

Poetry Series

Chris Whittle
- poems -

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Chris Whittle()

I was born and raised in Western Australia and love the lifestyle and freedoms enjoyed by all Australians.

God Of Hearts

GOD OF HEARTS

THE FATHER OF OUR HEARTS
HAS GIVEN THIS HEART LIFE
HE FILLED IT WITH HIS LOVE
AND WASHED IT CLEAN WITH LIGHT

I'M REBORN AND REVIVED
RENEWED AND JUSTIFIED
THERE'S NO CONDEMNATION
FOR THOSE WHO ARE IN CHRIST

MY BODY'S GETTING OLDER
THE YEARS ARE FLYING BY
BUT THE SPIRIT OF GOD
RENEWS MY HEART AND MIND

BUILDING WORK IN PROGRESS
WATCH YOUR STEP MIND YOUR HEAD
THIS HEART'S IN CONSTRUCTION
BEING RAISED FROM THE DEAD

Chris Whittle

Poesy's Store

POESY'S STORE

Some with five and some with four
Beat in time on fancy's door
Glean I sprays from Poesy's store
Who reads poems anymore?

Trilling birds in sylvan glades
Gather dust upon the page
Like all things that come to age
Even Verse in time must fade

In their youth they charmed their Day
High bright Stars sowed wide their Say
Over court and land held sway
But their charms have melt away

Shall again sweet Rhyme rally
Through our hearts once more sally?
On her Muse, airy ally
Sure as May, eventually

Chris Whittle

Soft Comes The Morning

Soft comes the morning

Soft comes the morning light
Gentle comes the day
Gathering her garments in hand
She steps across the fields
Her gaze dwells upon the sea
Bright eye burning down
Like gazelles upon the veldt
She leaps and plays below
She gathers up her mists
Sailing with the winds
Sweeping down the mountains
Caressing their icy crowns
Aeons and ages fly on
Still she speaks her heart
Calling the seasons out
To dance the endless song
Fierce goes the evening light
Fiery leaves the day
Flinging her garments behind
Across the darkening sky

Chris Whittle

Ravelled

RAVELLED

Try to unravel if you can
This I AM tale that baffles man
It has two ends; a start and stop
But in between's a gnarly knot

From birth to death we live our days
With twists and turns enough to maze
Still we wonder what is it for
And at the end what is in store?

God's GPS will steer you right
He has the finish line in sight
His Word and Spirit hid within
Reveal the plot waylaid by sin

Try a different strategy
Prayer unwinds life's ol' mystery
And lifts the veil of dark beyond
In Christ we're free of death's blood bond

Chris Whittle

Cascade

CASCADE

From wheel of night kissed earthen bed
We gaze awed her fair starred face
Light mates matter thrown energy
Our eyed infinite alights

By what bass wage paid criminals
Does life bequeath our being?
A' whet fates' steel are souls so keened
To seek immortality

O'er natures law of fang and claw
Unseen rules the hand of love
By wisdom gracious and divine
All cascading life is drawn

Chris Whittle

Pant

PANT

PANT WE TODAY FOR 'MORROWS' HEART MEAD
PLANT WE TODAY OUR SORROWS TART SEED
UNSEASONED WINE SUP WE O' GRIEFS' NIP
UNREASONED VINE UP WE, FRO' LIFES' PIP
LIKE BOYS AND GIRLS PLAY IN DERTHS' GARDEN
LIKE TOYS AND TWIRLS 'WAY SPINS EARTHS' PARDON
THOUGH OFT OUR SOIL FELL ALTERED BEARS NOUGHT
'LO SOFT, OUR TOIL WELL SALTED TEARS WROUGHT

Chris Whittle

Consider

CONSIDER

Consider where we came from and to where we are going.
Consider the circle of life and being.
Consider humanity on its journey and its destiny.

From Adam and Eve wandering naked through the
Garden of Eden,
eating fruit and talking with God,
to their children communicating on the World Wide Web
and talking on their mobile phones
to others on the other side of the earth.

To war, poverty, injustice and evil.
To love, faith, hope and sacrifice.

To exploring the planet and walking on the moon,
To discovering who we are and where we are going
We find ourselves returning to our roots
and the Spirit that birthed us into life

Consider the circle of our destiny.

We came from holiness to doing evil
and now we must return to holiness.
We came from knowing and light to ignorance and darkness
and now we journey back to the fullness
of knowing and enlightenment again.

Our destiny is a circle and a whole.

From life to death and back to life again
and every degree in between,
by faith we stagger back to the waiting arms of our Father.
From heaven to hell and back again,
our journey is the cycle of redemption
and becoming whole.

Fare You Well

FARE YOU WELL

MAY THE WINDS FARE YOU WELL AND SAILS BE FULL AND BRIGHT
AND STARRY NIGHTS THE COURSE BE TRUE UNTO THE LIGHT
BE CAPTURED BY WIND-SONG THAT SINGS OF DISTANT PEACE
AND GENTLE PARADISE BEYOND THIS EARTHLY LEASE
LIKE RIVERS TO THE SEA WE FLOW WITH GUIDING GRACE
AS EACH NEW BEND WILL SHOW FULL SHINNING IN OUR FACE

Chris Whittle

Æons Portal

ÆONS PORTAL

WEND AYE YE CARAVAN OF LIFE THROUGH ÆONS PORTAL
'LONG ADDER'S VENOM POISONED PATH GARBED IN FLESH MORTAL
TRAIL BY THE BLEACHED BONES OF GENERATIONS MOURNED AND GONE
DEAR ONES, WHISPER THEY, FOLLOW HEAVEN'S STAR AND COME ON
COURSE VALIANTLY THE MEASURED VEINS OF HISTORY
RANGE THE WEATHERED SWORDS OF EXISTENTIAL MYSTERY
ON BRIDLED STEEDS OF TEMPERAMENT RIDE TO DESTINED LANDS
WHEREIN TO REST THY WEARY SOULS ON HEAVENLY SANDS

Chris Whittle

The Meaning Of Life

The Meaning of Life

What's the meaning of life?

what's the meaning of life?

The meaning of life is

love

love

You've always known it

Deep inside you've always known it

But you were not sure

You needed someone to confirm it

Because

Life is painful

Because you suffer

Because you long and need and lack

Because you hate and destroy

How can it be love if there is suffering?

How can it be love if there is hate in the world?

How can it be love

if there is disease and greed and pride?

How can it be love if there is evil in the world?

Yes there is evil in the world

But that's not the meaning of life

Yes there is evil and suffering and pain

But that's not the meaning

Yes there is judgement and punishment

Yes there is forgiveness and salvation

But that's not what life was meant for

It was meant for love

For joy and peace and hope

For life

That's what life was meant for

You've always known it

From the beginning you've always known it

LOVE

Chris Whittle

We Are Like

We are like

We are like dough in the hands of the Lord
He squashes and squeezes
And pushes and teases
Out of the lifeless a life is born
Out of the formless we are all formed

We are clay in the hands of our Maker
He spins us and then wires
Applies glaze and then fires
Out of the earth a person is thrown
Out of the void character is known

We are like water in vessels of grace
He fills up and then draws
And rains down and then pours
Out of desert an oasis grows
Out of wasteland a river now flows

We are seeds in the hands of the Sower
He ploughs soil and then sows
And waters so it grows
Out of glory a grace tree springs up
Bearing the fruit of salvations' cup

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