted him as wrong.
Trying Not To Be Just Another Negro.

Now everyone says he could have made it
If they had only knew.
Just what his dreams and visions were
Just what he wanted to do.

Thats so easy to say right now

When one is dead and gone.
When he never had a pillow
And he never had a home.
Trying Not To Be Just Another Negro.

He passed for white long as he lived
But he never was successful.
For neither of his parents race
Had very much to give.

He thought he had made it
When he almost reached the top.
To only find that life determines
What is or maybe what you're not.
Trying Not To Be Just Another Negro.

He rants and he raves
About how to get revenge.
When deep inside all he needed
Was a chance at life again.

He never saw it coming
How it all would spitefully end.
Running from the same gangs of oppressions
After he thought his real life began.
Trying Not To Be Just Another Negro.

No one knows the destiny
Of how we all get killed.
Some may live forever
But right now this is life for real.

I guess we will never know
Who could have covered this mans back.
Cause he never had a chance
Before they zipped him in a sack.
Trying Not To Be Just Another Negro.

Old Mothers sob
While young Mothers squawl.
They both resent the day of heartache

They fear receiving the call.

The way the stocks go up
The way the prices fall down.
Can really work you mentally
And cause a nervous breakdown.
Not Trying To Be Just Another Negro.

If you aren't really strong
You can emotionally become dead.
Cause he only took the word
Of what another man said.

Life is superior
And it gangs on you.
Every race has felt its pressures
At any level life takes its dues.
Trying Not To Be Just Another Negro.

Cecelia Weir

Word Up!

If you think theres a story
That you haven't heard.
Just pick up your Bible
And read The Word.
Word Up! Word Up!

How it tells of lives then
That relate to now.
How Satan always lost
Cause God's people don't bow.
Word Up! Word Up!

So if you know in your heart
You're one of God's children, cool.
Show it up in your life
Let others learn the rule.
Word Up! Word Up!

If you need the power
Just to see the day through.
Just read The Word
The Bible can help YOU.
Word Up! Word Up!

WORD UP! WORD UP!

(This is done mostly with children. In a rap tone. Clap twice between and after:
Word Up!)

Cecelia Weir

The Soul Lives On

Death is Not A Choice
Life is a maybe.
Sickness gives a definition
And The Soul Lives On.

Success is an achievement
Talent is a gift
Character is a definition
And The Soul Lives On.

Women have children
Men provide the seed
Nurture gives definition
And The Soul Lives On.

Life establishes stamina
Progress converts a vision
Integrity is the definition
And The Soul Lives On.

Death is not a choice
Life is a maybe
Sickness is a definition
But The Soul Lives On.

Cecelia Weir

What'Cha Do

In this life
You can't do
What'cha need to do
For doing what'cha
Have to do.

Then what'cha
Suppose to be doing
Is being left undone
While what'cha doing
Ain't never though.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Getting Through

Grace demobilizes
Your character's of afflictions.
Mercy shows the blessing
Of Getting Through them.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Boldness Of Life

My soul cried out last night
Yet without a tear.
I had this gut wrenching feeling.
I felt the pains of fear.

I never felt so destitute
I never felt such leer.
I wanted it all to go away.
I wanted it to disappear.

I cried out unto my Father
I cried from within my soul.
But not one thing changed for life
My grip I didn't think I could hold.

I wrestled within my mind.
I wrestled within my soul.
I cried then real tears
Then suddenly I felt bold.

Bold enough to conquer
Anything I felt I could defeat.
Then I cried at how stupid I was
I hadn't moved out of my seat.

The voice spoke within my heart
And then I cried some more.
I realized my destinies problems
I failed to open oppotunities doors.

Open, open your doors
And never cry again.
For lifes boldness can carry you
Or make you cry again.

Cecelia Weir

Our Future

Our Future
Lies within the roots
Of the seeds
We have planted.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

A New Horizon (Quotation)

A New Horizon,
Is always beyond
A New Horizon.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

To Read

It is not so much
Of what you see.
When you read
The words.

But what is
Revealed unto you.
Beyond the process
Of the thought.

For what you read
Is from the mind.
But the revelation
Is in the imagination.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Shameful Heart

One's heart
Can never understand.
Or acknowledge
His or her own wrong.
Until one's soul
Unfolds the truth.
And relays
His or her own shame.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Right And Wrong Getting Along

Right and Wrong was getting Along
Until the big question arose.
Who could make the biggest difference
At how someones life is proposed.

Right was so cultered
And wrong was too.
They both sat down pondering
And didn't know what to do.

Which would produce a better life
They decided to let Time choose.
Thats when Time went to work
Making all of us pay dues.

Time stood by watching
How our lives could rise and fall.
Then he became disgusted
And decided to make progress stall.

Then the argument started
To make one better than the other.
Then the division came
Don't call everybody your brother.

They were ridiculed and judged
They were most misunderstood.
They were placed in a society
As persons who never could.

These were the only ones
Who volunteered they would.
Because Right was somewhere boasting
While Wrong took over those that could.

Wrong said it wouldn't be long
Before Right would come back around.
To place himself in position.

To look upon them with a frown.

Right and Wrong once again
Stood toe to toe in revenge.
Trying to think which could win
Then the fight started over again.

Then once again Time sneaked in
While Right was somewhere boasting.
Wrong was stuck looking back
On what path he should have chosen.

Right and Wrong still has no place
Time affects in control with a frown.
And whatever level any are on
Just refuse to be put down.

Cecelia Weir

Better By Nature

Some people are better by nature
Than others are by practice.
But we all become better people
When we put our good minds into action.

You can treat everybody right
Just can't treat them all the same.
If we learn to love one another
Instead of searching for reasons to complain.

The grass may look greener
Over on the other side.
But nothing becomes better
Until you earnestly decide.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The Seed And The Mountain

It doesn't take a Mountain of Faith
To remove a Mustard Seed of trouble.
But it does take a Mustard Seed of Faith
To dissolve any Mountain of trouble.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Yourself Is Popular

Being popular to yourself
Is being selfish.
When God has given you
A talent that is free.

Let the Gift live
That others might have life.
For a Light doesn't shine
Just to enable you to see
But to all
Who may enter the room.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Christie And Lanon Weir

Christie and Lanon
Were my first two grand's.
They laughed
They palyed.
I would sit watching them
Or sometimes left
Just to stand.
Looking at them play
I would envision and think
About when they were smaller
Not able to even see
Over the kitchen sink.

Oh how I adored them
They were such beautiful babes.
I couldn't have asked for more joy
During that period in my life.
To them I was just 'Me'.
I was just 'Big Mama'
Their real live toy.
Their laughter became my laughter
Their tears became mine.
We put more hours in the day
Nothing could steal our fun
From any minute we could find.

We never made a schedule
We paid no attention to time.
If these two lovely children
Knew the changes
They truly made in me
They would have thought
I was out of my mind.
Just to become the grandmother
My friends and others now see.
Yes we all get older
Yes life seems to flee.

For the memories of happiness

Is something even time
Can't take from me.
Because Life blesses you
With the glory of goodness
If you can just stop
And let some things
Just 'Be'.
Out of all the good times
Christie, Lanon and I had
Laughing and playing,
Riding and shopping.
Doing the enjoyable things
That made us who we are
And the persons we now see.
Time never stood still
Change didn't become a virtue.
Still it's just a downloaded memory
That fills my heart with glee
But still got stolen.....
By the changes of the time
Truly has transformed for us
But something change can't deceit.

Cecelia Weir

Just Alike

You can't treat everybody
Just alike.
Because no two people
Are the same.
But we have ability
To treat everybody right.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Better Practice

Some people are better
By nature.
Than other people are
By practice.
But all can proceed
As better people.
Just by putting life
Into action.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Nicole Weir

Into this world
Born quiet and sweet.
So gracious and cute
No one can dispute.
Just like her Mother
And she like her Mother before.
Inquisitive, aggressive
But humble whom others adore.
No one can imagine
What her future can bring
But regardless of her problems
I know she will lift her voice
And continue to sing.
A song filled with comfort
A song filled with love.
A song filled with joy
A song filled with peace.
A song from the heart
A song sent from above.

Cecelia Weir

Let Life Live

Keep Life in your living.
Happiness will have no choice.
But to give in to Determination
To live in Joy
Without remorse.
Let Life Live.

You may have everything
You started out to achieve.
But without fun and laughter
You've just got things
You've received.
Let Life Live.

You may be married
To the one of your dreams.
But without real love
You're just married
Know what I mean.
Let Life Live.

You may never have nothing
That will give you content
But accept this one fact
You don't have to live
In passive resent.
Let Life Live.

You don't have no living
If Life is not in it.
Why fool yourself
Trying to build on the end
What Life already has in it.
Let Life Live.

Cecelia Weir

Yesterday's Dreams

Living today for tomorrow
Will give you
Yesterday's dreams.

Living tomorrow
For yesterday
Will only give you today.

But yesterday
Gives you hope
Of tomorrows dreams.

Promises of yesterday
Still gives today
Life for yesterday's dreams.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

I Can'T Do That

Some said I would fail
Because of the family I'm from.
They said because we were poor
We were all gutter bound
And to have a chance at life
We would never overcome.
I Can't Do That!

They said I couldn't make it
They said I couldn't stand
Because I didn't have
Advanced grades in school.
They said I was stupid
And bound to break every rule.
I Can't Do That!

They said I wouldn't slide
Because of the color of my skin.
I jumped every good opportunity
I won't hold my head down
Because you morally frown
Why should I give in.
I Can't Do that!

I was told even my kids
Wouldn't stand a chance.
Because of the life
Of my foreparents background
That we only see at a glance
No jail or illegitimacies are found.
I Can't Do That!

Now as life issues its bullies
Its confidences of discouragement
I see just how many
Of these sad influences
Have such negative impact
In the lives of the positive are represented.
I Can't Do That!

They make you gay
When life ain't funny.
They make you a liar
If you make honest money.
They want you to feel less
For doing your best.
I Can't Do That!

They think you should fail
They think you should give up.
To do things to satisfy them
That would make you deserve time.
Living for what others want
I would really be out of my mind.
I Can't Do That!

Cecelia Weir

To Live Is To Die

If sickness is not
A part of death.
Where does it go
After the flesh is dead.
I see it often lingering
Nearing closer to my bed.

Ultimate healing is said
To be the deliverance
Of sickness in the soul.
But life's flesh carries sickness
Even at our very best
It seems out of our control.

One final reckoning
Of a chosen life
Is to be reborn.
Why does illness
Still reside and linger?
When we wish to overcome?

Before we receive
Our resting place
Of where the flesh is gone.
Why doesn't the soul
Save us all
From the illness life begun?

Who lives in the death?
Which death do we live?
Which life do we give?
Which death are we living?
Which death are we dead?
If only the soul shall live?

We know about death.
We know about living.
But where
Where does sickness go?

When the soul
Just keeps on living?

Death is not a choice
Life is just a maybe.
Sickness, Yes sickness
Is only a definition
For life is still
Filled with great ambition.

But if life of the soul rejuvenates
Life in the living soul.
Why has the world
Grown angry?
Why has this world
Grown so cold?

Cecelia Weir

To See Or Not To See

If you should see a fool
Honor him.
For a wise man
Holds his own.

Though if you should see
A wise man
Acting a fool
Delay your response.

For the foolishness
Of the wise man's
Profound attitude
Will prove his point.

From the eyes of a fool
The wise is foolish.
From a wise man's opinion
A fool remains a fool.

When a fool
And a wise man
Argues or fights.
Who knows the difference?

Cecelia Weir

Never Mind Me

I rise early in the mornings
Making sure everyone is fed.
I drive back and forth
Not a kind word is said.
Just never mind me.

I'm always asked by reason
Thousands of questions each day.
I'm expected to remember everything
And never receive any pay.
Oh, just never mind me.

They request to have money
My ends I barely make.
I save the little I have
Just for future sake.
Please never mind me.

When it comes to laughter
I never get a grin.
But when they are in need
Here they come again.
Oh, just never mind me.

I wonder to myself
What would you all do?
If I would just disappear
Since my presence
Is absent to you.
Never Mind Me.

Cecelia Weir

Just A Song

I have seen
The lightening flashing.
I have heard
The thunder roll.
But nothing from this life
Shall ever conquer my soul.

I've felt chilly rains pouring
Its waters flowing
Down my aching back.
I've had to walk
In mud knee deep
But I kept my focus in tack.

These task of life
Truly, was not easy
Not to the naked eye.
No one knew
God was with me
Just walking by my side.

The three Hebrew Boys
While in a fiery furnance
Proclaimed that they knew it.
The king and guards found it out
For when heat left the fire
Everybody knew God blew it.

Now if you think
You are alone.
Just look from side to side
And know that God is with you.
No matter how hard,
To you, you strive.

No this race is not given
To the swift
Neither to the strong.
But to the one

Who holds out to the end.
For this journey is just a song.

Cecelia Weir

Horse Character

If one horse pulls a wagon
Then he must carry
The responsibility
Of his load alone.

But if one horse
Is the lead horse
Others present
Are within the reins.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Better Than Myself

When you see me run
From the simplest mess and junk.
Then it seems to you
That I'm a coward
But my words are less than blunt.
No, not trying
To be better than anyone else.
Just trying to be better
Than myself.

When you miss me at the joint
Where we use to smoke and drink
Remembering the good ole times.
When we both valued life
Not deep as a blink.
No, not trying
To be better than anyone else.
Just trying to be better
Than myself.

Yes, I've got an education
Why should it insult you?
Because what you don't know
Have you thought
Maybe I do.
No, not trying
To be better than anyone else.
Just trying to be better
Than myself.

So I want to keep my job
To pay for my car and new house.
I don't have time to argue
With my good friends
Or neither would be spouse.
No, not trying
To be better than anyone else.
Just trying to be better
Than myself.

You see me go to church
To study God's Holy Word.
But you think now I hate you
Because from me
You haven't heard.
No, not trying
To be better than anyone else.
Just trying to be better
Than myself.

Oh, I've proven over and over
Yes, time and time again.
That if I don't keep my focus
I'm not, even to myself,
A good devoted friend.
No, not trying
To be better than anyone else
Just trying to be better
Than myself.

Some people never understand
Why others pull away.
Somebody has to take
A another path.
For the difference to be made.
No, not trying
To be better than anyone else.
Just trying to be better
Than myself.

Things are strange in society
Its a miracle
I hadn't lost my cool.
It would be a shame loosing my life
Because you expect me to act a fool.
No, not trying
To be better than anyone else.
Just trying to be better
Than myself.

Folks say I'm right

Long as I am wrong their way.
But I'll let nothing separate me
From seeing the Almighty God
On that joyous Great Day!
No, not trying
To be better than anyone else.
Just trying to be better
Than myself.

People try to run my business
Because they refuse to concentrate
On matters of their own.
Then accuse me of meddling
When I say, Hey, leave me alone.
No, not trying
To be better than anyone else.
Just trying to be better
Than myself.

It really isn't any harm
To get all the good from yourself.
Because you'll never live in abundance
Sitting on a pedestal
Collecting dust on a shelf.
No, not trying
To be better than anyone else.
Just trying to be better
Than myself.

Now don't upset yourself
Because I don't want to be with you.
There's nothing wrong with your company
I just don't want to hang out
You know, hang out and do.
No, not trying
To be better than anyone else.
Just trying to be better
Than myself.

So you've awesomely matured
But you still call people names.
Yet your intelligence and integrity

Expresses another deep character
Now thats really whose to blame.
No, not trying
To be better than anyone else.
Just trying to be better
Than myself.

I don't mean to disrespect
Anything you'd like
To think, say or do.
But don't take my life so personal
Because it doesn't belong to you.
No, not trying
To be better than anyone else.
Just trying to be better
Than myself.

Cecelia Weir

From A Place Called Space

A Place Called Space
From beneath the bounds
Of a place foretold.
Yet into this atmosphere
A stranger I am
From a far place
Beyond the outer heavens
Truly, I've been told.

My thoughts were erased
As I traveled through time.
My body was reshaped
As I crossed boundary lines.
I was just to be born
But memories of life behind me
Are still locked in my mind.

Born into this world
Unknown to man's wisdom
Where I am really from.
The depth of my knowledge
Heralded by a permitted force.
Searched by this dominion
But my spirit knows my Source.

In my obscure memory
I feel transmitted differences
And the shell of who I was,
But my strength is being tested
Translated by flesh's camouflage.
Finally it is revealed
The essence of this life's cause.

From A Place Called Space
A place without a realm
A place I want to, again, behold.
A place of contentment and peace
A place where love is in control.

A place that now calls for me
A place that settles my soul.

Cecelia Weir

Me And Self

There is someone of me
Deeper than what others see.
Farther than what anyone
Can really feel about me.
Although its deeper
Than who I am.
Yet I am told
I hold the key.

No one could ever guess
Who I could really be.
We really must come together
We really must agree.
To accomplish our endeavours
So we both can succeed
That consciously we are freed.

You proceed my life before me
I move, I think, I believe.
I gather feelings from you
With all my character of hope
Trusting to mentally concieve.
What others percieve of me
Is directly from you recieved.

Which one of us falls in love
Who says go or hesitate.
Who really gets the blame
When one of us makes a mistake.
All I've truly ask of you
Is to simply tell me your name
And all you ever say to me
Is 'Self' we are the same.

Cecelia Weir

When Good People Become Friends

When Good People Become Friends

Things work better.

Things work together

Things work out.

When Good People Become Friends

Listening become hearing

seeing become insight

Attention becomes nurture.

When Good People Become Friends

Generosity becomes sharing

Sacrifices become pleasures

Rightful obedience becomes an uncommon delight.

When Good People Become Friends

Joys become happiness

Comfort becomes peace

Needs become an abundance.

When Good people Become Friends

Acquaintances become friendships

Concern becomes caring

Likenesses become divine love.

When Good People Become Friends

Traveling becomes a journey

Endeavors come into fruition

Living becomes Life.

When Good People Become Friends

Gifts become blessings

Blessings become anointings

Anointings become endowments.

When Good People Become Friends

Love becomes power

Weaknesses become strength

And death, Death becomes a new birth.

When Good People Become Friends.

Cecelia Weir

Gas

Gas prices are up
But so is the price of buttermilk.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Wings Of Words

On the Wings Of Words
Flutters the embrace
Of the Heart.

More precious
Than gold.
The words
That unfold.
The rhythm
To the tongue
Of the heart.

On the Wings of Words
Whispers talents of love
From the heart.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Presence Of The Heart

Such abundant peaceful joys
Experienced from your atmosphere.
Radiate from between
The remembrance of you
And the intimacy of you.
From beneath the delight
Of your gentle smile.
Carries just simple life
To liberty and new heights.

Your sweetness is divine
Your courage is elating.
Your tenderness
So blissfully wanting
Harmonizing with you
Ever so boldly.
Your melody so profound
With deep pleasures untold
Leaps, its soulfully bound.

Without body form
Or natural embrace.
Your spirit of loveliness
Gazes into my heart
As though the sun sets
Between the dawn
And an ever new day.
Embellished by the tomorrow
Of anxious virtues.

Oh if one could
But to capture the taste
Of that which I have felt.
Beyond the arms
Of your warmth
So sensually bestowed
For the human to enfold.
The cherished twain
Of your embodiment.

There can never be
No sweeter endowment.
No greater character
Given by attraction.
Than the promenade of desire
Engulfed by the beauty
Of ones breast.
You an unseen vision
Caresses, the undeniable rapture.

The only thing
That gives life.
The only thing
That lives life.
Love, yes, Love
Needed to encapture
What was missing
From the ecstasy of life.
Feelings! by the Presence Of The Heart.

Cecelia Weir

Zoof

What is a Zoof?
I have no idea.
But I know
It will make you speechless
When you really feel
You need to say 'something.'

I thought I saw one
In my very own house.
I was so disgusted
When I found out
I married it
Someone called it my spouse.

Zoof! Zoof!
It didn't answer
When I spoke directly to it
It just kind of laughed
And repeated what I'd said
But I already knew it.

What is a Zoof?
I still have no idea.
But you sure feel like one
When being commanded.
No reasoning under the sun
And told 'Just do it! '

Sometimes they lie
Expecting you to believe it.
Then within your heart of hope
They come back empty
Like you never had received it.
Zoof!

Eyeball that Zoof
Look at it long and hard.
Keep yourself poise
And you'd better watch

And stay on guard.
Its a Zoof!

If you happen to read this
And find what a Zoof is.
Don't you say nothing to it
Just give yourself a grin.
Cause you may never actually see
A Zoof that close again.

Cecelia Weir

Unrecognizable Love

How can love
Be so strong.
While I was home
You stayed gone.

How can care
Be so deep.
While I worked
You were sleep.

How can your love
Be so blind.
Knowing I devote to you
Every bit of my time.

You've neglected me
But no fuss no fight.
I accepted your redicle
Just like you were right.

How much more
Could one do.
You refuse happiness
I can't please you.

You spend my money
I gave you a home.
I gave you a car
And a new cell phone.

I thought you loved me
Thats what you said.
But you ignore me
Just like I am dead.

Well I got feelings
I'm kind and true.
I know I'm not appreciated
You live like you choose.

Out of all the things
Just to please you.
To leave you now
Is the best I can do.

Cecelia Weir

Illegitimate Song

Bold and strong
Yet born dirt poor.
He sang himself happy
Then he shared it with you.
Never realizing
The legacy he would leave
How others would suffer
Or how others would grieve.

Then before he died.
Yes thats a sure fact.
He told some folks about me
They didn't know how to act.
I'm blessed to have his talent
Some say his good looks too.
It really doesn't help
Daddy, I miss you.

Its the Illegitimate Song
Of so many just like me.
Who grew up without father
The man they needed to see.
Some say its alright
Not knowing who their father is
But in hidden eyes of heartfelt love
Children wonder 'Am I his.'

Its the Illegitimate Song
Where words have no end
Because what a father misses
Is where the childs life begins.
A lifetime of love
Missed from year to year.
But there is never a time
The Illegitimate Song isn't near.

Cecelia Weir

Who Said That

Who said that life wasn't fair.
That must have been someone
Who had never taken a dare.

Who said that no one cares.
That must have been someone
Who thought they couldn't bear.

Who said I just don't believe.
That must have been someone
Who thought they couldn't achieve.

Who said I give up.
That must have been someone
Who didn't know Life passes the cup.

Who said that no one can lead us.
That must have been someone.
Who didn't know Jesus.

Cecelia Weir

The Gate

They sit in wonder
Who will open The Gate.
As their minds reflect
If they pursued hate.

Kind hearted people
With jovial deeds.
Who meant no harm
But planted a seed.

Upon leaving residence
No one was content.
Because they never knew
Why they were sent.

Now standing at The Gate
Waiting to get in.
Wondering if any heart
Their soul did win.

Cecelia Weir

Just Turn

Walk with the wind
Bash it from limb to limb.
Who can allow
The acceptancies of life
With its disappointments
And abrasive approvals
To change their goals.
Recover your destiny
From what would succumb
To overcome.
Just Turn.

Fling your stars
Into the depths of eternity.
That others may grasp
That others may learn
From the doors of success
Or from the pits failure
Let life know who rules.
You can improve
Even mistakably
Into flowers of prosperity.
Just Turn.

Cecelia Weir

Wake But Not A-W-A-K-E

They see their way
Through pain and sufferings.
But never trying to fulfill
Their completion to overcome.
Just barely is enough for them.
Wake But Not A-w-a-k-e.

They criticize one another
They complain about what others do.
Then they do it themselves
Without recognizing
They do the same thing too
Wake But Not A-w-a-k-e.

They walk among the living
Like they are this worlds Bread.
No attempt to do better
Although thats what they said.
We're living among the dead.
Wake But Not A-w-a-k-e.

They beg what they need
And buy what they want.
They get angry with you
Because you can see
They just fronting.
Wake But Not A-w-a-k-e.

Cecelia Weir

I Am The Best Of, That I Am

To be a doctor
Oh It made it lame.
To be a schoolteacher
Just wasn't my aim.
To Be some great philosopher
Was not my game.
Oh but Ma
Thank God.
That I Am
The Best Of
That I Am.

Mama I knew you always
Wanted the very best for me.
And to have me known
Across the land
And the sea.
But somewhere deep down inside
What you wanted threw away
What I felt inside
And what you wanted
Wasn't enough for me.

So I searched
And I searched
For a long long time
Thinking to be above someone
Would be totally all in my mind.
So I decided, decided
Decided to be.
That that was best for me
And that was
To Be The Best Of That I Am.

I didn't mean to bring
The family or you to shame
But I can love everybody
High, low,
Rich or poor

All the same
And not expect
Some big name
Or have my picture
Taken to some Hall Of Fame.
I shout, I rejoice,
Everyday of my life
Simply because
I Am The Best Of That I Am.

Before you become
Confused or Perplexed
Simply because
You can't live
Up to some family name.
Don't let it trick your mind
And not let your light shine.
So you shoot your shot
Gve to life all you got
To be the best that you are
Give to life all you've got.
Say to yourself
Lord I will do it...
Because only I Am the Best Of That I Am.

* This poetry is only about being your best from your own perspective.

Cecelia Weir

The Likeness Of Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving is liken unto a rose
Whose pedals shine glimmering and bright.
But whatever beauty it holds
Is only seen with the vision of sight.
Which doesn't make the rose complete
For the smell of the rose
Not the sight you behold
That! determines if the rose is sweet.

Thanksgiving is liken unto a friend
Whose smile may always be sweet.
But its whats inside which the body hides
That tells if their life is complete.
This is not seen from the outside in
But its the beauty that you spread
And the cheerfulness that you send
That! determines if you are a friend.

Thanksgiving is liken unto the Lord
For He's there for my every retreat.
He trust me to depend on Him
Forever I'll be at His feet.
For He is my Lord, my Savior, my Friend
I give to others I go where He sends.
I obey and honor Him so glad and so free
That! determines His need in me.

Cecelia Weir

Basic Instructions

I wake up in the mornings
Feeling good as can be.
Then I get down on my knees
Asking God to lead me.
I need Basic Instructions
Before leaving earth.

I go through the day
With a prayer in my heart.
To keep this feeling
Nothing will make me depart.
I need Basic Instructions
Before leaving earth.

Many do forget
The joy that it brings.
How it prevents your worrying
About so many things.
I need Basic Instructions
Before leaving earth.

Life can get long
Soft pillows can get hard.
Burdens can get heavy
But trials can be barred.
I need Basic Instructions
Before leaving earth.

Before I retire
To get a good nights rest.
I thank God for protection
For Him I'll do my best.
I need Basic Instructions
Before leaving earth.

Knowing that this world
Is not my real place of birth.
I keep my BIBLE close
For my body goes to dirt.

I need Basic Instructions
Before leaving earth.

B-Basic

I-Instructions

B-Before

L-Leaving

E-Earth

Cecelia Weir

Christmas On Earth (X'Mas)

This is the time of year
We celebrate our risen Savior's birth.
With prayer and supplication
Wishing Peace and Goodwill on earth.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Mother's Day Tribute

My Mother has gone home
To be with our Lord, so dear.

And when I see a Mother's love
That comes alive in Christ, so clear

It fills my heart with gratitude
And blesses me with joy and Cheer.

Although I may not know you
I know you just the same.

Because we both rejoice
At the mention of His name.

You wonder why I write you
Really its quite clear.

It makes me feel somehow
That my Mother is still so near.

Cecelia Weir

Heaven And Earth Did It (X'Mas)

Angels bowed before Him
Heaven and earth adored Him.
Wise men traveled from afar
Guided by a shining star.
Heaven and Earth Did It
Who told us to quit it?

When Jesus was on the cross
The sun refuse to shine.
The moon dripped down in blood.
Just to prove this Savior is mine.
Heaven and Earth Did It
Who told us to quit it?

The earth quaked for my sake
Who told this generation
They should take a break.
His birth we should admit it.
Heaven and Earth Did It
Who told us to quit it?

Cecelia Weir

He's Man

He's strong
He's bold
He's humble
He's free.
He's intelligent
He's humanity
He's what man should be.

He believes in God
He carries family pride.
He protects
He supports
He's responsible
He's just
He provides.

He's love
He's understanding
He's determination unified.
He's true
He's endurance
He sacrifices
He guides.

He's courage
He's character
He's subtle
He's chivalry
He's dignity
He's integrity
He's gallantry.

He's inspiration
He's unique
He's gifted
He's blessed
When he's challenged
He takes it in stride.
He abides.

He strives
He's victory
He's righteous
He sees the future
He speaks its being.
He's man
He's real man made alive.

Cecelia Weir

Slavery Enslaved

If my forefathers were slaves
Then who the heck am I.
To allow my integrity
Not to favorably reach the sky.

I've achieved so much
Even since Civil Rights.
But why do I worry
Over little things at night.

The bills, the economy
The society eroding with sin.
My destiny, my culture
I've searched to no end.

This era's a voice of slavery
Makes it look like you're free.
But it disguises itself
Mocking freedom ambiguously.

Sneaking, mentally disturbing you
Emotionally and even financially.
It robs you of your focus
Dimming your vision psychologically.

Obligated by commitment
Enthralled by its illusions.
Not enough time resting
Baffled by progress and confusion.

My life is in God's hands
It's back to Him we must go.
For He's our only help
He's the only truth we know.

Slavery may not mean freedom
But to be enslaved is the sin.
It's really about your character
And how you live from within.

The Sifting

Sifting through the rubbles of my life
Just really trying to see.
The beginning of my origin
Why and who created me.

The reflections of my memories
Towering over what was left of me.
Yet how intimate my memories
Of the inspiration I use to be.

Sifting, I remembered joy and confidence
Sifting, I remembered success and pride.
But then I heard the groanings
Of the fright from deep inside.

I labored hard and patient
Alerting anxiously in distress and pain.
If I could only give back lives
Is what I wished to gain.

This was not my expectancy
To become a burial ground.
I fought against my destiny
Though I felt my poise going down.

Lady Liberty dropped a tear
As Manhattan bowed her head.
The world watched as I collapsed
But consciously I am not dead.

I know its not my fault
That my beauty stood so tall.
But because of spiritual diversities
Enemies sought my dignity to fall.

I held up my statue wounded
Hoping others could escape.
For I knew then my destiny
I felt my deadly fate.

I am innocent I tell you
No compassion the enemy shown.
For this there will be more sufferings
They will reap what they have sown.

I sifted through my memory
To see if I'd done my best.
To show the spirit of a true American
Then I surrendered to my final rest.

(Dedication honoring the TWIN TOWERS that was so violently destroyed.
September 11,2001)

Weir received special recognition from the Mayor of New York, New York and The
President of The United States Of America for 'The Sifting'

Cecelia Weir

The Prestigious Individual

Dare be yourself
When discovering your paths of life.
There may be some seemingly dark clouds
Even boredom, misery and strife.
But the struggle of the load
Is how you discover your road.
For the spirit of nothing conquered
Expected to be achieved.
If you didn't show it stamina
And approached it with determined dignity.

Live for yourself.
Dare to be who you are.
Not some man made individual.
Who will let others
Determine your destiny
Proclaiming you won't get far.
For The Prestigious Individual
Uses their own mind.
Cultivating their intellectual intelligence
By never wasting time.

They tune into themselves
They aren't afraid to be different.
They know God has invested in them
And they realize their significance.
They lay into their dreams
Full throttle ahead
Neither do they listen
To the gossip that is said.
They never seek to satisfy the crowd
Making those who care feel godly proud.

They trust themselves
With all their heart.
They never run from fear
Of making a new start.
Spending hours sometimes years
Pushing through blinding tears.

Struggling for their goals
Making ways for another.
Looking at them climb
Could make others shudder.

Just to be yourself
Makes a world of difference.
Simply, to know who you are
And what you want out of life
Will take you, automatically,
No telling how far.
The Prestigious Individual
They believe what they do
They make their lives examples
For the encouragement of all youth.

They speak of the future
As though its already been.
They accomplish their endeavors
With enthusiasm, happiness and a grin.
Because what The Prestigious Individual
Confidently already knows
Is how much they can accomplish
While others just stand by
And only, groundlessly,
Guess at what he knows.

Cecelia Weir

Thought Of Blessed

We should not take pride
In the things.
We are blessed with.
But in the thought
Of being chosen
To be blessed.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The Tall Of It

When you stand up
For whats right.
You are automatically tall.
But when you stand up
For whats wrong.
You always come up...short.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Touched

Maybe you can't touch
What you can't see.
But you sure can feel
What you can't see.
Once you've been touched.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Beware Of Yourself

Beware of your yourself.
For your own intelligence;
It can actually reveal
How ignorant you are.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Christmas Manner (X'Mas)

This Christmas Manner
That brings unison cheer
Which spreads within all abroad
The yule tide carols of fellowship
Between subtle man and God.

God sent His Son
For all to be saved
What compassion from a friend.
We need His love and mercy
Or we'd die in sin.

Some folks you don't even know
Never show concern all year
Until Christmas comes again.
Then this Christmas Manner pops up
Showing love from a relative or friend.

Its Christmas everyday you know
Its cheer, its happiness, its laughter.
The unison that bubbles
For just that day
Should be felt moments days after.

Jesus opened up that cheer
For all who would heed
God's Holy Word
To worship a true and Living God
Upon the earth to be served.

For everyday
Through our devoted lives
His voice
Is to be seen and heard.
And there should never be a question
When you know His love will purge.

This Christmas Manner
Cannot be described

But can be felt from heart to heart.
If you let the Love of God within
This Christmas Manner is a good start.

Cecelia Weir

I Found Christmas (X'Mas)

I Found Christmas
When God found me.
He freed me from this world
Which before in my mind
I certainly did not see.

Like Christmas feelings
My ways He laid aside.
To give lots of love and toys
And gifts of joy
During the Christmas tide.

No matter how bad
The children are
The parents always give.
To sacrifice and show their love
Because in them they live.

It was just like Christmas
For it was just like God
To make it Christmas to me.
To show me His goodness
And open my eyes to see.

I thank God
I Found Christmas.
When Christ, the Baby Jesus, found me
And to see His blessings everyday
Is the Christmas now I see.

Christ being born on this day
Like Him being born in me.
Gave me a chance
To tell a dying world
He saved a wretch like me.

So search in your heart
Find where your Christmas may be.
And discover a whole new world

Celebrating your life
For God in your soul is free.

Cecelia Weir

Sense

I found the sense
God made for me.
When I recognized fact
He made the tree.

The foundation of this world
Invisible to see.
The whole creation of life
Wonder how can this be?

To someone small
No larger than you and me.
Who understand that this world
Is not ending life or eternity.

For you and I my friend
Have sense enough to know
That in God we trust
And to Him we must go.

To praise Him is to love Him
To fellowship with others each day.
I'm glad that I found Him
In the sense of this way.

For the sense of the saint
Is what God made for me.
By simply recognizing
That man from Galilee.

Definite sense
Will come to you.
If you search in God's word
You'll find what is true.

You'll never have to worry
About what you should do.
If you recognize sense
That only God gave you.

For the sense of the saint
Is what God made for me.
By simply recognizing
He hung on Calvary.

Now it might seem strange
But its quite simple to see.
For when I found sense in Him
Is when I made sense to me.

Cecelia Weir

His Love

I met my love
Underneath a tree
Someone I thought I disliked
And didn't want to see.

In the silence of the meadows
Where my heart ran free.
There He was, the real Love
The one I could not see.

The blades of grass
The gentle breeze.
The lovely daisies
Became beautiful to me.

This love that I found
So wonderful to me.
Shown me his beauty
I said, how can this be?

I gave Him my life
For He'd given His.
He gave me new life
So now I'm all His.

This God that I found
Is so merciful and true.
For what He is to me
He'll be the same to you.

Now the beauty of life
So glad and really free.
With my wonderful love
Whom I feel but can't see.

Cecelia Weir

Reflections Of God

As i look in the mirror
What do I see?
Reflections Of God
Or is that me.

I start out right
Then I end up wrong.
Then grab hold on self
And say Lord lead me on.

His reflections in me
Is all I should see.
And not what I think
Or what projects me.

Am I real to His life
Like He is to mine?
Do I give Him my service
Like He gives me time?

This mirror of life
Has a way you see.
To show you what you are
And what you should be.

Is there a mirror
In your home?
That tells you right
When you are wrong?

For Reflections Of God
In our lives each day.
Should be seen by others
As we pass their way.

Cecelia Weir

My Glorious Valentine

I have the sweetest of heart
Whose more than just dear.
He's never far away
I am blessed He's always near.

Even when my life
Sometimes become gloom.
It's in His heart
I know there is room.

Sometimes I even cry
Yes, My eyes are blinded
And filled with tears
Then I am reminded.

Though doubts may rise
Still You'll hear
Haven't I been with you
Down thru the years.

Oh Yes I love Him
And He loves me.
Yet we all can share Him
So you try Him and see.

Oh Yes, it's you Lord
Happy Valentine's Day.
For you have been with me
Through storms all the way.

Oh yes, it's you Lord
Happy Valentine's Day.
Thank You for keeping us
It's with you we want to stay.

Cecelia Weir

We Are A People

We are a people
Not worried about skin.
Who knows where we're all from
Who knows our next of kin.

We are a people
Who have no time.
To make out things
On the other fellows mind.

We gained what we have
Not because of deceit.
But by the sweat of our brow
And the blood of our feet.

We are a people
Who cannot be kept down.
For it was by our hands
We worked the ground.

We are a people
Whose forefathers laid the foundation.
So that we as a people
Could live in a better nation.

Prayer was the key then
And is still the key now.
So let us band together
And pull out the ole gospel plow.

For we are a people
Who stand firm and tall.
Lest one be deceived
Then we all fall.

Cecelia Weir

Its My Birthday

Its My Birthday
Oh no not again.
Seems like yesterday
I was only ten.

I wake up in the mornings
Feeling all fresh and anew
But before the day is gone
Feels like my brain
Is all stale
And sorta' mildewed.

I rememeber when now
Just like it was back then
Old folks use to say
They would forget
I laughed like it was a crime
And some big sin.

People I went to school with
Say their ailments
Are on the mend.
Sometimes I even sit around
And my po' knees
They won't bend.

Its My Birthday
Oh no not again.
But I'm really grateful Lord
For I realize
It could have been
The end.

So when you're ailing
And complaining too
Don't you never worry
About this life
It will tell you
What you can do.

Oh Its My Birthday
But if you're wondering
What you would say.
You'd speak for the rest of us
In life its come what may
But godly glad to see another day.

Cecelia Weir

Journey To A City Called Life

What do I feel
When theres nothing I can do.
To ease the pains of life
And the changes
It puts you through.

Oh its all inside my heart
It threatens my very soul.
To see your life confused
It almost seems
Far beyond your control.

All along the path of life
It darkens but brightens again.
But to see the sunshine daily
Its in your heart
Where the light begins.

This that I feel
When theres nothing I can do.
I give it up to God
For He is the only one
That can see you through.

But you've got to trust you
To tust Him
In all your lil' ways.
For I have no power to help you
Its only God who can save.

I encourage you to love you
To be a light
In all you say and do.
And I promise you the darkness
Will be light on your path to you.

(written for my daughter)
(Elizabeth Weir/1987)

The Arms Of Faith

The Arms Of Faith
Stretch very wide
Even to the sinners retreat.
For its natural to him
To awaken each day
And believe at night
He will sleep.
Safe and protected
By an unknown force
Which to him
His lifes destiny lies,
Carefree and jolly
Happy and unbeholding
And his soul
The source will keep.
The Arms Of Faith
So loving and so kind
To be at the end
Of every idea in mind
And the conclusive
Of every deed.
No one is exempt
From the destiny of faith
For it was God
Who planted the seed.
For God's own faith
Was to believe
That our faith in Him
We'd receive.
By the process of repenting
On His own Son's life.
For the love that He gave
That our souls would be saved
And our faith in Him
We'd receive.

Cecelia Weir

Tongue Of A Gun

The most insubordinate crime
In this life ever done.
Was the deadliest crime
Which was done with the tongue.

The tongue of liars
And of those who knew.
But would settle for silence
Instad of whats right
Or what could commend you.

Peter and Judas done it to Jesus
People will do it to you.
But here is your test
My brotherly friends
It proves how much you grew.

You must still encourage
Despite what others may choose.
You can't be involved
In gossip and distrust
No matter what points to you.

For the worst that can happen
It doesn't happen with a gun.
But by the triggers of society
Its done with the tongue.

Cecelia Weir

Rest For The Weary

There is Rest For The Weary
True rest for the soul.
Troubles, trials and tribulations
Yes, the agony of time
As eternity rolls.
Can be conquered right here
While this world you behold.
If you really trust in Jesus
There is rest for the soul.
Faith is the key
Prayer is the answer
And God got it all in control.
If you'll just go to Him
And talk as you stroll along
The relief will begin to surface
And your heart will be made strong.
You just try Him and see
He's everything and more
Yes, He's more in your life
But He's just what you need.
What you need Him to be.
Rest For the Weary...
Rest For The Weary...
Rest For The Weary soul.
Be encouraged in this life
For there can be happiness
Right here on earth
Despite its pain,
Its misery and its strife.
The good Lord loves you
He sees, He knows, and He cares.
If we but only trust Him
We would have no burdens to bear.
Rest For the Weary soul.
Safe in the arms of Jesus.
For He is love..
And He is Light....
He'll be your light.
He'll be your guide.

For He's always there
Right by your side.
Live in your soulful rest.
That the heartfelt ease
Will give you life at its best.
Rest, rest, in the Lord.
For He is..
Rest For The Weary.

Cecelia Weir

Looking Back

If you remember
The good things gone.
And how bad things
Just seem to fade.
How some bad things
Were really funny things.
And how the good Lord
From your trouble He saved.
Then you realize
That life is all yours
At the command of the Lord.
And if you serve Him
Loving Day by day,
He'll give you your treasures
And His most precious reward.

Cecelia Weir

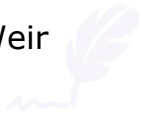


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Be Grateful People

Be Grateful People
For as you can see.
The blessings we surround.
For life, deliverance and fellowship
The beauty God profound.
The life of each creature below
And how he wonders around.
To find its food and nourishment
Which buds out of the ground.
The Lord, Himself, protects us
Delivers us from would be snares
And through His everlasting love
We've learned to cast our cares.
For it is His wonderful fellowship
That we care one for another.
So thank God everyday
For His mercy endureth forever.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

A Golden Tribute

People who care
Are people who share.
They make our days brighter
And our burdens
Become lighter to bear.

To you beloved friend
I'm willing to share
For you know I care
About the obstacles of life
That You meet.

Jesus is our best friend
He loves and cares for us all.
How can we represent Him
If I fail to answer your call.

So thru thick and thin
Know this earthly friend
Cares about your challenges
Around your life's bend.
My beloved friend.

Cecelia Weir

Advice For Better Living

Whether its your talent
To be ignorant.
Or whether its your ignorance
That makes your talent.
Do not waste your talent
On your ignorance.
But acknowledge it
For your intelligence.
And it will become
A great
And beautiful endowment.
That makes you
A wonderful person.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Angel On Parole

I feel like an angel
On a lifetime parole.
Not sent here to live
But just sent to console.

There are other life forms
From every planet to see.
Theres nothing we can discuss
They all seem not to know me.

My friends misunderstand me
They crucify my ways.
I'm sure I'm not on my own
Cause I do everything and obey.

I feel like an angel
On a jeopardizing parole.
With a hard lifetime sentence
I can't get no control.

I tried to explain
The problems that worry me.
But this dude cut me short
Said ain't nothing free.

Where do angels go
When they just don't fit in?
Do they return home to God
And then be sent back again?

I feel like and angel
On a real stale parole.
I know I must be lost.
People here even get old.

When is my draft up?
I'd rather be serving time.
Where at least I'd be peaceful
Problems wouldn't be on my mind.

Oooh! When will these spirits
Reach from heart to heart?
But whats so sad about it
No one is willing to start.

I feel like an angel
On the world for parole.
The shape this world is in
It hurts me to my soul.

If only a few of us
Would agree on one thing
It wouldn't make it so hard
For a fellow to earn his wings.

Sometimes I think its better
To just leave it all alone.
But no matter how hard it is
I got to work my way back home.

I feel like an angel
On a lifetime parole.
And until its all over
I'll be here to console.

Cecelia Weir

True Treasures

Faith is kind.
Faith is true.
Its the best thing
Life can give you.

Love is good.
Love is sweet.
Its the most beautiful thing
In life you can meet.

Grace is merciful.
Grace is tolerant.
It is the most appreciative
If you learn to follow it.

Trust is courageous.
Trust is strong.
It is the most trying.
It will keep you from doing wrong.

Faith, love, grace and trust
Are True Treasures of life
And if you keep them before you
You won't suffer so much strife.

Cecelia Weir

Keep The Eyes Of My Heart Open

When my heart
Has been open
And my eyes start to see.
Deceit, disappointment
And pain, my friend
That somehow
Seem directed to me.

I pray to God
To keep me near
And the negative things
To take from me.
To make me stronger
Thru those things
And teach me to let them be.

For when I close
Up my eyes
And see such ugly things
That is only my imagination.
I open them
up again
To see beauty
In realization.

But when I open
Up my eyes
And see such ugly things
That are realization.
I close my eyes
Up again
To see the ugly
That was only my imagination.

Is true my eyes
May not fulfill
Exactly what
My heart believes
But as I lean

And depend on God.
My eyes, my heart
Will not deceive.

For it was within
God's abundant heart
That He shown grace
And mercy for me.
And from within His heart
He shedded His blood
That the eyes
Of my heart may see.

Cecelia Weir

Prayer Got Me

Whether I return
To where I've been
Or whether its where I go.
I have a constant friend ahead
Its prayer I know you know.

Some say I live
On Mother's prayers
Despite what difficult show.
I thank God its ahead of me
Its present wherever I go.

Its nice to have
That joy within.
For prayer has paved the way.
To put it first in all I do
And it chooses what I should say.

Its by my faith
And devoted belief
Through prayer to Him I go.
To ask in righteousness anything
That my prayer life
In my behavior will show.

And when I pray
Being happy or sad
Its my blessing that Jesus is there.
To lean and depend upon
Thank God for creating prayer.

Cecelia Weir

Tomorrow Is Yesterday Today

There is no time
For the sinner to stray
For Tomorrow Is Yesterday Today.
If your soul is weary
And your way still dreary
Then the Lords command
You should obey.

For there is no time
For anyone to stray
For Tomorrow Is Yesterday Today.
Don't let snares or temptations
Blot out your life.
Just follow Jesus
He's the only way.

For there is no time
For anyone to stray
For tomorrow Is Yesterday Today.
For life is a vapor
It vanishes away
But the word of God
Will never decay.

There is no time
For anyone to stray
For Tomorrow Is Yesterday Today.
For yesterday is gone
And tomorrow is far away
And your chances for eternity is today.

Cecelia Weir

Life Is A Challenge

The greatest challenge
Comes from within.
Its not that problem
From around the bend.
Its that which dominates
That strength within
Or don't you know
Who presents life to sin.

Sometimes it beckons
Both righteousness and sin.
This conflict which soars
And dwells so deeply within.
Some say its like disease
It keeps you out of control
But you can get comfort
If you search for your soul.

O the comforts of life
So soothing to the soul.
When you deny yourself
To let the Lord control.
Beneath the shadows of His wings
You're safe within His love.
Now isn't it relaxing
When your help is from above.

Sure there is a right
Yes there is a wrong.
You should let God take over
This is where you belong.
For the greatest challenge
Comes from within.
To let God lead and guide you
Is where your life begins.

Cecelia Weir

Are You Shining In The Darkness

Are You Shining In The Darkness
Even though its day.
To show forth righteousness
In the Lord
Or do you sometimes stray.

The race is not given
To the swift.
Neither to the strong
But to the one who holds out
And stands against the wrong.

Are You Shining In The Darkness
Even though its day.
Or has the darkness
Blinded you
From passing a kind say.

You can become discouraged
You can become dismayed.
But this is
The narrow path
And Jesus is the way.

If you 're shining
In the darkness.
Even though its day.
Needless that I tell you
The Lord is on His way.

You just shine, shine, shine
No matter what
One does or say
For these are His blessings
We show the world each day.

You can become discouraged
You can become dismayed
But this is the narrow path

And Jesus is the way.

Cecelia Weir

Courtesy Call

God wants the best for us.
For many are.....

Charitable but not loving..
Courageous but not strong..
Conscious but not awake...
Diligent but not steadfast...
Satisfied but not content...
Courteous but not kind...
Educated but not wise..
Knowledgeable but not informed...
Humble but not respectable...
Joyful but not happy....
Sincere but not earnest...
Honest but not true...
Dedicated but not consecrated...
Loyal but not committed...
Convinced but not convicted....
Saved but not delivered...
Religious but not righteous.

One without the other;
We are incomplete.

Cecelia Weir

The Cries Of Christmas (X'Mas)

The Cries Of Christmas are given
When those who give and sacrifice;
Their unconditional love,
To rekindle, restore and revive.
Some are known through their gifts.
Some through their untiring efforts
Just to help those in need.
Some are known by their recommittment
To change the way they believe.
Whether its a present
Or a card..
Or a merry wish...
Or just the thought of you...
The gift is still love.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Stuck In The Briers

As I was walking
Down the narrow path.
I happen to notice up ahead.
There were briers on the pathway
Where I'd been told
The road was clear instead.

Not having any alternative
To turn left or right.
No way of crawling over or under
Just looking and thinking
Of having to go through
Gave me such a fright.

I had nothing to protect me
But the clothes upon my back.
As I bristled through the briers
I felt the thorns of life
In my flesh
Breaking from their veins with a crack.

Then as the briers ended
The road was clear again.
And although I was wounded
I had the faith and confidence
To know
Soon the road would end.

It wouldn't matter
How far I'd come.
Or just how long
The journey had been.
But it was the joy of knowing
The reward I'd receive at the end.

Cecelia Weir

Sheltered Storm

I was doing just fine
When the winds began to blow.
I hoped it wouldn't get rough
Then the lightening let me know.

Rough storm coming on
Taking cover was my need.
Then I wondered to myself
Just where would this storm lead.

Such thundering in my heart
As the rain poured down.
Yet the sun peeped through
Its light never hitting the ground.

The clouds swallowed the sun
It got darker by the minute.
As I tried to console myself
Saying the Lord just sent it.

When all of a sudden
It was quiet all around.
And the sun shone through
Glistening when I felt so down.

As I noticed by this storm
I had been sheltered all the time
For just down the road
Destruction meant to be mine.

Sheltered by this storm
Just in the nick of time.
God was cleansing and watering my path
Preparing His light in me to shine.

Cecelia Weir

Cries From The Wilderness

Cries From the Wilderness

Indicates despair.

Someone wants to be a hero

But who will take the dare.

To go into the wilderness

Not knowing what is there.

Only implies your courage

And it shows how much you care.

Inside cries can scare you

Shadows are frightening too.

But keep the goal in mind

You're trying to get to you.

Crawl between the trenches

Hide behind the trees.

Do what it takes to make it

Or you will surely grieve.

Within life's confusion

There's hope among pain.

Yet the most important reality

Yourself is what you gain.

Cecelia Weir

You Don'T Say

Raped of your supremacy
Because of the color of ones skin?
Robbed of your democracy
Because you know not your kin?
You Don't Say.

Spent a lifetime searching
Who you really are?
Forfeited real family structure
Kept you from going how far?
You Don't Say.

Say you missed you goals
Leaning on the Lord?
Say you done your best
And worked extra hard?
You Don't Say.

Building bocks of life
Sometimes come disguised.
Everyone somehow suffers
But someway all survive.
You Don't Say.

Cecelia Weir

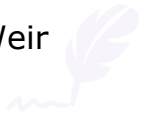
Lights

I was thrown a gleam of light
And became a living soul.
I gave smiles and interludes
Of my direct distiction
This world could never behold.

But when the Lights
Begin to dim.
I tried with all my heart
To continue flashes of goodness
To a world I had to depart.

Then upon departure
I heard the Master say.
Even your Lights
Shall live in memories
For your life led many my way.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The Inside You

The inside you
Is far greater.
Than the outside you
Could ever be.

Although its contained
By this mortar of flesh.
Its whats inside
Tha projects your best.

Fat or skinny
Short or tall.
Its the self from within
That shows if you're small.

Think bright of yourself
Forget your downfalls.
Its not about what you see
Its about your pride and all.

The inside you
Is too large to consume
Be good to yourself
For the worlds got room.

Cecelia Weir

Lifelessly In Love (Battered Women)

She strives through her tears
Although she is strong.
She does all she can
Just trying to hold on.

She cooks and cleans
She works yet she stands.
And although times get rough
She reaches her demands.

Her hope for life is taken
Her soul is bludgeoned and spoiled.
Her spirit is often broken
She gets no credit at all.

Proven by her constitution
Doing better than the best she can.
No human like her goes through
And comes out still grand.

Her family is priority
Her gifts are null and void.
The greatest of her importance
Is that she continues to toil.

Lifelessly In Love
To conquer and defeat.
To cover her calamities
That would meet her in the streets.

Who will stand for those
That believe their sorrows mend.
For underneath their structure
Their love will never end.

In memories they ponder
What is it I've done wrong.
To cause such bitter languish
And if they are weak or strong.

With patience love and kindness
She is above average you know.
And she never takes the time
To let her feelings show.

The battered woman's haven
Is to try to please her man.
Some say she is weak at heart
But she's strong give her a hand.

Lets not overlook her struggles
For many children have been raised.
By the hands of a battered woman
Who only thought it was a phase.

Cecelia Weir

Her Ladyship

From the battleship of life
Shes collected some wounds.
But she said the scars will heal
When God enters the room.

I asked about her patience
And her immense grace for humanity.
She said You've got to love anyhow
It helps keep your sanity.

I wondered to myself
If I'd ever make the grade.
Ladyship said Yes I could
But I had to be saved.

You'll be drug down
And sometimes knocked about.
But child keep your head up
Push harder without a doubt.

Royalty doesn't come easy
First someone must win the crown
Don't think lifes battles are over
Just because you're heaven bound.

I looked into her face
To see what I could hear.
And this is what I saw
As Her Ladyship dropped a tear.

Captured by society
Cultivated by her wounds.
Created by God almighty
Grateful if to see Him soon.

I saw in her eyes
The roses of time.
I heard from her lips
Sweet wisdom so sublime.

I looked at her hair
And knew what she'd been through.
For her countenance glistened
Like new fallen dew.

Oh I've seen her hands work.
Creating blessings great and small.
Then still she goes on
Sometimes with no thanks at all.

Shes always considerate
Never saying she doesn't have time.
I thank God everyday
For Her Ladyship is mine.

Cecelia Weir

Set Me Free

There is a human of spirit and of soul
A human of integrity and pride
One of great morals and of value I am told.
One of character and of integrity
Although no specific race is inside.

Some ancestors who were slaves
Still wear their chains.
Waiting for their freedom
From the stagnated minds
Of those who claim they rescued me.
I am an American.

All may be free to participate
But some are enslaved
By their barbed wired fate.
Some laid down their lives
For this country to be made.
I am an American.

Some ancestors who were white
Fought in this countys revolution.
They laboured in tents
Their families without food
They had hard times yet they stood.
I am an American.

Who confused their minds
Who entabgled their seed.
Who decides who is a race
For we are not a percentage
Nor a half breed.
I am an American.

Some ancestors crossed he Bering Strait
Some died along the Trail Of Tears.
Burial grounds and lands were taken
Lives were sacrificed at a large rate
I was taught face my fears and never hate.

I am an American.

I am a result of this melting pot
Of this promised land across the sea.
Where every man is counted
In taking a stand to be free.
The place of new birth to achieve.
I am an American.

some ancestors skin was yellow
Marked us with slitted eyes.
They grounded us to meditate
And it would be weak to compromise.
Practice wise decisions and don't hesitate.
I am an American.

Many others just like me
Trace their roots
Through more than one tree.
To Set Me Free and adequately succeed
Somebody need to discover my breed.
I am an American.

Cecelia Weir

What Gender?

I mowed the grass
Then I washed my hair.
I cooked the breakfast
Drove the kids to the fair.
What Gender?

I went to the cleaners
I done the laundry too.
I even had to paint
Carried the kids to school.
What Gender?

I struggle so hard
Just to make ends meet.
I even get the goossip
I hear your lies of deceit.
What Gender?

Gender catagorizing my duties
Watch whats on your mind.
I would get a life
But I don't have time.
What Gender?

I mopped the floors
Then had my nails done.
I thought I could rest
But I had to run.
What gender?

I paid my bills
Got the groceries too
And after my dinner
Sleep was all I could do.
What Gender?

Cecelia Weir

Escape From The Womb (Abortion)

Out of the darkness
Encaptured by the flesh.
My spirit was formed
Yet fed from the breast.

Despite my knowledge
The process to strive.
Life hovered over me
But someone else had to decide.

From blood sweat and tears
My soul does cry.
Though hurdled from eternity
I still wonder why.

Flesh against the spirit
Warring against you.
Who will be the successor
Helplessly knowing nothing I can do.

I still Escape From The Womb
Though my flesh is gone.
I'm living in memories
Although I was never born.

I've lived many years
Watching children run and play.
Wishing I could have known
Who I would have been today.

Cecelia Weir

Life's Problems

The problems of life
Seems easy to solve.
From someone elses point of view
Heck its a cinch to resolve.

How to get well
How to loose the weight.
Advice to raise the children
People don't hesitate.

Why it doesn't rain
Why the grass won't grow.
You really don't have to ask
They tell what they know.

Just watch them run
When you need a little loan.
Just as you needed a ride
The car is already gone.

The problems of life
May put you on the run.
Its the friends hanging around
Who makes it all the fun.

Cecelia Weir

Prevail

The sun rises above the hills...
The floods retain into rivers.....
The stars shine above the clouds.....
And the earth orbits
From darkness into the day.

Remember the hills.....
Remember the floods....
Remember the clouds....
Remember the darkness.....
For to remember
Means to have overcome.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

The Traveler (X'Mas)

My family were travelers
Along a rugged road.
We were with a crowd
Who carried a heavy load.

We got slack in keeping up
The leaders were far ahead.
I was told He had to be born
But at the Inn there was no bed.

We entered into a city
Where a star shone so bright.
It drew a mass of people
Even wise men came by night.

We heard the cattle lowing
We heard the baby's cry.
And one man said to us
Its sad He came to die.

I really didn't know
Just what this fellow meant.
But I later felt the power
When I learned why He was sent.

Still I am a traveler
Telling what I was told.
Teaching of His redemption
And how His love saves the soul.

Cecelia Weir

Remember

I can't remember when i forget
But I remember I can't recall.
I laid it here I put it there
Or maybe I didn't have it at all.

I know I heard it somewhere
Exactly where I'm not sure.
But one thing I do know
I've heard that somewhere before.

I remember when I was here
When we had lots of fun.
I came with bunches of friends
Or was that just me and my son?

I know I'm not the only one
Who sometimes forget a lot of things
But I enjoy every moment of life
The pleasures and happiness it brings.

So if you're one who forgets
Just be glad you once knew it at all.
Then relax and enjoy other factors of life
And you won't miss what yu won't recall.

Cecelia Weir

The King's Daughter

The daughter of a king
What does this world know.
No paper no proof
No place of identity to show.

Her worlds humble themselves
At her feet each day.
For her royal features
Her charm and talents displayed.

She's a king's daughter
She's loyal and family true.
No culture wouldn't be proud
If they only knew.

Forced to keep her identity
By her peers and contingents each day.
To escape defiled repugnance
Is her lifes ransom she pays.

She never cries out
She is given everything
But her heart lies heavy
From her memories of the King.

Cecelia Weir

In Capable Hands

Though destitute
Sometimes in despair
The groanings of my heart
Are too heavy to bear.

My road seems long
My soul can no longer stand
I still know I can make it
I'm In Capable Hands.

Though rivers may rise
My tears blind my eyes
Loved ones turn their backs
Trying to reduce me to their size.

My cares friends don't understand
As I rest in my faith
Though tired from the struggles
The end is worth my wait.

You too are In Capable Hands
You will have to hold on
It just require standing there
You really don't have to be strong.

Its OK to be weak
For God is where you stand
This world is already defeated
Your problems are In Capable hands.

Cecelia Weir

Born To Be Me

Born in this world
Happy and free.
No problems did I have
Just Born To Be Me.

I grew in statue
I learned to talk.
I was taking new responsibility
I learned how to walk.

Though this woman over me
Told me everything to do.
It didn't bother me none
She told me I love you.

As I grew older
I was living in a dream.
Somebody said this wasn't real life.
It isn't as it seem.

I went on to school
Got religion and education too
Then life got kind of twisted
I didn't know what to do.

I thought a lot about my mama
And the things she used to say.
How you've got to keep going
And remember to just pray.

When I had my children
I thought it would be fun.
But I worked so hard
I hardly seen the sun.

I've thought a lot about what mama said
Over and over again.
And I've thought to myself
Where does my life begin?

Some kind of way
Life is turning around.
I make more demands on my children
Saying keep your feet on the ground.

And out of all the demands
My mother made on me.
I find myself daily laughing
Because my mother now is me.

Cecelia Weir

Evening Tide

The tides of eve
Are rolling in,
Although the sun
Shines bright.
The gales of distruction
Looks bleak at morality
At the peak
Of the noonday sun.
The clouds cover
The graying skies
As man is windswept
Beneath the tides.
Sounds from the shore
Beats against the rocks.
Will man be man again?
Will we ever know?
The principles of life
Sets on Evening Tide
Who was really ready
For the lost virtues of this ride.

Cecelia Weir

Can You Do That

Anything that's hard
God does it Himself
He does all of the hard things
It's just the easy things
That are left.

Like making a man
Then breathe into him
To make him walk
Or to make him stand
At the blink of an eye
or the clap of a hand.

Can You Do That?

Nothing is hard
Not under the sun
We have restrictions
God's work is done.

Like making a bird
Then making it fly
Just having the power
Over everything
To make it live
Or to let it die.

Can You Do That?

Life can be funny
Can cause us to feel shy
But here's where we make it
If but we just try.

For anything that's hard
God does it Himself
He does all of the hard things
It's just the easy things
That are left.

Cecelia Weir

Reach Me

When I sacrifice for you
So you can achieve better
To reach your goals
For your best to unfold, Reach Me.
When I honor you with love
Not a weakness should I betroth
But the greatest of your joy
Standing for this world to behold, Reach Me.
When I begot your dreams
To birth your insight, your visions
I shall not revert from your loyalty
My praise I serve you as royalty, Reach Me.
When I cry your tears
Although your pains of life you fear
Be not afraid, I am your Friend
For you I die to be saved, Reach Me.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com

Seed For Thought

All good seed
Have to rot
Before they grow
To be any good.

Cecelia Weir



PoemHunter.com