

Poetry Series

Cherylann Gray
- poems -

Publication Date:
2011

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

Cherylann Gray()

I started writing poetry when I was 7 years old. As I grew older I found myself seeking out expressions on people's faces and started to draw at 12 years of age. I discovered that I can make my poems and short stories come alive by combining the writing with my drawings.

It's Depending On Us

Our Heavenly Father has always
told us to drink from his
loving cup. To walk in his
son's footsteps, though it's hard
to keep up.

He tries to show his children what the
world can't see. We are another day
closer to foretold prophesy.

Men have set their own standards
for their sons to live and learn. They
don't sit and study the points that they've
earned.

In today's natural world, it's
not easy to see the truth. You
have to follow from the heart,
the voice that talks to you.

Cherylann Gray

Let Brotherly Love Continue

Things can't go the right way till
you rearrange your thoughts, dealing
with the experiences of yesterday in a
world so selfishly lost.

Thought out communication, helpful
words that's understood, helping
our brothers to live together as
every race should.

There's no real difference between the
Jew and the Greek. We have to help
strengthen our brothers, who have
fallen down and are weak.

Let brotherly love continue, smile
warmly as they pass. Look deep
down inside his eyes and
see what kind of life he has.

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One Pear More

Oh Love, how thou are tired out with rhyme!
Thou art a tree,
Whereon all people climb,
and from thy branches
everyone takes some of thy sweet fruit,
Which fancy feeds upon,
But now thy tree is left
so bare and poor,
that they can hardly gather one pear more.

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Winter Love

Calm mountain and cool gentle breezes
echoes softly throughout the
whispering pines. A man's heart
tunes to nature's harmony, his
spoken tender words to
his beautiful new bride.

Tiny glittering snowflakes floating
down, one landing upon the other.
Cuddling the earth like a father, as he
blankets his first born on a cold,
peaceful night.

Delicately designed crystals, forming
on stained glass panes, are their
whole lives shared together,
mapping out the plans
they've made.

Blowing formation of diamond dust
bright as a father's smile when he
wraps his arms tenderly around
his newly wedded child.

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